

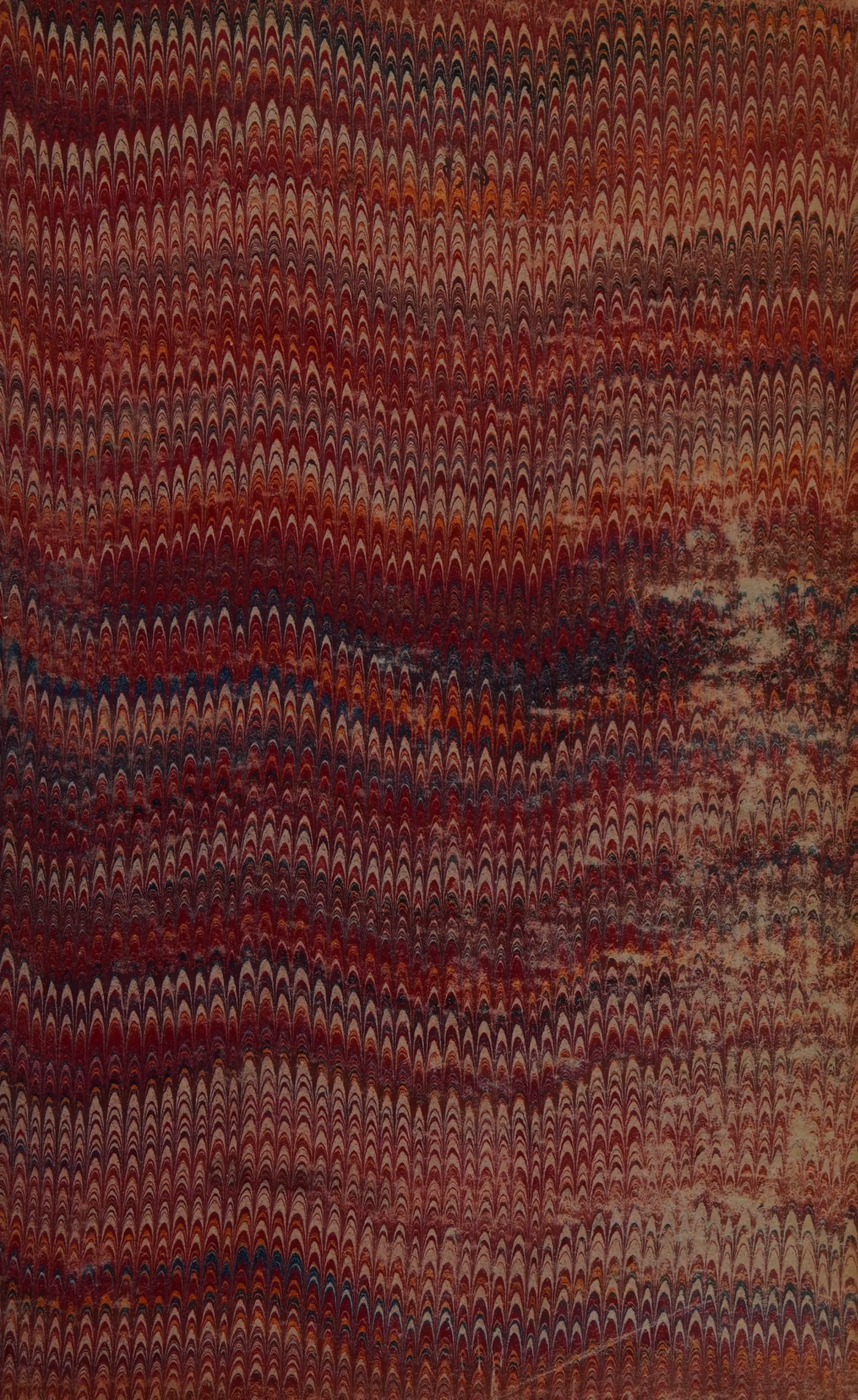
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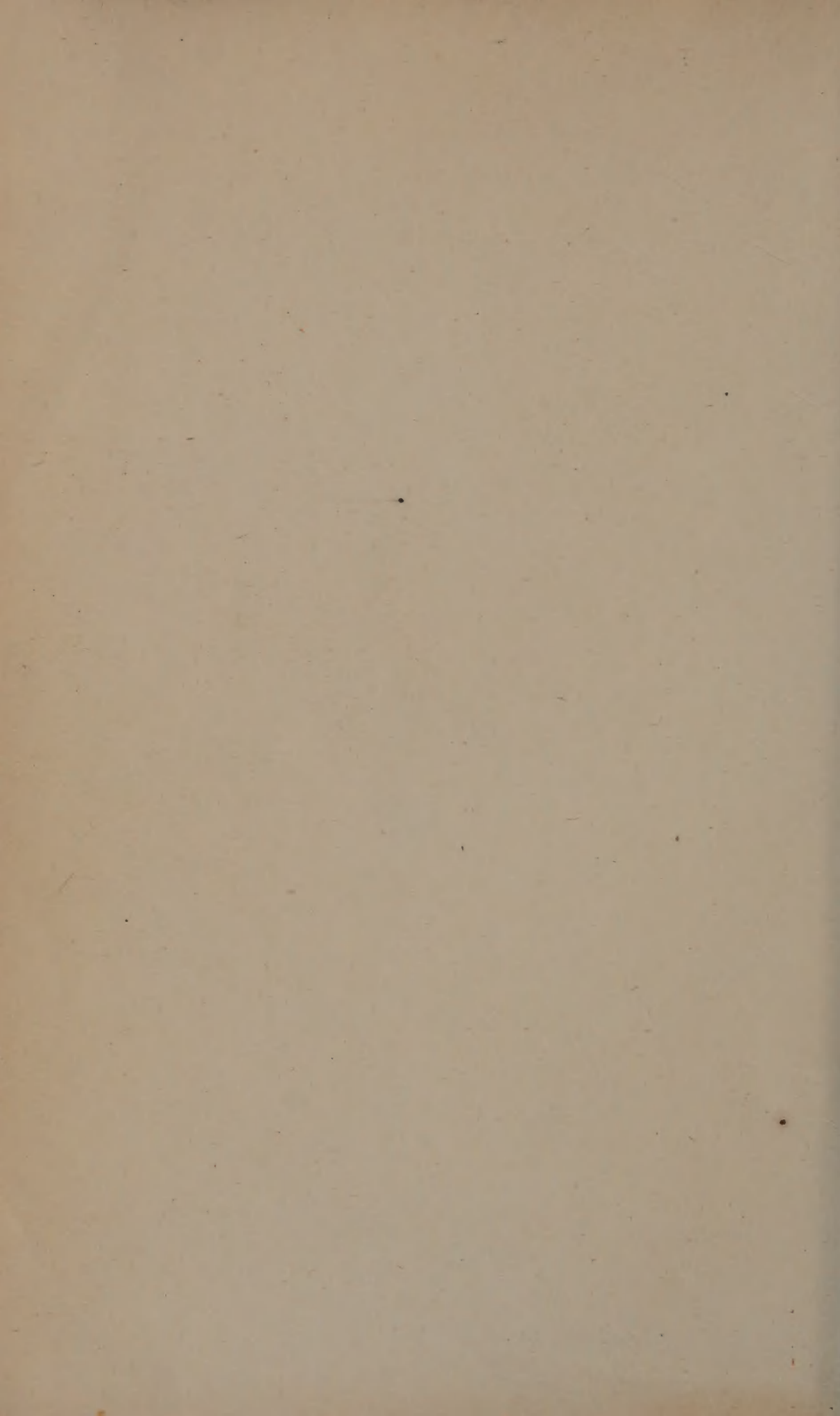






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*Felicia Hemans*

*From the original Bust by Angus Fletcher*



828  
1437

# THE POEMS

OF

## FELICIA HEMANS



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*Gwrych, near Abergele, Denbighshire*

BOSTON.

Phillips, Sampson and Company





THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
FELICIA HEMANS.

COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME.

WITH A MEMOIR, BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

A NEW EDITION,  
FROM THE LAST LONDON EDITION,  
WITH ALL THE INTRODUCTORY NOTES.

Elegantly Illustrated  
FROM ORIGINAL DESIGNS.

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MEMOIR

OF

FELICIA HEMANS.

BY

MRS L. H. SIGOURNEY.





# MEMOIR.

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It is fitting that this complete edition of the works of Mrs. Hemans, calculated by its tasteful exterior and reduced price to be acceptable and accessible to all, should commence with some delineation of her life, that she may be loved as a friend, while she is admired as a poet.

Felicia Dorothea Browne was of mingled Erse and Tuscan blood; her father being a native of Ireland, and her mother of Italian and German ancestry. She was the fifth in succession of a family of seven, and born in Liverpool, (England,) September 25, 1793. Beauty and precocity were her gifts from nature. At the age of six, Shakspeare became her favorite author; and the child-genius, having discovered a congenial haunt among the spreading branches of an apple tree, delighted to climb to her airy and solitary studio with some one of the volumes of the Bard of Avon. There, like a bird, nestling among the green leaves, or inhaling the vernal fragrance of unfolding petals, she fed on the richer germs of fancy and of song. Some of her earliest and even latest effusions refer affectionately to this unique and sequestered arbor,—

“ ‘Mid faint-streaked blossoms white,  
And robin's nest, and the bee's dreamy chime.”

A removal of the family to Wales, before her seventh birthday, gave her mind the prompting influences of romantic and sublime scenery. Imbosomed in a range of mountains, and within sound of the “wide-rolling, melancholy main,” that tinges so much of the imagery of her poems, rose the spacious old mansion, where for the next nine years she found a happy home. There, amid fond intercourse with brothers and sisters, the treasures of an extensive library, and the nurturing care of a mother well qualified to conduct the education of genius, passed her unclouded childhood.

At the age of eleven, she was taken by her parents to spend the winter in London, and freely indulged in visits to works of art and other places of interest. Those who witnessed her first introduction to a gallery of sculpture were struck by her impulsive "*Hush! hush!*" as, with her finger pressed on her lip, she seemed herself the personification of Beauty in silence. Amid the extensive collections of paintings in which the baronial establishments of England abound, her correct appreciation of their merits, and the variety of her classical and mythological knowledge, surprised all who saw that she was yet but a child. Still, surrounded by the novelties and attractions of the great metropolis, her heart turned to her rural home, and every letter to the dear fraternal group was tinged by the desire to enjoy with them the household sport and the mountain ramble. A similar sojourn in London, the following winter, though it familiarized her with the varied imagery and moving figures on the "world's wind-shaken tapestry," had no effect in diminishing the love of nature, which was an integral element of her being.

Her intellectual training, within the quiet sanctuary of home and under maternal supervision, progressed prosperously. The study of languages aided her development of mind and power of expression. With French and Italian she became early familiar, to which she afterwards added Spanish and Portuguese. She also acquired the rudiments of German, and continued in future years to deepen her knowledge of that noble language, which, it was remarked by critical observers, gave to her own productions an added tone of sublimity. In her admiration of it, she partook somewhat of the enthusiasm of the learned and early-summoned Elizabeth Smith, who used to say that only a "few of the very best people were worthy to understand German."

Felicia was assisted in her acquisition of knowledge by what often appertains to genius — a wonderful memory. One of her brothers, who had been incredulous in some degree with regard to her retentive powers, was both convinced and surprised by her committing the whole of Heber's poem on Europe, comprising four hundred and twenty lines, in an hour and twenty minutes, though she had never seen it before. This she repeated without mistake or hesitation, and apparently without effort.

Though the erroneous theory, that genius may dispense with application and discipline, was avoided in her culture, yet sufficient time was allowed by her judicious mother for free exercise among the works of nature and the attainment of feminine accomplishments. She disclosed a strong taste for drawing, while yet a child, in which she would doubtless have become distinguished, had it been made a prominent branch of education. She sketched boldly from nature, in pencil or Indian ink, having a vivid perception of whatever was picturesque or grand in scenery, with a correctness and length of vision almost as remarkable as her grasp and compass of memory. To music she was keenly susceptible, and played well on harp and piano



accompanying them with a clear, melodious voice. She excelled in strains of a pensive character, and also in such national airs as embalmed tradition or suggested noble sentiment. These she decidedly preferred to such as merely exhibit superiority of voice, or startle by brilliance of execution. She possessed a peculiarly soft and sustained touch, which gave the piano almost the swell of the organ; while her tender melody of tone in the Welsh and Spanish music, as well as in some touching airs brought from Germany by her eldest brother, who learned them there by ear for his idolized sister, lingered in the hearts of many who had listened to her, long after she had become a denizen of the silent tomb.

Yet, amid all her zealous devotion to science and to art, poetry was the natural breath and expression of her soul. Its impulsive promptings were felt in the lonely walk or the convivial circle, amid intense communings with the beautiful in thought, or the simple drapery of life's passing occasions. It spoke in, and through her, because Heaven bade it. From the age of eight, when she first began to weave ideas and feelings into tuneful numbers, to the latest steps of her weary pilgrimage, it was a changeless delight and solace. The appellation of poet was early bestowed on her, for her effusions had been freely scattered among friends and relatives, whenever their joys or sorrows elicited her sympathies. At their suggestion, a selection of these effusions was published in a quarto form, before she had numbered her fifteenth birthday.

But what had been admired in manuscript by the partial eye did not propitiate strangers or critics, and a verdict on the adventurous volume was pronounced with some severity. Had she been simply an aspirant for fame, or moved only by ambition to taste the waters of Castaly, this sudden repulse might have moved either to despair, or to sarcastic retort, as in the case of the youthful Byron. Yet it touched her gentle and susceptible spirit only with a slight chill, and then the tide of spontaneous song flowed on as free as ever. Like a stone cast harshly into a tuneful brook, it made the gushing waters that surmounted it more clear and sonorous.

About this period, her poetry assumed a martial cast. Trumpets, and banners, and blood-red fields gave it tone and color. This was not the natural voice of her own muse, but of the strong sisterly sympathy with which she followed her two elder brothers in the perilous daring of their military profession. One of them was in the campaign under Sir John Moore, and her imagination, kindled by the love coeval with waking life, cast over all his deeds and dangers the illusions of chivalry. Her poem of "England and Spain, or Valor and Patriotism," written in the heroic measure, is, both for legendary research and elevation of sentiment, an unparalleled production for a girl of fourteen. Some of its passages have the harmony of Pope, with the spirit of Dryden. Its closing invocation, that He who stays the whirlwind and the thunder would again send to earth the sacred olive, and restore the festal

harmony of nature's prime, shows how little her peaceful and tuneful spirit was in unison with brazen-throated war.

Her residence at Bronwylfa, in Flintshire, whither the family removed in 1809, was favorable to the healthful expansion of genius, by combining a sufficient degree of social intercourse with solitary study. Its bold and beautiful scenery was both congenial to her taste and exciting to her imagination. Thus surrounded and exhilarated, the joyous versatility of her nature flowed forth, and sparkled without alloy. With the gay she was gay, with children a playmate, with the sorrowful sympathetic, on the mountain height an enthusiast, amid the desolate ruin contemplative and serene; at all times radiant with happiness, and dispensing it like the blessed sunbeam.

Exceedingly beautiful was she in her unclouded youth. On her fair rounded cheek was the tint of the opening rose; her eyes were suffused with brilliance; natural curls, of a rich sunny brown, fell in profusion over brow and shoulder; every movement bespoke grace, every feature glowed with intelligent and varying expression. At the age of fifteen, when each unfolding charm presaged a still brighter bloom, she became acquainted with Captain Hemans, an English officer, who was introduced to her family while on a visit in the neighborhood. The most impassioned admiration on his part was the result, and its fervent expression from a young man of fine person and education was not lost on an artless, susceptible heart. A romantic imagination endued him with all the elements and attractions of chivalry, and the love that he professed was reciprocated. The anxious scrutiny of her nearest friends, who felt that the character of the man who should take charge of the happiness of one so young, so endowed, and so unsophisticated, ought to be thoroughly understood, as well as remarkably balanced, caused them to rejoice that the intercourse was not of long continuance. He was recalled with his regiment to Spain, and during three years they never met. Yet it would seem that each had engraven the image of the other on the heart's tablet as with a diamond's point, and that the solitary musing of long absence deepened every touch and softened every shadow.

It was in 1812 that Captain Hemans returned to England, and proceeded immediately to Wales. The constant love so secretly and faithfully cherished drew new ardor from every interview. Both were so fully persuaded that the happiness of life depended upon their union, that all objections were silenced, and it was permitted to take place ere the bride had reached her nineteenth birthday. Bright hopes cast a fairy coloring on all around, as with woman's perfect trust she left parents and kindred to make an Eden home for him whom she had chosen as her "more than brother, and her next to God."

Daventry, in Northamptonshire, was fixed on as their place of residence, Captain Hemans having there a military appointment. In its scenery she forfeited the wild

sublimity of her beloved Wales, but was moved to admiration by some of the old English baronial halls and ivy-mantled churches, whose quaint style of architecture revived historic associations, and gratified her taste for antiquity. This spot was also consecrated by her attainment of the climax of woman's happiness, the joys of maternity — those hallowed joys that spread fresh greenness over the whole soul, and which, in this pilgrimage of cloud and sunbeam, it were a misfortune to have missed. What unspeakable delight must she, whose strains are replete with the highest and holiest affections, have derived from this inexhaustible fountain!

“O, love bids thee welcome, the love that hath smiled  
Ever around thee, my gentle child,  
Watching thy footsteps, and guarding thy bed,  
And pouring out joy on thy sunny head.”

In the course of the year 1813, Captain Hemans, in consequence of a transfer of military position, returned to Wales, and with his family was domesticated at Bronwylfa. Their heartfelt welcome was enhanced by the presence of the beautiful infant, Arthur, the object of admiration and delight to every inmate of that pleasant abode. Especially to the accomplished and warm-hearted grandmother did his smiles and winning ways recall the pleasures of earlier years, when her own little ones gambolled at her side, a perpetual wellspring of hope and joy.

The life of Mrs. Hemans was now devoted to domestic retirement. A rapidly-increasing family made constant demands upon her attention as well as physical vigor. Yet still, with surprising energy she kept intellectual improvement steadfastly in view, and the spirit of song brought her its solace, oft amid the watches of the night, as well as during the cares of the day. She read much, and her persevering industry in extracting and transcribing might have filled the alcove of a library. She continued to translate from the languages acquired in early years, to which she added the Latin, pursuing its study with persevering ardor during such intervals of time as she could secure amid the pressure of many and important duties. Her love of the classics deepened and extended itself, and began to impart a more decided character to her effusions. There was an evident transition from the tread of hostile armies — the “pomp and circumstance of war” — to the graceful mythological fictions of Greece, and the stern sublimity of Rome, in its unbowed and better days.

In 1816, when at the age of twenty-three, her poems on modern Greece and the Restoration of Art in Italy were given to the public, and won general favor. Critical reviews, as well as individual suffrage from the highest sources, attested their excellence. Still, amid the tide of popular applause, she was diffident of her own



powers, and, in the choice of subjects, lingered amid the legends of the middle ages, even after she had in some measure "broken the spell of dim antiquity." We cannot but marvel at the variety and depth of her research, and her invincible perseverance, especially when we remember that in the course of six years she became the mother of five sons, and remember how often our own sex allow far slighter claims to obstruct or extinguish even common intellectual advances.

In 1818, a peculiar and painful event marked the history of her life. Captain Hemans, who supposed that a warmer climate might be more agreeable to his health, left her for Italy, and took up his abode at Rome. It might not have been fully contemplated, at the time of his departure, that this separation should be permanent. But so it proved; he never returned, and, during the seventeen years that remained to her on earth, saw her face no more.

Ere this period, it might have been evident to a close observer that uncongeniality and indifference were stealing over the current of his affections. Those quiet mental pleasures in which she found relaxation from care he gradually ceased to appreciate or to sustain. He had neither the wisdom to protect the genius that was casting a halo around his own name, nor the generosity to rejoice in those honors that were its natural fruit. It has been said that he surrendered himself to literary jealousy; and though this might not exhibit the violence of that passion when it springs from suspicions of a grosser nature, yet it as fatally extinguished love, and as fixedly settled into dislike or aversion. The pangs that such a change must have wrought in a heart nurtured from cradle hours by the fondest sympathy, and from its own exquisite structure involving the necessity of loving and being loved, are not for us to depict.

As this cloud shut over her, rupturing the most sacred ties, her nearest kindred gathered around her, tenderly striving to uphold and shelter the deserted spirit. She wasted not her own energies in unavailing complaint or weak repining, but rallied them to endure and to labor, for the sake of the children now committed to her sole care. Heaven also mercifully granted that maternal duty, and the clear fountain of poesy in the depth of her own soul, should reveal new powers to assuage sadness and cheer desolation.

A renewed study of German lore, by absorbing a portion of her thoughts, seemed to take the form of consolation. Many interesting works in that language were sent her by her eldest brother, then connected with the embassy at Vienna. By closer intimacy with the history and habitudes of that richly imaginative people, she believed that she discerned a spirit of liberality, illustrating her own favorite idea of the brotherhood, that ought to pervade the noble field of literature.

The ancient Cambrian annals, also, profitably occupied some intervals of time. While increasing her knowledge of their language, she imbibed a fervent admiration

of the character of the old Welsh bards, whose motto, "In the face of the sun, and in the eye of light," was singularly consonant to her own truthful and transparent nature. Her views of the elevating influences of poesy were in some measure illustrated by the position assigned to the ancient masters of the Cambrian lyre, who were not permitted to mingle in political or religious strife, in whose presence ■ weapon must be unsheathed for conflict, and at whose appearance, clad in their azure robe as heralds of peace between contending armies, the wild battle cry was hushed.

In 1821, Mrs. Hemans sustained the loss of a favorite brother, Claude Scott Browne, one year younger than herself, and the endeared playmate of infancy. His death took place at the age of 27, in Kingston, Upper Canada, where he was discharging with ability the duties of an office which he held under government. The same region of the western world also received the last breath of her father, who died in the city of Quebec, ere her return to Bronwylfa.

Amid repeated bereavements, and that loneliness of heart that admitted of no earthly cure, she was not unhappy, for constant occupation and the divine blessing were with her. Constrained by the promptings of genius to give utterance to the breath of song, it was evident, to all who witnessed her daily life, how the mother predominated over the poet. Her most elaborate and ambitious themes were liable to be superseded at any moment by the wants or pleasures of the nursery people. Arthur's new coat, — George's cough, — a promised walk, — a game at battledore, — letters of request to a friend in a distant city to purchase two humming tops of differing grades of excellence, — "sundry teeth having been drawn in the family, and such treasures promised as the rewards of fortitude on these trying occasions." Affectionate little poems on their respective birthdays, the decoration of the Christmas tree, the preparation of the "twelfth-night cake," the direction of their lessons, the guidance of their devotions, all gave her a more intense participation in the minuter points of their enjoyment and welfare. The epithets of the "noble and gentle child," and the sweet descriptions of cradle care and hope, that perpetually recur in her strains, prove that she found no pursuit or pleasure a substitute for the holy duties and heartfelt satisfactions of the mother.

But where was he who, in these cares and joys, should have had his portion — he who had the right to take his stand by her side, "of the weak hand, but the strong heart," with a husband's sympathy? Came there no echo to the city of the Cæsars of the bird-like chirping from his own forsaken nest? In his dreams, were there no little forms, calling "*Father*" — no image of her who was pouring out her life stream in watchings over the pledges of their love — no misgivings, no relentings? We may not know.

Extensive repairs and additions to the mansion at Bronwylfa, the property of her

eldest brother, took place in 1822, of which she humorously remarks, "Such ■ ■ ■ is there of old grates with new grates, in this once tranquil abode, that when I make my escape at fall of eve to some of the quiet green fields by which we are surrounded, and look back at the house, which from a little distance seems, almost like Shakspeare's moonlight, to 'sleep upon the bank,' I can scarcely see how so gentle looking a dwelling can continue to send forth such an incessant clatter of obstreperous sound from its honeysuckle-fringed windows." During these transmutations, while her retreat for poetic composition was a small laundry, it was deemed a convenient occasion for her two eldest sons, eight and nine years old, to pay a visit to a clergyman whom they loved, and who had formerly assisted in their instruction while ■ resident in the neighborhood of Bronwylfa.

Slight incidents are these, yet interesting, as throwing light on the daily domestic life of a distinguished woman. Arthur and George had never before been absent from home. It was, therefore, an event of much importance in their eyes, and contemplated with no little pride. A few weeks glided pleasantly away, and then the coming of the mother for them was an era still more to be remembered. She herself enjoyed and described it with a delight that only mothers can comprehend. A drive of twenty miles, through a picturesque region of bold hills, sparkling streams, and rich verdure, amid the song of the skylark, and the perfume of indigenous ferns and foxgloves, cheered her worn heart, and disposed it for a higher pleasure. At length the peaceful rural parsonage appeared, overshadowed by trees. Rushing down its green slope were seen two healthful and beautiful boys, wild with happiness. They clapped their hands, they shouted in ecstasy, and springing into the carriage, covered their mother with kisses. Then followed the warm welcome of hospitality, and the dignified earnestness with which the children did the honors of the village, anxious that not one of its wonders — church, bridge, brook, or wild flower — should escape attention; the fascination of the evening homeward ride, and the rapturous reunion with grandmamma and the three merry, untravelled little brothers in the nursery.

The sympathy of the children in their mother's poetry, and in its reception by the public, was singularly deep and touching. Every expression of such favor was treasured and commented upon by them; and when any marked distinction was accorded, there came a burst of joy as from a nightingale's nest. It was observed that her valuation of these honors seemed to spring from the happiness they imparted to the dear circle at home. When the prize of the Royal Literary Society was decreed to her poem of Dartmoor, she thus writes a friend: "Would that you had but seen the children when the prize was announced yesterday! Arthur sprang up from his Latin exercise and shouted aloud. Their acclamations were actually deafening; and George said that the excess of his pleasure had really given him ■ headache."



The reputation of Mrs. Hemans continued to increase. Criticism was propitious, and friendship sprang up in stranger hearts. The aristocratic Byron, and the fastidious Jeffrey, applauded her writings, and the learned Milman gave her advice and encouragement. Among the talented of her own sex who expressed approbation and sympathy were the distinguished names of Hannah More, Joanna Baillie, Mary Mitford, and Mary Howitt. The venerable Bishop of St. Asaph, near whose palace she resided, and his son-in-law, the gifted Reginald Heber, afterward the prelate, testified deep interest in her and in her children. The chivalry of noble, manly natures roused itself to throw its shield around a "woman, forsaken, and grieved in spirit, and a wife of youth, when she was refused."

In the spring of 1825 she removed to Rhyllon, a residence opposite Bronwylfa, from which it was separated by a beautiful river. Both mansions belonged to her brother, and were spacious and commodious. Bronwylfa had been compared to a bird's nest peering from a bower of roses, and Rhyllon, after her occupancy, was continually amassing some new charm — the climbing ivy, or the clustering vine. The family consisted of her mother and four sons, it having been deemed advisable that Arthur, then in his thirteenth year, should be placed at school. Her second brother and his wife, after an absence of several years in Canada, returned and rejoined her circle, surrounding her still more perfectly with those blessed domestic affections in which her heart found rest. Never since her unclouded childhood had she been so happy as at Rhyllon. Her health was less variable than it had been since her marriage. She had schooled her sorrowing spirit to silent submission; her children were expanding hopefully; and she was sustained in those poetical efforts which were in some measure essential to her livelihood, and at all times to her consolation. The earliest hours of each day were devoted to the education of her boys: then came a season of writing, to which an extended correspondence, and the claims of various editors, — for she had become much connected with the periodical press, — gave a character of labor which chastened, perhaps, too much the play of fancy. From these long mornings of application she would emerge with a fresh burst of youthful spirits, and enjoy a ramble with her children among the breezy hills, or to a hamlet nestled in the hollow of a mountain about two miles from Rhyllon. Such was her love of childhood, and her power of attracting it, that a little peasant girl was wont to steal from her humble cottage, when she saw the "sweet lady" pass, and confidently placing a tiny hand in hers, walk by her side till her small feet grew weary, and then, with many smiles backward cast, turn home again.

Among the cheering features of her history at this time was the vivid appreciation of her poetry on this side of the Atlantic. Boston, our first in Attic taste, was the first to discover and hail this daughter of song. Professor Norton, with characteristic nobleness, voluntarily superintended the publication of an edition of her poems in

that city, and wrote her, that whatever profits accrued from it should be her own. The talented Bancroft, and the eloquent Channing, with others of critical taste and elegant scholarship, applauded her genius. These suffrages were to her more precious on account of the difference of creed, as proving the warmth and extent of Christian liberality, and serving to establish her own favorite theory, that poetry should be the harmonizer and the love teacher. Beautiful are the common meeting grounds of literature and benevolence — like the “field of the cloth of gold,” where foemen embrace, and prejudices are forgotten.

Unspeakably soothing to her burdened spirit were the sympathies thus wafted over the ocean billows ; and it was affecting to witness the rejoicing of mother and children with her at every parcel that came from America. Anecdotes of her boys now and then occur in her letters, showing her own fond affection, and that its effects had not been in vain. To the warm-hearted Joanna Baillie, she says, “I had been reading to one of my boys Byron’s magnificent address to the sea, —

‘Roll on, thou deep and dark-blue ocean — roll!’

He listened in almost breathless attention, and the moment I had finished it, exclaimed, ‘Very grand, indeed ! But how much finer it would have been, mamma, had he said, at the close, that God had measured out all those waters in the hollow of his hand!’”

Charlie, also, the youngest of her flock, is mentioned as seated by her side, and reading “Warton’s Death-Bed Scenes” with the deepest interest. On asking her explanation of the word *atheist*, he exclaimed, in amazement, “Not believe in God, mamma ! Why, who does he expect made the world and his own body ?”

But the brightness that gleamed upon her at Rhyllon was destined soon to disappear. The blessed mother who had been an unfailing spirit of strength and hope, in all time of her adversity, was to be summoned from her side. It seemed not to have entered her mind, or that of her children, that she who had so long exercised for them all the patient, watchful love that knew no change or weariness, was ever to die. First she slightly faltered in the pleasant walk, then she was missed at the cheerful meal, then from the family altar, till her place was found only in the curtained chamber, where with brightening eye she listened to some new strain of her cherished daughter, or to the holy words of that Redeemer in whom was her hope, breathed forth in the sweet tones of the most beloved voice ; and then she listened no more on earth.

It was on the evening of the 11th of January, 1827, that the bereaved one, after long, anxious watching, passed from the silent death chamber to the apartment of her children. Hushed and awe-struck, they were gathered closely around the fading fire. In her pale, sad face, they saw that all was over. Trained as they had been to turn

to God's blessed book for comfort in affliction, one of the little group, pressing to her side, begged permission to read to her a chapter from the Bible. Inexpressibly soothing in this bitter hour was the proof that the loved beings for whom she had toiled and prayed had learned to know, and even to lead her to, the true fountain of consolation.

"My soul is exceedingly sorrowful, dear friend," she says in a familiar epistle, "but, thank God, my composure is returning, so that I am enabled to resume those duties that so imperiously call me back to life. I have lost the faithful, watchful, patient love that for so many years has been devoted to me and mine; and I feel that the void it has left behind will cause me to bear a yearning heart to the grave."

Yet she resumed with surprising energy her stated routine of labor, feeling that it was not for her to indulge in the listless luxury of grief, though the shield that interposed between her and the burden of care was withdrawn. In the autumn of 1828 she removed to Wavertree, near Liverpool, which was deemed a more favorable place for the education of her boys. The irreparable loss of her mother, and the departure of her brother and sister to their distant abode, had so diminished her circle, and saddened her home, that it seemed scarcely a home to her. Still, her parting from Wales, the green land of song and the region of her happiest years, was reluctant and painful, and rendered more deeply so by a separation from her two eldest sons. Notwithstanding the desertion of her husband, she continued to testify the respect and confidence of a wife, by consulting him in letters, with regard to the ultimate disposal of their children. In conformity to his directions, Arthur and George Willoughby, fourteen and fifteen years old, were sent to him at Rome. There the first born, the child of so many hopes, slept the sleep that knows no waking, two years after his gentle mother was laid in the tomb. He who had earliest taught her that holy joy, which finds no symbol in speech, —

"—— faded amid Italian flowers,  
The first of that bright band."

That true and noble friendship for which England as a nation is so conspicuous, gave her kind welcome when she turned thither for refuge and a home. Still, her experience as a housekeeper, the first winter after her removal, was somewhat discouraging. Her three boys were seized with whooping cough, and in addition to the fatigue of nursing them day and night, she herself participated in that distressing disease. Her health, of which she had never at any time been prudently considerate, suffered severely; and the whole invalid group were sent in the spring, by command of their physician, to the sea shore for change of air and restoration.

The ensuing summer she was induced, by urgency of friends, to take a voyage to Scotland. The time spent in that land of true and warm sympathy was one of the



golden threads in the tissue of her darkened years. Especially was her visit to Sir Walter Scott rich in cherished recollections. His cordial greeting to his mountain home, and generous admiration of her talents and virtues, reassured her spirits, and had a rejuvenating influence upon her health. They roamed together through the romantic scenery by which Abbotsford is surrounded, and expatiated on the legendary lore of many lands. After one of these excursions, she writes, —

“This day has been one of the *happiest*, I was going to say — but I am too isolated a being to use that word; yet, at least, one of the pleasantest and most cheerfully exciting of my whole life. Again and again shall I think of that walk, under the old solemn trees that hang over the mountain stream of Yarrow, with Sir Walter beside me, his voice frequently breaking out, as if half unconsciously, into some verse of the antique ballads, which he repeats with deep and homely pathos.”

He was delighted with her musical performances, especially the martial airs of Wales and Germany, and exulted to lead her to the piano, even when princes were his guests.

“I should say you had too many gifts, Mrs. Hemans,” was one of his kind remarks, “if they were not all used in giving pleasure to others.”

The heart of her boys, whom his hospitable and frank reception made immediately at home, overflowed with joy and pride at the honors accorded to their idolized mother. “Little Charlie,” the youngest, was especially amused, when once, on the approach of their party to visit Newark tower, two tourists were seen precipitately retreating; and the benignant bard exclaimed, “Ah! Mrs. Hemans, they little know what two lions they are running away from.”

At the close of her delightful stay, which she was persuaded to prolong beyond her original intention, his farewell words at the gate of Abbotsford were affectionately treasured: “There are some whom we meet, and should like ever after to claim as kith and kin. *You are one of these.*”

In other parts of Scotland her gentle spirit was also made glad. Edinburgh, with its society and scenery, left with her pleasing and indelible impressions. She was cheered at seeing her children happy, and their loving hearts were in a state of constant exultation at finding their “*heroïne mamma*” so highly regarded. It has been remarked that she naturally won the love of children wherever she met them. Thus it was with the aged. She singled them out, and treated them with reverence. Her affectionate words melted the frosts of years, and revived dormant memories. Mackenzie, the white-haired “Man of Feeling,” even in his brokenness of mind, kindled with vivid recollections at her voice; and the venerable Roscoe, and Sir Robert Liston, rejoiced in her society. Tender and truthful must have been that nature, which could alike charm the simplicity of waking life and the weariness of its close.

It was in June, 1830, that she accomplished what she had long desired — a tour to the lakes of Westmoreland. Tremulous health, and the celebrity which had become a burden by depriving her of the time either to meditate or to rest, required this recreation. A desire of seeing Wordsworth, whose poetry had become to her an enthusiastic study, was another motive for this excursion. His patriarchal manner, and the sweet life that he led in his rose and ivy-wreathed bower, enchanted her. After somewhat more than a fortnight passed delightfully with him at Rydal Mount, she was gratified at discovering that she might secure in his neighborhood a retired cottage for the remainder of the summer. It was on the banks of the fair Winandermere, and bore the appropriate appellation of the “Dove’s Nest.” From this sweet seclusion, she writes, —

“How shall I tell you of all the loveliness by which I am surrounded — all the soothing and holy influences it seems shedding down into my inmost heart? I have sometimes feared, within the last two years, that the effect of suffering and of adulation, of feelings too highly wrought and too severely tried, would be to dry up within me the fountains of such pure and simple enjoyment. But *now*, I *know* that

‘Nature never did betray  
The heart that loved her.’”

That sacred “Dove’s Nest,” on the green shore of the fair lake, with what emotion I surveyed it when a traveller in that region! — with what mournful regret, that I might not have come ere its loved habitant had spread her wings to the ark of heavenly rest! I beheld her in fancy through the twisted eglantine, a tender personification of her own descriptive lines, —

“Mother, with the earnest eye,  
Ever following silently,” —

the gambols of her boys, who some tourist has designated as *young eagles*, for their swiftness and spirit. Almost her own descriptive words seemed audible to my ear: —

“See! there is Claude, climbing the hill above the “Nest;” Henry with his fishing rod; and Charles sketching; while I, in feeling, am even more a child than any of them.”

Wordsworth, too, then in the serene philosophy of his seventieth year, awakened the same admiration that she had expressed of “the beauty of his daily life, in such perfect harmony with his poetry.” With the same paternal manner that she so happily depicted, he led me by the hand over the same grounds adorned by his taste and consecrated by his genius, and spoke of her with a touching tenderness, —

“Ah, poor soul! she wrote too much — too much.”

Yes, doubtless too much for the physical welfare of a frame bowed more by sorrow than time. While strong claims were enforcing incessant labor, she was still constrained to admit the alarming symptoms of palpitation of an over-wearied heart, occasional faintings, a fiery pain in the breast and side, and flushing of cheek and temple after intellectual toil. Appropriate indeed was the name of this temporary retreat, among England's most untroubled waters, to her, who, like a wounded dove, pressed her wing silently over the pierced side while the lifeblood ebbed away. If there are any who infer from the occasional buoyancy of her spirits that the covered wound was slightly felt, they but reveal their ignorance of woman's heart its depth, its delicacy, or its pride.

The pearls

Lie all too deep in her soul's secret well  
For the unpausing or impatient hand  
To draw them forth.

Though no human being could be more free from the weak ostentation that utters complaint, or makes a parade of wrongs, merely to invoke sympathy, yet here and there, among her writings, traces may be gathered of the secret sorrow that overshadowed her life. Of some of her most popular lyrics she has said, "They are but the broken music of a troubled heart." In a letter of condolence to her friend Mary Howitt, she confesses, —

"I have felt that feverish thirst for the sound of a departed voice or footstep, in which the heart seems to die away and become a fountain of tears."

Still more explicit is that swan-like melody, —

"Faint spirit, strive no more!  
For thee too strong  
Are outward ill, and wrong;  
Thy life, like trampled flowers,  
Into the blessed wreath  
Of household charities no longer bound,  
Lies pale and withering on the barren ground.  
Yes, fade! fade on! Thy gift of love shall cling,  
A coiling sadness, round thy heart and brain, —  
A silent, fruitless, yet undying thing, —  
All sensitive to pain.

Though the blasts of advancing years sometimes swept aside the veil that she had long so closely drawn, they also mercifully strengthened the root of that piety, by which she submitted all to the divine will, and found peace from its discipline.

In the autumn of 1831 she removed to the neighborhood of Dublin, not having



found the climate of England so congenial to her health as she had anticipated, and desiring to be near her brother, who held an office in Ireland, that she might enjoy his counsel and aid with regard to the training of her sons. It was decided that the two elder ones should be placed at a school of high reputation in the vicinity, and the youngest continue at home, having his scholastic education superintended by a competent and pious student of Trinity College. Here she resumed her usual routine of industrious occupation, as far as strength permitted, avoiding the claims of general society and the taxes of fame as far as possible. The works of nature and of art, and quiet intercourse with a few familiar friends, were all that she needed or desired for recreation. Brief excursions during the more genial seasons occasionally varied her lot, but failed in their former renovating effect. Gradually impaired vigor, and the command of physicians, laid restrictions upon her rigid course of employment. She was compelled in a great measure to give up her correspondence, which had become extensive and exceedingly laborious. Being obliged almost constantly to preserve a recumbent position, the use of the pen became fatiguing; and she sometimes retained a poem in her memory for weeks, waiting for strength to enable her to commit it to paper. On one occasion she sent for a friend to come with her pencil and write a sonnet that had floated through her mind like a singing bee, while she lay suffering under the infliction of a blister.

Still her constitution retained some remnant of its original elasticity, and the vernal season of 1833 seemed to open with a gleam of promise. The depth which her piety was continually gaining induced her to mingle with this transient hope of recovery a consecration of her genius to those hallowed themes which are connected with the soul and its eternal Source. On being enabled again to attend church and partake of the sacrament, her sublimated and grateful spirit recurs to the same subject:—

“My heart is much in this plan, and I hope to enshrine in it whatever I may have been endowed with of power and melody.”

We trust the sincere desire was accepted, though time for its fulfilment was denied, and that she was inly cheered, like the sweet Psalmist of Israel, who, when he would fain have built a glorious temple to the Lord, heard the refusal coupled with the divine assurance, “Thou didst well that it was in thine heart.”

She was still comforting herself that her “true task was to enlarge the sphere of sacred poetry and extend its influence,” when the last sickness came. It was late in the autumn of 1834 that a severe cold added pulmonary symptoms to previous disease, and produced hopeless decline. Change of air having been recommended, the thoughtful kindness of Archbishop and Mrs. Whately placed at her disposal their delightful country seat of Redesdale, seven miles from Dublin, where every thing that the most delicate consideration could suggest for her comfort was assiduously and affectionately provided. Rich was she in friendships throughout her whole

life, in friendships with the wisest and best. It would seem as if the deprivation of affections to which she naturally turned for solace had been in some measure compensated by their springing up where she least expected them. In a pencilled note from this peaceful retirement, she says,—

“Far better than any indication of recovery is the sweet religious peace which I feel gradually overshadowing me with its dove-like pinions, excluding all that would exclude thoughts of God.”

The weight of maternal care and anxiety, which had sometimes pressed heavily upon her, had been mercifully lifted from her spirit's wings ere they unfolded for their returnless flight. Arthur still remained with his father. George, having completed his course at the military college in Sorèze with the highest praise of his superiors, had returned and accepted a situation as engineer in the north of Ireland, and was thus enabled sometimes to visit and cheer his beloved mother. Claude, who had made choice of the mercantile profession and received an eligible offer in the United States, had sailed for that land which she regarded with so much gratitude, while she was yet in comparatively comfortable health. Henry passed the Christmas holidays by her invalid couch at Redesdale, soothing her by his tender attentions; and, soon after, her heart overflowed with gladness too deep for words at an unexpected letter from Sir Robert Peel, appointing him to a clerkship in the Admiralty, and enclosing a munificent donation. Charles, the youngest, accounted it his highest privilege never to have been separated from her. With what earnest love did her eyes rest upon him, as, bending over her pillow, he read in softened tones, or wrote from her dictation the tuneful thoughts that visited her, or mingled with hers the breathing of his own devotion! He was admitted to his first communion kneeling by her bedside. There the mother, so soon to be offered up, stretched her feeble hand to take the symbols of a Savior's love with him to whose infant lips she had first taught the words, “Suffer the little ones to come unto me.”

In March, 1835, it was thought expedient that she should be removed to her home, that she might be more accessible to her physicians, being reduced to a state of almost infantine weakness. Her brother and his wife accompanied and remained with her, soothing her by the most affectionate and unremitting attentions to the last. Her calmness and resignation were without a cloud. She often spoke of the “sweetness of her couch,” and her chamber of sickness seemed lighted from above. Flowers and music still inexpressibly cheered her, and the holy book of God was her comfort in all affliction. Those dispensations of Providence which might once have seemed dark shone forth in beauty, as the discipline of unerring wisdom, to draw her nearer unto itself. Entire humility took possession of her soul, so that her language was, “Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it unto me according to thy will.”

To the faithful servant who had been with her many years, who in her nursing care was ever at her side, and in whose spiritual improvement she was tenderly interested, she would sometimes say, —

“O Anna, do you not love your kind Savior? I am like a quiet babe at his feet, and yet my spirit is full of his strength. I feel as a tired child, weary, and longing to mingle with the pure in heart.”

Her remarkable memory remained with her as a source of consolation. In wakeful hours she would repeat to herself whole pages of sacred poetry, and chapter after chapter from the Scriptures, with a tranquillizing effect. Nature still continued lovely to her. The breath of a blossom, the song of a bird, were as the voice of His goodness in whose will her own was perfectly absorbed. Only bright and sweet dreams visited her pillow. Yet, to use her own words, —

“No poetry can express, no imagination conceive, the visions of blessedness that flit across my fancy, and make my waking hours more delightful than even those of temporary repose.”

On Sunday, the 26th of April, her brother wrote from her pale lips that exquisitely beautiful “Sabbath Sonnet,” her last music strain on earth. She lingered still into the pleasant May, calm in faith and hope, and ready to be released. She seemed to feel the rush of wings, and to hear, breathing as from lute strings, “*Come up hither!*” Angels were watching for the pure in heart. The last tie that held her from them was gently sundered on Saturday, May 16, 1835. At nine in the evening, while hovering on the confines of an earthly Sabbath, the gate of paradise opened for her. The soul of melody went to its own place, and the mortal put on immortality.

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To eulogize the poetry of Mrs. Hemans is now a work of supererogation. Indeed, to analyze it seems almost arrogant, especially in these United States, where, from the time that our “beautiful Trimountain” first pointed with golden finger to this daughter of the Muses, she has been followed with an intimate and loving worship. More than any other female poet of the motherland, she has been naturalized in our new western world. Some of them may have possessed bolder inventive and tragic power, like Joanna Baillie; or more of the high old Attic spirit, like Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Yet their works have lingered rather in the boudoirs of wealth, or relied for full appreciation on the classic or the philosopher.

But in what region of the Pilgrim’s Land is *she* not at home who struck the key-tone of the Pilgrim’s Hymn? In the cabinet, and in the library, by the winter fire, where the farmer reads aloud to his children, and from the tent of the emigrant on



the Rocky Mountains or the shores of the Pacific, swells her soul-stirring chorus "Freedom to worship God!"

Emphatically has she been styled the poet of her own sex. The hopes, the affections the duties of woman, *as woman*, find expression in her highest eloquence of song. She gathers no inspiration from any broader or more brilliant sphere of action, sometimes coveted for her, but difficult to define, and impossible to attain, save at the expense of integral delicacies or inherent privileges. In what other strains so sweet and persuasive do we hear of her reliance on an arm made strong by Heaven for her protection — of her unswerving faith — her fearless constancy — her love without sediment of self, and smiling in death?

Her genius is the exponent of the great heart of humanity. Like the bee, it gathers from all lands the essence and finer spirit of their legendary lore. It concocts, not the honey of Hymettus alone, but the aroma of all pure thoughts and noble deeds, from the wilderness to the throne. Wherever there is a charm in nature, it glides like the rejoicing sunbeam; wherever there is a sorrow or a tomb, its sighing sympathies are like the pity of an angel.

Where is the heart that has not leaped up to newer life at "The Voice of Spring"? By what hearthstone, however lowly, have there not been tears over "The Graves of a Household"? Who that has lost a loved one beneath the whelming surge but has thrilled with trembling emotion at her trumpet cry, "*Restore the Dead, thou Sea*"?

Still, unambitious of fame, and led onward by consecrated genius, as well as sanctified suffering, to deeper humility and more sublimated faith, was she whose lays and life equally awaken admiration, and who, in the eloquent words of a contemporary, is "praised by all who read her, loved by all who praise, and known, in ~~some~~ degree, wherever our language is spoken."

L. H. S.

HARTFORD, CONN., May 1, 1855.

THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
FELICIA HEMANS.





THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
MRS. HEMANS.

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JUVENILE POEMS.

ON MY MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY.

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF EIGHT.

GLAD in all their brightest green,  
This day the verdant fields are seen ;  
The tuneful birds begin their lay,  
To celebrate thy natal day.

The breeze is still, the sea is calm,  
And the whole scene combines to charm ;  
The flowers revive, this charming May,  
Because it is thy natal day.

The sky is blue, the day serene,  
And only pleasure now is seen ;  
The rose, the pink, the tulip gay,  
Combine to bless thy natal day.

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A PRAYER.

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF NINE.

O GOD ! my Father and my Friend,  
Ever Thy blessings to me send ;  
Let me have Virtue for my guide,  
And Wisdom always at my side.  
Thus cheerfully through life I'll go,  
Nor ever feel the sting of woe ;

Contented with the humblest lot —  
Happy, though in the meanest cot.

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ADDRESS TO THE DEITY

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF ELEVEN.

THE infant muse, Jehovah, would aspire  
To swell the adoration of the lyre :  
Source of all good ! O, teach my voice to sing  
Thee, from whom Nature's genuine beauties  
spring ;  
Thee, God of truth, omnipotent and wise,  
Who saidst to Chaos, " Let the earth arise."  
O, Author of the rich, luxuriant year,  
Love, Truth, and Mercy in Thy works appear.  
Within their orbs the planets dost Thou keep.  
And e'en hast limited the mighty deep.  
O, could I number Thy inspiring ways,  
And wake the voice of animated praise !  
Ah, no ; the theme shall swell a cherub's note ;  
To Thee celestial hymns of rapture float.  
'Tis not for me in lowly strains to sing  
Thee, God of mercy, Heaven's immortal King !  
Yet to that happiness I'd fain aspire —  
O, fill my heart with elevated fire :  
With angel songs an artless voice shall blend,  
The grateful offering shall to Thee ascend.

Yes, Thou wilt breathe a spirit o'er my lyre,  
And "fill my beating heart with sacred fire!"  
And when to Thee my youth, my life, I've given,  
Raise me to join Eliza, blest in Heaven.

### SHAKSPEARE.

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF ELEVEN.

[One of her earliest tastes was a passion for Shakspeare, which she read, as her choicest recreation, at six years old; and in later days she would often refer to the hours of romance she had passed in a secret haunt of her own — a seat amongst the branches of an old apple tree — where, reveling in the treasures of the cherished volume, she would become completely absorbed in the imaginative world it revealed to her. The following lines, written at eleven years old, may be adduced as a proof of her juvenile enthusiasm. — *Memoir of Mrs. Hemans by her Sister*, pp. 6, 7.]

I LOVE to rove o'er History's page,  
Recall the hero and the sage;  
Revive the actions of the dead,  
And memory of ages fled.  
Yet it yields me greater pleasure  
To read the poet's pleasing measure.  
Led by Shakspeare, bard inspired,  
The bosom's energies are fired;  
We learn to shed the generous tear  
O'er poor Ophelia's sacred bier;  
To love the merry moonlit scene,  
With fairy elves in valleys green;  
Or, borne on Fancy's heavenly wings,  
To listen while sweet Ariel sings.  
How sweet the "native wood notes wild"  
Of him, the Muses' favorite child!  
Of him whose magic lays impart  
Each various feeling to the heart!

### TO MY BROTHER AND SISTER IN THE COUNTRY.

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF ELEVEN.

[At about the age of eleven, she passed a winter in London with her father and mother, and a similar sojourn was repeated in the following year, after which she never visited the metropolis. The contrast between the confinement of a town life, and the happy freedom of her own mountain home, was even then so distasteful to her, that the indulgences of plays and sights soon ceased to be cared for, and she longed to rejoin her younger brother and sister in their favorite rural haunts and amusements — the nuttury wood, the beloved apple tree, the old arbor with its swing, the post-office tree, in whose trunk a daily interchange of family letters was established, the pool where fairy ships were

1 A sister whom the author had lost.

launched, (generally painted and decorated by herself,) and, dearer still, the fresh, free ramble on the sea shore, or the mountain expedition to the Signal Station, or the Roman Encampment. In one of her letters, the pleasure with which she looked forward to her return home was thus expressed in rhyme. — *Memoir*, pp. 8, 9.]

HAPPY soon we'll meet again,  
Free from sorrow, care, and pain;  
Soon again we'll rise with dawn,  
To roam the verdant, dewy lawn;  
Soon the budding leaves we'll hail,  
Or wander through the well-known vale.  
Or weave the smiling wreath of flowers;  
And sport away the light-winged hours.  
Soon we'll run the agile race;  
Soon, dear playmates, we'll embrace;  
Through the wheat field or the grove,  
We'll hand in hand delighted rove;  
Or, beneath some spreading oak,  
Ponder the instructive book;  
Or view the ships that swiftly glide,  
Floating on the peaceful tide;  
Or raise again the carolled lay;  
Or join again in mirthful play;  
Or listen to the humming bees,  
As their murmurs swell the breeze;  
Or seek the primrose where it springs;  
Or chase the fly with painted wings;  
Or talk beneath the arbor's shade;  
Or mark the tender, shooting blade;  
Or stray beside the babbling stream,  
When Luna sheds her placid beam;  
Or gaze upon the glassy sea —  
Happy, happy shall we be!

### SONNET TO MY MOTHER.

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF TWELVE.

To thee, maternal guardian of my youth,  
I pour the genuine numbers free from art —  
The lays inspired by gratitude and truth;  
For thou wilt prize the effusion of the heart.  
O, be it mine, with sweet and pious care,  
To calm thy bosom in the hour of grief;  
With soothing tenderness to chase the tear,  
With fond endearments to impart relief:  
Be mine thy warm affection to repay  
With dutious love in thy declining hours;  
My filial hand shall strew unfading flowers,  
Perennial roses, to adorn thy way;  
Still may thy grateful children round thee  
smile —  
Their pleasing care affliction shall beguile.

SONNET.

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF THIRTEEN.

Tis sweet to think the spirits of the blest  
 May hover round the virtuous man's repose ;  
 And oft in visions animate his breast,  
 And scenes of bright beatitude disclose.  
 The ministers of Heaven, with pure control,  
 May bid his sorrow and emotion cease,  
 Inspire the pious fervor of his soul,  
 And whisper to his bosom hallowed peace.  
 Ah, tender thought ! that oft with sweet relief  
 May charm the bosom of a weeping friend,  
 Beguile with magic power the tear of grief,  
 And pensive pleasure with devotion blend ;  
 While oft he fancies music, sweetly faint,  
 The airy lay of some departed saint.

RURAL WALKS.

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF THIRTEEN.

O, MAY I ever pass my happy hours  
 In Cambrian valleys and romantic bowers ;  
 For every spot in sylvan beauty drest,  
 And every landscape, charms my youthful breast.  
 And much I love to hail the vernal morn,  
 When flowers of spring the mossy seat adorn ;  
 And sometimes through the lonely wood I stray,  
 To cull the tender rosebuds in my way ;  
 And seek in every wild, secluded dell,  
 The weeping cowslip and the azure bell ;  
 With all the blossoms, fairer in the dew,  
 To form the gay festoon of varied hue.  
 And oft I seek the cultivated green,  
 The fertile meadow, and the village scene ;  
 Where rosy children sport around the cot,  
 Or gather woodbine from the garden spot.  
 And there I wander by the cheerful rill, ■  
 That murmurs near the osiers and the mill ;  
 To view the smiling peasants turn the hay,  
 And listen to their pleasing, festive lay.  
 I love to loiter in the spreading grove,  
 Or in the mountain scenery to rove ;  
 Where summits rise in awful grace around,  
 With hoary moss and tufted verdure crowned ;  
 Where cliffs in solemn majesty are piled,  
 " And frown upon the vale " with grandeur  
 wild :  
 And there I view the mouldering tower sublime,  
 Arrayed in all the blending shades of Time.

The airy upland and the woodland green,  
 The valley, and romantic mountain scene ;

The lowly hermitage, or fair domain,  
 The dell retired, or willow-shaded lane ;  
 " And every spot in sylvan beauty drest,  
 And every landscape, charms my youthful  
 breast."

SONNET.

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF THIRTEEN.

[In 1808, a collection of her poems, which had long been regarded amongst her friends with a degree of admiration perhaps more partial than judicious, was submitted to the world, in the form (certainly an ill-advised one) of a quarto volume. Its appearance drew down the animadversions of some self-constituted arbiter of public taste,<sup>1</sup> and the young poetess was thus early initiated into the pains and perils attendant upon the career of an author ; though it may here be observed that, as far as criticism was concerned, this was at once the first and last time she was destined to meet with any thing like harshness or mortification. Though this unexpected severity was felt bitterly for a few days, her buoyant spirit soon rose above it, and her effusions continued to be poured forth as spontaneously as the song of the skylark.]

I LOVE to hail the mild and balmy hour  
 When Evening spreads around her twilight  
 veil ;  
 When dews descend on every languid flower,  
 And sweet and tranquil is the summer gale.  
 Then let me wander by the peaceful tide,  
 While o'er the wave the breezes lightly play ;  
 To hear the waters murmur as they glide.  
 To mark the fading smile of closing day.  
 There let me linger, blest in visions dear,  
 Till the soft moonbeams tremble on the seas ;  
 While melting sounds decay on fancy's ear,  
 Of airy music floating on the breeze.  
 For still when evening sheds the genial dews.  
 That pensive hour is sacred to the muse.

1 The criticism referred to, and which, considering the circumstances under which the volume appeared, was certainly somewhat ungenerous, and quite uncalled for, ran as follows : —

" We hear that these poems are the ' genuine productions of a young lady, written between the ages of eight and thirteen years,' and we do not feel inclined to question the intelligence ; but although the fact may insure them an indulgent reception from all those who have ' children dear,' yet, when a little girl publishes a large quarto, we are disposed to examine before we admit her claims to public attention. Many of Miss Browne's compositions are extremely jejune. However, though Miss Browne's poems contain some erroneous and some pitiable lines, we must praise the ' Reflections in a ruined Castle,' and the poetic strain in which they are delivered. The lines to ' Patriotism ' contain good thoughts and forcible images ; and if the youthful author were to content herself for some years with reading instead of writing, we should open any future work from her pen with an expectation of pleasure, founded on our recollection of this publication ; though we must, at the same time, observe that premature talents are not always to be considered as signs of future excellence. The honey-suckle attains maturity before the oak " — *Monthly Review*, 1809



# ENGLAND AND SPAIN; OR, VALOR AND PATRIOTISM.

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF FOURTEEN.

— "His sword the brave man draws,  
And asks no omen but his country's cause." — POPE.

[New sources of inspiration were now opening to her view. Birthday addresses, songs by the sea shore, and invocations to fairies, were henceforth to be diversified with warlike themes; and trumpets and banners now floated through the dreams in which birds and flowers had once reigned paramount. Her two elder brothers had entered the army at an early age, and were both serving in the 23d Royal Welsh Fusileers. One of them was now engaged in the Spanish campaign under Sir John Moore; and a vivid imagination and enthusiastic affections being alike enlisted in the cause, her young mind was filled with glorious visions of British valor and Spanish patriotism. In her ardent view, the days of chivalry seemed to be restored, and the very names which were of daily occurrence in the despatches, were involuntarily associated with the deeds of Roland and his Paladins, or of her own especial hero, "The Cid Ruy Diaz," the Campeador. Under the inspiration of these feelings, she composed a poem entitled "England and Spain," which was published, and afterwards translated into Spanish. This cannot but be considered as a very remarkable production for a girl of fourteen — lofty sentiments, correctness of language, and historical knowledge, being all strikingly displayed in it. — *Memoir*, pp. 10, 11.

Too long have Tyranny and Power combined  
To sway, with iron sceptre, o'er mankind;  
Long has Oppression worn th' imperial robe,  
And Rapine's sword has wasted half the globe!  
O'er Europe's cultured realms and climes afar,  
Triumphant Gaul has poured the tide of war;  
To her fair Austria veiled the standard bright;  
Ausonia's lovely plains have owned her might;  
While Prussia's eagle, never taught to yield,  
Forsook her towering height on Jena's field!

O gallant Frederic! could thy parted shade  
Have seen thy country vanquished and betrayed,  
How had thy soul indignant mourned her shame,  
Her sullied trophies, and her tarnished fame!  
When Valor wept lamented BRUNSWICK'S doom,  
And nursed with tears the laurels on his tomb;  
When Prussia, drooping o'er her hero's grave,  
Invoked his spirit to descend and save;  
Then set her glories — then expired her sun,  
And fraud achieved e'en more than conquest won!

O'er peaceful realms, that smiled with plenty gay,  
Has Desolation spread her ample sway;  
Thy blast, O Ruin! on tremendous wings,  
Has proudly swept o'er empires, nations, kings.

Thus the wild hurricane's impetuous force  
With dark destruction marks its whelming course,  
Despoils the woodland's pomp, the blooming plain,  
Death on its pinion, vengeance in its train!  
Rise, Freedom, rise, and, breaking from thy trance,  
Wave the dread banner, seize the glittering lance!  
With arm of might assert thy sacred cause,  
And call thy champions to defend thy laws!  
How long shall tyrant power her throne maintain?  
How long shall despots and usurpers reign?  
Is honor's lofty soul forever fled!  
Is virtue lost? is martial ardor dead?  
Is there no heart where worth and valor dwell.  
No patriot WALLACE, no undaunted TELL?  
Yes, Freedom! yes! thy sons, a noble band,  
Around thy banner, firm, exulting stand;  
Once more, 'tis thine, invincible to wield  
The beamy spear and adamantine shield!  
Again thy cheek with proud resentment glows,  
Again thy lion glance appalls thy foes;  
Thy kindling eyebeam darts unconquered fires,  
Thy look sublime the warrior's heart inspires;  
And, while to guard thy standard and thy right,  
Castilians rush, intrepid, to the fight,  
Lo! Britain's generous host their aid supply,  
Resolved for thee to triumph or to die;  
And Glory smiles to see Iberia's name  
Enrolled with Albion's in the book of fame!

Illustrious names! still, still united beam,  
Be still the hero's boast, the poet's theme;  
So, when two radiant gems together shine,  
And in one wreath their lucid light combine;  
Each, as it sparkles with transcendent rays,  
Adds to the lustre of its kindred blaze.

Descend, O Genius! from thy orb descend  
Thy glowing thought, thy kindling spirit lend  
As Memnon's harp (so ancient fables say)  
With sweet vibration meets the morning ray,  
So let the chords thy heavenly presence own,  
And swell a louder note, a nobler tone;  
Call from the sun, her burning throne on high,  
The seraph Ecstasy, with lightning eye;  
Steal from the source of day empyreal fire,  
And breathe the soul of rapture o'er the lyre

Hail, Albion! hail, thou land of freedom birth!  
Pride of the main, and Phoenix of the earth!

Thou second Rome, where mercy, justice, dwell,  
Whose sons in wisdom as in arms excel!  
Thine are the dauntless bands, like Spartans  
brave,

Bold in the field, triumphant on the wave;  
In classic elegance and arts divine,  
To rival Athens' fairest palm is thine;  
For taste and fancy from Hymettus fly,  
And richer bloom beneath thy varying sky,  
Where Science mounts in radiant car sublime  
To other worlds beyond the sphere of time!  
Hail, Albion, hail! to thee has fate denied  
Peruvian mines and rich Hindostan's pride,  
The gems that Ormuz and Golconda boast,  
And all the wealth of Montezuma's coast:  
For thee no Parian marbles brightly shine,  
No glowing suns mature the blushing vine;  
No light Arabian gales their wings expand,  
To waft Sabæan incense o'er the land;  
No graceful cedars crown thy lofty hills,  
No trickling myrrh for thee its balm distils;  
Not from thy trees the lucid amber flows,  
And far from thee the scented cassia blows:  
Yet fearless Commerce, pillar of thy throne,  
Makes all the wealth of foreign climes thy own;  
From Lapland's shore to Afric's fervid reign,  
She bids thy ensigns float above the main;  
Unfurls her streamers to the favoring gale,  
And shows to other worlds her daring sail:  
Then wafts their gold, their varied stores to  
thee,  
Queen of the trident! empress of the sea!

For this thy noble sons have spread alarms,  
And bade the zones resound with Britain's  
arms!

Calpe's proud rock, and Syria's palmy shore,  
Have heard and trembled at their battle's roar;  
The sacred waves of fertilizing Nile  
Have seen the triumphs of the conquering isle;  
For this, for this, the Samiel-blast of war  
Has rolled o'er Vincent's cape and Trafalgar!  
Victorious RODNEY spread thy thunder's sound,  
And NELSON fell, with fame immortal crowned;  
Blest if their perils and their blood could gain,  
To grace thy hand, the sceptre of the main!  
The milder emblems of the virtues calm —  
The poet's verdant bay, the sage's palm —  
These in thy laurel's blooming foliage twine,  
And round thy brows a deathless wreath com-  
bine:

Not Mincio's banks, nor Meles' classic tide,  
Are hallowed more than Avon's haunted side;  
Nor is thy Thames a less inspiring theme  
Than pure Ilissus, or than Tiber's stream.

Bright in the annals of th' impartial page,  
Britannia's heroes live from age to age!  
From ancient days, when dwelt her savage race,  
Her painted natives, foremost in the chase,  
Free from all cares for luxury or gain,  
Lords of the wood and monarchs of the plain,  
To these Augustan days, when social arts  
Refine and meliorate her manly hearts;  
From doubtful Arthur — hero of romance,  
King of the circled board, the spear, the lance —  
To those whose recent trophies grace her shield,  
The gallant victors of Vimeira's field;  
Still have her warriors borne th' unfading crown,  
And made the British flag the ensign of renown.

Spirit of ALFRED! patriot soul sublime!  
Thou morning star of error's darkest time!  
Prince of the Lion heart! whose arm in fight  
On Syria's plains repelled Saladin's might!  
EDWARD! for bright heroic deeds revered,  
By Cressy's fame to Britain still endeared!  
Triumphant HENRY! thou, whose valor proud,  
The lofty plume of crested Gallia bowed!  
Look down, look down, exalted shades! and  
view

Your Albion still to freedom's banner true!  
Behold the land, ennobled by your fame,  
Supreme in glory, and of spotless name  
And, as the pyramid indignant rears  
Its awful head, and mocks the waste of years:  
See her secure in pride of virtue tower,  
While prostrate nations kiss the rod of power

Lo! where her pennons, waving high, aspire,  
Bold Victory hovers near, "with eyes of fire!"  
While Lusitania hails, with just applause,  
The brave defenders of her injured cause;  
Bids the full song, the note of triumph rise,  
And swells th' exulting pæan to the skies!

And they, who late with anguish, hard to tell,  
Breathed to their cherished realms a sad fare-  
well!

Who, as the vessel bore them o'er the tide,  
Still fondly lingered on its deck, and sighed;  
Gazed on the shore, till tears obscured their sight,  
And the blue distance melted into light —  
The royal exiles, forced by Gallia's hate  
To fly for refuge in a foreign state —  
They, soon returning o'er the western main,  
Ere long may view their clime beloved again;  
And as the blazing pillar led the host  
Of faithful Israel o'er the desert coast,  
So may Britannia guide the noble band  
O'er the wild ocean to their native land.

O glorious isle — O sovereign of the waves !  
Thine are the sons who " never will be slaves !"  
See them once more, with ardent hearts advance,  
And rend the laurels of insulting France ;  
To brave Castile their potent aid supply,  
And wave, O Freedom ! wave thy sword on high !

Is there no bard of heavenly power possessed  
To thrill, to rouse, to animate the breast ?  
Like Shakspeare o'er the secret mind to sway,  
And call each wayward passion to obey ?  
Is there no bard, imbued with hallowed fire,  
To wake the chords of Ossian's magic lyre ;  
Whose numbers breathing all his flame divine,  
The patriot's name to ages might consign ?  
Rise, Inspiration ! rise ! be this thy theme,  
And mount, like Uriel, on the golden beam !

O, could my muse on seraph pinion spring,  
And sweep with rapture's hand the trembling  
string !

Could she the bosom energies control,  
And pour impassioned fervor o'er the soul !  
O, could she strike the harp to Milton given,  
Brought by a cherub from th' empyrean heaven !  
Ah, fruitless wish ! ah, prayer preferred in vain,  
For her — the humblest of the woodland train ;  
Yet shall her feeble voice essay to raise  
The hymn of liberty, the song of praise !

Iberian bands ! whose noble ardor glows  
To pour confusion on oppressive foes ;  
Intrepid spirits, hail ! 'tis yours to feel  
The hero's fire, the freeman's godlike zeal !  
Not to secure dominion's boundless reign,  
Ye wave the flag of conquest o'er the slain ;  
No cruel rapine leads you to the war,  
Nor mad ambition, whirled in crimson car.  
No, brave Castilians ! yours a nobler end,  
Your land, your laws, your monarch to defend !  
For these, for these, your valiant legions rear  
The floating standard, and the lofty spear !  
The fearless lover wields the conquering sword,  
Fired by the image of the maid adored !  
His best beloved, his fondest ties to aid,  
The father's hand unsheathes the glittering  
blade !

For each, for all, for every sacred right,  
The daring patriot mingles in the fight !  
And e'en if love or friendship fail to warm,  
His country's name alone can nerve his daunt-  
less arm !

He bleeds ! he falls ! his death bed is the field !  
His dirge the trumpet, and his bier the shield !

His closing eyes the beam of valor speak,  
The flush of ardor lingers on his cheek ;  
Serene he lifts to heaven those closing eyes,  
Then for his country breathes a prayer — and  
dies !

O ! ever hallowed be his verdant grave —  
There let the laurel spread, the cypress wave !  
Thou, lovely Spring ! bestow, to grace his tomb,  
Thy sweetest fragrance, and thy earliest bloom ;  
There let the tears of heaven descend in balm,  
There let the poet consecrate his palm !  
Let honor, pity, bless the holy ground,  
And shades of sainted heroes watch around !  
'Twas thus, while Glory rung his thrilling knell,  
Thy chief, O Thebes ! at Mantinea fell ;  
Smiled undismayed within the arms of death,  
While Victory, weeping nigh, received his  
breath !

O thou, the sovereign of the noble soul !  
Thou source of energies beyond control !  
Queen of the lofty thought, the generous deed,  
Whose sons unconquered fight, undaunted  
bleed, —

Inspiring Liberty ! thy worshipped name  
The warm enthusiast kindles to a flame ;  
Thy charms inspire him to achievements high,  
Thy look of heaven, thy voice of harmony.  
More blest with thee to tread perennial snows,  
Where ne'er a flower expands, a zephyr blows !  
Where Winter, binding nature in his chain,  
In frostwork palace holds perpetual reign ;  
Than, far from thee, with frolic step to rove  
The green savannas and the spicy grove ;  
Scent the rich balm of India's perfumed gales,  
In citron woods and aromatic vales :  
For O ! fair Liberty, when thou art near,  
Elysium blossoms in the desert drear !

Where'er thy smile its magic power bestows  
There arts and taste expand, there fancy glows  
The sacred lyre its wild enchantment gives,  
And every chord to swelling transport lives,  
There ardent Genius bids the pencil trace  
The soul of beauty, and the lines of grace ;  
With bold Promethean hand the canvas warms,  
And calls from stone expression's breathing  
forms.

Thus, where the fruitful Nile o'erflows its bound,  
Its genial waves diffuse abundance round,  
Bid Ceres laugh o'er waste and sterile sands,  
And rich profusion clothe deserted lands.

Immortal Freedom ! daughter of the skies !  
To thee shall Britain's grateful incense rise.



Ne'er, goddess! ne'er forsake thy favorite isle,  
 Still be thy Albion brightened with thy smile!  
 Long had thy spirit slept in dead repose,  
 While proudly triumphed thine insulting foes;  
 Yet, though a cloud may veil Apollo's light,  
 Soon, with celestial beam, he breaks to sight;  
 Once more we see thy kindling soul return,  
 Thy vestal flame with added radiance burn;  
 Lo! in Iberian hearts thine ardor lives,  
 Lo! in Iberian hearts thy spark revives!

Proceed, proceed, ye firm undaunted band!  
 Still sure to conquer, if combined ye stand.  
 Though myriads flashing in the eye of day  
 Streamed o'er the smiling land in long array,  
 Though tyrant Asia poured unnumbered foes,  
 Triumphant still the arm of Greece arose;  
 For every state in sacred union stood,  
 Strong to repel invasion's whelming flood;  
 Each heart was glowing in the general cause,  
 Each hand prepared to guard their hallowed  
 laws;

Athenian valor joined Laconia's might,  
 And but contended to be first in fight;  
 From rank to rank the warm contagion ran,  
 And Hope and Freedom led the flaming van.  
 Then Persia's monarch mourned his glories lost,  
 As wild confusion winged his flying host;  
 Then Attic bards the hymn of victory sung,  
 The Grecian harp to notes exulting rung!  
 Then Sculpture bade the Parian stone record  
 The high achievements of the conquering sword.  
 Thus, brave Castilians! thus may bright re-  
 nown  
 And fair success your valiant efforts crown!

Genius of chivalry! whose early days  
 Tradition still recounts in artless lays;  
 Whose faded splendors fancy oft recalls—  
 The floating banners and the lofty halls,  
 The gallant feats thy festivals displayed,  
 The tilt, the tournament, the long crusade;  
 Whose ancient pride Romance delights to hail,  
 In fabling numbers, or heroic tale:  
 Those times are fled, when stern thy castles  
 frowned,  
 Their stately towers with feudal grandeur  
 crowned;  
 Those times are fled, when fair Iberia's clime  
 Beheld thy Gothic reign, thy pomp sublime;  
 And all thy glories, all thy deeds of yore,  
 Live but in legends wild, and poet's lore.  
 Lo! where thy silent harp neglected lies,  
 'Tis o'er its chords the murmuring zephyr  
 sighs;

Thy solemn courts, where once the minstrel  
 sung,  
 The choral voice of mirth and music rung;  
 Now, with the ivy clad, forsaken, lone,  
 Hear but the breeze and echo to its moan;  
 Thy lonely towers deserted fall away,  
 Thy broken shield is mouldering in decay.  
 Yet, though thy transient pageantries are gone  
 Like fairy visions, bright, yet swiftly flown;  
 Genius of chivalry! thy noble train,  
 Thy firm, exalted virtues yet remain!  
 Fair truth arrayed in robes of spotless white,  
 Her eye a sunbeam, and her zone of light;  
 Warm emulation, with aspiring aim,  
 Still darting forward to the wreath of fame;  
 And purest love, that waves his torch divine,  
 At awful honor's consecrated shrine;  
 Ardor, with eagle wing and fiery glance;  
 And generous courage, resting on his lance:  
 And loyalty, by perils unsubdued;  
 Untainted faith, unshaken fortitude;  
 And patriot energy, with heart of flame—  
 These, in Iberia's sons are yet the same!  
 These from remotest days their souls have fired,  
 "Nerved every arm," and every breast inspired  
 When Moorish bands their suffering land pos-  
 sessed,

And fierce oppression reared her giant crest,  
 The wealthy caliphs on Cordova's throne  
 In eastern gems and purple splendor shone,  
 Theirs was the proud magnificence that vied  
 With stately Bagdat's Oriental pride;  
 Theirs were the courts in regal pomp arrayed,  
 Where arts and luxury their charms displayed  
 'Twas theirs to rear the Zehrar's costly towers,  
 Its fairy palace and enchanted bowers;  
 There all Arabian fiction e'er could tell  
 Of potent genii or of wizard spell—  
 All that a poet's dream could picture bright,  
 One sweet Elysium, charmed the wondering  
 sight!  
 Too fair, too rich, for work of mortal hand,  
 It seemed an Eden from Armida's wand!

Yet vain their pride, their wealth, and radiant  
 state,  
 When freedom waved on high the sword of fate  
 When brave Ramiro bade the despots fear,  
 Stern retribution frowning on his spear;  
 And fierce Almanzor, after many a fight,  
 O'erwhelmed with shame, confessed the Chris-  
 tian's might.

In later times the gallant Cid arose.  
 Burning with zeal against his country's foes;

His victor arm Alphonso's throne maintained,  
His laureate brows the wreath of conquest  
gained !

And still his deeds Castilian bards rehearse,  
Inspiring theme of patriotic verse !

High in the temple of recording fame,

Iberia points to great Gonsalvo's name !

Victorious chief ! whose valor still defied

The arms of Gaul, and bowed her crested pride ;

With splendid trophies graced his sovereign's  
throne,

And bade Granada's realms his prowess own.

Nor were his deeds thy only boast, O Spain !

In mighty FERDINAND's illustrious reign ;

'Twas then thy glorious Pilot spread the sail,

Unfurled his flag before the eastern gale ;

Bold, sanguine, fearless, ventured to explore

Seas unexplored, and worlds unknown before.

Fair science guided o'er the liquid realm,

Sweet hope, exulting, steered the daring helm ;

While on the mast, with ardor-flashing eye,

Courageous enterprise still hovered nigh :

The hoary genius of th' Atlantic main

Saw man invade his wide majestic reign —

His empire, yet by mortal unsubdued,

The throne, the world of awful solitude.

And e'en when shipwreck seemed to rear his  
form,

And dark destruction menaced in the storm ;

In every shape when giant peril rose,

To daunt his spirit and his course oppose ;

O'er every heart when terror swayed alone,

And hope forsook each bosom but his own ;

Moved by no dangers, by no fears repelled,

His glorious track the gallant sailor held ;

Attentive still to mark the sea birds lave,

Or high in air their snowy pinions wave.

Thus princely Jason, launching from the steep,

With dauntless prow explored th' untravelled  
deep ;

Thus, at the helm, Ulysses' watchful sight

Viewed every star and planetary light.

Sublime COLUMBUS ! when, at length descried,

The long-sought land arose above the tide,

How every heart with exultation glowed,

How from each eye the tear of transport flowed !

Not wilder joy the sons of Israel knew

When Canaan's fertile plains appeared in view.

Then rose the choral anthem on the breeze,

Then martial music floated o'er the seas ;

Their waving streamers to the sun displayed,

In all the pride of warlike pomp arrayed.

Advancing nearer still, the ardent band

Hailed the glad shore, and blessed the stranger  
land ;

Admired its palmy groves and prospects fair,  
With rapture breathed its pure ambrosial air ;  
Then crowded round its free and simple race,  
Amazement pictured wild on every face ;  
Who deemed that beings of celestial birth,  
Sprung from the sun, descended to the earth.  
Then first another world, another sky,  
Beheld Iberia's banner blaze on high !

Still prouder glories beam on history's page,  
Imperial CHARLES ! to mark thy prosperous age  
Those golden days of arts and fancy bright,  
When Science poured her mild, refulgent light  
When Painting bade the glowing canvas  
breathe,

Creative Sculpture claimed the living wreath  
When roved the Muses in Ausonian bowers,  
Weaving immortal crowns of fairest flowers ;  
When angel truth dispersed, with beam divine,  
The clouds that veiled religion's hallowed shrine  
Those golden days beheld Iberia tower  
High on the pyramid of fame and power ;  
Vain all the efforts of her numerous foes,  
Her might, superior still, triumphant rose.  
Thus on proud Lebanon's exalted brow,  
The cedar, frowning o'er the plains below,  
Though storms assail, its regal pomp to rend,  
Majestic, still aspires, disdaining e'er to bend

When Gallia poured to Pavia's trophied plain  
Her youthful knights, a bold, impetuous train  
When, after many a toil and danger past,  
The fatal morn of conflict rose at last ;  
That morning saw her glittering host combine,  
And form in close array the threatening line ;  
Fire in each eye, and force in every arm,  
With hope exulting, and with ardor warm ;  
Saw to the gale their streaming ensigns play,  
Their armor flashing to the beam of day ;  
Their generous chargers panting, spurn the  
ground,

Roused by the trumpet's animating sound ;  
And heard in air their warlike music float,  
The martial pipe, the drum's inspiring note !

Pale set the sun — the shades of evening fell,  
The mournful night wind rung their funeral  
knell ;

And the same day beheld their warriors dead,  
Their sovereign captive, and their glories fled !  
Fled, like the lightning's evanescent fire,  
Bright, blazing, dreadful — only to expire !  
Then, then, while prostrate Gaul confessed her  
might,

Iberia's planet shed meridian light !

Nor less, on famed St. Quintin's deathful day,  
 Castilian spirit bore the prize away —  
 Laurels that still their verdure shall retain,  
 And trophies beaming high in glory's fane !  
 And lo ! her heroes, warm with kindred flame,  
 Still proudly emulate their fathers' fame ;  
 Still with the soul of patriot valor glow,  
 Still rush impetuous to repel the foe ;  
 Wave the bright falchion, lift the beamy spear,  
 And bid oppressive Gallia learn to fear !  
 Be theirs, be theirs unfading honor's crown,  
 The living amaranths of bright renown !  
 Be theirs th' inspiring tribute of applause,  
 Due to the champions of their country's cause !  
 Be theirs the purest bliss that virtue loves,  
 The joy when conscience whispers and approves !  
 When every heart is fired, each pulse beats  
 high,

To fight, to bleed, to fall, for liberty ;  
 When every hand is dauntless and prepared  
 The sacred charter of mankind to guard ;  
 When Britain's valiant sons their aid unite,  
 Fervent and glowing still for freedom's right,  
 Bid ancient enmities forever cease,  
 And ancient wrongs forgotten sleep in peace.  
 When, firmly leagued, they join the patriot band,  
 Can venal slaves their conquering arms with-  
 stand ?

Can fame refuse their gallant deeds to bless ?  
 Can victory fail to crown them with success ?  
 Look down, O Heaven ! the righteous cause  
 maintain,

Defend the injured, and avenge the slain !  
 Despot of France ! destroyer of mankind !  
 What spectre cares must haunt thy sleepless  
 mind !

O, if at midnight round thy regal bed,  
 When soothing visions fly thine aching head ;  
 When sleep denies thy anxious cares to calm,  
 And lull thy senses in his opiate balm ;  
 Invoked by guilt, if airy phantoms rise,  
 And murdered victims bleed before thine eyes ;  
 Loud let them thunder in thy troubled ear,  
 " Tyrant ! the hour, th' avenging hour is near ! "  
 It is, it is ! thy star withdraws its ray —  
 Soon will its parting lustre fade away ;  
 Soon will Cimmerian shades obscure its light,  
 And veil thy splendors in eternal night !  
 O, when accusing conscience wakes thy soul  
 With awful terrors and with dread control,  
 Bids threatening forms, appalling, round thee  
 stand,

And summons all her visionary band ;  
 Calls up the parted shadows of the dead,  
 And whispers, peace and happiness are fled ;

E'en at the time of silence and of rest,  
 Paints the dire poniard menacing thy breast ;  
 Is then thy cheek with guilt and horror pale ?  
 Then dost thou tremble, does thy spirit fail ?  
 And wouldst thou yet by added crimes provoke  
 The bolt of heaven to launch the fatal stroke ?  
 Bereave a nation of its rights revered,  
 Of all to morals sacred and endeared ?  
 And shall they tamely liberty resign,  
 The soul of life, the source of bliss divine ?  
 Canst thou, supreme destroyer ! hope to bind,  
 In chains of adamant, the noble mind ?  
 Go, bid the rolling orbs thy mandate hear —  
 Go, stay the lightning in its winged career !  
 No, tyrant ! no ! thy utmost force is vain  
 The patriot arm of freedom to restrain.  
 Then bid thy subject bands in armor shine,  
 Then bid thy legions all their power combine !  
 Yet couldst thou summon myriads at command,  
 Did boundless realms obey thy sceptred hand,  
 E'en then her soul thy lawless might would  
 spurn,  
 E'en then, with kindling fire, with indignation  
 burn !

Ye sons of Albion ! first in danger's field,  
 The sword of Britain and of truth to wield ! —  
 Still prompt the injured to defend and save  
 Appall the despot, and assist the brave ;  
 Who now intrepid lift the generous blade,  
 The cause of Justice and Castile to aid !  
 Ye sons of Albion ! by your country's name,  
 Her crown of glory, her unsullied fame ;  
 O, by the shades of Cressy's martial dead,  
 By warrior bands at Agincourt who bled,  
 By honors gained on Blenheim's fatal plain,  
 By those in Victory's arms at Minden slain ;  
 By the bright laurels Wolfe immortal won,  
 Undaunted spirit ! valor's favorite son !  
 By Albion's thousand, thousand deeds sublime,  
 Renowned from zone to zone, from clime to  
 clime ;

Ye British heroes ! may your trophies raise  
 A deathless monument to future days !  
 O, may your courage still triumphant rise  
 Exalt the " lion banner " to the skies !  
 Transcend the fairest names in history's page,  
 The brightest actions of a former age ;  
 The reign of Freedom let your arms restore,  
 And bid oppression fall — to rise no more !  
 Then soon returning to your native isle,  
 May love and beauty hail you with their smile  
 For you may conquest weave th' undying wreath,  
 And fame and glory's voice the song of rapture  
 breathe !



Ah! when shall mad ambition cease to rage?  
 Ah! when shall war his demon wrath assuage?  
 When, when, supplanting discord's iron reign,  
 Shall mercy wave her olive wand again?  
 Not till the despot's dread career is closed,  
 And might restrained and tyranny deposed!

Return, sweet Peace, ethereal form benign!  
 Fair blue-eyed seraph! balmy power divine!  
 Descend once more! thy hallowed blessings  
 bring,  
 Wave thy bright locks, and spread thy downy  
 wing!

Luxuriant plenty, laughing in thy train,  
 Shall crown with glowing stores the desert  
 plain:

Young smiling Hope, attendant on thy way,  
 Shall gild thy path with mild celestial ray.  
 Descend once more, thou daughter of the sky!  
 Cheer every heart, and brighten every eye;  
 Justice, thy harbinger, before thee send,  
 Thy myrtle sceptre o'er the globe extend:  
 Thy cherub look again shall soothe mankind,  
 Thy cherub hand the wounds of discord bind;  
 Thy smile of heaven shall every muse inspire,  
 To thee the bard shall strike the silver lyre.  
 Descend once more! to bid the world rejoice—  
 Let nations hail thee with exulting voice,  
 Around thy shrine with purest incense throng,  
 Weave the fresh palm, and swell the choral  
 song!

Then shall the shepherd's flute, the woodland  
 reed,

The martial clarion and the drum succeed;  
 Again shall bloom Arcadia's fairest flowers,  
 And music warble in Idalian bowers.  
 Where war and carnage blew the blast of death,  
 The gale shall whisper with Favonian breath;  
 And golden Ceres bless the festive swain,  
 Where the wild combat reddened o'er the plain.  
 These are thy blessings, fair, benignant maid!  
 Return, return, in vest of light arrayed!  
 Let angel forms and floating sylphids bear  
 Thy car of sapphire through the realms of air;  
 With accents milder than Æolian lays,  
 When o'er the harp the fanning zephyr plays,  
 Be thine to charm the raging world to rest,  
 Diffusing round the heaven that glows within  
 thy breast!

O Thou! whose fiat lulls the storm asleep!  
 Thou, at whose nod subsides the rolling deep!  
 Whose awful word restrains the whirlwind's  
 force,  
 And stays the thunder in its vengeful course;

Fountain of life! Omnipotent Supreme!  
 Robed in perfection! crowned with glory's  
 beam!

O, send on earth thy consecrated dove,  
 To bear the sacred olive from above;  
 Restore again the blest, the halcyon time,  
 The festal harmony of nature's prime!  
 Bid truth and justice once again appear,  
 And spread their sunshine o'er this mundane  
 sphere;

Bright in their path, let wreaths unfading bloom,  
 Transcendent light their hallowed fane illumine,  
 Bid war and anarchy forever cease,  
 And kindred seraphs rear the shrine of Peace;  
 Brothers once more, let men her empire own,  
 And realms and monarchs bend before the  
 throne,

While circling rays of angel mercy shed  
 Eternal haloes round her sainted head!

## THE DOMESTIC AFFECTIONS, AND OTHER POEMS.

[In 1812, another and much smaller volume, entitled *The Domestic Affections, and other Poems*, was given to the world—the last that was to appear with the name of Felicia Browne; for, in the summer of the same year, its author exchanged that appellation for the one under which she has become so much more generally known. Captain Hemans had returned to Wales in the preceding year, when the acquaintance was renewed which had begun so long before at Gwrych; and as the sentiments then mutually awakened continued unaltered, no further opposition was made to a union, on which (however little in accordance with the dictates of worldly prudence) the happiness of both parties seemed so entirely to depend.—*Memoir*, p. 24.]

### THE SILVER LOCKS.

ADDRESSED TO AN AGED FRIEND.

THOUGH youth may boast the curls that flow  
 In sunny waves of auburn glow,  
 As graceful on thy hoary head  
 Has Time the robe of honor spread,  
 And there, O, softly, softly shed  
 His wreath of snow!

As frostwork on the trees displayed,  
 When weeping Flora leaves the shade,  
 E'en more than Flora, charms the sight  
 E'en so thy locks of purest white  
 Survive, in age's frostwork bright,  
 Youth's vernal rose decayed!

To grace the nymph whose tresses play  
 Light on the sportive breeze of May,  
 Let other bards the garland twine,  
 Where sweets of every hue combine;  
 Those locks revered, that silvery shine,  
 Invite my lay!

Less white the summer cloud sublime,  
 Less white the winter's fringing rime;  
 Nor do Belinda's lovelier seem  
 (A Poet's blest immortal theme)  
 Than thine, which wear the moonlight beam  
 Of reverend Time!

Long may the graceful honors smile,  
 Like moss on some declining pile;  
 O much revered! may filial care  
 Around thee, duteous, long repair,  
 Thy joys with tender bliss to share,  
 Thy pains beguile!

Long, long, ye snowy ringlets, wave!  
 Long, long, your much-loved beauty save!  
 May bliss your latest evening crown,  
 Disarm life's winter of its frown,  
 And soft, ye hoary hairs, go down  
 In gladness to the grave!

And as the parting beams of day  
 On mountain snows reflected play,  
 And tints of roseate lustre shed;  
 Thus, on the snow that crowns thy head,  
 May joy, with evening planet, shed  
 His mildest ray!

August 18, 1809.

#### TO MY MOTHER.

If e'er from human bliss or woe  
 I feel the sympathetic glow;  
 If e'er my heart has learned to know  
 The generous wish or prayer;  
 Who sowed the germ with tender hand?  
 Who marked its infant leaves expand?  
 My mother's fostering care.  
 And if one flower of charms refined  
 May grace the garden of my mind,  
 'Twas she who nursed it there:  
 She loved to cherish and adorn  
 Each blossom of the soil;

To banish every weed and thorn  
 That oft opposed her toil!

And O, if e'er I sighed to claim  
 The palm, the living palm of fame,  
 The glowing wreath of praise;  
 If e'er I wished the glittering stores  
 That Fortune on her favorite pours;  
 'Twas but that wealth and fame, if mine,  
 Round thee with streaming rays might shine  
 And gild thy sun-bright days!

Yet not that splendor, pomp, and power  
 Might then irradiate every hour;  
 For these, my mother! well I know,  
 On thee no raptures could bestow;  
 But could thy bounty, warm and kind,  
 Be, like thy wishes, *unconfined*,  
 And fall as manna from the skies,  
 And bid a train of blessings rise,  
 Diffusing joy and peace;  
 The tear drop, grateful, pure, and bright,  
 For thee would beam with softer light  
 Than all the diamond's crystal rays,  
 Than all the emerald's lucid blaze;  
 And joys of heaven would thrill thy heart  
 To bid one bosom grief depart,  
 One tear, one sorrow cease!

Then, O, may Heaven, that loves to bless,  
 Bestow the power to cheer distress:  
 Make *thee* its minister below,  
 To light the cloudy path of woe,  
 To visit the deserted cell,  
 Where indigence is doomed to dwell;  
 To raise, when drooping to the earth,  
 The blossoms of neglected worth;  
 And round, with liberal hand, dispense  
 The sunshine of beneficence!  
 But ah! if Fate should still deny  
 Delights like these, too rich and high;  
 If grief and pain thy steps assail,  
 In life's remote and wintry vale;  
 Then, as the wild Æolian lyre  
 Complains with soft entrancing number,  
 When the lone storm awakes the wire,  
 And bids enchantment cease to slumber  
 So filial love, with soothing voice,  
 E'en then shall teach thee to rejoice;  
 E'en *then* shall sweeter, milder sound,  
 When sorrow's tempest raves around;  
 While dark misfortune's gales destroy  
 The frail mimosa buds of hope and joy

## TO MY YOUNGER BROTHER,

ON HIS RETURN FROM SPAIN, AFTER THE FATAL RETREAT  
UNDER SIR JOHN MOORE, AND THE BATTLE OF CORUNNA.

Though dark are the prospects and heavy the  
hours,

Though life is a desert, and cheerless the  
way,

Yet still shall affection adorn it with flowers,  
Whose fragrance shall never decay!

And lo! to embrace thee, my Brother! she flies,  
With artless delight, that no words can be-  
speak;

With a sunbeam of transport illuming her eyes,  
With a smile and a glow on her cheek!

From the trophies of war, from the spear and  
the shield,

From scenes of destruction, from perils un-  
blest;

O, welcome again, to the grove and the field,  
To the vale of retirement and rest.

Then warble, sweet muse! with the lyre and  
the voice,

O, gay be the measure and sportive the strain;  
For light is my heart, and my spirits rejoice  
To meet thee, my Brother! again.

When the heroes of Albion, still valiant and true,  
Were bleeding, were falling, with victory  
crowned,

How often would fancy present to my view  
The horrors that waited thee round!

How constant, how fervent, how pure was my  
prayer,

That Heaven would protect thee from danger  
and harm;

That angels of mercy would shield thee with care,  
In the heat of the combat's alarm!

How sad and how often descended the tear,  
(Ah, long shall remembrance the image re-  
tain!)

How mournful the sigh, when I trembled with  
fear

I might never behold thee again!

But the prayer was accepted, the sorrow is o'er,  
And the tear drop is fled, like the dew on the  
rose;

Thy dangers, our tears, have endeared thee the  
more,

And my bosom with tenderness glows.

And O, when the dreams, the enchanments of  
youth,

Bright and transient, have fled like the rain-  
bow away;

My affection for thee, still unfading in truth,  
Shall never, O, never decay!

No time can impair it, no change can destroy.

Whate'er be the lot I am destined to share  
It will smile in the sunshine of hope and of joy,  
And beam through the cloud of despair!

## TO MY ELDEST BROTHER.

(WITH THE BRITISH ARMY IN PORTUGAL.)

How many a day, in various hues arrayed,  
Bright with gay sunshine, or eclipsed with  
shade,

How many an hour on silent wing is past,  
O my loved Brother! since we saw thee last!  
Since *then* has childhood ripened into youth,  
And fancy's dreams have fled from sober truth;  
Her splendid fabrics melting into air,  
As sage experience waved the wand of care!  
Yet *still* thine absence wakes the tender sigh,  
And the tear trembles in affection's eye!

When shall we meet again? with glowing ray,  
Heart-soothing hope illumes some future day;  
Checks the sad thought, beguiles the starting  
tear,

And sings benignly still — *that day is near!*  
She, with bright eye, and soul-bewitching voice,  
Wins us to smile, inspires us to rejoice;  
Tells that the hour approaches, to restore  
Our cherished wanderer to his home once more;  
Where sacred ties his manly worth endear,  
To faith still true, affection still sincere!  
Then the past woes, the future's dubious lot,  
In that blest meeting shall be all forgot!  
And joy's full radiance gild that sun-bright  
hour,  
Though all around th' impending storm should  
lower.

Now distant far, amidst the intrepid host,  
Albion's firm sons, on Lusitania's coast,  
(That gallant band, in countless dangers tried,  
Where glory's polestar beams their constant  
guide,)



Say, do thy thoughts, my Brother, fondly stray  
To Cambria's vales and mountains far away?  
Does fancy oft in busy day dreams roam,  
And paint the greeting that awaits at home?  
Does memory's pencil oft, in mellowing hue,  
Dear social scenes, departed joys renew;  
In softer tints delighting to retrace  
Each tender image and each well-known face?  
Yes, wanderer! yes! thy spirit flies to those  
Whose love, unaltered, warm and faithful glows.

O, could that love, through life's eventful  
hours,  
Illumine thy scenes and strew thy path with  
flowers!

Perennial joy should harmonize thy breast,  
No struggle rend thee, and no cares molest!  
But though our tenderness can but bestow  
The wish, the hope, the prayer, averting woe,  
Still shall it live, with pure, unclouded flame,  
In storms, in sunshine, far and near — the same!  
Still dwell enthroned within th' unvarying heart,  
And, firm and *vital*, but with life depart!

Bronwylfa, Feb. 8, 1811.

### LINES

WRITTEN IN THE MEMOIRS OF ELIZABETH SMITH.

O THOU! whose pure, exalted mind,  
Lives in this record, fair and bright;  
O thou! whose blameless life combined  
Soft female charms, and grace refined,  
With science and with light!  
Celestial maid! whose spirit soared  
Beyond this vale of tears —  
Whose clear, enlightened eye explored —  
The lore of years!

Daughter of Heaven! if here, e'en *here*,  
The wing of towering thought was thine;  
If, on this dim and mundane sphere,  
Fair truth illumed thy bright career,  
With morning star divine;  
How must thy blessed ethereal soul  
Now kindle in her noontide ray,  
And hail, unfettered by control,  
The Fount of Day!

E'en *now*, perhaps, thy seraph eyes,  
Undimmed by doubt, nor veiled by fear,  
Behold a chain of wonders rise —  
Gaze on the noonbeam of the skies,  
Transcendent, pure, and clear!

E'en *now*, the fair, the good, the true,  
From mortal sight concealed,  
Bless in one blaze thy raptured view,  
In light revealed!

If *here* the lore of distant time,  
And learning's flowers, were all thine *own*  
How must thy mind ascend sublime,  
Matured in heaven's empyreal clime,  
To light's unclouded throne!  
Perhaps e'en *now* thy kindling glance  
Each orb of living fire explores,  
Darts o'er creation's wide expanse,  
Admires — adores!

O, if that lightning eye surveys  
This dark and sublunary plain;  
How must the wreath of human praise  
Fade, wither, vanish, in thy gaze,  
So dim, so pale, so vain!  
How, like a faint and shadowy dream,  
Must quiver learning's brightest ray;  
While on thine eyes, with lucid stream,  
The sun of glory pours his beam,  
Perfection's day!

[The reader may contrast these early lines of *Mrs* Hemans with the maturer ones on the same subject by *Professor* Wilson. — *Poems*, vol. ii. pp. 140-9.]

### THE RUIN AND ITS FLOWERS.

SWEETS of the wild! that breathe and bloom  
On this lone tower, this ivied wall,  
Lend to the gale a rich perfume,  
And grace the ruin in its fall.  
Though doomed, remote from careless eye,  
To smile, to flourish, and to die  
In solitude sublime,  
O, ever may the spring renew  
Your balmy scent and glowing hue,  
To deck the robe of time!

Breathe, fragrance! breathe! enrich the air,  
Though wasted on its wing unknown!  
Blow, flowerets! blow! though vainly fair,  
Neglected and alone!  
These flowers that long withstood the blast,  
These mossy towers, are mouldering fast,  
While Flora's children stay —  
To mantle o'er the lonely pile,  
To gild Destruction with a smile,  
And beautify Decay!

Sweets of the wild ! uncultured blowing,  
 Neglected in luxuriance glowing ;  
 From the dark ruins frowning near,  
 Your charms in brighter tints appear,  
     And richer blush assume ;  
 You smile with softer beauty crowned,  
 Whilst all is desolate around,  
     Like sunshine on a tomb !

Thou hoary pile, majestic still,  
 Memento of departed fame !  
 While roving o'er the moss-clad hill,  
 I ponder on thine ancient name !

Here Grandeur, Beauty, Valor sleep,  
 That here, so oft, have shone supreme ;  
 While Glory, Honor, Fancy, weep  
 That vanished is the golden dream !

Where are the banners, waving proud,  
 To kiss the summer gale of even —  
 All purple as the morning cloud,  
 All streaming to the winds of heaven ?

Where is the harp, by rapture strung  
 To melting song or martial story ?  
 Where are the lays the minstrel sung  
 To loveliness or glory ?

Lorn Echo of these mouldering walls,  
 To thee no festal measure calls ;  
 No music through the desert halls  
     Awakes thee to rejoice !  
 How still thy sleep ! as death profound —  
 As if, within this lonely round,  
 A step — a note — *a whispered sound*  
     Had ne'er aroused thy voice !

Thou hear'st the zephyr murmuring, dying,  
 Thou hear'st the foliage waving, sighing ;  
 But ne'er again shall harp or song,  
 These dark deserted courts along,  
     Disturb thy calm repose.  
 The harp is broke, the song is fled,  
 The voice is hushed, the bard is dead ;  
 And never shall thy tones repeat  
 Or lofty strain or carol sweet  
     With plaintive close !

Proud Castle ! though the days are flown  
 When once thy towers in glory shone ;  
 When music through thy turrets rung,  
 When banners o'er thy ramparts hung,  
 Though 'midst thine arches, frowning lone,  
 Stern Desolation rear his throne ;

And Silence, deep and awful, reign  
 Where echoed once the choral strain ;  
 Yet oft, dark ruin ! lingering here,  
 The Muse will hail thee with a tear ;  
 Here when the moonlight, quivering, beams,  
 And through the fringing ivy streams,  
 And softens every shade sublime,  
 And mellows every tint of Time —  
 O, here shall Contemplation love,  
 Unseen and undisturbed, to rove ;  
 And bending o'er some mossy tomb,  
 Where Valor sleeps or Beauties bloom,  
 Shall weep for Glory's transient day  
 And Grandeur's evanescent ray ;  
 And listening to the swelling blast,  
 Shall wake the Spirit of the Past !  
 Call up the forms of ages fled,  
 Of warriors and of minstrels dead,  
 Who sought the field, who struck the lyre,  
 With all Ambition's kindling fire !

Nor wilt thou, Spring ! refuse to breathe  
 Soft odors on this desert air ;  
 Refuse to twine thine earliest wreath,  
 And fringe these towers with garlands fair

Sweets of the wild, O, ever bloom  
 Unheeded on this ivied wall !  
 Lend to the gale a rich perfume,  
 And grace the ruin in its fall !

Thus round Misfortune's holy head,  
 Would Pity wreaths of honor spread ;  
 Like you, thus blooming on this lonely pile,  
 She seeks Despair, with heart-reviving smile !

#### CHRISTMAS CAROL.

FAIR Gratitude ! in strain sublime,  
 Swell high to heaven thy tuneful zeal ;  
 And, hailing this auspicious time,  
 Kneel, Adoration ! kneel !

#### CHORUS.

For lo ! the day, th' immortal day,  
 When Mercy's full, benignant ray  
 Chased every gathering cloud away,  
     And poured the noon of light !  
 Rapture ! be kindling, mounting, glowing,  
 While from thine eye the tear is flowing,  
     Pure, warm, and bright !

'Twas on this day — O, love divine ! —  
 The Orient Star's effulgent rose ;

Then waked the Morn, whose eye benign  
Shall never, never close!

## CHORUS.

Messiah! be thy name adored,  
Eternal, high, redeeming Lord!  
By grateful worlds be anthems poured —  
Emanuel Prince of Peace!  
This day, from heaven's empyreal dwelling,  
Harp, lyre, and voice, in concert swelling,  
Bade discord cease!

Wake the loud pæan, tune the voice,  
Children of heaven and sons of earth!  
Seraphs and men! exult, rejoice,  
To bless the Savior's birth!

## CHORUS.

Devotion! light thy purest fire!  
Transport! on cherub wing aspire!  
Praise! wake to Him thy golden lyre,  
Strike every thrilling chord!  
While at the Ark of Mercy kneeling,  
We own thy grace, reviving, healing,  
Redeemer! Lord!

## THE DOMESTIC AFFECTIONS.

WHENCE are those tranquil joys in mercy given,  
To light the wilderness with beams of heaven?  
To soothe our cares, and through the cloud dif-  
fuse  
Their tempered sunshine and celestial hues?  
Those pure delights, ordained on life to throw  
Gleams of the bliss ethereal natures know?  
Say, do they grace Ambition's regal throne,  
When kneeling myriads call the world his own?  
Or dwell with Luxury, in th' enchanted bowers  
Where taste and wealth exert *creative* powers?

Favored of heaven! O Genius! are they thine,  
When round thy brow the wreaths of glory  
shine;  
While rapture gazes on thy radiant way,  
'Midst the bright realms of clear and mental day?  
No! sacred joys! 'tis yours to dwell enshrined,  
Most fondly cherished, in the purest mind;  
To twine with flowers those loved, endearing  
ties,  
On earth so sweet — so perfect in the skies!

Nursed in the lap of solitude and shade,  
The violet smiles, imbedded in the glade;

There sheds her spirit on the lonely gale,  
Gem of seclusion! treasure of the vale!  
Thus, far retired from life's tumultuous road,  
Domestic Bliss has fixed her calm abode  
Where hallowed Innocence and sweet Repose  
May strew her shadowy path with many a  
rose  
As, when dread thunder shakes the troubled sky,  
The cherub, Infancy, can close its eye,  
And sweetly smile, unconscious of a tear,  
While viewless angels wave their pinions near;  
Thus, while around the storms of Discord roll,  
Borne on resistless wing from pole to pole,  
While War's red lightnings desolate the ball,  
And thrones and empires in destruction fall;  
Then calm as evening on the silvery wave,  
When the wind slumbers in the ocean cave,  
She dwells unruffled, in her bower of rest,  
Her empire Home! — her throne, Affection's  
breast!

For her, sweet Nature wears her loveliest  
blooms,  
And softer sunshine every scene illumines,  
When Spring awakes the spirit of the breeze,  
Whose light wing undulates the sleeping seas;  
When Summer, waving her creative wand,  
Bids verdure smile, and glowing life expand;  
Or Autumn's pencil sheds, with magic trace,  
O'er fading loveliness, a moonlight grace;  
O, still for her, through Nature's boundless  
reign,  
No charm is lost, no beauty blooms in vain;  
While mental peace, o'er every prospect bright,  
Throws mellowing tints and harmonizing light!  
Lo! borne on clouds, in rushing might sublime,  
Stern Winter, bursting from the polar clime,  
Triumphant waves his signal torch on high,  
The blood-red meteor of the northern sky!  
And high through darkness rears his giant form,  
His throne the billow, and his flag the storm!  
Yet then, when bloom and sunshine are no more,  
And the wild surges foam along the shore,  
Domestic Bliss, *thy* heaven is still serene,  
Thy star unclouded, and thy myrtle green!  
Thy fane of rest no raging storms invade —  
Sweet peace is thine, the seraph of the side!  
Clear through the day, her light around thee  
glows,  
And gilds the midnight of thy deep repose!  
— Hail, sacred Home! where soft Affection's  
hand  
With flowers of Eden twines her magic band!  
Where pure and bright the social ardors rise,  
Concentrating all their holiest energies!



When wasting toil has dimmed the vital flame,  
And every power deserts the sinking frame,  
Exhausted nature still from sleep implores  
The charm that lulls, the manna that restores !  
Thus, when oppressed with rude, tumultuous  
cares,

To thee, sweet Home ! the fainting mind repairs ;  
Still to thy breast, a wearied pilgrim, flies,  
Her ark of refuge from uncertain skies !

Bower of repose ! when, torn from all we love,  
Through toil we struggle, or through distance  
rove ;

To thee we turn, still faithful, from afar —  
Thee, our bright vista ! thee, our magnet star !  
And from the martial field, the troubled sea,  
Unfettered thought still roves to bliss and thee !

When ocean sounds in awful slumber die,  
No wave to murmur, and no gale to sigh ;  
Wide o'er the world when Peace and Midnight  
reign,

And the moon trembles on the sleeping main ;  
At that still hour, the sailor wakes to keep,  
'Midst the dead calm, the vigil of the deep !  
No gleaming shores his dim horizon bound,  
All heaven — and sea — and solitude — around !  
Then, from the lonely deck, the silent helm,  
From the wide grandeur of the shadowy realm,  
Still homeward borne, his fancy unconfined,  
Leaving the worlds of ocean far behind,  
Wings like ■ meteor flash her swift career,  
To the loved scenes, so distant, and so dear !

Lo ! the rude whirlwind rushes from its cave,  
And Danger frowns — the monarch of the wave !  
Lo rocks and storms the striving bark repel,  
And Death and Shipwreck ride the foaming  
swell !

Child of the ocean ! is thy bier the surge,  
Thy grave the billow, and the wind thy dirge ?  
Yes ! thy long toil, thy weary conflict o'er,  
No storm shall wake, no perils rouse thee more !  
Yet, in that solemn hour, that awful strife,  
The struggling agony for death or life,  
E'en then thy mind, imbittering every pain,  
Retraced the image so beloved — in vain !  
Still to sweet Home thy last regrets were true,  
Life's parting sigh — the murmur of adieu !

Can war's dread scenes the hallowed ties  
efface,  
Each tender thought, each fond remembrance  
chase ?

Can fields of carnage, days of toil, destroy  
The loved impression of domestic joy ?

Ye daylight dreams ! that cheer the soldier ■  
breast,

In hostile climes, with spells benign and blest ;  
Soothe his brave heart, and shed your glowing  
ray

O'er the long march through Desolation's way ;  
O, still ye bear him from th' ensanguined plain,  
Armor's bright flash, and Victory's choral strain,  
To that loved Home where pure affection glows,  
That shrine of bliss ! asylum of repose !

When all is hushed — the rage of combat past,  
And no dread war note swells the moaning  
blast ;

When the warm throb of many a heart is o'er.  
And many an eye is closed to wake no more ;  
Lulled by the night wind, pillowed on the  
ground,

(The dewy death bed of his comrades round !)  
While o'er the slain the tears of midnight weep,  
Faint with fatigue, he sinks in slumbers deep !  
E'en then, soft visions, hovering round, por-  
tray

The cherished forms that o'er his bosom sway ;  
He sees fond transport light each beaming face,  
Meets the warm tear drop and the long embrace !  
While the sweet welcome vibrates through his  
heart,

"Hail, weary soldier ! — never more to part !"

And lo ! at last, released from every toil,  
He comes ! the wanderer views his native soil !  
Then the bright raptures words can never speak  
Flash in his eye and mantle o'er his cheek !  
Then Love and Friendship, whose unceasing  
prayer

Implored for him each guardian spirit's care ;  
Who, for his fate, through sorrow's lingering  
year,

Had proved each thrilling pulse of hope and  
fear ;

In that blest moment, all the past forget —  
Hours of suspense and vigils of regret !

And O, for him, the child of rude alarms,  
Reared by stern danger in the school of arms !  
How sweet to change the war song's pealing  
note

For woodland sounds in summer air that float !  
Through vales of peace, o'er mountain wilds to  
roam,

And breathe his native gales, that whisper —  
"Home !"

Hail, sweet endearments of domestic ties,  
 Charms of existence! angel sympathies!  
 Though Pleasure smile, a soft Circassian queen!  
 And guide her votaries through a fairy scene,  
 Where sylphid forms beguile their vernal hours  
 With mirth and music in Arcadian bowers;  
 Though gazing nations hail the fiery car  
 That bears the Son of Conquest from afar,  
 While Fame's loud pæan bids his heart rejoice,  
 And every life pulse vibrates to her voice;  
 Yet from your source *alone*, in mazes bright,  
 Flows the full current of serene delight!

On Freedom's wing, that every wild explores,  
 Through realms of space, th' aspiring eagle soars!  
 Darts o'er the clouds, exulting to admire,  
 Meridian glory — on her throne of fire!  
 Bird of the Sun! his keen unwearied gaze  
 Hails the full noon, and triumphs in the blaze;  
 But soon, descending from his height sublime,  
 Day's burning fount, and light's empyreal  
 clime,  
 Once more he speeds to joys more calmly  
 blest,  
 Midst the dear inmates of his lonely nest!

Thus Genius, mounting on his bright career  
 Through the wide regions of the mental sphere,  
 And proudly waving in his gifted hand,  
 O'er Fancy's worlds, Invention's plastic wand,  
 Fearless and firm, with lightning eye surveys  
 The clearest heaven of intellectual rays!  
 Yet, on his course though loftiest hopes attend,  
 And kindling raptures aid him to ascend,  
 (While in his mind, with high-born grandeur  
 fraught,  
 Dilate the noblest energies of thought;)   
 Still, from the bliss, ethereal and refined,  
 Which crowns the soarings of triumphant mind,  
 At length he flies, to that serene retreat,  
 Where calm and pure the mild affections meet;  
 Imbosomed there, to feel and to impart  
 The softer pleasures of the social heart!

Ah! weep for those, deserted and forlorn,  
 From every tie by fate relentless torn;  
 See, on the barren coast, the lonely isle,  
 Marked with no step, uncheered by human  
 smile,  
 Heartsick and faint the shipwrecked wanderer  
 stand,  
 Raise the dim eye, and lift the suppliant hand!  
 Explore with fruitless gaze the billowy main,  
 And weep — and pray — and linger — but in  
 vain!

Thence, roving wild through many a depth  
 of shade,  
 Where voice ne'er echoed, footstep never strayed,  
 He fondly seeks, o'er cliffs and deserts rude,  
 Haunts of mankind midst realms of solitude!  
 And pauses oft, and sadly hears alone  
 The wood's deep sigh, the surge's distant moan!  
 All else is hushed! so silent, so profound,  
 As if some viewless power, presiding round,  
 With mystic spell, unbroken by a breath,  
 Had spread for ages the repose of death!  
 Ah! still the wanderer, by the boundless deep,  
 Lives but to watch — and watches but to weep!  
 He sees no sail in faint perspective rise,  
 His the dread loneliness of sea and skies.  
 Far from his cherished friends, his native shore,  
 Banished from being — to return no more;  
 There must he die! — within that circling wave,  
 That lonely isle — his prison and his grave!

Lo! through the waste, the wilderness of  
 snows,  
 With fainting step, Siberia's exile goes!  
 Homeless and sad, o'er many a polar wild,  
 Where beam, or flower, or verdure never smiled;  
 Where frost and silence hold their despot  
 reign,  
 And bind existence in eternal chain!  
 Child of the desert! pilgrim of the gloom!  
 Dark is the path which leads thee to the tomb!  
 While on thy faded cheek the arctic air  
 Congeals the bitter tear drop of despair!  
 Yet not that fate condemns thy closing day  
 In that stern clime to shed its parting ray;  
 Not that fair nature's loveliness and light  
 No more shall beam enchantment on thy sight.  
 Ah! not for *this* — far, far beyond relief,  
 Deep in thy bosom dwells the hopeless grief;  
 But that no friend of kindred heart is there,  
 Thy woes to mitigate, thy toils to share;  
 That no mild soother fondly shall assuage  
 The stormy trials of thy lingering age;  
 No smile of tenderness, with angel power,  
 Lull the dread pangs of dissolution's hour;  
 For this alone, despair, a withering guest,  
 Sits on thy brow, and cankers in thy breast!  
 Yes! there, e'en there, in that tremendous clime,  
 Where desert grandeur frowns in pomp sublime;  
 Where winter triumphs, through the polar night,  
 In all his wild magnificence of might;  
 E'en *there*, affection's hallowed spell might pour  
 The light of heaven around th' inclement shore!  
 And, like the vales with gloom and sunshine  
 graced,  
 That smile, by circling Pyrenees embraced.

Teach the pure heart with vital fires to glow,  
E'en 'midst the world of solitude and snow !  
The halcyon's charm, thus dreaming fictions  
feign,

With mystic power could tranquillize the main ;  
Bid the loud wind, the mountain billow sleep,  
And peace and silence brood upon the deep !

And thus, Affection, can *thy* voice compose  
The stormy tide of passions and of woes ;  
Bid every throb of wild emotion cease,  
And lull misfortune in the arms of peace !

O, mark yon drooping form, of aged mien,  
Wan, yet resigned, and hopeless, yet serene !  
Long ere victorious time had sought to chase  
The bloom, the smile, that once illumed his face,  
That faded eye was dimmed with many a care,  
Those waving locks were silvered by despair !  
Yet filial love can pour the sovereign balm,  
Assuage his pangs, his wounded spirit calm !  
He, a sad emigrant ! condemned to roam  
In life's pale autumn from his ruined home,  
Has borne the shock of Peril's darkest wave,  
Where joy — and hope — and fortune — found  
a grave !

'Twas his to see Destruction's fiercest band  
Rush, like a Typhon, on his native land,  
And roll triumphant on their blasted way,  
In fire and blood, the deluge of dismay !  
Unequal combat raged on many a plain,  
And patriot valor waved the sword in vain !  
Ah ! gallant exile ! nobly, long, he bled,  
Long braved the tempest gathering o'er his  
head !

Till all was lost ! and horror's darkened eye  
Roused the stern spirit of despair to die !

Ah ! gallant exile ! in the storm that rolled  
Far o'er his country, rushing uncontrolled,  
The flowers that graced his path with loveliest  
bloom,

Torn by the blast, were scattered on the tomb !  
When carnage burst, exulting in the strife,  
The bosom ties that bound his soul to life,  
Yet one was spared ! and she, whose filial smile  
Can soothe his wanderings and his tears beguile,  
E'en *then* could temper, with divine relief,  
The wild delirium of unbounded grief ;  
And, whispering peace, conceal with duteous art  
Her own deep sorrows in her inmost heart !  
And now, though time, subduing every trace,  
Has *mellowed* all, he *never* can *erase* ;  
Oft wil. the wanderer's tears in silence flow,  
Still sadly faithful to remembered woe !

Then she, who feels a father's pang **alone**,  
(Still fondly struggling to suppress her **own**,)  
With anxious tenderness is ever nigh,  
To chase the image that awakes the sigh !  
Her angel voice his fainting soul can raise  
To brighter visions of celestial days !  
And speak of realms, where Virtue's wing shall  
soar  
On eagle plume — to wonder and adore ;  
And friends, divided here, shall meet at last,  
Unite their kindred souls — and smile on all the  
past !

Yes ! we may hope that nature's deathless ties,  
Renewed, refined, shall triumph in the skies !  
Heart-soothing thought ! whose loved, consoling  
powers  
With seraph dreams can gild reflection's hours,  
O, still be near, and brightening through the  
gloom,  
Beam and ascend ! the daystar of the tomb !  
And smile for those, in sternest ordeals proved,  
Those lonely hearts, bereft of all they loved.

Lo ! by the couch where pain and chill disease  
In every vein the ebbing lifeblood freeze ;  
Where youth is taught, by stealing, slow decay,  
Life's closing lesson — in its dawning day ;  
Where beauty's rose is withering ere its prime,  
Unchanged by sorrow and unsoiled by time ;  
There, bending still, with fixed and sleepless eye,  
There, from her child, the mother learns to die ;  
Explores, with fearful gaze, each mournful trace  
Of lingering sickness in the faded face ;  
Through the sad night, when every hope is fled,  
Keeps her lone vigil by the sufferer's bed ;  
And starts each morn, as deeper marks declare  
The spoiler's hand — the blight of death is there !  
He comes ! now feebly in the exhausted frame,  
Slow, languid, quivering, burns the vital flame ;  
From the glazed eyeball sheds its parting ray —  
Dim, transient spark, that fluttering fades away !  
Faint beats the hovering pulse, the trembling  
heart ;  
Yet fond existence lingers ere she part !

'Tis past ! the struggle and the pang are o'er,  
And life shall throb with agony no more ;  
While o'er the wasted form, the features pale,  
Death's awful shadows throw their silvery veil.  
Departed spirit ! on this earthly sphere  
Though poignant suffering marked thy short  
career,  
Still could maternal love beguile thy woes,  
And hush thy sighs — an angel of repose !



But who may charm *her* sleepless pang to rest,  
 Or draw the thorn that rankles in her breast?  
 And, while she bends in silence o'er thy bier,  
 Assuage the grief, too heartsick for a tear?  
 Visions of hope in loveliest hues arrayed,  
 Fair scenes of bliss by fancy's hand portrayed!  
 And were ye doomed with false, illusive smile,  
 With flattering promises, to enchant a while?  
 And are ye vanished, never to return,  
 Set in the darkness of the mouldering urn?  
 Will no bright hour departed joys restore?  
 Shall the sad parent meet her child no more?  
 Behold no more the soul-illuminated face,  
 The expressive smile, the animated grace?  
 Must the fair blossom, withered in the tomb,  
 Revive no more in loveliness and bloom?  
 Descend, blest faith! dispel the hopeless care,  
 And chase the gathering phantoms of despair;  
 Tell that the flower, transplanted in its morn,  
 Enjoys bright Eden, freed from every thorn;  
 Expands to milder suns, and softer dews,  
 The full perfection of immortal hues;  
 Tell, that when mounting to her native skies,  
 By death released, the parent spirit flies;  
 There shall the child, in anguish mourned so  
 long,  
 With rapture hail her midst the cherub throng,  
 And guide her pinion on exulting flight,  
 Through glory's boundless realms, and worlds  
 of living light.

Ye gentle spirits of departed friends!  
 If e'er on earth your buoyant wing descends;  
 If, with benignant care, ye linger near,  
 To guard the objects in existence dear;  
 If, hovering o'er, ethereal band! ye view  
 The tender sorrows, to *your* memory true;  
 O, in the musing hour, at midnight deep,  
 While for your loss affection wakes to weep;  
 While every sound in hallowed stillness lies,  
 But the low murmur of her plaintive sighs;  
 O, then, amidst that holy calm be near,  
 Breathe your light whisper softly in her ear;  
 With secret spells her wounded mind compose,  
 And chase the faithful tear — for you that flows:  
 Be near — when moonlight spreads the charm  
 you loved  
 O'er scenes where once your *earthly* footstep  
 roved.  
 Then, while she wanders o'er the sparkling  
 dew,  
 Through glens and wood paths, once endeared  
 by you,

And fondly lingers in your favorite bowers,  
 And pauses oft, recalling former hours;  
 Then wave your pinion o'er each well-known  
 vale,  
 Float in the moonbeam, sigh upon the gale;  
 Bid your wild symphonies remotely swell,  
 Borne by the summer wind from grot and dell;  
 And touch your viewless harps, and soothe *her*  
 soul  
 With soft enchantments and divine control!  
 Be near, sweet guardians! watch her sacred rest,  
 When Slumber folds her in his magic vest;  
 Around her, smiling, let your forms arise,  
 Returned in dreams, to bless her mental eyes;  
 Efface the memory of your last farewell —  
 Of glowing joys, of radiant prospects tell,  
 The sweet communion of the past renew,  
 Reviving former scenes, arrayed in softer hue.

Be near when death, in virtue's brightest  
 hour,  
 Calls up each pang, and summons all his power;  
 O! then, transcending Fancy's loveliest dream,  
 Then let your forms unveiled around her beam;  
 Then waft the vision of unclouded light.  
 A burst of glory, on her closing sight;  
 Wake from the harp of heaven th' immortal  
 strain,  
 To hush the final agonies of pain;  
 With rapture's flame the parting soul illumine,  
 And smile triumphant through the shadow.  
 gloom!  
 O! still be near, when, darting into day,  
 Th' exulting spirit leaves her bonds of clay;  
 Be yours to guide her fluttering wings on high  
 O'er many a world, ascending to the sky;  
 There let your presence, once her earthly joy,  
 Though dimmed with tears and clouded with  
 alloy,  
 Now form her bliss on that celestial shore  
 Where death shall sever kindred hearts no  
 more.

Yes! in the noon of that Elysian clime,  
 Beyond the sphere of anguish, death, or time;  
 Where mind's bright eye, with renovated fire,  
 Shall beam on glories never to expire;  
 O! there th' illumined soul may fondly trust,  
 More pure, more perfect, rising from the dust,  
 Those mild affections, whose consoling light  
 Sheds the soft moonbeam on terrestrial night,  
 Sublimed, ennobled, shall forever glow,  
 Exalting rapture — not assuaging woe!

# TO MR. EDWARDS, THE HARPER OF CONWAY.

[Some of the happiest days the young poetess ever passed were during occasional visits to some friends at Conway, where the charms of the scenery, combining all that is most beautiful in wood, water, and ruin, are sufficient to inspire the most prosaic temperament with a certain degree of enthusiasm; and it may therefore well be supposed how fervently a soul constituted like hers would worship Nature at so fitting a shrine. With that happy versatility which was at all times a leading characteristic of her mind, she would now enter with childlike playfulness into the enjoyments of a mountain scramble, or a picnic water party, the gayest of the merry band, of whom some are now, like herself, laid low, some far away in foreign lands, some changed by sorrow, and all by time; and then, in graver mood, dream away hours of pensive contemplation amidst the gray ruins of that noblest of Welsh castles, standing, as it then did, in solitary grandeur, unapproached by bridge or causeway, flinging its broad shadow across the tributary waves which washed its regal walls. These lovely scenes never ceased to retain their hold over the imagination of her whose youthful muse had so often celebrated their praises. Her peculiar admiration of Mrs. Joanna Baillie's play of *Ethwald* was always pleasingly associated with the recollection of her having first read it amidst the ruins of Conway Castle. At Conway, too, she first made acquaintance with the lively and graphic Chronicles of the chivalrous Froissart, whose inspiring pages never lost their place in her favor. Her own little poem, "The Ruin and its Flowers," which will be found amongst the earlier pieces in the present collection, was written on an excursion to the old fortress of Dyganwy, the remains of which are situated on a bold promontory near the entrance of the River Conway; and whose ivied walls, now fast mouldering into oblivion, once bore their part bravely in the defence of Wales; and are further endeared to the lovers of song and tradition as having echoed the complaints of the captive Elphin, and resounded to the harp of Taliesin. A scarcely degenerate representative of that gifted bard<sup>1</sup> had, at the time now alluded to, his appropriate dwelling-place at Conway; but his strains have long been silenced, and there now remain few, indeed, on whom the Druidical mantle has fallen so worthily. In the days when his playing was heard by one so fitted to enjoy its originality and beauty, —

"The minstrel was infirm and old;"

but his inspiration had not yet forsaken him; and the following lines (written in 1811) will give an idea of the magic power he still knew how to exercise over the feelings of his auditors.]

MINSTREL! whose gifted hand can bring  
Life, rapture, soul, from every string;  
And wake, like bards of former time,  
The spirit of the harp sublime;  
O, still prolong the varying strain!  
O, touch the enchanted chords again!

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Edwards, the Harper of Conway, as he was generally called, had been blind from his birth, and was endowed with that extraordinary musical genius by which persons suffering under such a visitation are not unfrequently indemnified. From the respectability of his circumstances,

Thine is the charm, suspending care  
The heavenly swell, the dying close,  
The cadence melting into air,  
That lulls each passion to repose;  
While transport, lost in silence near,  
Breathes all her language in a tear.

Exult, O Cambria! — now no more  
With sighs thy slaughtered bards deplore  
What though Plinlimmon's misty brow  
And Mona's woods be silent now,  
Yet can thy Conway boast a strain  
Unrivalled in thy proudest reign.

For Genius, with divine control,  
Wakes the bold chord neglected long,  
And pours Expression's glowing soul  
O'er the wild Harp, renowned in song;  
And Inspiration, hovering round,  
Swells the full energies of sound.

Now Grandeur, pealing in the tone,  
Could rouse the warrior's kindling fire,  
And now, 'tis like the breeze's moan,  
That murmurs o'er th' Eolian lyre:  
As if some sylph, with viewless wing,  
Were sighing o'er the magic string.

Long, long, fair Conway! boast the skill  
That soothes, inspires, commands, at will!  
And O, while rapture hails the lay,  
Far distant be the closing day,  
When Genius, Taste, again shall weep,  
And Cambria's Harp lie hushed in sleep!

## EPITAPH ON MR. W——,

A CELEBRATED MINERALOGIST. 2

STOP, passenger! a wondrous tale to list —  
Here lies a famous Mineralogist.

he was not called upon to exercise his talents with any view to remuneration. He played to delight himself and others and the innocent complacency with which he enjoyed the ecstasies called forth by his skill, and the degree of appreciation with which he regarded himself, as in a manner consecrated, by being made the depository of a direct gift from Heaven, were as far as possible removed from any of the common modifications of vanity or self-conceit.

<sup>2</sup> "Whilst on the subject of Conway, it may not be amiss to introduce two little pieces of a very different character from the foregoing, [Lines to Mr. Edward, the Harper,] which were written at the same place, three or four years afterwards, and will serve as a proof of that versatility of talent before alluded to. As may easily be supposed, they were never intended for publication, but were merely a *jeu d'esprit* of the moment, in good-humored raillery of the indefatigable zeal and perseverance of one of the party in geological researches." — *Memoir*, p. 20.

Famous indeed ! such traces of his power,  
He's left from Penmaenbach to Penmaenmawr,  
Such caves, and chasms, and fissures in the  
rocks,

His words resemble those of earthquake shocks ;  
And future ages very much may wonder  
What mighty giant rent the hills asunder,  
Or whether Lucifer himself had ne'er  
Gone with his crew to play at football there.

His fossils, flints, and spars, of every hue,  
With him, good reader, here lied buried too —  
Sweet specimens ! which, toiling to obtain,  
He split huge cliffs, like so much wood, in  
twain.

We knew, so great the fuss he made about  
them,

Alive or dead, he ne'er would rest without them ;  
So, to secure soft slumber to his bones,

We paved his grave with all his favorite stones.  
His much-loved hammer's resting by his side ;  
Each hand contains a shellfish petrified ;  
His mouth a piece of pudding stone encloses,  
And at his feet a lump of coal reposes :  
Sure he was born beneath some lucky planet !  
His very coffin plate is made of granite.

Weep not, good reader ! he is truly blest  
Amidst chalcedony and quartz to rest :  
Weep not for him ! but envied be his doom,  
Whose tomb, though small, for all he loved had  
room :

And, O, ye rocks ! — schist, gneiss, whate'er ye  
be,

Ye varied strata ! — names too hard for me —  
Sing, " O, be joyful ! " for your direst foe  
By death's fell hammer is at length laid low.  
Ne'er on your spoils again shall W—— riot.  
Clear up your cloudy brows, and rest in quiet ;  
He sleeps — no longer planning hostile actions,  
As cold as any of his petrifications ;  
Enshrined in specimens of every hue,  
Too tranquil e'en to dream, ye rocks, of you.

### EPITAPH

ON THE HAMMER OF THE AFORESAID MINERALOGIST.

HERE in the dust, its strange adventures o'er,  
A hammer rests, that ne'er knew rest before.  
Released from toil, it slumbers by the side  
Of one who oft its temper sorely tried ;  
No day e'er passed, but in some desperate strife  
He risked the faithful hammer's limbs and life :

Now laying siege to some old limestone wall,  
Some rock now battering, proof to cannon ball  
Now scaling heights like Alps or Pyrenees,  
Perhaps a flint, perhaps a slate to seize  
But, if a piece of copper met his eyes,  
He'd mount a precipice that touched the skies,  
And bring down lumps so precious, and so many  
I'm sure they almost would have made — a  
penny !

Think, when such deeds as these were daily  
done,

What fearful risks this hammer must have run.  
And, to say truth, its praise deserves to shine  
In lays more lofty and more famed than mine :  
O, that in strains which ne'er should be forgot,  
Its deeds were blazoned forth by Walter Scott !  
Then should its name with his be closely linked  
And live till every mineral were extinct.

Rise, epic bards ! be yours the ample field —  
Bid W——'s hammer match Achilles' shield :  
As for *my* muse, the chaos of her brain,  
I search for specimens of wit in vain ;  
Then let me cease ignoble rhymes to stammer,  
And seek some theme less arduous than the  
hammer ;

Remembering well, " what perils do environ "  
Woman or " man that meddles with cold iron.

### PROLOGUE TO THE POOR GENTLE- MAN,

AS INTENDED TO BE PERFORMED BY THE OFFICERS OF THE  
34TH REGIMENT AT CLONMEL. 1

*Enter Captain GEORGE BROWNE, in the character of  
Corporal Foss.*

TO-NIGHT, kind friends, at your tribunal here,  
Stands " The Poor Gentleman," with many a  
fear ;

Since well he knows, whoe'er may judge his  
cause,

That Poverty's no title to applause.

Genius or Wit, pray, who'll admire or quote,  
If all their drapery be a threadbare coat ?

Who, in a world where all is bought and sold,  
Minds a man's worth — except his worth in gold ?  
Who'll greet poor Merit if she lacks a dinner !  
Hence, starving saint ! but welcome, wealthy  
sinner !

Away with Poverty ! let none receive her,  
She bears contagion as a plague or fever ;

1 These verses were written about the same time as the  
preceding humorous epitaphs.



"Bony, and gaunt, and grim" — like jaundiced eyes,  
 Discoloring all within her sphere that lies.  
 "Poor Gentleman!" and by poor soldiers, too!  
 O, matchless impudence! without a sou!  
 In scenes, in actors poor, and what far worse is,  
 With heads, perhaps, as empty as their purses,  
 How shall they dare at such a bar appear?  
 What are their tactics and manœuvres here?

While thoughts like these come rushing o'er  
 our mind,  
 O, may we still indulgence hope to find!  
 Brave sons of Erin! whose distinguished name  
 Shines with such brilliance in the page of Fame,  
 And you, fair daughters of the Emerald Isle!  
 View our weak efforts with approving smile!  
 Schooled in rough camps, and still disdaining art,  
 Ill can the soldier act a borrowed part;  
 The march, the skirmish, in this warlike age,  
 Are his rehearsals, and the field his stage:  
 His theatre is found in every land,  
 Where wave the ensigns of a hostile band:  
 Place him in danger's front — he recks not  
 where —

Be your own Wellington his prompter there,  
 And on that stage he trusts, with fearful mien,  
 He'll act his part in glory's tragic scene.  
 Yet here, though friends are gayly marshalled  
 round,

And from bright eyes alone he dreads a wound,  
 Here, though in ambush no sharpshooter's wile  
 Aims at his breast, save hid in beauty's smile;  
 Though all unused to pause, to doubt, to fear,  
 Yet his heart sinks, his courage fails him here.  
 No scenic pomp to him its aid supplies,  
 No stage effect of glittering pageantries:

No, to your kindness he must look alone  
 To realize the hope he dares not own;  
 And trusts, since here he meets no cynic eye,  
 His wish to please may claim indemnity.

And why despair, indulgence when we crave  
 From Erin's sons, the generous and the brave?  
 Theirs the high spirit, and the liberal thought,  
 Kind, warm, sincere, with native candor  
 fraught;

Still has the stranger, in their social isle,  
 Met the frank welcome and the cordial smile,  
 And well their hearts can share, though unex-  
 pressed,  
 Each thought, each feeling, of the soldier's  
 breast.

[As, in the present collected edition of the writings of Mrs. Hemans, chronological arrangement has been for the first time strictly attended to, a selection from her Juvenile compositions has been given, chiefly as a matter of curiosity — for her real career as an authoress cannot be said to have commenced before the publication of the section which immediately follows.

In a very general point of view, the intellectual history of Mrs. Hemans's mind may be divided into two distinct and separate eras — the first of which may be termed the *classical*, and comprehends the productions of her pen, from "The Restoration of the Works of Art to Italy," and "Modern Greece," down to the "Historical Scenes," and the "Translations from Camoens;" and the last, the *romantic*, which commences with "The Forest Sanctuary," and includes "The Records of Woman," together with nearly all her later efforts. In regard to excellence, there can be little doubt that the last section as far transcends the first — that does the merely Juvenile Poems now given, and which certainly appear to us to exhibit occasional scintillations of the brightness which followed. Even after the early poetical attempts of Cowley and Pope, of Chatterton, Kirke White, and Byron, these immature outpourings of sentiment and description may be read with an interest which diminishes not by comparison.]

## THE RESTORATION OF THE WORKS OF ART TO ITALY.

["The French, who in every invasion have been the scourge of Italy, and have rivalled or rather surpassed the rapacity of the Goths and Vandals, laid their sacrilegious hands on the unparalleled collection of the Vatican, tore its master pieces from their pedestals, and, dragging them from their temples of marble, transported them to Paris, and consigned them to the dull sullen halls, or rather stables, of the Louvre. . . . But the joy of discovery was short, and the triumph of taste transitory."—EUSTACE'S *Classical Tour through Italy*, vol. ii. p. 60.]

■ Italia, Italia! O tu cui die la sorte  
 Dono infelice di bellezza, ond' hai  
 Funesta dote d' infiniti guai  
 Che'n fronte scritte per gran doglia porte;  
 Deh, fossi tu men bella, O almen piu forte."

FILICAJA.

LAND of departed fame! whose classic plains  
 Have proudly echoed to immortal strains;  
 Whose hallowed soil hath given the great and  
 brave,  
 Daystars of life, a birthplace and a grave;  
 Home of the Arts! where glory's faded smile  
 Sheds lingering light o'er many a mouldering  
 pile;  
 Proud wreck of vanished power, of splendor fled,  
 Majestic temple of the mighty dead!  
 Whose grandeur, yet contending with decay,  
 Gleams through the twilight of thy glorious day;  
 Though dimmed thy brightness, riveted thy  
 chain,  
 Yet, fallen Italy! rejoice again!  
 Lost, lovely realm! once more 'tis thine to gaze  
 On the rich relics of sublimer days.

Awake, ye Muses of Etrurian shades,  
 Or sacred Tivoli's romantic glades;  
 Wake, ye that slumber in the bowery gloom  
 Where the wild ivy shadows Virgil's tomb;  
 Or ye, whose voice, by Sarga's lonely wave,  
 Swelled the deep echoes of the fountain's cave,  
 Or thrilled the soul in Tasso's numbers high—  
 Those magic strains of love and chivalry!  
 If yet by classic streams ye fondly rove,  
 Haunting the myrtle vale, the laurel grove,  
 O, rouse once more the daring soul of song,  
 Seize with bold hand the harp, forgot so long,  
 And hail, with wonted pride, those works re-  
 vered,  
 Hallowed by time, by absence more endeared.

And breathe to Those the strain, whose war-  
 rior might  
 Each danger stemmed, prevailed in every fight,  
 Souls of unyielding power, to storms inured,  
 Sublimed by peril, and by toil matured.  
 Sing of that Leader, whose ascendant mind  
 Could rouse the slumbering spirit of mankind;

Whose banners tracked the vanquished Eagle's  
 flight  
 O'er many a plain, and dark sierra's height;  
 Who bade once more the wild heroic lay  
 Record the deeds of Roncesvalles' day;  
 Who, through each mountain pass of rock and  
 snow,  
 An Alpine huntsman, chased the fear-struck  
 foe;  
 Waved his proud standard to the balmy gales,  
 Rich Languedoc! that fan thy glowing vales,  
 And 'midst those scenes renewed th' achieve-  
 ments high  
 Bequeathed to fame by England's ancestry.

Yet, when the storm seemed hushed, the con-  
 flict past,  
 One strife remained—the mightiest and the  
 last!  
 Nerved for the struggle, in that fateful hour  
 Untamed Ambition summoned all his power:  
 Vengeance and Pride, to frenzy roused, were  
 there,  
 And the stern might of resolute Despair.  
 Isle of the free! 'twas then thy champions stood,  
 Breasting unmoved the combat's wildest flood;  
 Sunbeam of battle! then thy spirit shone,  
 Glowed in each breast, and sunk with life alone.

O hearts devoted! whose illustrious doom  
 Gave there at once your triumph and your tomb  
 Ye firm and faithful, in the ordeal tried  
 Of that dread strife, by Freedom sanctified;  
 Shrined, not entombed, ye rest in sacred earth,  
 Hallowed by deeds of more than mortal worth  
 What though to mark where sleeps heroic dust,  
 No sculptured trophy rise, or breathing bust,  
 Yours, on the scene where valor's race was run,  
 A prouder sepulchre—the field ye won!  
 There every mead, each cabin's lowly name,  
 Shall live a watchword blended with your fame

And well may flowers suffice those graves to crown

That ask no urn to blazon their renown !

There shall the bard in future ages tread,

And bless each wreath that blossoms o'er the dead ;

Revere each tree whose sheltering branches wave

O'er the low mounds, the altars of the brave !

Pause o'er each warrior's grass-grown bed, and hear

In every breeze some name to glory dear ;

And as the shades of twilight close around,

With martial pageants people all the ground.

Thither unborn descendants of the slain

Still throng as pilgrims to the holy fane,

While as they trace each spot, whose records tell

Where fought their fathers, and prevailed, and fell,

Warm in their souls shall loftiest feelings glow,

Claiming proud kindred with the dust below !

And many an age shall see the brave repair

To learn the Hero's bright devotion there.

And well, Ausonia ! may that field of fame,  
From thee one song of echoing triumph claim.  
Land of the lyre ! 'twas there th' avenging sword  
Won the bright treasures to thy fanes restored ;  
Those precious trophies o'er thy realms that throw

A veil of radiance, hiding half thy woe,

And bid the stranger for a while forget

How deep thy fall, and deem thee glorious yet.

Yes, fair creations ! to perfection wrought,  
Embodied visions of ascending thought !

Forms of sublimity ! by Genius traced

In tints that vindicate adoring taste !

Whose bright originals, to earth unknown,

Live in the spheres encircling glory's throne ;

Models of art, to deathless fame consigned,

Stamped with the high-born majesty of mind ;

Yes, matchless works ! your presence shall restore

One beam of splendor to your native shore,

And her sad scenes of lost renown illumine,

As the bright sunset gilds some hero's tomb.

O, ne'er, in other climes, though many an eye  
Dwelt on your charms, in beaming ecstasy —

Ne'er was it yours to bid the soul expand

With thoughts so mighty, dreams so boldly grand,

As in that realm, where each faint breeze's moan  
Seems a low dirge for glorious ages gone ;

Where 'midst the ruined shrines of many a vale

E'en Desolation tells a haughty tale,

And scarce a fountain flows, a rock ascends,

But its proud name with song eternal blends !

Yes ! in those scenes where every ancient stream

Bids memory kindle o'er some lofty theme ;

Where every marble deeds of fame records,

Each ruin tells of Earth's departed lords ;

And the deep tones of inspiration swell

From each wild olive wood, and Alpine dell ;

Where heroes slumber on their battle plains.

'Midst prostrate altars and deserted fanes,

And Fancy communes, in each lonely spot,

With shades of those who ne'er shall be forgot ;

There was your home, and there your power impressed,

With tenfold awe, the pilgrim's glowing breast ;

And, as the wind's deep thrills and mystic sighs

Wake the wild harp to loftiest harmonies,

Thus at your influence, starting from repose,

Thought, Feeling, Fancy, into grandeur rose.

Fair Florence ! queen of Arno's lovely vale

Justice and Truth indignant heard thy tale,

And sternly smiled, in retribution's hour,

To wrest thy treasures from the Spoiler's power.

Too long the spirits of thy noble dead

Mourned o'er the domes they reared in ages fled.

Those classic scenes their pride so richly graced,

Temples of genius, palaces of taste,

Too long, with sad and desolated mien,

Revealed where Conquest's lawless track had been ;

Reft of each form with brighter light imbued,

Lonely they frowned, a desert solitude.

Florence ! th' Oppressor's noon of pride is o'er,

Rise in thy pomp again, and weep no more !

As one who, starting at the dawn of day

From dark illusions, phantoms of dismay,

With transport heightened by those ills of night,

Hails the rich glories of expanding light ;

E'en thus, awakening from thy dream of woe,

While heaven's own hues in radiance round thee glow,

With warmer ecstasy 'tis thine to trace

Each tint of beauty, and each line of grace ;

More bright, more prized, more precious, since deplored

As loved-lost relics, ne'er to be restored —

Thy grief as hopeless as the tear drop shed

By fond affection bending o'er the dead.



Athens of Italy ! once more are thine  
Those matchless gems of Art's exhaustless mine.  
For thee bright Genius darts his living beam,  
Warm o'er thy shrines the tints of Glory stream,  
And forms august as natives of the sky  
Rise round each fane in faultless majesty —  
So chastely perfect, so serenely grand,  
They seem creations of no mortal hand.

Ye at whose voice fair Art, with eagle glance,  
Burst in full splendor from her deathlike  
trance —

Whose rallying call bade slumbering nations  
wake,

And daring Intellect his bondage break —  
Beneath whose eye the lords of song arose,  
And snatched the Tuscan lyre from long repose,  
And bade its pealing energies resound  
With power electric through the realms around ;  
O high in thought, magnificent in soul !  
Born to inspire, enlighten, and control ;  
Cosmo, Lorenzo ! view your reign once more,  
The shrine where nations mingle to adore !  
Again th' enthusiast there, with ardent gaze,  
Shall hail the mighty of departed days :  
These sovereign spirits, whose commanding mind  
Seems in the marble's breathing mould en-  
shrined ;

Still with ascendant power the world to awe,  
Still the deep homage of the heart to draw ;  
To breathe some spell of holiness around,  
Bid all the scene be consecrated ground,  
And from the stone, by Inspiration wrought,  
Dart the pure lightnings of exalted thought.

There thou, fair offspring of immortal Mind !  
Love's radiant goddess, idol of mankind !  
Once the bright object of Devotion's vow,  
Shalt claim from taste a kindred worship now.  
O, who can tell what beams of heavenly light  
Flashed o'er the sculptor's intellectual sight,  
How many a glimpse, revealed to him alone,  
Made brighter beings, nobler worlds, his own ;  
Ere, like some vision sent the earth to bless,  
Burst into life thy pomp of loveliness !

Young Genius there, while dwells his kin-  
dling eye

On forms instinct with bright divinity,  
While new-born powers dilating in his heart,  
Embrace the full magnificence of Art ;  
From scenes by Raphael's gifted hand arrayed,  
From dreams of heaven by Angelo portrayed ;  
From each fair work of Grecian skill sublime,  
Sealed with perfection, "sanctified by time :"

Shall catch a kindred glow, and proudly feel  
His spirit burn with emulative zeal :  
Buoyant with loftier hopes, his soul shall rise,  
Imbued at once with nobler energies ;  
O'er life's dim scenes on rapid pinions soar,  
And worlds of visionary grace explore,  
Till his bold hand give glory's day dream birth,  
And with new wonders charm admiring earth.

Venice, exult ! and o'er thy moonlight seas  
Swell with gay strains each Adriatic breeze !  
What though long fled those years of martial  
fame

That shed romantic lustre o'er thy name ;  
Though to the winds thy streamers idly play,  
And the wild waves another Queen obey ;  
Though quenched the spirit of thine ancient race,  
And power and freedom scarce have left a trace,  
Yet still shall Art her splendors round thee  
cast,

And gild the wreck of years forever past.  
Again thy fanes may boast a Titian's dyes,  
Whose clear soft brilliance emulates thy skies,  
And scenes that glow in coloring's richest bloom  
With life's warm flush Palladian halls illumine.  
From thy rich dome again th' unrivalled steed  
Starts to existence, rushes into speed,  
Still for Lysippus claims the wreath of fame,  
Panting with ardor, vivified with flame.

Proud Racers of the Sun ! to fancy's thought  
Burning with spirit, from his essence caught,  
No mortal birth ye seem — but formed to bear  
Heaven's car of triumph through the realms of  
air ;

To range uncurbed the pathless fields of space,  
The winds your rivals in the glorious race ;  
Traverse empyreal spheres with buoyant feet,  
Free as the zephyr, as the shot star fleet ;  
And waft through worlds unknown the vital ray,  
The flame that wakes creations into day.  
Creatures of fire and ether ! winged with light,  
To track the regions of the Infinite !  
From purer elements whose life was drawn,  
Sprung from the sunbeam, offspring of the dawn  
What years on years in silence gliding by,  
Have spared those forms of perfect symmetry !  
Moulded by Art to dignify alone  
Her own bright deity's resplendent throne,  
Since first her skill their fiery grace bestowed  
Meet for such lofty fate, such high abode,  
How many a race, whose tales of glory seem  
An echo's voice — the music of a dream,  
Whose records feebly from oblivion save  
A few bright traces of the wise and brave ;

How many a state, whose pillared strength sublime

Defied the storms of war, the waves of time,  
Towering o'er earth majestic and alone,  
Fortress of power — has flourished and is gone!  
And they, from clime to clime by conquest borne,

Each fleeting triumph destined to adorn,  
They, that of powers and kingdoms lost and won  
Have seen the noontide and the setting sun,  
Consummate still in every grace remain,  
As o'er *their* heads had ages rolled in vain!  
Ages, victorious in their ceaseless flight  
O'er countless monuments of earthly might!  
While she, from fair Byzantium's lost domain,  
Who bore those treasures to her ocean reign,  
'Midst the blue deep, who reared her island throne,

And called th' infinitude of waves her own;  
Venice the proud, the Regent of the sea,  
Welcomes in chains the trophies of the Free!

And thou, whose Eagle towering plume unfurled

Once cast its shadow o'er a vassal world,  
Eternal City. round whose Curule throne  
The lords of nations knelt in ages flown;  
Thou, whose Augustan years have left to time  
Immortal records of their glorious prime;  
When deathless bards, thine olive shades among,  
Swelled the high raptures of heroic song;  
Fair, fallen Empress! raise thy languid head  
From the cold altars of th' illustrious dead,  
And once again with fond delight survey  
The proud memorials of thy noblest day.

Lo! where thy sons, O Rome! a godlike train,  
In imaged majesty return again!

Bards, chieftains, monarchs, tower with mien august

O'er scenes that shrine their venerable dust.  
Those forms, those features, luminous with soul,  
Still o'er thy children seem to claim control;  
With awful grace arrest the pilgrim's glance,  
Bind his rapt soul in elevating trance,  
And bid the past, to fancy's ardent eyes,  
From time's dim sepulchre in glory rise.

Souls of the lofty! whose undying names  
Rouse the young bosom still to noblest aims;  
O, with your images could fate restore  
Your own high spirit to your sons once more;  
Patriots and Heroes! could those flames return  
That bade your hearts with freedom's ardors burn

Then from the sacred ashes of the first  
Might a new Rome in phoenix grandeur burst!  
With one bright glance dispel th' horizon's gloom,

With one loud call wake empire from the tomb;  
Bind round her brows her own triumphal crown,  
Lift her dread ægis with majestic frown,  
Unchain her eagle's wing, and guide his flight  
To bathe his plumage in the fount of light!

Vain dream! Degraded Rome! thy noon is o'er;

Once lost, thy spirit shall revive no more.  
It sleeps with those, the sons of other days,  
Who fixed on thee the world's adoring gaze;  
Those, blest to live, while yet thy star was high,  
More blest, ere darkness quenched its beam, to die!

Yet, though thy faithless tutelary powers  
Have fled thy shrines, left desolate thy towers,  
Still, still to thee shall nations bend their way,  
Revered in ruin, sovereign in decay!  
O, what can realms in fame's full zenith boast  
To match the relics of thy splendor lost!  
By Tiber's waves, on each illustrious hill,  
Genius and Taste shall love to wander still;  
For there has Art survived an empire's doom,  
And reared her throne o'er Latium's trophied tomb:

She from the dust recalls the brave and free,  
Peopling each scene with beings worthy thee!

O, ne'er again may War, with lightning stroke,  
Rend its last honors from the shattered oak!  
Long be those works, revered by ages, thine,  
To lend one triumph to thy dim decline.

Bright with stern beauty, breathing wrathful fire,

In all the grandeur of celestial ire,  
Once more thine own, th' immortal Archer's form

Sheds radiance round, with more than Being warm!

O, who could view, nor deem that perfect form  
A living temple of ethereal flame?

Lord of the daystar! how may words portray  
Of thy chaste glory one reflected ray?  
Whate'er the soul could dream, the hand could trace,

Of regal dignity and heavenly grace;  
Each purer effluence of the fair and bright,  
Whose fitful gleams have broke on mortal sight

Each bold idea, borrowed from the sky,  
To vest th' embodied form of Deity;  
All, all in thee, ennobled and refined,  
Breathe and enchant, transcendently combined!  
Son of Elysium! years and ages gone  
Have bowed in speechless homage at thy throne,  
And days unborn, and nations yet to be,  
Shall gaze, absorbed in ecstasy, on thee!

And thou, triumphant wreck,<sup>1</sup> e'en yet sub-  
lime,

Disputed trophy, claimed by Art and time:  
Hail to that scene again, where Genius caught  
From thee its fervors of diviner thought!  
Where He, th' inspired One, whose gigantic mind  
Lived in some sphere to him alone assigned;  
Who from the past, the future, and th' unseen  
Could call up forms of more than earthly mien:  
Unrivalled Angelo on thee would gaze,  
Till his full soul imbibed perfection's blaze!  
And who but he, that Prince of Art, might dare  
Thy sovereign greatness view without despair?  
Emblem of Rome! from power's meridian hurled,  
Yet claiming still the homage of the world.

What hadst thou been, ere barbarous hands  
defaced

The work of wonder, idolized by taste?  
O, worthy still of some divine abode,  
Mould of a Conqueror! ruin of a God!<sup>2</sup>

Still, like some broken gem, whose quenchless  
beam

From each bright fragment pours its vital stream,  
'Tis thine, by fate unconquered, to dispense  
From every part some ray of excellence!  
E'en yet, informed with essence from on high,  
Thine is no trace of frail mortality!  
Within that frame a purer being glows,  
Through viewless veins a brighter current flows;  
Filled with immortal life each muscle swells,  
In every line supernal grandeur dwells.

<sup>1</sup> The Belvidere Torso, the favorite study of Michael Angelo, and of many other distinguished artists.

■ "Quoique cette statue d'Hercule ait été maltraitée et mutilée d'une manière étrange, se trouvant sans tête, sans bras, et sans jambes, elle est cependant encore un chef-d'œuvre aux yeux des connoisseurs; et ceux qui savent percevoir dans les mystères de l'art se la représentent dans toute sa beauté. L'artiste, en voulant représenter Hercule, ■ formé un corps idéal au-dessus de la nature \* \* \* Cet Hercule paroît donc ici tel qu'il put être lorsque, purifié par le feu des faiblesses de l'humanité, il obtint l'immortalité et prit place auprès des Dieux. Il est représenté sans aucun besoin de nourriture et de réparation de forces. Les veines y sont tout invisibles." — WINCKELMANN, *Histoire de l'Art chez les Anciens*, tom. ii. p. 248.

Consummate work! the noblest and the last  
Of Grecian Freedom, ere her reign was past:<sup>3</sup>  
Nurse of the mighty, she, while lingering still,  
Her mantle flowed o'er many a classic hill,  
Ere yet her voice its parting accents breathed,  
A hero's image to the world bequeathed;  
Enshrined in thee th' imperishable ray  
Of high-souled Genius, fostered by her sway,  
And bade thee teach, to ages yet unborn,  
What lofty dreams were hers — who never shall  
return!

And mark yon group, transfixed with many  
a throe,

Sealed with the image of eternal woe:  
With fearful truth, terrific power, expressed,  
Thy pangs, Laocoon, agonize the breast,  
And the stern combat picture to mankind  
Of suffering nature and enduring mind.  
O, mighty conflict! though his pains intense  
Distend each nerve, and dart through every  
sense;

Though fixed on him, his children's suppliant eyes  
Implore the aid avenging fate denies;  
Though with the giant snake in fruitless strife,  
Heaves every muscle with convulsive life,  
And in each limb existence writhes, enrolled  
'Midst the dread circles of the venom'd fold;  
Yet the strong spirit lives — and not a cry  
Shall own the might of Nature's agony!  
That furrow'd brow unconquered soul reveals,  
That patient eye to angry Heaven appeals,  
That struggling bosom concentrates its breath,  
Nor yields one moan to torture or to death!<sup>4</sup>

■ "Le Torso d'Hercule paroît un des derniers ouvrages parfaits que l'art ait produit en Grèce, avant la perte de sa liberté. Car après que la Grèce fut réduite en province Romaine, l'histoire ne fait mention d'aucun artiste célèbre de cette nation, jusqu'aux temps du Triumvirat Romain." — WINCKELMANN, *ibid.* tom. ii. p. 250.

<sup>4</sup> "It is not, in the same manner, in the agonized limbs, or in the convulsed muscles of the Laocoon, that the secret grace of its composition resides; it is in the majestic air of the head, which has not yielded to suffering, and in the deep serenity of the forehead, which seems to be still superior to all its afflictions, and significant of a mind that cannot be subdued." — ALISON'S *Essays*, vol. ii. p. 400.

"Laocoon nous offre le spectacle de la nature humaine dans la plus grande douleur dont elle soit susceptible, sous l'image d'un homme qui tâche de rassembler contre elle toute la force de l'esprit. Tandis que l'excès de la souffrance enfle les muscles, et tire violemment les nerfs, le courage se mont resur le front gonflé: la poitrine s'élève avec peine par la nécessité de la respiration, qui est également contrainte par le silence que la force de l'âme impose à sa douleur qu'elle voudroit étouffer \* \* \* Son air est plaintif, et non criard." — WINCKELMANN, *Histoire de l'Art chez les Anciens*, tom. ii. p. 214.



Sublimest triumph of intrepid Art !  
 With speechless horror to congeal the heart,  
 To freeze each pulse, and dart through every vein  
 Cold thrills of fear, keen sympathies of pain ;  
 Yet teach the spirit how its lofty power  
 May brave the pangs of fate's severest hour.

Turn from such conflicts, and enraptured gaze  
 On scenes where painting all her skill displays :  
 Landscapes, by coloring dressed in richer dyes,  
 More mellowed sunshine, more unclouded skies,  
 Or dreams of bliss to dying martyrs given,  
 Descending seraphs robed in beams of heaven.

O, sovereign Masters of the Pencil's might,  
 Its depths of shadow and its blaze of light ;  
 Ye, whose bold thought, disdaining every bound,  
 Explored the worlds above, below, around,  
 Children of Italy ! who stand alone  
 And unapproached, 'midst regions all your own ;  
 What scenes, what beings blessed your favored  
 sight,

Severely grand, unutterably bright !  
 Triumphant spirits ! your exulting eye  
 Could meet the noontide of eternity,  
 And gaze untired, undaunted, uncontrolled,  
 On all that Fancy trembles to behold.

Bright on your view such forms their splen-  
 dor shed

As burst' on prophet bards in ages fled :  
 Forms that to trace no hand but yours might  
 dare,

Darkly sublime, or exquisitely fair ;  
 These o'er the walls your magic skill arrayed,  
 Glow in rich sunshine, gleam through melting  
 shade,

Float in light grace, in awful greatness tower,  
 And breathe and move, the records of your  
 power.

Inspired of heaven ! what heightened pomp ye  
 cast

O'er all the deathless trophies of the past !  
 Round many a marble fane and classic dome,  
 Asserting still the majesty of Rome —  
 Round many a work that bids the world believe  
 What Grecian Art could image and achieve,  
 Again, creative minds, your visions throw  
 Life's chastened warmth and Beauty's mellow-  
 est glow.

And when the Morn's bright beams and man-  
 tling dyes

Pour the rich lustre of Ausonian skies,  
 Or evening suns illumine with purple smile  
 The Parian altar and the pillared aisle,

Then, as the full or softened radiance falls  
 On angel groups that hover o'er the walls,  
 Well may those temples, where your hand has  
 shed

Light o'er the tomb, existence round the dead,  
 Seem like some world, so perfect and so fair,  
 That nought of earth should find admittance  
 there,

Some sphere, where beings, to mankind un-  
 known,

Dwell in the brightness of their pomp alone !

Hence, ye vain fictions ! fancy's erring theme !  
 Gods of illusion ! phantoms of a dream !  
 Frail, powerless idols of departed time,  
 Fables of song, delusive though sublime !  
 To loftier tasks has Roman Art assigned  
 Her matchless pencil, and her mighty mind !  
 From brighter streams her vast ideas flowed.  
 With purer fire her ardent spirit glowed  
 To her 'twas given in fancy to explore  
 The land of miracles, the holiest shore ;  
 That realm where first the Light of Life was sent,  
 The loved, the punished, of th' Omnipotent !  
 O'er Judah's hills her thoughts inspired would  
 stray,

Through Jordan's valleys trace their lonely way ;  
 By Siloa's brook, or Almotana's deep,<sup>1</sup>  
 Chained in dead silence, and unbroken sleep ;  
 Scenes, whose cleft rocks and blasted deserts tell  
 Where passed th' Eternal, where his anger fell !  
 Where oft his voice the words of fate revealed,  
 Swelled in the whirlwind, in the thunder pealed,  
 Or, heard by prophets in some palmy vale,  
 "Breathed still small" whispers on the mid-  
 night gale.

There dwelt her spirit — there her hand por-  
 trayed,

'Midst the lone wilderness or cedar shade,  
 Ethereal forms with awful missions fraught,  
 Or patriarch seers absorbed in sacred thought,  
 Bards, in high converse with the world of rest,  
 Saints of the earth, and spirits of the blest.  
 But chief to Him, the Conqueror of the grave,  
 Who lived to guide us, and who died to save ;  
 Him, at whose glance the powers of evil fled,  
 And soul returned to animate the dead ;  
 Whom the waves owned — and sunk beneath  
 his eye,

Awed by one accent of Divinity ;  
 To Him she gave her meditative hours,  
 Hallowed her thoughts, and sanctified her  
 powers.

<sup>1</sup> *Almotana*. The name given by the Arabs to the Dead Sea.

O'er her bright scenes sublime repose she threw,  
As all around the Godhead's presence knew,  
And robed the Holy One's benignant mien  
In beaming mercy, majesty serene.

O, mark where Raphael's pure and perfect  
line  
Portrays that form ineffably divine !  
Where with transcendent skill his hand has  
shed  
Diffusive sunbeams round the Savior's head ;<sup>1</sup>  
Each heaven-illumined lineament imbued  
With all the fulness of beatitude,  
And traced the sainted group, whose mortal  
sight  
Sinks overpowered by that excess of light !

Gaze on that scene, and own the might of Art  
By truth inspired, to elevate the heart !  
To bid the soul exultingly possess,  
Of all her powers, a heightened consciousness  
And, strong in hope, anticipate the day,  
The last of life, the first of freedom's ray ;  
To realize, in some unclouded sphere,  
Those pictured glories feebly imaged here !  
Dim, cold reflections from her native sky,  
Faint effluence of "the Dayspring from on  
high !"

[This poem is thus alluded to by Lord Byron, in one of his published letters to Mr. Murray, dated from Diodati, September 30, 1818 : "Italy or Dalmatia and another summer may, or may not, set me off again. . . . I shall take Felicia Hemans's *Restoration*, &c., with me : it is a good poem — very."]

## MODERN GREECE.

"O Greece ! thou sapient nurse of finer arts,  
Which to bright Science blooming Fancy bore,  
Be this thy praise, that thou, and thou alone,  
In these hast led the way, in these excelled,  
Crowned with the laurel of assenting Time."

THOMSON'S *Liberty*.

### I.

O, who hath trod thy consecrated clime,  
Fair land of Phidias ! theme of lofty strains !  
And traced each scene that, 'midst the wrecks  
of time,  
The print of Glory's parting step retains ;  
Nor for ■ while, in high-wrought dreams, for-  
got,  
Musing on years gone by in brightness there,  
The hopes, the fears, the sorrows of his lot,  
The hues his fate hath worn, or yet may wear ;  
As when, from mountain heights, his ardent eye  
Of sea and heaven hath tracked the blue in-  
finity ?

### II.

Is there who views with cold unaltered mien,  
His frozen heart with proud indifference  
fraught,  
Each sacred haunt, each unforgotten scene,

<sup>1</sup> *The Transfiguration*, thought to be so perfect a specimen of art, that, in honor of Raphael, it was carried before his body to the grave.

Where Freedom triumphed, or where Wis-  
dom taught ?

Souls that too deeply feel ! O, envy not  
The sullen calm your fate hath never known  
Through the dull twilight of that wintry lot  
Genius ne'er pierced, nor Fancy's sunbeam  
shone,  
Nor those high thoughts that, hailing Glory's  
trace,  
Glow with the generous flames of every age  
and race.

### III.

But blest the wanderer whose enthusiast mind  
Each muse of ancient days hath deep imbued  
With lofty lore, and all his thoughts refined  
In the calm school of silent solitude ;  
Poured on his ear, 'midst groves and glens  
retired,  
The mighty strains of each illustrious clime,  
All that hath lived, while empires have ex-  
pired,  
To float forever on the winds of time.

And on his soul indelibly portrayed  
Fair visionary forms, to fill each classic shade.

IV.

Is not this mind, to meaner thoughts unknown,  
A sanctuary of beauty and of light?  
There he may dwell in regions all his own,  
A world of dreams, where all is pure and bright.  
For him the scenes of old renown possess  
Romantic charms, all veiled from other eyes;  
There every form of nature's loveliness  
Wakes in his breast a thousand sympathies;  
As music's voice, in some lone mountain dell,  
From rocks and caves around calls forth each  
echo's swell.

V.

For him Italia's brilliant skies illume  
The bard's lone haunts, the warrior's combat  
plains,  
And the wild rose yet lives to breathe and  
bloom  
Round Doric Pæstum's solitary fanes.<sup>1</sup>  
But most, fair Greece! on thy majestic shore  
He feels the fervors of his spirit rise;  
Thou birthplace of the Muse! whose voice  
of yore  
Breathed in thy groves immortal harmonies;  
And lingers still around the well-known coast,  
Murmuring a wild farewell to fame and free-  
dom lost.

VI.

By seas that flow in brightness as they lave  
Thy rocks, th' enthusiast rapt in thought may  
stray,  
While roves his eye o'er that deserted wave,  
Once the proud scene of battle's dread array.  
— O ye blue waters! ye, of old that bore  
The free, the conquering, hymned by choral  
strains,  
How sleep ye now around the silent shore,  
The lonely realm of ruins and of chains!  
How are the mighty vanished in their pride,  
E'en as their barks have left no traces on your tide.

<sup>1</sup> "The Pæstan rose, from its peculiar fragrance and the singularity of blowing twice a year, is often mentioned by the classic poets. The wild rose, which now shoots up among the ruins, is of the small single damask kind, with a very high perfume; as a farmer assured me on the spot, it flowers both in spring and autumn." — SWINBURNE'S *Travels in the Two Sicilies*

VII.

Hushed are the Pæans whose exulting tone  
Swelled o'er that tide<sup>2</sup> — the sons of battle  
sleep —  
The wind's wild sigh, the halcyon's voice  
alone  
Blend with the plaintive murmur of the  
deep.  
Yet when those waves have caught the splen-  
did hues  
Of morn's rich firmament, serenely bright,  
Or setting suns the lovely shore suffuse  
With all their purple mellowness of light,  
O, who could view the scene, so calmly fair,  
Nor dream that peace, and joy, and liberty were  
there?

VIII.

Where soft the sunbeams play, the zephyrs  
blossom,  
'Tis hard to deem that misery can be nigh,  
Where the clear heavens in blue transparency  
glow,  
Life should be calm and cloudless as the sky;  
— Yet o'er the low, dark dwellings of the  
dead,  
Verdure and flowers in summer bloom may  
smile,  
And ivy boughs their graceful drapery spread  
In green luxuriance o'er the ruined pile;  
And mantling woodbine veil the withered  
tree;  
And thus it is, fair land! forsaken Greece, with  
thee.

IX.

For all the loveliness, and light, and bloom  
That yet are thine, surviving many a storm,  
Are but as heaven's warm radiance on the  
tomb,  
The rose's blush that masks the canker worm.  
And thou art desolate — thy morn hath  
passed!  
So dazzling in the splendor of its sway,  
That the dark shades the night hath o'er thee  
cast  
Throw tenfold gloom around thy deep decay.  
Once proud in freedom, still in ruin fair,  
Thy fate hath been unmatched — in glory and  
despair.

<sup>2</sup> In the naval engagements of the Greeks, "it was usual for the soldiers before the fight to sing a pæan, or hymn, to Mars, and after the fight another to Apollo." — See POTTER'S *Antiquities of Greece*, vol. ii. p. 155.



## X.

For thee, lost land! the hero's blood hath  
flowed,  
The high in soul have brightly lived and died;  
For thee the light of soaring genius glowed  
O'er the fair arts it formed and glorified.  
Thine were the minds whose energies sublime  
So distanced ages in their lightning race,  
The task they left the sons of later time  
Was but to follow their illumined trace.  
— Now, bowed to earth, thy children, to be free,  
Must break each link that binds their filial hearts  
to thee.

## XI.

Lo! to the scenes of fiction's wildest tales,  
Her own bright East, thy son, Morea! flies,<sup>1</sup>  
To seek repose 'midst rich, romantic vales,  
Whose incense mounts to Asia's vivid skies.  
There shall he rest? Alas! his hopes in vain  
Guide to the sun-clad regions of the palm:  
Peace dwells not now on Oriental plain,  
Though earth is fruitfulness, and air is balm;  
And the sad wanderer finds but lawless foes,  
Where patriarchs reigned of old in pastoral  
repose.

## XII.

Where Syria's mountains rise, or Yemen's  
groves,  
Or Tigris rolls his genii-haunted wave,  
Life to his eye, as wearily it roves,  
Wears but two forms — the tyrant and the  
slave!  
There the fierce Arab leads his daring horde  
Where sweeps the sand storm o'er the burn-  
ing wild;  
There stern Oppression waves the wasting  
sword  
O'er plains that smile as ancient Eden smiled;  
And the vale's bosom, and the desert's gloom,  
Yield to the injured there no shelter save the  
tomb.

## XIII.

But thou, fair world! whose fresh unsullied  
charms  
Welcomed Columbus from the western wave,

<sup>1</sup> The emigration of the natives of the Morea to different parts of Asia is thus mentioned by Chateaubriand in his *Itinéraire de Paris à Jérusalem* — "Parvenu au dernier degré du malheur, le Moraïte s'arrache de son pays, et va chercher en Asie un sort moins rigoureux. Vain espoir! Il retrouve des calis et des pachas jusques dans les sables du Jourdain et dans les déserts de Palmyre."

Wilt thou receive the wanderer to thine arms,<sup>2</sup>  
The lost descendant of the immortal brave?  
Amidst the wild magnificence of shades  
That o'er thy floods their twilight grandeur  
cast,  
In the green depth of thine untrodden glades  
Shall he not rear his bower of peace at last?  
Yes! thou hast many a lone, majestic scene,  
Shrined in primeval woods, where despot ne'er  
hath been.

## XIV.

There by some lake, whose blue expansive  
breast  
Bright from afar, an inland ocean, gleams,  
Girt with vast solitudes, profusely dressed  
In tints like those that float o'er poets' dreams;  
Or where some flood from pine-clad mountain  
pours  
Its might of waters, glittering in their foam,  
'Midst the rich verdure of its wooded shores,  
The exiled Greek hath fixed his sylvan home:  
So deeply lone, that round the wild retreat  
Scarce have the paths been trod by Indian  
hunter's feet.

## XV.

The forests are around him in their pride,  
The green savannas, and the mighty waves;  
And isles of flowers, bright floating o'er the  
tide,<sup>3</sup>  
That images the fairy worlds it laves,  
And stillness, and luxuriance. O'er his head  
The ancient cedars wave their peopled bowers,  
On high the palms their graceful foliage  
spread,  
Cinctured with roses the magnolia towers,  
And from those green arcades a thousand  
tones  
Wake with each breeze, whose voice through  
Nature's temple moans.

## XVI.

And there, no traces left by brighter days  
For glory lost may wake a sigh of grief

<sup>2</sup> In the same work, Chateaubriand also relates his having met with several Greek emigrants who had established themselves in the woods of Florida.

<sup>3</sup> "La grâce est toujours unie à la magnificence dans les scènes de la nature: et tandis que le courant du milieu entraîne vers la mer les cadavres des pins et des chênes, on voit sur les deux courants latéraux, remonter, le long des rivages des îles flottantes de Pistia et de Nénuphar, dont les roses jaunes s'élèvent comme de petits papillons." — *Description of the Banks of the Mississippi*, CHATEAUBRIAND, *Atala*.

Some grassy mound, perchance, may meet his gaze,  
 The lone memorial of an Indian chief.  
 There man not yet hath marked the bound-  
 less plain  
 With marble records of his fame and power;  
 The forest is his everlasting fane,  
 The palm his monument, the rock his tower:  
 Th' eternal torrent and the giant tree  
 Remind him but that they, like him, are wildly  
 free.

## XVII.

But doth the exile's heart serenely there  
 In sunshine dwell? Ah! when was exile  
 blest?  
 When did bright scenes, clear heavens, or  
 summer air,  
 Chase from his soul the fever of unrest?  
 — There is a heartsick weariness of mood,  
 That like slow poison wastes the vital glow,  
 And shrines itself in mental solitude,  
 An uncomplaining and a nameless woe,  
 That coldly smiles 'midst pleasure's brightest  
 ray,  
 As the chill glacier's peak reflects the flush of  
 day.

## XVIII.

Such grief is theirs, who, fixed on foreign  
 shore,  
 Sigh for the spirit of their native gales,  
 As pines the seaman, 'midst the ocean's roar,  
 For the green earth, with all its woods and  
 vales.  
 Thus feels thy child, whose memory dwells  
 with thee,  
 Loved Greece! all sunk and blighted as thou  
 art;  
 Though thought and step in western wilds be  
 free,  
 Yet thine are still the day dreams of his heart:  
 The deserts spread between, the billows foam,  
 Thou, distant and in chains, art yet his spirit's  
 home.

## XIX.

In vain for him the gay liannes entwine,  
 Or the green firefly sparkles through the  
 brakes,  
 Or summer winds waft odors from the pine,  
 As eve's last blush is dying on the lakes.  
 Through thy fair vales his fancy roves the  
 while,  
 Or breathes the freshness of Cithæron's height,

Or dreams how softly Athens' towers would  
 smile,  
 Or Sunium's ruins, in the fading light;  
 On Corinth's cliff what sunset hues may  
 sleep,  
 Or, at that placid hour, how calm th' Ægean  
 deep!

## XX.

What scenes, what sunbeams, are to him like  
 thine?  
 (The all of thine no tyrant could destroy!)  
 E'en to the stranger's roving eye, they shine  
 Soft as a vision of remembered joy.  
 And he who comes, the pilgrim of a day,  
 A passing wanderer o'er each Attic hill,  
 Sighs as his footsteps turn from thy decay,  
 To laughing climes, where all is splendor still,  
 And views with fond regret thy lessening  
 shore,  
 As he would watch a star that sets to rise no  
 more.

## XXI.

Realm of sad beauty! thou art as a shrine  
 That Fancy visits with Devotion's zeal,  
 To catch high thoughts and impulses divine,  
 And all the glow of soul enthusiasts feel  
 Amidst the tombs of heroes — for the brave  
 Whose dust, so many an age, hath been thy  
 soil,  
 Foremost in honor's phalanx, died to save  
 The land redeemed and hallowed by their  
 toil;  
 And there is language in thy lightest gale,  
 That o'er the plains they won seems murmuring  
 yet their tale.

## XXII.

And he, whose heart is weary of the strife  
 Of meaner spirits, and whose mental gaze  
 Would shun the dull cold littleness of life,  
 A while to dwell amidst sublimer days,  
 Must turn to thee, whose every valley teems  
 With proud remembrances that cannot die.  
 Thy glens are peopled with inspiring dreams,  
 Thy winds, the voice of oracles gone by;  
 And 'midst thy laurel shades the wanderer  
 hears  
 The sound of mighty names, the hymns of van-  
 ished years.

## XXIII.

Through that deep solitude be his to stray,  
 By Faun and Oread loved in ages past,

Where clear Peneus winds his rapid way  
Through the cleft heights, in antique grandeur  
vast.

Romantic Tempe! thou art yet the same —  
Wild, as when sung by bards of elder time:<sup>1</sup>  
Years, that have changed thy river's classic  
name,<sup>2</sup>

Have left thee still in savage pomp sublime;  
And from thine Alpine clefts and marble  
caves,

In living lustre still break forth the fountain  
waves.

## XXIV.

Beneath thy mountain battlements and towers,  
Where the rich arbuté's coral berries glow,<sup>3</sup>  
Or 'midst th' exuberance of thy forest bowers,  
Casting deep shadows o'er the current's  
flow,

"Looking generally at the narrowness and abruptness of this mountain channel, (Tempe,) and contrasting it with the course of the Peneus through the plains of Thessaly, the imagination instantly recurs to the tradition that these plains were once covered with water, for which some convulsion of nature had subsequently opened this narrow passage. The term *vale*, in our language, is usually employed to describe scenery in which the predominant features are breadth, beauty, and repose. The reader has already perceived that the term is wholly inapplicable to the scenery at this spot, and that the phrase, *vale of Tempe*, is one that depends on poetic fiction. . . . The real character of Tempe, though it perhaps be less beautiful, yet possesses more of magnificence than is implied in the epithet given to it. . . . To those who have visited St. Vincent's Rocks, below Bristol, I cannot convey a more sufficient idea of Tempe than by saying that its scenery resembles, though on a much larger scale, that of the former place. The Peneus, indeed, as it flows through the valley, is not greatly wider than the Avon; and the channel between the cliffs is equally contracted in its dimensions: but these cliffs themselves are much loftier and more precipitous, and project their vast masses of rock with still more extraordinary abruptness over the hollow beneath." — HOLLAND'S *Travels in Albania*, &c.

<sup>2</sup> The modern name of the Peneus is Salymphria.

<sup>3</sup> "Towards the lower part of Tempe, these cliffs are peaked in a very singular manner, and form projecting angles on the vast perpendicular faces of rock which they present towards the chasm; where the surface renders it possible, the summits and ledges of the rocks are for the most part covered with small wood, chiefly oak, with the arbutus and other shrubs. On the banks of the river, wherever there is a small interval between the water and the cliffs, it is covered by the rich and widely-spreading foliage of the plane, the oak, and other forest trees, which in these situations have attained a remarkable size, and in various places extend their shadow far over the channel of the stream. . . . The rocks on each side of the vale of Tempe are evidently the same; what may be called, I believe, a coarse, bluish-gray marble, with veins and portions of the rock in which the marble is of finer quality." — HOLLAND'S *Travels in Albania*, &c.

Oft shall the pilgrim pause, in lone recess,  
As rock and stream some glancing light have  
caught,  
And gaze, till Nature's mighty forms impress  
His soul with deep sublimity of thought;  
And linger oft, recalling many a tale,  
That breeze, and wave, and wood seem whispering  
through thy dale.

## XXV.

He, thought entranced, may wander where  
of old  
From Delphi's chasm the mystic vapor rose,  
And trembling nations heard their doom fore-  
told

By the dread spirit throned 'midst rocks and  
snows.

Though its rich fanes be blended with the  
dust,

And silence now the hallowed haunt pos-  
sess,

Still is the scene of ancient rites august.

Magnificent in mountain loneliness

Still inspiration hovers o'er the ground,

Where Greece her councils held,<sup>4</sup> her Pythian  
victors crowned.

## XXVI.

Or let his steps the rude gray cliffs explore  
Of that wild pass, once dyed with Spartan  
blood,

When by the waves that break on Ceta's shore,  
The few, the fearless, the devoted, stood!

Or rove where, shadowing Mantinea's plain,  
Bloom the wild laurels o'er the warlike dead,<sup>5</sup>

Or lone Plataea's ruins yet remain

To mark the battle field of ages fled;

Still o'er such scenes presides a sacred power,  
Though Fiction's gods have fled from fountain,  
grot, and bower.

## XXVII.

O, still unblamed may fancy fondly deem

That, lingering yet, benignant genii dwell

Where mortal worth has hallowed grove or  
stream,

To sway the heart with some ennobling spell:

<sup>4</sup> The Amphictyonic Council was convened in spring and autumn at Delphi or Thermopylae, and presided at the Pythian games which were celebrated at Delphi every fifth year.

<sup>5</sup> "This spot, (the field of Mantinea,) on which so many brave men were laid to rest, is now covered with rosemary and laurels." — PORQUEVILLE'S *Travels in the Morea*.



For mightiest minds have felt their blest control

In the wood's murmur, in the zephyr's sigh,  
And these are dreams that lend a voice and soul,

And a high power, to Nature's majesty!  
And who can rove o'er Grecian shores, nor feel,

Soft o'er his inmost heart, their secret magic steal?

## XXVIII.

Yet many a sad reality is there,  
That Fancy's bright illusions cannot veil,  
Pure laughs the light, and balmy breathes the air,

But Slavery's mien will tell its bitter tale;  
And there, not Peace, but Desolation, throws  
Delusive quiet o'er full many a scene —  
Deep as the brooding torpor of repose  
That follows where the earthquake's track  
hath been;

Or solemn calm on Ocean's breast that lies,  
When sinks the storm, and death has hushed  
the seamen's cries.

## XXIX.

Hast thou beheld some sovereign spirit, hurled  
By Fate's rude tempest from its radiant sphere,  
Doomed to resign the homage of a world,  
For Pity's deepest sigh and saddest tear?  
O, hast thou watched the awful wreck of  
mind

That weareth still a glory in decay?  
Seen all that dazzles and delights mankind —  
Thought, science, genius — to the storm ■  
prey;

And o'er the blasted tree, the withered ground,  
Despair's wild nightshade spread, and darkly  
flourish round?

## XXX.

So may'st thou gaze, in sad and awe-struck  
thought,

On the deep fall of that yet lovely clime;  
Such there the ruin Time and Fate have  
wrought,

So changed the bright, the splendid, the sub-  
lime.

There the proud monuments of Valor's name,  
The mighty works Ambition piled on high,  
The rich remains by Art bequeathed to  
Fame —

Grace, beauty, grandeur, strength, and sym-  
metry.

Blend in decay; while all that yet is fair  
Seems only spared to tell how much hath per-  
ished there!

## XXXI.

There, while around lie mingling in the dust  
The column's graceful shaft, with weeds o'er-  
grown,

The mouldering torso, the forgotten bust.  
The warrior's urn, the altar's mossy stone —  
Amidst the loneliness of shattered fanes,  
Still matchless monuments of other years —  
O'er cypress groves or solitary plains,  
Its eastern form the minaret proudly rears;

As on some captive city's ruined wall  
The victor's banner waves, exulting o'er its  
fall.

## XXXII.

Still, where that column of the mosque aspires,  
Landmark of slavery, towering o'er the waste,  
There science droops, the Muses hush their  
lyres,

And o'er the blooms of fancy and of taste  
Spreads the chill blight; as in that Orient isle  
Where the dark upas taints the gale around,<sup>1</sup>  
Within its precincts not a flower may smile,  
Nor dew nor sunshine fertilize the ground;  
Nor wild birds' music float on zephyr's breath,  
But all is silence round, and solitude, and death.

## XXXIII.

Far other influence poured the Crescent's light  
O'er conquered realms, in ages passed away;  
Full and alone it beamed, intensely bright,  
While distant climes in midnight darkness lay.  
Then rose th' Alhambra, with its founts and  
shades,

Fair marble halls, alcoves, and orange bowers  
Its sculptured lions,<sup>2</sup> richly-wrought arcades  
Aerial pillars, and enchanted towers;

Light, splendid, wild, as some Arabian tale  
Would picture fairy domes that fleet before the  
gale.

<sup>1</sup> For the accounts of the upas or poison tree of Java, now generally believed to be fabulous, or greatly exaggerated, see the notes to DARWIN'S *Botanic Garden*.

<sup>2</sup> "The court most to be admired of the Alhambra is that called the court of the Lions; it is ornamented with sixty elegant pillars of an architecture which bears not the least resemblance to any of the known orders, and might be called the Arabian order. . . . But its principal ornament, and that from which it took its name, is an alabaster cup six feet in diameter, supported by twelve lions, which is said to have been made in imitation of the Brazen Sea of Solomon's temple." — BURGOANNE'S *Travels in Spain*

## XXXIV.

Then fostered genius lent each caliph's throne  
 Lustre barbaric pomp could ne'er attain ;  
 And stars unnumbered o'er the Orient shone,  
 Bright as that Pleiad, spher'd in Mecca's fane.<sup>1</sup>  
 From Bagdat's palaces the choral strains  
 Rose and reëchoed to the desert's bound,  
 And Science, wooed on Egypt's burning plains,  
 Reared her majestic head with glory crowned ;  
 And the wild Muses breathed romantic lore  
 From Syria's palmy groves to Andalusia's shore.

## XXXV.

Those years have past in radiance — they have  
 past,  
 As sinks the daystar in the tropic main ;  
 His parting beams no soft reflection cast,  
 They burn — are quenched — and deepest  
 shadows reign.  
 And Fame and Science have not left a trace  
 In the vast regions of the Moslem's power —  
 Regions, to intellect a desert space,  
 A wild without a fountain or a flower,  
 Where towers Oppression 'midst the deep-  
 ening glooms,  
 As dark and lone ascends the cypress 'midst the  
 tombs.

## XXXVI.

Alas for thee, fair Greece ! when Asia poured  
 Her fierce fanatics to Byzantium's wall ;  
 When Europe sheathed, in apathy, her sword,  
 And heard unmoved the fated city's call.  
 No bold crusaders ranged their serried line  
 Of spears and banners round a falling throne ;  
 And thou, O last and noblest Constantine !<sup>2</sup>  
 Didst meet the storm unshrinking and alone.  
 O, blest to die in freedom, though in vain —  
 Thine empire's proud exchange, the grave, and  
 not the chain !

## XXXVII.

Hushed is Byzantium — 'tis the dead of  
 night —  
 The closing night of that imperial race !<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "Sept des plus fameux parmi les anciens poètes Arabiques sont désignés par les écrivains Orientaux sous le nom de *Pleiade Arabique*, et leurs ouvrages étaient suspendus autour de la Caaba, ou Mosquée de la Mecque." — BISMONTI, *Littérature du Midi*.

<sup>2</sup> "The distress and fall of the last Constantine are more glorious than the long prosperity of the Byzantine Cæsars." — GIBBON'S *Decline and Fall*, &c., vol. xii. p. 226.

<sup>3</sup> See the description of the night previous to the taking

And all is vigil — but the eye of light  
 Shall soon unfold, a wilder scene to trace :  
 There is a murmuring stillness on the train  
 Thronging the midnight streets, at morn to  
 die ;

And to the cross, in fair Sophia's fane,  
 For the last time is raised Devotion's eye ;  
 And, in his heart while faith's bright visions  
 rise,  
 There kneels the high-souled prince, the sum-  
 moned of the skies.

## XXXVIII.

Day breaks in light and glory — 'tis the  
 hour  
 Of conflict and of fate — the war note calls —  
 Despair hath lent a stern, delirious power  
 To the brave few that guard the rampart  
 walls.  
 Far o'er Marmora's waves th' artillery's peal  
 Proclaims an empire's doom in every note ;  
 Tambour and trumpet swell the clash of  
 steel ;  
 Round spire and dome the clouds of battle  
 float ;  
 From camp and wave rush on the Crescent's  
 host,  
 And the Seven Towers<sup>4</sup> are scaled, and all is  
 won and lost.

## XXXIX.

Then, Greece ! the tempest rose that burst on  
 thee,  
 Land of the bard, the warrior, and the sage !  
 O, where were then thy sons, the great, the  
 free,  
 Whose deeds are guiding stars from age to  
 age ?  
 Though firm thy battlements of crags and  
 snows,  
 And bright the memory of thy days of pride,  
 In mountain might though Corinth's fortress  
 rose,  
 On, unresisted, rolled th' invading tide !  
 O, vain the rock, the rampart, and the tower,  
 If Freedom guard them not with Mind's uncon-  
 quered power.

of Constantinople by Mahomet II. — GIBBON'S *Decline and Fall*, &c., vol. xii. p. 225.

<sup>4</sup> "This building (the Castle of the Seven Towers) is mentioned as early as the sixth century of the Christian era, as a spot which contributed to the defence of Constantinople ; and it was the principal bulwark of the town on the coast of the Propontis, in the last periods of the empire." — POUQUEVILLE'S *Travels in the Morea*

XL.

Where were th' avengers then, whose view-  
less might  
Preserved inviolate their awful fane,<sup>1</sup>  
When through the steep defiles to Delphi's  
height,  
In martial splendor poured the Persian's train?  
Then did those mighty and mysterious Powers,  
Armed with the elements, to vengeance wake,  
Call the dread storms to darken round their  
towers,  
Hurl down the rocks, and bid the thunders  
break;  
Till far around, with deep and fearful clang,  
Sounds of unearthly war through wild Parnas-  
sus rang.

XLI.

Where was the spirit of the victor throng  
Whose tombs are glorious by Scamander's tide,  
Whose names are bright in everlasting song,  
The lords of war, the praised, the deified?  
Where he, the hero of a thousand lays,  
Who from the dead at Marathon arose<sup>2</sup>  
All armed; and beaming on the Athenians'  
gaze,  
A battle meteor, guided to their foes?  
Or they whose forms to Alaric's awe-struck  
eye,<sup>3</sup>  
Hovering o'er Athens, blazed in airy panoply?

XLII.

Ye slept, O heroes! chief ones of the earth!<sup>4</sup>  
High demigods of ancient days! ye slept:  
There lived no spark of your ascendant worth  
When o'er your land the victor Moslem swept.  
N patriot then the sons of freedom led,

<sup>1</sup> See the account from Herodotus of the supernatural defence of Delphi. — MITFORD'S *Greece*, vol. i. pp. 396-7.

<sup>2</sup> "In succeeding ages the Athenians honored Theseus as a demigod, induced to it as well by other reasons as because, when they were fighting the Medes at Marathon, a considerable part of the army thought they saw the apparition of Theseus completely armed, and bearing down before them upon the barbarians." — LANGHORNE'S *Plutarch, Life of Theseus*.

<sup>3</sup> "From Thermopylæ to Sparta, the leader of the Goths (Alaric) pursued his victorious march without encountering any mortal antagonist; but one of the advocates of expiring paganism has confidently asserted that the walls of Athens were guarded by the goddess Minerva, with her formidable ægis, and by the angry phantom of Achilles, and that the conqueror was dismayed by the presence of the hostile deities of Greece." — GIBBON'S *Decline and Fall*, &c., vol. v. p. 111.

■ "Even all the chief ones of the earth." — ISAIAH, xiv.

In mountain pass devotedly to die;  
The martyr spirit of resolve was fled,  
And the high soul's unconquered buoyancy,  
And by your graves, and on your battle plains,  
Warriors! your children knelt to wear the  
stranger's chains.

XLIII.

Now have your trophies vanished, and your  
homes  
Are mouldered from the earth, while scarce  
remain  
E'en the faint traces of the ancient tombs  
That mark where sleep the slayers or the slain.  
Your deeds are with the days of glory flown,  
The lyres are hushed that swelled your fame  
afar,  
The halls that echoed to their sounds ■■■  
gone,  
Perished the conquering weapons of your  
war;<sup>5</sup>  
And if a mossy stone your names retain,  
'Tis but to tell your sons, for them ye died in  
vain.

XLIV.

Yet, where some lone sepulchral relic stands,  
That with those names tradition hallows yet,  
Oft shall the wandering son of other lands  
Linger in solemn thought and hushed regret.  
And still have legends marked the lonely  
spot  
Where low the dust of Agamemnon lies;  
And shades of kings and leaders unforget,  
Hovering around, to fancy's vision rise.  
Souls of the heroes! seek your rest again,  
Nor mark how changed the realms that saw  
your glory's reign.

XLV.

Lo! where th' Albanian spreads his despot  
sway  
O'er Thessaly's rich vales and glowing plain  
Whose sons in sullen abjectness obey,  
Nor lift the hand indignant at its chains;  
O, doth the land that gave Achilles birth,  
And many a chief of old illustrious line,  
Yield not one spirit of unconquered worth  
To kindle those that now in bondage pine?  
No! on its mountain air is slavery's breath,  
And terror chills the hearts whose uttered  
plaints were death.

■ "How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of ■■■  
perished!" — SAMUEL, book ii. chap. i.



## XLVI.

Yet if thy light, fair Freedom, rested there,  
 How rich in charms were that romantic clime,  
 With streams, and woods, and pastoral val-  
     leys fair,  
 And walled with mountains, haughtily sub-  
     lime !  
 Heights that might well be deemed the Muses'  
     reign,  
 Since, claiming proud alliance with the skies,  
 They lose in loftier spheres their wild do-  
     main —  
 Meet home for those retired divinities  
 That love, where nought of earth may e'er  
     intrude,  
 Brightly to dwell on high, in lonely sanctitude.

## XLVII.

Here in rude grandeur daringly ascends  
 Stern Pindus, rearing many a pine-clad height ;  
 He with the clouds his bleak dominion blends,  
 Frowning o'er vales in woodland verdure  
     bright,  
 Wild and august in consecrated pride,  
 There through the deep-blue heaven Olympus  
     towers,  
 Girdled with mists, light floating as to hide  
 The rock-built palace of immortal powers ;  
 Where far on high the sunbeam finds repose,  
 Amidst th' eternal pomp of forests and of snows.

## XLVIII.

Those savage cliffs and solitudes might seem  
 The chosen haunts where Freedom's foot  
     would roam ;  
 She loves to dwell by glen and torrent stream,  
 And make the rocky fastnesses her home.  
 And in the rushing of the mountain flood,  
 In the wild eagle's solitary cry,  
 In sweeping winds that peal through cave  
     and wood,  
 There is a voice of stern sublimity,  
 That swells her spirit to a loftier mood  
 Of solemn joy severe, of power, of fortitude.

## XLIX.

But from those hills the radiance of her smile  
 Hath vanished long, her step hath fled afar ;  
 O'er Suli's frowning rocks she paused a while,<sup>1</sup>  
 Kindling the watchfires of the mountain war.

<sup>1</sup> For several interesting particulars relative to the Suli-  
 otte warfare with Ali Pasha, see HOLLAND'S *Travels in Al-*  
*bania*.

And brightly glowed her ardent spirit there,  
 Still brightest 'midst privation : o'er distress  
 It cast romantic splendor, and despair  
 But fanned that beacon of the wilderness ;  
 And rude ravine, and precipice, and dell  
 Sent their deep echoes forth, her rallying voice  
     to swell.

## L.

Dark children of the hills ! 'twas then ye  
     wrought  
 Deeds of fierce daring, rudely, sternly grand ;  
 As 'midst your craggy citadels ye fought,  
 And women mingled with your warrior band.  
 Then on the cliff the frantic mother stood<sup>2</sup>  
 High on the river's darkly-rolling wave,  
 And hurled, in dread delirium, to the flood  
 Her free-born infant, ne'r to be a slave.  
 For all was lost — all, save the power to die  
 The wild indignant death of savage liberty.

## LI.

Now is that strife a tale of vanished days,  
 With mightier things forgotten soon to lie ;  
 Yet oft hath minstrel sung, in lofty lays,  
 Deeds less adventurous, energies less high.  
 And the dread struggle's fearful memory still  
 O'er each wild rock a wilder aspect throws ;  
 Sheds darker shadows o'er the frowning hill,  
 More solemn quiet o'er the glen's repose ;  
 Lends to the rustling pines a deeper moan,  
 And the hoarse river's voice a murmur not its own.

## LII.

For stillness now — the stillness of the dead —  
 Hath wrapped that conflict's lone and awful  
     scene ;  
 And man's forsaken homes, in ruin spread,  
 Tell where the storming of the cliffs hath been.  
 And there, o'er wastes magnificently rude,  
 What race may rove, unconscious of the chain ?  
 Those realms have now no desert unsubdued,  
 Where Freedom's banner may be reared again :  
 Sunk are the ancient dwellings of her fame,  
 The children of her sons inherit but their name.

## LIII.

Go, seek proud Sparta's monuments and fane  
 In scattered fragments o'er the vale they lie ;

<sup>2</sup> "It is related, as an authentic story, that a group of  
 Suliote women assembled on one of the precipices adjoining  
 the modern seraglio, and threw their infants into the  
 chasm below, that they might not become the slaves of the  
 enemy." — HOLLAND'S *Travels, &c.*

Of all they were not e'en enough remains  
To lend their fall ■ mournful majesty.<sup>1</sup>  
Birthplace of those whose names we first re-  
vered

In song and story — temple of the free !  
O thou, the stern, the haughty, and the feared,  
Are such thy relics, and can this be thee ?

Thou shouldst have left a giant wreck behind,  
And e'en in ruin claimed the wonder of mankind.

## LIV.

For thine were spirits cast in other mould  
Than all beside — and proved by ruder test ;  
They stood alone — the proud, the firm, the  
bold,

With the same seal indelibly imprest.  
Theirs were no bright varieties of mind,  
One image stamped the rough, colossal race,  
In rugged grandeur frowning o'er mankind,  
Stern, and disdainful of each milder grace ;  
As to the sky some mighty rock may tower,  
Whose front can brave the storm, but will not  
rear the flower.

## LV.

Such were thy sons — their life a battle day !  
Their youth one lesson how for thee to die !  
Closed is that task, and they have passed away  
Like softer beings trained to aims less high.  
Yet bright on earth *their* fame who proudly fell,  
True to their shields, the champions of thy  
cause,

Whose funeral column bade the stranger tell  
How died the brave, obedient to thy laws !<sup>2</sup>  
O lofty mother of heroic worth,  
How couldst thou live to bring a meaner off-  
spring forth ?

## LVI.

Hadst thou but perished with the free, nor  
known

A second race, when glory's noon went by,  
Then had thy name in single brightness shone  
A watchword on the helm of liberty !  
Thou shouldst have passed with all the light  
of fame,

And proudly sunk in ruins, not in chains,

<sup>1</sup> The ruins of Sparta, near the modern town of Mistra, are very inconsiderable, and only sufficient to mark the site of the ancient city. The scenery around them is described by travellers as very striking.

<sup>2</sup> The inscription composed by Simonides for the Spartan monument in the pass of Thermopylæ has been thus translated : " Stranger, go tell the Lacedæmonians that we have obeyed their laws, and that we lie here."

But slowly set thy star 'midst clouds of shame,  
And tyrants rose amidst thy falling fanes ;  
And thou, surrounded by thy warriors' graves,  
Hast drained the bitter cup once mingled for  
thy slaves.

## LVII.

Now all is o'er — for thee alike are flown  
Freedom's bright noon and slavery's twilight  
cloud ;

And in thy fall, as in thy pride alone,  
Deep solitude is round thee as a shroud.  
Home of Leonidas ! thy halls are low ;  
From their cold altars have thy Lares fled ;  
O'er thee, unmarked, the sunbeams fade or  
glow,

And wild flowers wave, unbent by human  
tread ;

And 'midst thy silence, as the grave's pro-  
found,

A voice, a step, would seem ■ some unearthly  
sound.

## LVIII.

Tajgetus still lifts his awful brow  
High o'er the mouldering city of the dead,  
Sternly sublime ; while o'er his robe of snow  
Heaven's floating tints their warm suffusions  
spread.

And yet his rippling wave Eurotas leads  
By tombs and ruins o'er the silent plain ;  
While, whispering there, his own wild grace-  
ful reeds

Rise as of old, when hailed by classic strain ;  
There the rose laurels still in beauty wave,<sup>3</sup>  
And ■ frail shrub survives to bloom o'er Sparta's  
grave.

## LIX.

O, thus it is with man ! a tree, a flower,  
While nations perish, still renews its race,  
And o'er the fallen records of his power  
Spreads in wild pomp, or smiles in fairy grace.  
The laurel shoots when those have passed  
away,

Once rivals for its crown, the brave, the free ;  
The rose is flourishing o'er beauty's clay,  
The myrtle blows when love hath ceased  
to be ;

<sup>3</sup> " In the Eurotas I observed abundance of those famous reeds which were known in the earliest ages ; and all the rivers and marshes of Greece are replete with rose laurels while the springs and rivulets are covered with lilies, tuberoses, hyacinths, and narcissus orientalis." — POUQUEVILLE *Travels in the Morea*.

Green waves the bay when song and bard are fled;  
And all that round us blooms is blooming o'er the dead.

## LX.

And still the olive spreads its foliage round  
Morea's fallen sanctuaries and towers.  
Once its green boughs Minerva's votaries  
crowned,  
Deemed ■ meet offering for celestial powers.  
The suppliant's hand its holy branches bore;<sup>1</sup>  
They waved around the Olympic victor's head;  
And, sanctified by many a rite of yore,  
Its leaves the Spartan's honored bier o'er-  
spread.  
Those rites have vanished — but o'er vale and  
hill  
Its fruitful groves arise, revered and hallowed  
still.<sup>2</sup>

## LXI.

Where now thy shrines, Eleusis! where thy  
fane  
Of fearful visions, mysteries wild and high?  
The pomp of rites, the sacrificial train,  
The long procession's awful pageantry?  
Quenched is the torch of Ceres<sup>3</sup> — all around  
Decay hath spread the stillness of her reign;  
There nevermore shall choral hymns re-  
sound  
O'er the hushed earth and solitary main,  
Whose wave from Salamis deserted flows,  
To bathe a silent shore of desolate repose.

## LXII.

And O, ye secret and terrific powers!  
Dark oracles! in depth of groves that dwelt,  
How are they sunk, the altars of your bow-  
ers,  
Where Superstition trembled as she knelt!  
Ye, the unknown, the viewless ones! that  
made  
The elements your voice, the wind and wave;

■ It was usual for suppliants to carry an olive branch bound with wool.

<sup>2</sup> The olive, according to Pouqueville, is still regarded with veneration by the people of the Morea.

■ It was customary at Eleusis, on the fifth day of the festival, for men and women to run about with torches in their hands, and also to dedicate torches to Ceres, and to contend who should present the largest. This was done in memory of the journey of Ceres in search of Proserpine, during which she was lighted by a torch kindled in the flames of Ætna. — PORTER'S *Antiquities of Greece*, vol. i. 392.

Spirits! whose influence darkened many ■  
shade,  
Mysterious visitants of fount and cave!  
How long your power the awe-struck nations  
swayed,  
How long earth dreamt of you, and shudderingly  
obeyed!

## LXIII.

And say, what marvel, in those early days,  
While yet the light of heaven-born truth was  
not,  
If man around him cast a fearful gaze,  
Peopling with shadowy powers each dell and  
grot?  
Awful is nature in her savage forms,  
Her solemn voice commanding in its might,  
And mystery then was in the rush of storms,  
The gloom of woods, the majesty of night;  
And mortals heard Fate's language in the  
blast,  
And rear'd your forest shrines, ye phantoms of  
the past!

## LXIV.

Then through the foliage not a breeze might  
sigh  
But with prophetic sound — a waving tree,  
A meteor flashing o'er the summer sky,  
A bird's wild flight revealed the things to be.  
All spoke of unseen natures, and conveyed  
Their inspiration; still they hovered round,  
Hallowed the temple, whispered through the  
shade,  
Pervaded loneliness, gave soul to sound;  
Of them the fount, the forest, murmured still,  
Their voice was in the stream, their footstep on  
the hill.

## LXV.

Now is the train of Superstition flown!  
Unearthly beings walk on earth no more;  
The deep wind swells with no portentous ■  
tone,  
The rustling wood breathes no fatidic lore.  
Fled are the phantoms of Livadia's cave,  
There dwell no shadows, but of crag and steep;  
Fount of Oblivion! in thy gushing wave,<sup>4</sup>  
That murmurs nigh, those powers of terror  
sleep.

<sup>4</sup> The fountains of Oblivion and Memory, with the Hercynian fountain, are still to be seen amongst the rocks ■ ■ ■ Livadia, though the situation of the cave of Trophonius, in their vicinity, cannot be exactly ascertained. — See HERLAND'S *Travels*



O that such dreams alone had fled that clime !  
But Greece is changed in all that could be  
changed by time !

## LXVI.

Her skies are those whence many a mighty  
bard  
Caught inspiration, glorious as their beams ;  
Her hills the same that heroes died to guard,  
Her vales, that fostered Art's divinest dreams !  
But that bright spirit o'er the land that shone,  
And all around pervading influence poured,  
That lent the harp of Æschylus its tone,  
And proudly hallowed Lacedæmon's sword,  
And guided Phidias o'er the yielding stone,  
With them its ardors lived — with them its light  
is flown.

## LXVII.

Thebes, Corinth, Argos! — ye renowned of  
old,  
Where are your chiefs of high romantic name ?  
How soon the tale of ages may be told !  
A page, ■ verse, records the fall of fame,  
The work of centuries. We gaze on you,  
O cities ! once the glorious and the free,  
The lofty tales that charmed our youth renew,  
And wondering ask, if these their scenes could  
be ?  
Search for the classic fane, the regal tomb,  
And find the mosque alone — a record of their  
doom !

## LXVIII.

How oft hath war his host of spoilers poured,  
Fair Elis ! o'er thy consecrated vales !<sup>1</sup>  
There have the sunbeams glanced on spear  
and sword,  
And banners floated on the balmy gales.  
Once didst thou smile, secure in sanctitude,  
As some enchanted isle 'mid stormy seas ;  
On thee no hostile footstep might intrude,  
And pastoral sounds alone were on thy breeze.  
Forsaken home of peace ! that spell is broke :  
Thou too hast heard the storm, and bowed be-  
neath the yoke

## LXIX.

And through Arcadia's wild and lone retreats  
Far other sounds have echoed than the strain

Of faun and dryad, from their woodland seats,  
Or ancient reed of peaceful mountain swain  
There, though at times Alpheus yet surveys,  
On his green banks renewed, the classic dance,  
And nymph-like forms, and wild melodious  
lays,

Revive the sylvan scenes of old romance ;  
Yet brooding fear and dark suspicion dwell  
'Midst Pan's deserted haunts, by fountain, cave,  
and dell.

## LXX.

But thou, fair Attica ! whose rocky bound  
All art and nature's richest gifts enshrined,  
Thou little sphere, whose soul-illuminated round  
Concentrated each sunbeam of the mind ;  
Who, as the summit of some Alpine height  
Glowes earliest, latest, with the blush of day.  
Didst first imbibe the splendors of the light,  
And smile the longest in its lingering ray ;  
O, let us gaze on thee, and fondly deem  
The past a while restored, the present but a dream

## LXXI.

Let Fancy's vivid hues ■ while prevail —  
Wake at her call — be all thou wert once more  
Hark ! hymns of triumph swell on every  
gale —  
Lo ! bright processions move along thy shore,  
Again thy temples, midst the olive shade,  
Lovely in chaste simplicity arise ;  
And graceful monuments, in grove and glade,  
Catch the warm tints of thy resplendent  
skies !  
And sculptured forms, of high and heavenly  
mien,  
In their calm beauty smile around the sun-bright  
scene.

## LXXII.

Again renewed by Thought's creative spells,  
In all her pomp thy city, Theseus ! towers :  
Within, around, the light of glory dwells  
On art's fair fabrics, wisdom's holy bowers.  
There marble fanes in finished grace ascend,  
The pencil's world of life and beauty glows,  
Shrines, pillars, porticoes, in grandeur blend,  
Rich with the trophies of barbaric foes ;  
And groves of platane wave in verdant pride,  
The sage's blest retreats, by calm Ilissus' tide.

<sup>1</sup> Elis was anciently a sacred territory, its inhabitants being considered as consecrated to the service of Jupiter. All armies marching through it delivered up their weapons, and received them again when they had passed its boundary.

<sup>2</sup> "We are assured by Thucydides that Attica was the province of Greece in which population first became settled and where the earliest progress was made towards civilization." — MITFORD'S *Greece*, vol. i. p. 35.





#### THE PARTHENON.

Fair Parthenon! yet still must Fancy weep  
For thee, thou work of nobler spirits flown  
Bright, as of old the sunbeams o'er thee sleep  
In all their beauty still—and time is gone!



## LXXIII.

Bright as that fairy vision of the wave,  
 Raised by the magic of Morgana's wand,<sup>1</sup>  
 On summer seas that undulating lave  
 Romantic Sicily's Arcadian strand;  
 That pictured scene of airy colonnades,  
 Light palaces, in shadowy glory drest,  
 Enchanted groves, and temples, and arcades,  
 Gleaming and floating on the ocean's breast;  
 Athens! thus fair the dream of thee appears,  
 As Fancy's eye pervades the veiling cloud of  
 years.

## LXXIV.

Still be that cloud withdrawn — O, mark on  
 high,  
 Crowning yon hill, with temples richly graced,  
 That fane, august in perfect symmetry,  
 The purest model of Athenian taste.  
 Fair Parthenon! thy Doric pillars rise  
 In simple dignity, thy marble's hue  
 Unsullied shines, relieved by brilliant skies,  
 That round thee spread their deep ethereal  
 blue;  
 And art o'er all thy light proportions throws  
 The harmony of grace, the beauty of repose.

## LXXV.

And lovely o'er thee sleeps the sunny glow,  
 When morn and eve in tranquil splendor reign,  
 And on thy sculptures, as they smile, bestow  
 Hues that the pencil emulates in vain.  
 Then the fair forms by Phidias wrought, un-  
 fold  
 Each latent grace, developing in light;  
 Catch, from soft clouds of purple and of gold,  
 Each tint that passes, tremulously bright;

<sup>1</sup> Fata Morgana. This remarkable aerial phenomenon, which is thought by the lower order of Sicilians to be the work of a fairy, is thus described by Father Angelucci, whose account is quoted by Swinburne:—

“On the 15th August, 1643, I was surprised, as I stood at my window, with a most wonderful spectacle: the sea that washes the Sicilian shore swelled up, and became, for ten miles in length, like a chain of dark mountains, while the waters near our Calabrian coast grew quite smooth, and in instant appeared like one clear polished mirror. On this glass was depicted, in chiaro-scuro, a string of several thousands of pilasters, all equal in height, distance, and degrees of light and shade. In a moment they bent into arcades, like Roman aqueducts. A long cornice was next formed at the top, and above it rose innumerable castles, all perfectly alike; these again changed into towers, which were shortly after lost in colonnades, then windows, and at last ended in pines, cypresses, and other trees.” — SWINBURNE'S *Travels in the Two Sicilies*.

And seem indeed whate'er devotion deems,  
 While so suffused with heaven, so mingling with  
 its beams.

## LXXVI.

But O, what words the vision may portray,  
 The form of sanctitude that guards thy shrine!  
 There stands thy goddess, robed in war's  
 array,  
 Supremely glorious, awfully divine!  
 With spear and helm she stands, and flowing  
 vest,  
 And sculptured ægis, to perfection wrought;  
 And on each heavenly lineament imprest,  
 Calmly sublime, the majesty of thought —  
 The pure intelligence, the chaste repose —  
 All that a poet's dream around Minerva throws

## LXXVII.

Bright age of Pericles! let fancy still  
 Through time's deep shadows all thy splen-  
 dor trace,  
 And in each work of art's consummate skill  
 Hail the free spirit of thy lofty race:  
 That spirit, roused by every proud reward  
 That hope could picture, glory could bestow.  
 Fostered by all the sculptor and the bard  
 Could give of immortality below.  
 Thus were thy heroes formed, and o'er their  
 name,  
 Thus did thy genius shed imperishable fame.

## LXXVIII.

Mark in the thronged Ceramicus, the train  
 Of mourners weeping o'er the martyred brave:  
 Proud be the tears devoted to the slain,  
 Holy the amaranth strewed upon their grave!<sup>2</sup>  
 And hark! unrivalled eloquence proclaims  
 Their deeds, their trophies, with triumphant  
 voice!  
 Hark! Pericles records their honored names!<sup>3</sup>  
 Sons of the fallen, in their lot rejoice:

<sup>2</sup> All sorts of purple and white flowers were supposed by the Greeks to be acceptable to the dead, and used in adorning tombs; as amaranth, with which the Thessalians decorated the tomb of Achilles. — POTT'S *Antiquities of Greece*, vol. ii. p. 232.

<sup>3</sup> Pericles, on his return to Athens after the reduction of Samos, celebrated in a splendid manner the obsequies of his countrymen who fell in that war, and pronounced himself the funeral oration usual on such occasions. This gained him great applause; and when he came down from the rostrum the women paid their respects to him, and presented him with crowns and chaplets, like a champion just returned victorious from the lists. — LANGHORNE'S *Plutarch, Life of Pericles*.

What hath life brighter than so bright ■  
doom?  
What power hath fate to soil the garlands of  
the tomb?

LXXIX.

Praise to the valiant dead! for them doth art  
Exhaust her skill, their triumph's bodying  
forth;  
Theirs are enshrined names, and every heart  
Shall bear the blazoned impress of their worth.  
Bright on the dreams of youth their fame  
shall rise,  
Their fields of fight shall epic song record;  
And, when the voice of battle rends the skies,  
Their name shall be their country's rallying  
word!  
While fane and column rise august to tell  
How Athens honors those for her who proudly  
fell.

LXXX.

City of Theseus! bursting on the mind,  
Thus dost thou rise, in all thy glory fled!  
Thus guarded by the mighty of mankind,  
Thus hallowed by the memory of the dead:  
Alone in beauty and renown — a scene  
Whose tints are drawn from freedom's loveliest  
ray.  
'Tis but a vision now — yet thou hast been  
More than the brightest vision might portray:  
And every stone with but a vestige fraught  
Of thee, hath latent power to wake some lofty  
thought.

LXXXI.

Fallen are thy fabrics, that so oft have rung  
To choral melodies and tragic lore;  
Now is the lyre of Sophocles unstrung,  
The song that hailed Harmodius peals no  
more.  
Thy proud Piræus is a desert strand,  
Thy stately shrines are mouldering on their  
hill,  
Closed are the triumphs of the sculptor's  
hand,  
The magic voice of eloquence is still;  
Minerva's veil is rent<sup>1</sup> — her image gone;  
Silent the sage's bower — the warrior's tomb  
o'erthrown.

<sup>1</sup> The peplus, which is supposed to have been suspended as  
■ awning over the statue of Minerva in the Parthenon,  
was a principal ornament of the Panathenaic festival; and it  
was embroidered with various colors, representing the battle  
of the gods and Titans, and the exploits of Athenian heroes

LXXXII.

Yet in decay thine exquisite remains  
Wondering we view, and silently revere,  
As traces left on earth's forsaken plains  
By vanished beings of a nobler sphere!  
Not all the old magnificence of Rome,  
All that dominion there hath left to time  
Proud Coliseum, or commanding dome,  
Triumphal arch, or obelisk sublime.  
Can bid such reverence o'er the spirit steal  
As aught by thee imprest with beauty's plastic  
seal.

LXXXIII.

Though still the empress of the ~~eastern~~  
waste,  
Palmyra rises, desolately grand —  
Though with rich gold<sup>2</sup> and massy sculpture  
graced,  
Commanding still, Persepolis may stand  
In haughty solitude — though sacred Nile  
The first-born temples of the world surveys,  
And many an awful and stupendous pile  
Thebes of the hundred gates e'en yet displays;  
City of Pericles! O, who, like thee,  
Can teach how fair the works of mortal hand  
may be?

LXXXIV.

Thou led'st the way to that illumined sphere  
Where sovereign beauty dwells; and thence  
didst bear,  
O, still triumphant in that high career!  
Bright archetypes of all the grand and fair.  
And still to thee th' enlightened mind hath  
flown  
As to her country, — thou hast been to earth  
A cynosure, — and, e'en from victory's throne,  
Imperial Rome gave homage to thy worth,  
And nations, rising to their fame afar,  
Still to thy model turn, as seamen to their star.

LXXXV.

Glory to those whose relics thus arrest  
The gaze of ages! Glory to the free!

When the festival was celebrated, the peplus was brought  
from the Acropolis, and suspended as a sail to the vessel,  
which on that day was conducted through the Ceramicus  
and principal streets of Athens, till it had made the circuit  
of the Acropolis. The peplus was then carried to the Par-  
thenon, and consecrated to Minerva. — See CHANDLER'S  
*Travels*, STUART'S *Athens*, &c.

<sup>2</sup> The gilding amidst the ruins of Persepolis is still, accord-  
ing to Winckelmann, in high preservation.

For they, they only, could have thus imprest  
 Their mighty image on the years to be !  
 Empires and cities in oblivion lie,  
 Grandeur may vanish, conquest be forgot, —  
 To leave on earth renown that cannot die,  
 Of high-souled genius is th' unrivalled lot.  
 Honor to thee, O Athens ! thou hast shown  
 What mortals may attain, and seized the palm  
 alone.

## LXXXVI.

O, live there those who view with scornful  
 eyes  
 All that attests the brightness of thy prime ?  
 Yes, they who dwell beneath thy lovely  
 skies,  
 And breathe th' inspiring ether of thy clime !  
 Their path is o'er the mightiest of the dead,  
 Their homes are 'midst the works of noblest  
 arts ;  
 Yet all around their gaze, beneath their tread,  
 Not one proud thrill of loftier thought im-  
 parts.  
 Such are the conquerors of Minerva's land,  
 Where Genius first revealed the triumphs of  
 his hand !

## LXXXVII.

For them in vain the glowing light may smile  
 O'er the pale marble, coloring's warmth to  
 shed,  
 And in chaste beauty many a sculptured pile  
 Still o'er the dust of heroes lifts its head.  
 No patriot feeling binds them to the soil,  
 Whose tombs and shrines their fathers have  
 not reared ;  
 Their glance is cold indifference, and their  
 toil  
 But to destroy what ages have revered —  
 As if exulting sternly to erase  
 Whate'er might prove *that* land had nursed a  
 nobler race.

## LXXXVIII.

And who may grieve that, rescued from their  
 hands,  
 Spoilers of excellence and foes to art,  
 Thy relics, Athens ! borne to other lands,  
 Claim homage still to thee from every heart ?  
 Though now no more th' exploring stranger's  
 sight,  
 Fixed in deep reverence on Minerva's fane,  
 Shall hail, beneath their native heaven of  
 light,  
 All that remained of forms adored in vain ;

A few short years — and vanished from the  
 scene,  
 To blend with classic dust their proudest lot  
 had been.

## LXXXIX.

Fair Parthenon ! yet still must Fancy weep  
 For thee, thou work of nobler spirits flown.  
 Bright as of old, the sunbeams o'er thee sleep  
 In all their beauty still — and thine is gone !  
 Empires have sunk since thou wert first re-  
 vered,  
 And varying rights have sanctified thy shrine.  
 The dust is round thee of the race that reared  
 Thy walls ; and thou — their fate must soon  
 be thine !  
 But when shall earth again exult to see  
 Visions divine like theirs renewed in aught like  
 thee ?

## XC.

Lone are thy pillars now — each passing gale  
 Sighs o'er them as a spirit's voice, which  
 moaned  
 That loneliness, and told the plaintive tale  
 Of the bright synod once above them throned.  
 Mourn, graceful ru'n ! on thy sacred hill,  
 Thy gods, thy rites, ■ kindred fate have  
 shared :  
 Yet art thou honored in each fragment still  
 That wasting years and barbarous hands had  
 spared ;  
 Each hallowed stone, from rapine's fury borne,  
 Shall wake bright dreams of thee in ages yet  
 unborn.

## XCI.

Yes ! in those fragments, though by time de-  
 faced  
 And rude insensate conquerors, yet remains  
 All that may charm th' enlightened eye of taste,  
 On shores where still inspiring freedom reigns,  
 As vital fragrance breathes from every part  
 Of the crushed myrtle, or the bruised rose,  
 E'en thus th' essential energy of art  
 There in each wreck imperishably glows !<sup>1</sup>  
 The soul of Athens lives in every line,  
 Pervading brightly still the ruins of her shrine

## XCII.

Mark on the storied frieze the graceful train,  
 The holy festival's triumphal throng.

<sup>1</sup> " In the most broken fragment, the same great principle of life can be proved to exist as in the most perfect figure," in one of the observations of Mr. Haydon on the Elgin Marbles



In fair procession to Minerva's fane,  
 With many a sacred symbol, move along.  
 There every shade of bright existence trace,  
 The fire of youth, the dignity of age;  
 The matron's calm austerity of grace,  
 The ardent warrior, the benignant sage;  
 The nymph's light symmetry, the chief's  
 proud mien —  
 Each ray of beauty caught and mingled in the  
 scene.

## XCIII.

Art unobtrusive there ennobles form,<sup>1</sup>  
 Each pure chaste outline exquisitely flows;  
 There e'en the steed, with bold expression  
 warm,<sup>2</sup>  
 Is clothed with majesty, with being glows.  
 One mighty mind hath harmonized the whole;  
 Those varied groups the same bright impress  
 bear;  
 One beam and essence of exalting soul  
 Lives in the grand, the delicate, the fair;  
 And well that pageant of the glorious dead  
 Blends us with nobler days, and loftier spirits fled.

## XCIV.

O conquering Genius! that couldst thus de-  
 tain  
 The subtle graces, fading as they rise,  
 Eternalize expression's fleeting reign,  
 Arrest warm life in all its energies,  
 And fix them on the stone — thy glorious lot  
 Might wake ambition's envy, and create  
 Powers half divine; while nations are forgot,  
 A thought, a dream of thine hath vanquished  
 fate!  
 And when thy hand first gave its wonders  
 birth,  
 The realms that hailed them now scarce claimed  
 ■ name on earth.

## XCV.

Wert thou some spirit of a purer sphere  
 But once beheld, and never to return?

■ "Every thing here breathes life, with ■ veracity, with an exquisite knowledge of art, but without the least ostentation or parade of it, which is concealed by consummate and masterly skill." — CANOVA's *Letter to the Earl of Elgin*.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. West, after expressing his admiration of the horse's head in Lord Elgin's collection of Athenian sculpture, thus proceeds: "We feel the same, when we view the young equestrian Athenians, and, in observing them, we are insensibly carried on with the impression that they and their horses actually existed, as we see them, at the instant when they were converted into marble." — WEST'S *Second Letter to Lord Elgin*.

No — we may hail again thy bright career,  
 Again on earth a kindred fire shall burn!  
 Though thy least relics, e'en in ruin, bear  
 A stamp of heaven, that ne'er hath been re-  
 newed —  
 A light inherent — let not man despair:  
 Still be hope ardent, patience unsubdued;  
 For still is nature fair, and thought di-  
 vine,  
 And art hath won a world in models pure ■  
 thine.<sup>3</sup>

## XCVI.

Gaze on yon forms, corroded and defaced —  
 Yet there the germ of future glory lies!  
 Their virtual grandeur could not be erased;  
 It clothes them still, though veiled from com-  
 mon eyes.  
 They once were gods and heroes<sup>4</sup> — and be-  
 held  
 As the blest guardians of their native scene;  
 And hearts of warriors, sages, bards, have  
 swelled  
 With awe that owned their sovereignty of  
 mien.  
 Ages have vanished since those hearts were  
 cold,  
 And still those shattered forms retain their god-  
 like mould.

## XCVII.

'Midst their bright kindred, from their marble  
 throne  
 They have looked down on thousand storms  
 of time;  
 Surviving power, and fame, and freedom  
 flown,  
 They still remained, still tranquilly sublime!  
 Till mortal hands the heavenly conclave  
 marred.  
 The Olympian groups have sunk, and are for-  
 got —

<sup>3</sup> Mr. Flaxman thinks that sculpture has very greatly im-  
 proved within these last twenty years, and that his opinion  
 is not singular — because works of such prime importance as  
 the Elgin Marbles could not remain in any country without  
 a consequent improvement of the public taste and the talents  
 of the artist. — See the *Evidence given in reply to Interroga-  
 tories from the Committee on the Elgin Marbles*.

<sup>4</sup> The Theseus and Ilissus, which are considered by Sir T.  
 Lawrence, Mr. Westmacott, and other distinguished artists,  
 to be of ■ higher class than the Apollo Belvedere, "because  
 there is in them a union of very grand form, with a more  
 true and natural expression of the effect of action upon the  
 human frame, than there is in the Apollo, or any of the other  
 more celebrated statues." — See *The Evidence, &c.*

Not e'en their dust could weeping Athens  
guard ;  
But these were destined to a nobler lot !  
And they have borne, to light another land,  
The quenchless ray that soon shall gloriously  
expand.

xcviii.

Phidias ! supreme in thought ! what hand but  
thine,  
In human works thus blending earth and  
heaven,  
Over nature's truth had spread that grace  
divine,  
To mortal form immortal grandeur given ?  
What soul but thine, infusing all its power  
In these last monuments of matchless days,  
Could from their ruins bid young Genius  
tower,  
And Hope aspire to more exalted praise ;  
And guide deep Thought to that secluded  
height  
Where excellence is throned in purity of light ?

xcix.

And who can tell how pure, how bright a flame,  
Caught from these models, may illumine the  
west ?  
What British Angelo may rise to fame,<sup>1</sup>  
On the free isle what beams of art may rest ?  
Deem not, O England ! that by climes con-  
fined,  
Genius and taste diffuse a partial ray ;<sup>2</sup>  
Deem not the eternal energies of mind  
Swayed by that sun whose doom is but decay !  
Shall thought be fostered but by skies serene ?  
No ! thou hast power to be what Athens e'er  
hath been.

1 " Let us suppose a young man at this time in London, endowed with powers such as enabled Michael Angelo to advance the arts, as he did, by the aid of one mutilated specimen of Grecian excellence in sculpture, to what an eminence might not such a genius carry art, by the opportunity of studying those sculptures, in the aggregate, which adorned the temple of Minerva at Athens ! " — *West's Second Letter to Lord Elgin*.

2 In allusion to the theories of Du Bos, Winckelmann, Montesquieu, &c., with regard to the inherent obstacles in the climate of England to the progress of genius and the arts. — See *HOARE's Epochs of the Arts*, pp. 84, 85.

EXTRACTS FROM CONTEMPORARY REVIEWS.

*Blackwood's Magazine*. — " In our reviews of poetical productions, the better efforts of genius hold out to us a task at once more useful and delightful than those of inferior merit. In the former the beautiful predominate, and expose while they excuse the blemishes. But the public taste would receive no benefit from a detail of mediocrity, relieved only by

c.

But thine are treasures oft unprired, un-  
known,  
And cold neglect hath blighted many a mind,  
O'er whose young ardors had thy smile but  
shone,  
Their soaring flight had left a world behind !  
And many a gifted hand, that might have  
wrought  
To Grecian excellence the breathing stone,  
Or each pure grace of Raphael's pencil caught,  
Leaving no record of its power, is gone !  
While thou hast fondly sought, on distant  
coast,  
Gems far less rich than those, thus precious, and  
thus lost.

ci.

Yet rise, O Land, in all but art alone !  
Bid the sole wreath that is not thine be won !  
Fame dwells around thee — Genius is thine  
own ;  
Call his rich blooms to life — be thou their  
sun !  
So, should dark ages o'er thy glory sweep,  
Should *thine* e'er be as now are Grecian plains,  
Nations unborn shall track thine own blue deep  
To hail thy shore, to worship thy remains ;  
Thy mighty monuments with reverence trace,  
And cry, " This ancient soil hath nursed a glo-  
rious race ! "

the censure of faults uncompensated by excellences. We have great pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the beautiful poem before us, which we believe to be the work of the same lady who last year put her name to the second edition of another poem on a kindred subject, 'The Restoration of the Works of Art to Italy' — namely, Mrs. Hemans, of North Wales. That the author's fame has not altogether kept pace with her merit, we are inclined to think is a reproach to the public. Poetry is at present experiencing the fickleness of fashion, and may be said to have had its day. Very recently, the *reading* public, as the phrase is, was immersed in poetry, but seems to have had enough ; and, excepting always that portion of it who are found to relish genuine poetry on its own intrinsic account, and will never tire of the exquisite enjoyment which it affords the said public seldom read poetry at all.

" But so little is that excitement which the bulk of readers covet necessarily connected with poetry, that these readers have tired even of romances in a metrical form, and are regarding all their late rhythmical favorites alike, with that sort of ingratitude with which repletion would lead them to regard a banquet when the dishes are removing from the table. But this is no proof that these great poets have forfeited their title to be admired. They are fixed orbs, which stand just where they did, and shine just as they were wont

## TRANSLATIONS FROM CAMOENS, AND OTHER POETS.

"Siamo nati veramente in un secolo in cui gl'ingegni e gli studj degli uomini sono rivolti all'utilità. L'Agricoltura, le Arti, il Commercio acquistano tutto di novi lumi dalle ricerche de' Saggi; e il voler farsi un nome *tentando di dilettarsi*, quand' altri s'aspira con più giustizia giovando, sembra impresa dura e difficile." — SAVIOLI.

## SONNET 70.

"Na metade do ceo subido ardia."

HIGH in the glowing heavens, with cloudless beam,

The sun had reached the zenith of his reign,  
And for the living fount, the gelid stream,

Each flock forsook the herbage of the plain:  
'Midst the dark foliage of the forest shade,

The birds had sheltered from the scorching ray;

Hushed were their melodies — and grove and glade

Resounded but the shrill cicada's lay:

When, through the grassy vale, a lovelorn swain,

To seek the maid who but despised his pain,

Breathing vain sighs of fruitless passion, roved:

"Why pine for her," the slighted wanderer cried,

"By whom thou art not loved?" and thus replied

An echo's murmuring voice — "*Thou art not loved.*"

## SONNET 282.

FROM PSALM CXXXVII.

"Na ribeira de Euprates assentado."

RAPT in sad musings, by Euphrates' stream

I sat, retracing days forever flown,

although they seem to decline to the world, which revolves the opposite way. But if the world will turn from the poet, whatever be his merit, there is an end of his popularity, inasmuch as the most approved conductor of the latter is the multitude, as essentially as is the air of the sound of his voice. Profit will also fail from the lack of purchasers; and poetry, high as it may intrinsically seem, must fall, commercially speaking, to its ancient proverbially unprofitable level. Yet poetry will still be poetry, however it may cease to pay; and although the acclaim of multitudes is one thing, and the still small voice of genuine taste and feeling another, the nobler incense of the latter will ever be its reward.

"Our readers will now cease to wonder that an author like the present, who has had no higher aim than to regale the imagination with imagery, warm the heart with sentiment and feeling, and delight the ear with music, without the foreign aid of tale or fable, has hitherto written to a select few, and passed almost unnoticed by the multitude.

"With the exception of Lord Byron, who has made the

While rose thine image on the exile's dream,

O much-loved Salem! and thy glories gone:

When they who caused the ceaseless tears I shed,

Thus to their captive spoke — "Why sleep thy lays?

Sing of thy treasures lost, thy splendor fled,

And all thy triumphs in departed days!

Know'st thou not Harmony's resistless charm

Can soothe each passion, and each grief disarm?

Sing then, and tears will vanish from thine eye."

With sighs I answered — "When the cup of woe

Is filled, till misery's bitter draught o'erflow,

The mourner's cure is not to sing — but *de.*"

## PART OF ECLOGUE 15.

"Se lá no assento da maior alteza."

IF in thy glorious home above

Thou still recallest earthly love,

If yet retained a thought may be

Of him whose heart hath bled for thee;

Remember still how deeply shrined

Thine image in his joyless mind:

Each well-known scene, each former care,

Forgotten — thou alone art there!

theme peculiarly his own, no one has more feelingly contrasted ancient with modern Greece.

"The poem on the Restoration of the Louvre Collection has, of course, more allusions to ancient Rome; and nothing can be more spirited than the passages in which the author invokes for modern Rome the return of her ancient glories. In a cursory but graphic manner, some of the most celebrated of the ancient statues are described. Referring our readers, with great confidence, to the works themselves, our extracts may be limited."

*Edinburgh Monthly Review.* — "The grand act of retribution — the restoration of the treasures of the Louvre — occasioned Mrs. Hemans's first publication. 'Modern Greece' next appeared, and soared still higher into the regions of beauty and pathos. It is a highly-promising symptom, that each new effort of her genius excels its predecessor. The present volume strikingly confirms this observation, and leads us to think that we have yet seen no more than the trials of her strength."



Remember that thine eyebeam's light  
Hath fled forever from his sight,  
And, with that vanished sunshine, lost  
Is every hope he cherished most.

Think that his life, from thee apart,  
Is all but weariness of heart;  
Each stream, whose music once was dear,  
Now murmurs discord to his ear.

Through thee, the morn, whose cloudless rays  
Woke him to joy in other days,  
Now, in the light of beauty drest,  
Brings but new sorrows to his breast.

Through thee, the heavens are dark to him,  
The sun's meridian blaze is dim;  
And harsh were e'en the bird of eve,  
But that her song still loves to grieve.

All it hath been, his heart forgets,  
So altered by its long regrets;  
Each wish is changed, each hope is o'er,  
And joy's light spirit wakes no more.

## SONNET 271.

"A formosura desta fresca serra."

THIS mountain scene with sylvan grandeur  
crowned,  
These chestnut woods in summer verdure  
bright;  
These founts and rivulets, whose mingling sound  
Lulls every bosom to serene delight;  
Soft on these hills the sun's declining ray;  
This clime, where all is new; these murmur-  
ing seas;  
Flocks, to the fold that bend their lingering way;  
Light clouds, contending with the genial  
breeze;  
And all that Nature's lavish hands dispense,  
In gay luxuriance, charming every sense,  
Ne'er in thy absence can delight my breast:  
Nought, without thee, my weary soul beguiles:  
And joy may beam; yet, 'midst her brightest  
smiles,  
A secret grief is mine, that will not rest.

## SONNET 186.

"Os olhos onde O casto Amor ardia."

THOSE eyes, whence Love diffused his purest  
light,  
Proud in such beaming orbs his reign to show

That face, with tints of mingling lustre bright,  
Where the rose mantled o'er the living snow  
The rich redundance of that golden hair,  
Brighter than sunbeams of meridian day;  
That form so graceful, and that hand so fair,  
Where now those treasures? — mouldering  
into clay!  
Thus, like some blossom prematurely torn,  
Hath young Perfection withered in its morn,  
Touched by the hand that gathers but to  
blight!  
O, how could Love survive his bitter tears!  
Shed, not for her, who mounts to happier spheres,  
But for his own sad fate, thus wrapped in  
starless night!

## SONNET 108.

"Brandas aguas do Tejo que passando."

FAIR Tajo! thou whose calmly-flowing tide  
Bathes the fresh verdure of these lovely plains,  
Enlivening all where'er thy waves may glide,  
Flowers, herbage, flocks, and sylvan nymphs  
and swains.  
Sweet stream! I know not when my steps again  
Shall tread thy shores; and while to part I  
mourn,  
I have no hope to meliorate my pain,  
No dream that whispers — I may yet return  
My frowning destiny, whose watchful care  
Forbids me blessings and ordains despair,  
Commands me thus to leave thee, and repine  
And I must vainly mourn the scenes I fly,  
And breathe on other gales my plaintive sigh,  
And blend my tears with other waves than  
thine!

## SONNET 23.

TO A LADY WHO DIED AT SEA.

"Chara minha inimiga, em cuja mao."

THOU to whose power my hopes, my joys I gave,  
O fondly loved! my bosom's dearest care!  
Earth, which denied to lend thy form a grave,  
Yields not one spell to soothe my deep despair  
Yes! the wild seas intomb those charms divine  
Dark o'er thy head th' eternal billows roll;  
But while one ray of life or thought is mine,  
Still shalt thou live, the inmate of my soul  
And if the tones of my uncultured song  
Have power the sad remembrance to prolong,

Of love so ardent, and of faith so pure;  
 Still shall my verse thine epitaph remain,  
 Still shall thy charms be deathless in my strain,  
 While Time, and Love, and Memory shall  
 endure.

## SONNET 19.

"Alma minha gentil, que te partiste."

SPIRIT beloved! whose wing so soon hath flown  
 The joyless precincts of this earthly sphere,  
 How is yon Heaven eternally thine own,  
 Whilst I deplore thy loss, a captive here!  
 O, if allowed in thy divine abode  
 Of aught on earth an image to retain,  
 Remember still the fervent love which glowed  
 In my fond bosom, pure from every stain.  
 And if thou deemed that all my faithful grief,  
 Caused by thy loss, and hopeless of relief,  
 Can merit thee, sweet native of the skies!  
 O, ask of Heaven, which called thee soon away,  
 That I may join thee in those realms of day,  
 Swiftly as *thou* hast vanished from mine eyes.

"Que estranho caso de amor!"

How strange a fate in love is mine!  
 How dearly prized the pains I feel!  
 Pangs, that to rend my soul combine,  
 With avarice I conceal:  
 For did the world the tale divine,  
 My lot would then be deeper woe —  
 And mine is grief that none must know.

To mortal ears I may not dare  
 Unfold the cause, the pain I prove;  
 'Twould plunge in ruin and despair  
 Or me, or her I love.  
 My soul delights alone to bear  
 Her silent, unsuspected woe,  
 And none shall pity, none shall know.

Thus buried in my bosom's urn,  
 Thus in my inmost heart concealed,  
 Let me alone the secret mourn,  
 In pangs unsoothed and unrevealed.  
 For whether happiness or woe,  
 Or life or death its power bestow,  
 It is what none on earth must know.

## SONNET 58.

"Se as penas com que Amor tao mal me trata."

SHOULD Love, the tyrant of my suffering heart,  
 Yet long enough protract his votary's days  
 To see the lustre from those eyes depart,  
 The loadstars<sup>1</sup> now that fascinate my gaze  
 To see rude Time the living roses blight  
 That o'er thy cheek their loveliness unfold,  
 And, all unpitying, change thy tresses bright  
 To silvery whiteness, from their native gold;  
 O, then thy heart an equal change will prove,  
 And mourn the coldness that repelled my love,  
 When tears and penitence will all be vain —  
 And I shall see thee weep for days gone by,  
 And in thy deep regret and fruitless sigh,  
 Find amplest vengeance for my former pain.

## SONNET 178.

"Já cantei, já chorei a dura guerra."

OFt have I sung and mourned the bitter woes  
 Which love for years have mingled with my  
 fate,  
 While he the tale forbade me to disclose,  
 That taught his votaries their deluded state.  
 Nymphs, who dispense Castalia's living stream,  
 Ye, who from Death oblivion's mantle steal,  
 Grant me a strain in powerful tone supreme,  
 Each grief by love inflicted to reveal:  
 That those whose ardent hearts adore his sway,  
 May hear experience breathe a warning lay —  
 How false his smiles, his promises how vain!  
 Then, if ye deign this effort to inspire,  
 When the sad task is o'er, my plaintive lyre,  
 Forever hushed, shall slumber in your fane.

## SONNET 80.

"Como quando do mar tempestuoso."

SAVED from the perils of the stormy wave,  
 And faint with toil, the wanderer of the main,  
 But just escaped from shipwreck's billowy grave,  
 Trembles to hear its horrors named again.  
 How warm his vow, that Ocean's fairest mien  
 No more shall lure him from the smiles of  
 home!

<sup>1</sup> "Your eyes are loadstars" — SHAKESPEARE.

Yet soon, forgetting each terrific scene,  
Once more he turns, o'er boundless deeps to  
roam.

Lady! thus I, who vainly oft in flight  
Seek refuge from the dangers of thy sight,  
Make the firm vow to shun thee and be free:  
But my fond heart, devoted to its chain,  
Still draws me back where countless perils reign,  
And grief and ruin spread their snares for me.

## SONNET 239.

FROM PSALM CXXXVII.

"Em Babylonia sobre os rios, quando."

BESIDE the streams of Babylon, in tears  
Of vain desire, we sat; remembering thee,  
O hallowed Sion! and the vanished years,  
When Israel's chosen sons were blest and free:  
Our harps, neglected and untuned, we hung  
Mute on the willows of the stranger's land;  
When songs, like those that in thy fanes we sung,  
Our foes demanded from their captive band.  
"How shall our voices, on a foreign shore,"  
(We answered those whose chains the exile  
wore,)

"The songs of God, our sacred songs, renew?  
If I forget, 'midst grief and wasting toil,  
'Thee, O Jerusalem! my native soil!  
*May my right hand forget its cunning too!*"

## SONNET 128.

"Huma admiravel herva se conhece."

THERE blooms a plant, whose gaze from hour  
to hour

Still to the sun with fond devotion turns,  
Wakes when Creation nails his dawning power,  
And most expands when most her idol burns:  
But when he seeks the bosom of the deep,  
His faithful plant's reflected charms decay;  
Then fade her flowers, her leaves discolored  
weep,

Still fondly pining for the vanished ray.  
Thou whom I love, the daystar of my sight!  
When thy dear presence wakes me to delight,  
Joy in my soul unfolds her fairest flower:  
But in thy heaven of smiles alone it blooms,  
And, of their light deprived, in grief consumes,  
Born but to live within thine eyebeam's  
power.

"Polomeu apartamento"

AMIDST the bitter tears that fell  
In anguish at my last farewell,  
O, who would dream that joy could dwell,  
To make that moment bright?  
Yet be my judge, each heart! and say,  
Which then could most my bosom sway,  
Affliction or delight?

It was when Hope, oppressed with woes,  
Seemed her dim eyes in death to close,  
That rapture's brightest beam arose  
In sorrow's darkest night.  
Thus, if my soul survive that hour,  
'Tis that my fate o'ercame the power  
Of anguish with delight.

For O, her love, so long unknown,  
She then confessed was all my own,  
And in that parting hour alone  
Revealed it to my sight.  
And now what pangs will rend my soul,  
Should fortune still, with stern control,  
Forbid me this delight!

I know not if my bliss were vain,  
For all the force of parting pain  
Forbade suspicious doubts to reign,  
When exiled from her sight;  
Yet now what double woe for me,  
Just at the close of eve, to see  
The dayspring of delight!

## SONNET 205

"Quem diz que Amor he falso, O engana-se"

HE who proclaims that Love is light and vain,  
Capricious, cruel, false in all his ways,  
Ah! sure too well hath merited his pain,  
Too justly finds him all he thus portrays:  
For Love is pitying, Love is soft and kind.  
Believe not him who dares the tale oppose;  
O, deem him one whom stormy passions blind,  
One to whom earth and heaven may well be  
foes.

If Love bring evils, view them all in me!  
Here let the world his utmost rigor see,  
His utmost power exerted to annoy:  
But all his ire is still the ire of love;  
And such delight in all his woes I prove,  
I would not change their pangs for aught of  
other joy.



## SONNET 133.

"Doces e claras aguas do Mondego."

WAVES of Mondego ! brilliant and serene,  
Haunts of my thought, where memory fondly  
strays,

Where hope allured me with perfidious mien,  
Witching my soul, in long-departed days ;  
Yes, I forsake your banks ! but still my heart  
Shall bid remembrance all your charms re-  
store,

And, suffering not one image to depart,  
Find lengthening distance but endear you  
more.

Let Fortune's will, through many a future day,  
To distant realms this mortal frame convey,  
Sport of each wind, and tossed on every wave ;  
Yet my fond soul, to pensive memory true,  
On thought's light pinion still shall fly to you,  
And still, bright waters ! in your current lave.

## SONNET 181.

"Onde acharei lugar taõ apartado."

WHERE shall I find some desert scene so rude,  
Where loneliness so undisturbed may reign,  
That not a step shall ever there intrude

Of roving man, or nature's savage train —

Some tangled thicket, desolate and drear,

Or deep wild forest, silent as the tomb,

Boasting no verdure bright, no fountain clear,

But darkly suited to my spirit's gloom ?

That there, 'midst frowning rocks, alone with  
grief

Intombed in life, and hopeless of relief,

In lonely freedom I may breathe my woes.

For O, since nought my sorrows can allay,

There shall my sadness cloud no festal day,

And days of gloom shall soothe me to repose.

## SONNET 278.

"Eu vivia de lagrimas isento."

EXEMPT from every grief, 'twas mine to live

In dreams so sweet, enchantments so divine,

A thousand joys propitious Love can give

Were scarcely worth one rapturous pain of  
mine.

Bound by soft spells, in dear illusions blest,

I breathed no sigh for fortune or for power ;

No care intruding to disturb my breast,  
I dwelt entranced in Love's Elysian bower :  
But Fate, such transports eager to destroy,  
Soon rudely woke me from the dream of joy,

And bade the phantoms of delight begone -  
Bade hope and happiness at once depart,  
And left but memory to distract my heart,  
Retracing every hour of bliss forever flown

"Mi nueve y dulce querella."

No searching eye can pierce the veil  
That o'er my secret love is thrown ;  
No outward signs reveal its tale,  
But to my bosom known.

Thus, like the spark whose vivid light  
In the dark flint is hid from sight  
It dwells within, alone.

## METASTASIO.

"Dunque si sfoga in pianto."

IN tears, the heart oppressed with grief  
Gives language to its woes ;  
In tears, its fulness finds relief,  
When rapture's tide o'erflows !

Who, then, unclouded bliss would seek  
On this terrestrial sphere ;  
When e'en Delight can only speak.  
Like Sorrow — in a tear ?

"Al furor d'avversa Sorte."

HE shall not dread Misfortune's angry mien,  
Nor feebly sink beneath her tempest rude,  
Whose soul hath learned, through many a try-  
ing scene,  
To smile at fate, and suffer unsubdued

In the rough school of billows, clouds, and storms,  
Nursed and matured, the pilot learns his art :  
Thus Fate's dread ire, by many a conflict, forms  
The lofty spirit and enduring heart !

"Quella onda che ruina."

THE torrent wave, that breaks with force  
Impetuous down the Alpine height,

Complains and struggles in its course,  
But sparkles, as the diamond bright.

The stream in shadowy valley deep  
May slumber in its narrow bed ;  
But silent, in unbroken sleep,  
Its lustre and its life are fled.

—  
“Leggiadra rosa, le cui pure foglie.”

SWEET rose ! whose tender foliage to expand  
Her fostering dew the Morning lightly  
shed,

Whilst gales of balmy breath thy blossoms  
fanned,

And o'er thy leaves the soft suffusion spread :  
That hand, whose care withdrew thee from the  
ground,

To brighter worlds thy favored charms hath  
borne ;

Thy fairest buds, with grace perennial crowned,  
There breathe and bloom, released from every  
thorn,

Thus, far removed, and now transplanted flower !  
Exposed no more to blast or tempest rude,  
Sheltered with tenderest care from frost or  
shower,

And each rough season's chill vicissitude,  
Now may thy form in bowers of peace assume  
Immortal fragrance, and unwithering bloom.

—  
Che spero, instabil Dea, di sassi ■ spine.”

FORTUNE ! why thus, where'er my footsteps tread,  
Obstruct each path with rocks and thorns like  
these ?

Think'st thou that I thy threatening mien shall  
dread,

O ! toil and pant thy waving locks to seize ?  
Reserve the frown severe, the menace rude,  
For vassal spirits that confess thy sway !

My constant soul should triumph unsubdued,  
Were the wide universe destruction's prey.

Am I to conflicts new, in toils untried ?

No ! I have long thine utmost power defied,

And drawn fresh energies from every fight.

Thus from rude strokes of hammers and the  
wheel,

With each successive shock the tempered steel

More keenly piercing proves, more dazzling  
bright :

“Parlagli d' un periglio.”

WOULDST thou to Love of danger speak ?

Veiled are his eyes, to perils blind !

Wouldst thou from Love a reason seek ?

He is ■ child of wayward mind !

But with a doubt, a jealous fear,

Inspire him once — the task is o'er ;

His mind is keen, his sight is clear,

No more an infant, blind no more.

—  
“Sprezza il furor del vento.”

UNBENDING 'midst the wintry skies,

Rears the firm oak his vigorous form,

And stern in rugged strength, defies

The rushing of the storm.

Then severed from his native shore,

O'er ocean worlds the sail to bear,

Still with those winds he braved before,

He proudly struggles there

—  
“Sol può dir che sia contento.”

O, those alone whose severed hearts  
Have mourned through lingering years in vain,  
Can tell what bliss fond Love imparts,  
When Fate unites them once again.

Sweet is the sigh, and blest the tear,

Whose language hails that moment bright,

When past afflictions but endear

The presence of delight !

—  
“ Ah ! frenate le piante imbelles ! ”

Ах ! cease — those fruitless tears restrain !

I go misfortune to defy,

To smile at fate with proud disdain,

To triumph — not to die !

I with fresh laurels go to crown

My closing days at last,

Securing all the bright renown

Acquired in dangers past.

## VINCENZO DA FILICAJA.

"Italia! Italia! O tu cui diè la sorte."

ITALIA! O Italia! thou so graced  
 With ill-starred beauty, which to thee hath  
 been  
 A dower whose fatal splendor may be traced  
 In the deep-graven sorrows of thy mein;  
 O, that more strength, or fewer charms were  
 thine!  
 That those might fear thee more, or love thee  
 less,  
 Who seem to worship at thy radiant shrine,  
 Then pierce thee with the death-pang's bit-  
 terness!  
 Not *then* would foreign hosts have drained the  
 tide  
 Of that Eridanus thy blood hath dyed:  
 Nor from the Alps would legions, still re-  
 newed,  
 Pour down; nor wouldst thou wield an alien  
 brand,  
 And fight thy battles with the stranger's hand,  
 Still, still a slave, victorious or subdued!

## PASTORINI.

"Genova mia! se con asciutto ciglio."

If thus thy fallen grandeur I behold,  
 My native Genoa! with a tearless eye,  
 Think not thy son's ungrateful heart is cold;  
 But know — I deem rebellious every sigh!  
 Thy glorious ruins proudly I survey,  
 Trophies of firm resolve, of patriot might!  
 And in each trace of devastation's way,  
 Thy worth, thy courage, meet my wandering  
 sight.  
 Triumphs far less than suffering virtue shine!  
 And on the spoilers high revenge is thine,  
 While thy strong spirit unsubdued remains.  
 And lo! fair Liberty rejoicing flies  
 To kiss each noble relic, while she cries,  
 "Hail! though in ruins, thou wert ne'er in  
 chains!"

## LOPE DE VEGA.

"Estese el cortesano."

Let the vain courtier waste his days,  
 Lured by the charms that wealth displays,

The couch of down, the board of costly fare;  
 Be his to kiss th' ungrateful hand  
 That waves the sceptre of command,  
 And rear full many a palace in the air;  
 Whilst I enjoy, all unconfined,  
 The glowing sun, the genial wind,  
 And tranquil hours, to rustic toil assigned;  
 And prize far more, in peace and health,  
 Contented indigence than joyless wealth.

Not mine in Fortune's fane to bend,  
 At Grandeur's altar to attend,  
 Reflect his smile, and tremble at his frown;  
 Nor mine a fond aspiring thought,  
 A wish, a sigh, a vision, fraught  
 With Fame's bright phantom, Glory's deathless  
 crown!  
 Nectareous draughts and viands pure  
 Luxuriant nature will insure;  
 These the clear fount and fertile field  
 Still to the wearied shepherd yield;  
 And when repose and visions reign,  
 Then we are equals all, the monarch and the  
 swain.

## FRANCISCO MANUEL.

ON ASCENDING A HILL LEADING TO A CONVENT.

"No baxes temeroso, O peregrino!"

PAUSE not with lingering foot, O pilgrim! here;  
 Pierce the deep shadows of the mountain side;  
 Firm be thy step, thy heart unknown to fear —  
 To brighter worlds this thorny path will guide.  
 Soon shall thy feet approach the calm abode,  
 So near the mansions of supreme delight;  
 Pause not, but tread this consecrated road —  
 'Tis the dark basis of the heavenly height.  
 Behold, to cheer thee on the toilsome way,  
 How many a fountain glitters down the hill!  
 Pure gales, inviting, softly round thee play,  
 Bright sunshine guides — and wilt thou lin-  
 ger still?  
 O, enter there, where, freed from human strife,  
 Hope is reality, and time is life.

## DELLA CASA.

VENICE.

"Questi palazzi, e queste logge or colte."

THESE marble domes, by wealth and genius  
 graced,  
 With sculptured forms, bright hues and Pa-  
 rian stone,



Were once rude cabins 'midst a lonely waste,  
Wild shores of solitude, and isles unknown.  
Pure from each vice, 'twas here a venturous  
train

Fearless in fragile barks explored the sea;  
Not theirs a wish to conquer or to reign,  
They sought these island precincts — to be  
free.

Ne'er in their souls ambition's flame arose,  
No dream of avarice broke their calm repose;  
Fraud, more than death, abhorred each artless  
breast:

O, now, since fortune gilds their brightening  
day,  
Let not those virtues languish and decay,  
O'erwhelmed by luxury, and by wealth op-  
pressed!

#### IL MARCHESE CORNELIO BENTIVOGLIO.

"L' anima bella, che dal vero Eliso."

THE sainted spirit which, from bliss on high,  
Descends like dayspring to my favored sight,  
Shines in such noontide radiance of the sky,  
Scarce do I know that form, intensely bright!  
But with the sweetness of her well-known smile,  
That smile of peace! she bids my doubts de-  
part,

And takes my hand, and softly speaks the while,  
And heaven's full glory pictures to my heart.  
Beams of that heaven in *her* my eyes behold,  
And now, e'en now, in thought my wings unfold,  
To soar with her and mingle with the blessed!  
But ah! so swift her buoyant pinion flies,  
That I, in vain aspiring to the skies,  
Fall to my native sphere, by earthly bonds  
depressed.

#### QUEVEDO.

ROME BURIED IN HER OWN RUINS.

"Buscas en Roma á Roma, O peregrino."

AMIDST these scenes, O pilgrim! seek'st thou  
Rome?

Vain is thy search — the pomp of Rome is  
fled;

Her silent Aventine is glory's tomb;  
Her walls, her shrines, but relics of the dead.  
That hill, where Cæsars dwelt in other days,  
Forsaken mourns, where once it towered sub-  
lime;

Each mouldering medal now far less displays  
The triumphs won by Latium than by Time.  
Tiber alone survives — the passing wave  
That bathed her towers now murmurs by her  
grave,

Wailing with plaintive sound her fallen fane.  
Rome! of thine ancient grandeur all is passed,  
That seemed for years eternal framed to last:  
Nought but the wave — a fugitive — remains

—

#### EL CONDE JUAN DE TARSIS.

"Tu, que la dulce vida en tiernas anos."

THOU, who hast fled from life's enchanted  
bowers,

In youth's gay spring, in beauty's glowing  
morn,

Leaving thy bright array, thy path of flowers,  
For the rude convent garb and couch of thorn:  
Thou that, escaping from a world of cares,  
Hast found thy haven in devotion's fane,  
As to the port the fearful bark repairs

To shun the midnight perils of the main -  
Now the glad hymn, the strain of rapture pour,  
While on thy soul the beams of glory rise!  
For if the pilot hail the welcome shore

With shouts of triumph swelling to the skies,  
O, how shouldst *thou* the exulting pæan raise,  
Now heaven's bright harbor opens on thy gaze.

—

#### TORQUATO TASSO.

"Negli anni acerbi tuoi, purpurea rosa."

THOU in thy morn wert like a glowing rose  
To the mild sunshine only half displayed,  
That shunned its bashful graces to disclose,  
And in its veil of verdure sought a shade:  
Or like Aurora did thy charms appear,  
(Since mortal form ne'er vied with aught ■  
bright,)

Aurora, smiling from her tranquil sphere,  
O'er vale and mountain shedding dew and  
light.

Now riper years have doomed no grace to  
fade;

Nor youthful charms, in all their pride arrayed  
Excel, or equal, thy neglected form.

Thus, full expanded, lovelier is the flower,  
And the bright daystar, in its noontide hour,  
More brilliant shines, in genial radiance  
warm.

## BERNARDO TASSO.

"Quest ombra che giammai non vide il sole."

THIS green recess, where through the bowery  
gloom

Ne'er, e'en at noontide hours, the sunbeam  
played,

Where violet beds in soft luxuriance bloom  
'Midst the cool freshness of the myrtle shade;  
Where through the grass a sparkling fountain  
steals,

Whose murmuring wave, transparent as it  
flows,

No more its bed of yellow sand conceals  
Than the pure crystal hides the glowing rose;  
This bower of peace, thou soother of our care,  
God of soft slumbers and of visions fair!

A lowly shepherd consecrates to thee!  
Then breathe around some spell of deep repose,  
And charm his eyes in balmy dew to close,  
Those eyes, fatigued with grief, from teardrops  
never free.

## PETRARCH.

"Chi vuol veder quantunque può natura."

THOU that wouldst mark, in form of human birth,  
All heaven and nature's perfect skill combined,

Come, gaze on her, the daystar of the earth,  
Dazzling, not me alone, but all mankind:

And haste! for Death, who spares the guilty long,  
First calls the brightest and the best away;

And to her home, amidst the cherub throng,  
The angelic mortal flies, and will not stay!

Haste! and each outward charm, each mental  
grace,

In one consummate form thine eye shall trace,  
Model of loveliness, for earth too fair!

Then thou shalt own how faint my votive lays,  
My spirit dazzled by perfection's blaze:

But if thou still delay, for long regret prepare.

"Se lamentar augelli, O verdi fronde."

IF to the sighing breeze of summer hours  
Bend the green leaves; if mourns a plaintive  
bird;

Or from some fount's cool margin, fringed with  
flowers,

The soothing murmur of the wave is heard;  
Her whom the heavens reveal, the earth denies,  
I see and hear: though dwelling far above,

Her spirit, still responsive to my sighs,  
Visits the lone retreat of pensive love.

"Why thus in grief consume each fruitless day,"  
(Her gentle accents thus benignly say,)

"While from thine eyes the tear unceasing  
flows?

Weep not for me, who, hastening on my flight,  
Died, to be deathless; and on heavenly light

Whose eyes but opened, when they seemed  
to close!"

## VERSI SPAGNUOLI DI PIETRO BEMBO.

"O Muerte! que sueles ser."

THOU, the stern monarch of dismay,  
Whom nature trembles to survey,  
O Death! to me, the child of grief,  
Thy welcome power would bring relief,  
Changing to peaceful slumber many a care.  
And though thy stroke may thrill with pain  
Each throbbing pulse, each quivering vein;  
The pangs that bid existence close,  
Ah! sure are far less keen than those  
Which cloud its lingering moments with despair.

## FRANCESCO LORENZINI.

"O Zefiretto, che movendo vai."

SYLPH of the breeze! whose dewy pinions light

Wave gently round the tree I planted here,  
Sacred to her whose soul hath winged its flight

To the pure ether of her lofty sphere;  
Be it thy care, soft spirit of the gale!

To fan its leaves in summer's noontide hour:  
Be it thy care that wintry tempests fail

To rend its honors from the sylvan bower.  
Then shall it spread, and rear th' aspiring form,

Pride of the wood, secure from every storm,  
Graced with her name, a consecrated tree!

So may thy Lord, thy monarch of the wind,  
Ne'er with rude chains thy tender pinions bind,

But grant thee still to rove, a wanderer wild  
and free!

## GESNER.

## MORNING SONG.

"Willkommen, fruhe morgensonnn"

HAIL! morning sun, thus early bright;  
Welcome, sweet dawn! thou younger day

Through the dark woods that fringe the height,  
Beams forth, e'en now, thy ray.

Bright on the dew it sparkles clear,  
Bright on the water's glittering fall,  
And life, and joy, and health appear,  
Sweet Morning! at thy call.

Now thy fresh breezes lightly spring  
From beds of fragrance, where they lay,  
And roving wild on dewy wing,  
Drive slumber far away.

Fantastic dreams, in swift retreat,  
Now from each mind withdraw their spell;  
While the young loves delighted meet,  
On Rosa's cheek to dwell.

Speed, zephyr! kiss each opening flower.  
Its fragrant spirit make thine own;  
Then wing thy way to Rosa's bower,  
Ere her light sleep is flown.

There o'er her downy pillow fly,  
Wake the sweet maid to life and day;  
Breathe on her balmy lip a sigh,  
And o'er her bosom play;

And whisper, when her eyes unveil,  
That I, since morning's earliest call,  
Have sighed her name to every gale  
By the lone waterfall.

#### GERMAN SONG.

"Madchen, lernet Amor kennen."

LISTEN, fair maid! my song shall tell  
How Love may still be known full well —  
His looks the traitor prove.  
Lost thou not see that absent smile,  
That fiery glance replete with guile?  
O, doubt not then — 'tis Love.

When varying still the sly disguise,  
Child of caprice, he laughs and cries,  
Or with complaint would move;  
To-day is bold, to-morrow shy,  
Changing each hour, he knows not why,  
O, doubt not then — 'tis Love.

There's magic in his every wile,  
His lips, well practised to beguile,  
Breathe roses when they move;

See! now with sudden rage he burns,  
Disdains, implores, commands, by turns.  
O, doubt not then — 'tis Love.

He comes, without the bow and dart,  
That spare not e'en the purest heart;  
His looks the traitor prove;  
That glance is fire, that mien is guile.  
Deceit is lurking in that smile —  
O, trust him not — 'tis Love.

#### CHAULIEU.

"Grotte, d'où sort ce clair ruisseau."

THOU grot, whence flows this limpid spring,  
Its margin fringed with moss and flowers,  
Still bid its voice of murmurs bring  
Peace to my musing hours.

Sweet Fontenay! where first for me  
The dayspring of existence rose,  
Soon shall my dust return to thee,  
And 'midst my sires repose.

Muses! that watched my childhood's morn,  
'Midst these wild haunts, with guardian eye  
Fair trees! that here beheld me born,  
Soon shall ye see me die.

#### GARCILASO DE VEGA.

"Coyed de vuestra alegre primavera."

ENJOY the sweets of life's luxuriant May  
Ere envious Age is hastening on his way  
With snowy wreaths to crown the beauteous  
brow;  
The rose will fade when storms assail the year,  
And Time, who changeth not his swift career,  
Constant in this, will change all else below!

#### LORENZO DE MEDICI.

VIOLETS.

"Non di verdi giardin ornati e colti."

WE come not, fair one! to thy hand of snow  
From the soft scenes by Culture's hand ar-  
rayed;  
Not reared in bowers where gales of fragrance  
blow,  
But in dark glens, and depths of forest shade  
There once, as Venus wandered, lost in woe,  
To seek Adonis through th' entangled wood.



Piercing her foot, ■ thorn that lurked below  
 With print relentless drew celestial blood !  
 Then our light stems, with snowy blossoms  
 fraught,  
 Bending to earth, each precious drop we caught,  
 Imbibing thence our bright purpleal dyes ;  
 We were not fostered in our shadowy vales  
 By guided rivulets or summer gales —  
 Our dew and air have been Love's balmy tears  
 and sighs !

### PINDEMONTE.

ON THE HEBE OF CANOVA.

"Dove per te, celeste ancilla, or vassi ?"

WHITHER, celestial maid, so fast away ?  
 What lures thee from the banquet of the skies ?  
 How canst thou leave thy native realms of day  
 For this low sphere, this vale of clouds and  
 sighs ?  
 O thou, Canova ! soaring high above  
 Italian art — with Grecian magic vying !  
 We knew thy marble glowed with life and love,  
 But who had seen thee image footsteps flying ?  
 Here to each eye the wind seems gently playing  
 With the light vest, its wavy folds arraying  
 In many a line of undulating grace ;  
 While Nature, ne'er her mighty laws suspending,  
 Stands, before marble thus with motion blending,  
 One moment lost in thought, its hidden cause  
 to trace.

[A volume of translations, published in 1818, might have  
 been called, by anticipation, "Lays of many Lands." At the

time now alluded to, her inspirations were chiefly derived  
 from classical subjects. The "graceful superstitions" of  
 Greece, and the sublime patriotism of Rome, held an influ-  
 ence over her thoughts which is evinced by many of the  
 works of this period — such as "The Restoration of the  
 Works of Art to Italy," "Modern Greece," and several of  
 the poems which formed the volume entitled "Tales and  
 Historic Scenes."

"Apart from all intercourse," says Delta, "with literary  
 society, and acquainted only by name and occasional corre-  
 spondence with any of the distinguished authors of whom  
 England has to boast, Mrs. Hemans, during the progress of  
 her poetical career, had to contend with more and greater  
 obstacles than usually stand in the path of female authorship.  
 To her praise be it spoken, therefore, that it was to her own  
 merit alone, wholly independent of adventitious circum-  
 stances, that she was indebted for the extensive share of  
 popularity which her compositions ultimately obtained.  
 From this studious seclusion were given forth the two poems  
 which first permanently elevated her among the writers of  
 her age, — the 'Restoration of the Works of Art to Italy,'  
 and 'Modern Greece.' In these the maturity of her intel-  
 lect appears; and she makes us feel, that she has marked  
 out a path for herself through the regions of song. The ver-  
 sification is high toned and musical, in accordance with the  
 sentiment and subject; and in every page we have evidence,  
 not only of taste and genius, but of careful elaboration and  
 research. These efforts were favorably noticed by Lord By-  
 ron; and attracted the admiration of Shelley. Bishop Heber  
 and other judicious and intelligent counsellors cheered her  
 on by their approbation: the reputation which, through  
 years of silent study and exertion, she had, no doubt, some-  
 times with brightened and sometimes with doubtful hopes,  
 looked forward to as a sufficient great reward, was at length  
 unequivocally and unreluctantly accorded her by the world;  
 and, probably, this was the happiest period of her life. The  
 Translations from Camoens, the prize poem of Wallace, as  
 also that of Dartmoor, the Tales and Historic Scenes, and  
 the Sceptic, may all be referred to this epoch of her literary  
 career." — *Biographical Sketch, prefixed to Poetical Remains*,  
 1836.

In reference to the same period of Mrs. Hemans's career,  
 the late acute and accomplished Miss Jewsbury (afterwards  
 Mrs. Fletcher) has the following judicious observations: —

"At this stage of transition, her poetry was correct, classi-  
 cal, and highly polished; but it wanted warmth: it partook  
 more of the nature of statuary than of painting. She fet-  
 tered her mind with facts and authorities, and drew upon  
 her memory when she might have relied upon her imagina-  
 tion. She was diffident of herself, and, to quote her own  
 admission, 'loved to repose under the shadow of mighty  
 names.'" — *Athenæum*, Feb. 1831.]

## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

### LINES

WRITTEN IN A HERMITAGE ON THE SEA SHORE.

O WANDERER ! would thy heart forget  
 Each earthly passion and regret,  
 And would thy wearied spirit rise  
 To commune with its native skies ;  
 Pause for a while, and deem it sweet  
 To linger in this calm retreat ;  
 And give thy cares, thy griefs, ■ short suspense,  
 Amidst wild scenes of lone magnificence.

Unmixed with aught of meaner tone,  
 Here Nature's voice is heard alone :  
 When the loud storm, in wrathful hour,  
 Is rushing on its wing of power,  
 And spirits of the deep awake,  
 And surges foam, and billows break,  
 And rocks and ocean caves around  
 Reverberate each awful sound —  
 That mighty voice, with all its dread contro.  
 To loftiest thought shall wake thy thrilling  
 soul.

But when no more the sea winds rave,  
 When peace is brooding on the wave,  
 And from earth, air, and ocean rise  
 No sounds but plaintive melodies;  
 Soothed by their softly-mingling swell,  
 As daylight bids the world farewell,  
 The rustling wood, the dying breeze,  
 The faint low rippling of the seas,  
 A tender calm shall steal upon thy breast,  
 A gleam reflected from the realms of rest.

Is thine a heart the world hath stung,  
 Friends have deceived, neglect hath wrung?  
 Hast thou some grief that none may know,  
 Some lonely, secret, silent woe?  
 Or have thy fond affections fled  
 From earth, to slumber with the dead? —  
 O, pause a while — the world disown,  
 And dwell with Nature's self alone!  
 And though no more she bids arise  
 Thy soul's departed energies,  
 And though thy joy of life is o'er,  
 Beyond her magic to restore;  
 Yet shall her spells o'er every passion steal,  
 And soothe the wounded heart they cannot heal.

#### DIRGE OF A CHILD.

No bitter tears for thee be shed,  
 Blossom of being! seen and gone!  
 With flowers alone we strew thy bed,  
 O blest departed one!  
 Whose all of life, a rosy ray,  
 Blushed into dawn and passed away.

Yes! thou art fled, ere guilt had power  
 To stain thy cherub soul and form,  
 Closed is the soft ephemeral flower  
 That never felt a storm!  
 The sunbeam's smile, the zephyr's breath,  
 All that it knew from birth to death.

Thou wert so like a form of light,  
 That Heaven benignly called thee hence,  
 Ere yet the world could breathe one blight  
 O'er thy sweet innocence:  
 And thou, that brighter home to bless,  
 Art passed, with all thy loveliness!

O, hadst thou still on earth remained,  
 Vision of beauty! fair, as brief!  
 How soon thy brightness had been stained  
 With passion or with grief!

Now not a sullying breath can rise  
 To dim thy glory in the skies.

We rear no marble o'er thy tomb —  
 No sculptured image there shall mourn;  
 Ah, fitter far the vernal bloom  
 Such dwelling to adorn.  
 Fragrance, and flowers, and dew must be  
 The only emblems meet for thee.

Thy grave shall be a blessed shrine,  
 Adorned with Nature's brightest wreath,  
 Each glowing season shall combine  
 Its incense there to breathe;  
 And oft, upon the midnight air,  
 Shall viewless harps be murmuring there.

And O, sometimes in visions blest,  
 Sweet spirit! visit our repose;  
 And bear, from thine own world of rest,  
 Some balm for human woes!  
 What form more lovely could be given  
 Than thine to messengers of heaven?<sup>1</sup>

#### INVOCATION.

HUSHED is the world in night and sleep —  
 Earth, sea, and air are still — death,  
 Too rude to break a calm so deep  
 Were music's faintest breath.  
 Descend, bright visions! from aerial bowers,  
 Descend to gild your own soft silent hours.

In hope or fear, in toil or pain,  
 The weary day have mortals passed;  
 Now, dreams of bliss! be yours to reign,  
 And all your spells around them cast;  
 Steal from their hearts the pang, their eyes the  
 tear,  
 And lift the veil that hides a brighter sphere

O, bear your softest balm to those  
 Who fondly, vainly, mourn the dead.  
 To them that world of peace disclose  
 Where the bright soul is fled:  
 Where Love, immortal in his native clime,  
 Shall fear no pang from fate, no blight from time

Or to his loved, his distant land  
 On your light wings the exile bear,  
 To feel once more his heart expand  
 In his own genial mountain air;

<sup>1</sup> Vide Annotation from *Quarterly Review*, . ■

Hear the wild echoes well-known strains repeat,  
And bless each note, as heaven's own music  
sweet.

But O, with fancy's brightest ray,  
Blest dreams ! the bard's repose illumine ;  
Bid forms of heaven around him play,  
And bowers of Eden bloom !  
And waft *his* spirit to its native skies  
Who finds no charm in life's realities.

No voice is on the air of night,  
Through folded leaves no murmurs creep,  
Nor star nor moonbeam's trembling light  
Falls on the placid brow of sleep.  
Descend, bright visions ! from your airy bower :  
Dark, silent, solemn is your favorite hour.

TO THE MEMORY OF

GENERAL SIR E—D P—K—M.<sup>1</sup>

Brave spirit ! mourned with fond regret,  
Lost in life's pride, in valor's noon,  
O, who could deem thy star should set  
So darkly and so soon !

Fatal, though bright, the fire of mind  
Which marked and closed thy brief career,  
And the fair wreath, by Hope entwined,  
Lies withered on thy bier.

The soldier's death hath been thy doom,  
The soldier's tear thy meed shall be ;  
Yet, son of war ! a prouder tomb  
Might Fate have reared for thee.

<sup>1</sup> Major General Sir Edward Pakenham, the gallant officer to whose memory these verses are dedicated, fell at the head of the British troops in the unfortunate attack on New Orleans, 8th January, 1814. "Six thousand combatants on the British side," says Mr. Alison, "were in the field: a slender force to attack double their number, intrenched to the teeth in works bristling with bayonets and loaded with heavy artillery." — *History of Europe*, vol. x. p. 743.

The death of Sir Edward is thus alluded to in the official account of General Keane, communicating the result of the action : — "The advancing columns were discernible from the enemy's line at more than two hundred yards' distance, when a destructive fire was instantly opened, not only from all parts of the enemy's line, but from the battery on the opposite side of the river. The gallant Pakenham, who, during his short but brilliant career, was always foremost in the path of glory and of danger, galloped forward to the front, to animate his men by his presence. He had reached the crest of the glacis, and was in the act of cheering his troops with his hat off, when he received two balls, one in the knee and another in the body. He fell into the arms of Major Macdougall, his aide-de-camp, and almost instantly expired." — *Edinb. An. Regist.* 1815, p. 356.

Thou shouldst have died, O high-souled chief  
In those bright days of glory fled,  
When triumph so prevailed o'er grief  
We scarce could mourn the dead.

Noontide of fame ! each teardrop then  
Was worthy of a warrior's grave  
When shall affection weep again  
So proudly o'er the brave ?

There, on the battle fields of Spain,  
'Midst Roncesvalles' mountain scene,  
Or on Vitoria's blood-red plain,  
Meet had thy death bed been.

We mourn not that a hero's life  
Thus in its ardent prime should close  
Hadst thou but fallen in nobler strife,  
But died 'midst conquered foes !

Yet hast thou still (though victory's flame  
In that last moment cheered thee not)  
Left Glory's isle another name,  
That ne'er may be forgot :

And many a tale of triumph won  
Shall breathe that name in Memory's ear,  
And long may England mourn a son  
*Without reproach or fear.*

TO THE MEMORY OF

SIR H—Y E—LL—S,

WHO FELL IN THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

"Happy are they who die in youth, when their renown  
around them." — OSSIAN.

WEEP'ST thou for him, whose doom was sealed  
On England's proudest battle field ?  
For him, the lion-heart, who died  
In victory's full resistless tide ?

O, mourn him not  
By deeds like his that fell was won,  
And Fate could yield to Valor's son  
No brighter lot.

He heard his band's exulting cry,  
He saw the vanquished eagles fly ;  
And envied be his death of fame !  
It shed a sunbeam o'er his name

That nought shall dim :  
No cloud obscured his glory's day,  
It saw no twilight of decay.  
Weep not for him !



And breathe no dirge's plaintive moan ;  
 A hero claims far loftier tone !  
 O, proudly shall the war song swell,  
 Recording how the mighty fell  
     In that dread hour,  
 When England, 'midst the battle storm —  
 The avenging angel — reared her form  
     In tenfold power.

Yet, gallant heart ! to swell thy praise,  
 Vain were the minstrel's noblest lays ;  
 Since he, the soldier's guiding star,  
 The Victor chief, the lord of war,  
     Has owned thy fame :  
 And O, like *his* approving word,  
 What trophied marble could record  
     A warrior's name ?

### GUERRILLA SONG.

FOUNDED ON THE STORY RELATED OF THE SPANISH  
 PATRIOT MINA.

O, FORGET not the hour when through forest and  
     vale  
 We returned with our chief to his dear native  
     halls ;  
 Through the woody sierra there sighed not a gale,  
 And the moonbeam was bright on his battlement  
     walls ;  
 And nature lay sleeping in calmness and light,  
 Round the home of the valiant, that rose on our  
     sight.

We entered that home — all was loneliness round,  
 The stillness, the darkness, the peace of the grave ;  
 Not a voice, not a step, bade its echoes resound :  
 Ah, such was the welcome that waited the brave !  
 For the spoilers had passed, like the poison wind's  
     breath,  
 And the loved of his bosom lay silent in death.

O, forget not that hour — let its image be near,  
 In the light of our mirth, in the dreams of our  
     rest,  
 Let its tale awake feelings too deep for a tear,  
 And rouse into vengeance each arm and each  
     breast,  
 Till cloudless the dayspring of liberty shine  
 O'er the plains of the olive and hills of the vine.

### THE AGED INDIAN.

WARRIORS ! my noon of life is past,  
 The brightness of my spirit flown ;

I crouch before the wintry blast,  
 Amidst my tribe I dwell alone ;  
 The heroes of my youth are fled,  
 They rest among the warlike dead.

Ye slumberers of the narrow cave !  
 My kindred chiefs in days of yore !  
 Ye fill an unremembered grave,  
 Your fame, your deeds, are known to  
     more.

The records of your wars are gone,  
 Your names forgot by all but one.

Soon shall that one depart from earth,  
 To join the brethren of his prime ;  
 Then will the memory of your birth  
     Sleep with the hidden things of time.  
 With him, ye sons of former days !  
 Fades the last glimmering of your praise.

His eyes, that hailed your spirits' flame,  
 Still kindling in the combat's shock,  
 Have seen, since darkness veiled your fame,  
     Sons of the desert and the rock !  
 Another and another race  
 Rise to the battle and the chase

Descendants of the mighty dead !  
 Fearless of heart, and firm of hand !  
 O, let me join their spirits fled —  
 O, send me to their shadowy land.  
 Age hath not tamed Ontara's heart —  
 He shrinks not from the friendly dart.

These feet no more can chase the deer,  
 The glory of this arm is flown ;  
 Why should the feeble linger here  
     When all the pride of life is gone ?  
 Warriors ! why still the stroke deny ?  
 Think ye Ontara fears to die ?

He feared not in his flower of days,  
 When strong to stem the torrent's force,  
 When through the desert's pathless maze  
     His way was as an eagle's course !  
 When war was sunshine to his sight,  
 And the wild hurricane delight !

Shall, then, the warrior tremble now ?  
 Now when his envied strength is o'er —  
 Hung on the pine his idle bow,  
     His pirogue useless on the shore ?  
 When age hath dimmed his failing eye,  
 Shall he, the joyless, fear to die ?

Sons of the brave ! delay no more —  
 The spirits of my kindred call.  
 'Tis but one pang, and all is o'er !  
 O, bid the aged cedar fall !  
 To join the brethren of his prime,  
 The mighty of departed time.

### EVENING AMONGST THE ALPS.

Soft skies of Italy ! how richly dressed,  
 Smile these wild scenes in your purpureal  
 glow !  
 What glorious hues, reflected from the west,  
 Float o'er the dwellings of eternal snow !  
 Yon torrent, foaming down the granite steep,  
 Sparkles all brilliance in the setting beam ;  
 Dark glens beneath in shadowy beauty sleep,  
 Where pipes the goatherd by his mountain  
 stream.  
 Now from yon peak departs the vivid ray,  
 That still at eve its lofty temple knows ;  
 From rock and torrent fade the tints away,  
 And all is wrapped in twilight's deep repose :  
 While through the pine wood gleams the vesper  
 star,  
 And roves the Alpine gale o'er solitudes afar.

### DIRGE OF THE HIGHLAND CHIEF IN "WAVERLEY."\*

Son of the mighty and the free !  
 High-minded leader of the brave !  
 Was it for lofty chief like thee  
 To fill a nameless grave ?  
 O, if amidst the valiant slain  
 The warrior's bier had been thy lot,  
 E'en though on red Culloden's plain,  
 We then had mourned thee not.  
 But darkly closed thy dawn of fame,  
 That dawn whose sunbeam rose so fair ;

\* These very beautiful stanzas first appeared in the Edinburgh Annual Register for 1815, (p. 255,) with the following interesting heading : —

"A literary friend of ours received these verses with a letter of the following tenor : —

"*A very ingenious young friend of mine has just sent me the enclosed, on reading Waverley. To you the world gives that charming work ; and if in any future edition you should like to insert the Dirge to a Highland Chief, you would do honor to*

*Your Sincere Admirer.*"

"The individual to whom this obliging letter was addressed, having no claim to the honor which is there done

Vengeance alone may breathe thy name,  
 The watchword of Despair !  
 Yet, O, if gallant spirit's power  
 Hath e'er ennobled death like thine,  
 Then glory marked *thy* parting hour,  
 Last of a mighty line !

O'er thy own towers the sunshine falls,  
 But cannot chase their silent gloom ;  
 Those beams that gild thy native walls  
 Are sleeping on thy tomb !  
 Spring on thy mountains laughs the while,  
 Thy green woods wave in vernal air,  
 But the loved scenes may vainly smile :  
 Not e'en thy dust is there.

On thy blue hills no bugle sound  
 Is mingling with the torrent's roar ;  
 Unmarked, the wild deer sport around :  
 Thou lead'st the chase no more !  
 Thy gates are closed, thy halls are still,  
 Those halls where pealed the choral strain  
 They hear the wind's deep murmuring thrill,  
 And all is hushed again.

No banner from the lonely tower  
 Shall wave its blazoned folds on high ;  
 There the tall grass and summer flower  
 Unmarked shall spring and die.  
 No more thy bard for other ear  
 Shall wake the harp once loved by thine —  
 Hushed be the strain *thou* canst not hear,  
 Last of a mighty line !

### THE CRUSADERS' WAR SONG

CHIEFTAINS, lead on ! our hearts beat high —  
 Lead on to Salem's towers !  
 Who would not deem it bliss to die,  
 Slain in a cause like ours ?  
 The brave, who sleep in soil of thine,  
 Die not intombed, but shrined, O Palestine !

him, does not possess the means of publishing the verses in the popular novel alluded to. But that the public may sustain no loss, and that the ingenious author of Waverley may be aware of the honor intended him, our correspondent has ventured to send the verses to our Register."

Notwithstanding the mysticism in the note about the "very ingenious young friend of mine" and "your sincere admirer," on the one hand, and the disclaimer by "a literary friend of ours," on the other, there can be little doubt that the Dirge was sent by Mrs. Hemans to Sir Walter, then Mr. Scott, and by him to the Register — of which he himself wrote that year the historical department. — *Fide* Lockhart's Life of Scott, vol. iv. p. 80.

Souls of the slain in holy war!  
 Look from your sainted rest.  
 Tell us ye rose in Glory's car,  
 To mingle with the blest;  
 Tell us how short the death pang's power,  
 How bright the joys of your immortal bower.

Strike the loud harp, ye minstrel train!  
 Pour forth your loftiest lays;  
 Each heart shall echo to the strain  
 Breathed in the warrior's praise.  
 Bid every string triumphant swell  
 Th' inspiring sounds that heroes love so well.

Salem! amidst the fiercest hour,  
 The wildest rage of fight,  
 Thy name shall lend our falchions power,  
 And nerve our hearts with might.  
 Envied be those for thee that fall,  
 Who find their graves beneath thy sacred wall.

For them no need that sculptured tomb  
 Should chronicle their fame,  
 Or pyramid record their doom,  
 Or deathless verse their name;  
 It is enough that dust of thine  
 Should shroud their forms, O blessed Palestine.

Chieftains, lead on! our hearts beat high  
 For combat's glorious hour;  
 Soon shall the red-cross banner fly  
 On Salem's loftiest tower!  
 We burn to mingle in the strife,  
 Where *but* to die insures eternal life.

### THE DEATH OF CLANRONALD.

[It was in the battle of Sheriffmoor that young Clanronald fell, leading on the Highlanders of the right wing. His death dispirited the assailants, who began to waver. But Glengarry, chief of a rival branch of the Clan Colla, started from the ranks, and, waving his bonnet round his head, cried out, "To-day for revenge, and to-morrow for mourning!" The Highlanders received a new impulse from his words, and, charging with redoubled fury, bore down all before them. — See the *Quarterly Review* article of "Culloden Papers."]

O, NE'ER be Clanronald the valiant forgot!  
 Still fearless and first in the combat he fell;  
 But we paused not one teardrop to shed o'er  
 the spot,  
 We spared not one moment to murmur, "Fare-  
 well."  
 We heard but the battle word given by the chief,  
 "To-day for revenge, and to-morrow for grief!"

And wildly, Clanronald! we echoed the vow,  
 With the tear on our cheek, and the sword in  
 our hand;  
 Young son of the brave! we may weep for thee  
 now,  
 For well has thy death been avenged by thy  
 band,  
 When they joined in wild chorus the cry of the  
 chief,  
 "To-day for revenge, and to-morrow for grief!"

Thy dirge in that hour was the bugle's wild call,  
 The clash of the claymore, the shout of the  
 brave;  
 But now thy own bard may lament for thy fall,  
 And the soft voice of melody sigh o'er thy grave,  
 While Albyn remembers the words of the chief,  
 "To-day for revenge, and to-morrow for grief!"

Thou art fallen, O fearless one! flower of thy race  
 Descendant of heroes! thy glory is set;  
 But thy kindred, the sons of the battle and chase,  
 Have proved that thy spirit is bright in them yet!  
 Nor vainly have echoed the words of the chief,  
 "To-day for revenge, and to-morrow for grief!"

### TO THE EYE.

THRONE of expression! whence the spirit's ray  
 Pours forth so oft the light of mental day,  
 Where fancy's fire, affection's mental beam,  
 Thought, genius, passion, reign in turn supreme,  
 And many a feeling, words can ne'er impart,  
 Finds its own language to pervade the heart:  
 Thy power, bright orb! what bosom hath not felt,  
 To thrill, to rouse, to fascinate, to melt!  
 And, by some spell of undefined control,  
 With magnet influence touch the secret soul!

Light of the features! in the morn of youth  
 Thy glance is nature, and thy language truth;  
 And ere the world, with all-corrupting sway,  
 Hath taught e'en *thee* to flatter and betray,  
 Th' ingenuous heart forbids thee to reveal,  
 Or speak one thought that interest would con-  
 ceal.

While yet thou seem'st the cloudless mirror given  
 But to reflect the purity of heaven.  
 O, then how lovely, there unveiled, to trace  
 Th' unsullied brightness of each mental grace

When Genius lends thee all his living light,  
 Where the full beams of intellect unite;



When love illumines thee with his varying ray,  
Where trembling Hope and tearful Rapture play;  
Or Pity's melting cloud thy beam subdues,  
Tempering its lustre with a veil of dews;  
Still does thy power, whose all-commanding  
spell

Can pierce the mazes of the soul so well,  
Bid some new feeling to existence start  
From its deep slumbers in the inmost heart.

And O, when thought, in ecstasy sublime,  
That soars triumphant o'er the bounds of time,  
Fires thy keen glance with inspiration's blaze,  
The light of heaven, the hope of nobler days,  
(As glorious dreams, for utterance far too high,  
Flash through the mist of dim mortality;)   
Who does not own, that through thy lightning  
beams

A flame unquenchable, unearthly, streams?  
That pure, though captive effluence of the sky,  
The vestal ray, the spark that cannot die!

#### THE HERO'S DEATH.

LIFE's parting beams were in his eye,  
Life's closing accents on his tongue,  
When round him, pealing to the sky,  
The shout of victory rung!

Then, ere his gallant spirit fled,  
A smile so bright illumed his face —  
O, never, of the light it shed,  
Shall memory lose a trace!

His was a death whose rapture high  
Transcended all that life could yield;  
His warmest prayer was so to die,  
On the red battle field!

And they may feel, who loved him most,  
A pride so holy and so pure:  
Fate hath no power o'er those who boast  
A treasure thus secure!

#### STANZAS

ON

#### THE DEATH OF THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

[“Hélas! nous composions son histoire de tout ce qu'on peut imaginer de plus glorieux. . . . Le passé et le présent nous garantissoient l'avenir. . . . Telle étoit l'agréable histoire que nous faisions; et pour achever ces nobles projets,

il n'y avoit que la durée de sa vie; dont nous ne croyions pas devoir être en peine, car qui eût pu seulement penser, que les années eussent dû manquer à une jeunesse qui bloit si vive?” — BOSSUET.]

I.

MARKED ye the mingling of the city's throng,  
Each mien, each glance, with expectation bright  
Prepare the pageant and the choral song,  
The pealing chimes, the blaze of festal light!  
And hark! what rumor's gathering sound is  
nigh?

Is it the voice of joy, that murmur deep?  
Away! be hushed, ye sounds of revelry!  
Back to your homes, ye multitudes, to weep!  
Weep! for the storm hath o'er us darkly passed,  
And England's royal flower is broken by the  
blast!

II.

Was it a dream? so sudden and so dread  
That awful fiat o'er our senses came!  
So loved, so blest, is that young spirit fled,  
Whose early grandeur promised years of fame.  
O, when hath life possessed, or death destroyed  
More lovely hopes, more cloudlessly that smiled?  
When hath the spoiler left so dark a void?  
For all is lost — the mother and her child!  
Our morning star hath vanished, and the tomb  
Throws its deep-lengthened shade o'er distant  
years to come.

III.

Angel of Death! did no presaging sign  
Announce thy coming, and thy way prepare?  
No warning voice, no harbinger was thine,  
Danger and fear seemed past — but thou wert  
there!  
Prophetic sounds along the earthquake's path  
Foretell the hour of nature's awful throes.  
And the volcano, ere it burst in wrath,  
Sends forth some herald from its dread repose:  
But thou, dark Spirit! swift and unforeseen,  
Cam'st like the lightning's flash, when heaven  
is all serene.

IV.

And she is gone! — the royal and the young,  
In soul commanding, and in heart benign!  
Who, from a race of kings and heroes sprung,  
Glowed with a spirit lofty as her line.  
Now may the voice she loved on earth so well  
Breathe forth her name unheeded and in vain;  
Nor can those eyes on which her own would  
dwell  
Wake from that breast one sympathy again

The ardent heart, the towering mind are fled,  
Yet shall undying love still linger with the dead.

V.

O, many a bright existence we have seen  
Quenched in the glow and fulness of its prime;  
And many a cherished flower, ere now, hath been  
Cropped ere its leaves were breathed upon by time.  
We have lost heroes in their noon of pride,  
Whose fields of triumph gave them but a bier;  
And we have wept when soaring genius died,  
Checked in the glory of his mid career!  
But here our hopes were centred — all is o'er;  
All thought in this absorbed — she was — and  
is no more!

VI.

We watched her childhood from its earliest hour,  
From every word and look blest omens caught;  
While that young mind developed all its power,  
And rose to energies of loftiest thought.  
On her was fixed the patriot's ardent eye —  
One hope still bloomed, one vista still was fair;  
And when the tempest swept the troubled sky,  
She was our dayspring — all was cloudless there;  
And O, how lovely broke on England's gaze,  
E'en through the mist and storm, the light of  
distant days!

VII.

Now hath one moment darkened future years,  
And changed the track of ages yet to be!  
Yet, mortal! 'midst the bitterness of tears,  
Kneel, and adore th' inscrutable decree!  
O, while the clear perspective smiled in light,  
Wisdom should then have tempered hope's ex-  
cess;  
And, lost One! when we saw thy lot so bright,  
We might have trembled at its loveliness.  
Joy is no earthly flower — nor framed to bear,  
In its exotic bloom, life's cold, ungenial air.

VIII.

All smiled around thee: Youth, and Love, and  
Praise,  
Hearts all devotion and all truth were thine!  
On thee was riveted a nation's gaze,  
As on some radiant and unsullied shrine.  
Heiress of empires! thou art passed away  
Like some fair vision, that arose to throw  
O'er one brief hour of life a fleeting ray,  
Then leave the rest to solitude and woe!  
O, who shall dare to woo such dreams again!  
Who hath not wept to know that tears for thee  
were vain?

IX.

Yet there is one who loved thee — and whose soul  
With mild affections nature formed to melt;  
His mind hath bowed beneath the stern contro:  
Of many a grief — but *this* shall be unfelt!  
Years have gone by — and given his honored  
head  
A diadem of snow; his eye is dim;  
Around him Heaven a solemn cloud hath spread,  
The past, the future, are a dream to him!  
Yet, in the darkness of his fate, alone!  
He dwells on earth, while thou in life's ful-  
pride art gone!

X.

The Chastener's hand is on us — we may weep,  
But not repine — for many a storm hath passed,  
And, pillowed on her own majestic deep,  
Hath England slept, unshaken by the blast!  
And War hath raged o'er many a distant plain,  
Trampling the vine and olive in his path;  
While she, that regal daughter of the main,  
Smiled in serene defiance of his wrath!  
As some proud summit, mingling with the sky,  
Hears calmly far below the thunders roll and die.

XI.

Her voice hath been th' awakener — and her  
name  
The gathering word of nations. In her might,  
And all the awful beauty of her fame,  
Apart she dwelt, in solitary light.  
High on her cliffs, alone and firm she stood,  
Fixing the torch upon her beacon tower —  
That torch whose flame, far streaming o'er the  
flood,  
Hath guided Europe through her darkest hour  
Away, vain dreams of glory! — in the dust  
Be humbled, Ocean queen! and own thy sen-  
tence just!

1 "I saw him last on this *erice* *frat*,  
Walking in health and gladness;  
Begin with his court — and in all the *crowd*  
Not a single look of sadness.

"The time since he walked in glory thus,  
To the grave till I saw him carried,  
Was an age of the mightiest change to us,  
But to him a night unvaried.

"A daughter beloved — a queen — a son —  
And a son's sole child had perished;  
And sad was each heart, save the only one  
By which they were fondest cherished."

— "The Contrast," written under Windor Terrace, 17th  
Feb., 1820, by Horace Smith, Esq.

## XII.

Hark ! 'twas the death bell's note ! which, full  
and deep,  
Unmixed with aught of less majestic tone,  
While all the murmurs of existence sleep,  
Swelled on the stillness of the air alone !  
Silent the throngs that fill the darkened street,  
Silent the slumbering Thames, the lonely mart ;  
And all is still, where countless thousands meet,  
Save the full throbbing of the awe-struck heart !  
All deeply, strangely, fearfully serene,  
As in each ravaged home th' avenging one had  
been.

## XIII.

The sun goes down in beauty — his farewell,  
Unlike the world he leaves, is calmly bright ;  
And his last mellowed rays around us dwell,  
Lingering, as if on scenes of young delight.  
They smile and fade — but, when the day is o'er,  
What slow procession moves with measured  
tread ? —

Lo ! those who weep, with her who weeps no  
more,

A solemn train — the mourners and the dead !  
While, throned on high, the moon's untroubled  
ray

Looks down, as earthly hopes are passing thus  
away.

## XIV.

But other light is in that holy pile,  
Where, in the house of silence, kings repose ;  
There, through the dim arcade and pillared  
aisle,

The funeral torch its deep-red radiance throws.  
There pall, and canopy, and sacred strain,  
And all around the stamp of woe may bear ;

But Grief, to whose full heart those forms are  
vain,

Grief unexpressed, unsoothed by them — is there.  
No darker hour hath Fate for him who mourns,  
Than when the all he loved as dust to dust re-  
turns.

## XV.

We mourn — but not *thy* fate, departed One !  
We pity — but the living, not the dead ;  
A cloud hangs o'er us <sup>1</sup> — "the bright day is  
done,"

And with ■ father's hopes a nation's fled.

<sup>1</sup> "The bright day is done,  
And we are for the dark."—SHAKESPEARE.

And he, the chosen of thy youthful breast,  
Whose soul with thine had mingled every  
thought —

He, with thine early, fond affections blest,  
Lord of a mind with all things lovely fraught ;  
What but ■ desert to his eye that earth  
Which but retains of thee the memory of thy  
worth ?

## XVI.

O, there are griefs for nature too intense,  
Whose first rude shock but stupefies the soul ;  
Nor hath the fragile and o'erlabored sense  
Strength e'en to *feel* at once their dread control.  
But when 'tis past, that still and speechless  
hour

Of the sealed bosom and the tearless eye,  
Then the roused mind awakes, with tenfold  
power

To grasp the fulness of its agony !  
Its deathlike torpor vanished — and its doom,  
To cast its own dark hues o'er life and nature's  
bloom.

## XVII.

And such *his* lot whom thou hast loved and  
left,

Spirit ! thus early to thy home recalled !  
So sinks the heart, of hope and thee bereft,  
A warrior's heart, which danger ne'er appalled.  
Years may pass on — and, as they roll along,  
Mellow those pangs which now his bosom rend ;  
And he once more, with life's unheeding throng,  
May, though alone in soul, in seeming blend,  
Yet still, the guardian angel of his mind  
Shall thy loved image dwell, in Memory's tem-  
ple shrined.

## XVIII.

Yet must the days be long ere time shall steal  
Aught from his grief whose spirit dwells with  
thee :

Once deeply bruised, the heart at length may  
heal,

But all it was — O, nevermore shall be.

The flower, the leaf, o'erwhelmed by winter  
snow,

Shall spring again, when beams and showers  
return,

The faded cheek again with health may glow,  
And the dim eye with life's warm radiance burn ;  
But the pure freshness of the mind's young  
bloom,

Once lost, revives alone in worlds beyond the  
tomb.



## XIX.

But thou! thine hour of agony is o'er,  
And thy brief race in brilliance hath been run;  
While Faith, that bids fond nature grieve no  
more,

Tells that thy crown (though not on earth) is won.  
Thou, of the world so early left, hast known  
Nought but the bloom and sunshine; and for thee,  
Child of propitious stars! for thee alone,  
The course of love ran smooth<sup>1</sup> and brightly free.  
Not long such bliss to mortal could be given:  
It is enough for earth to catch one glimpse of  
heaven.

## XX.

What though, ere yet the noonday of thy fame  
Rose in its glory on thine England's eye,  
The grave's deep shadows o'er thy prospect  
came?

Ours is that loss — and thou wert blest to die!  
Thou mightst have lived to dark and evil years,  
To mourn thy people changed, thy skies o'ercast;  
But thy spring morn was all undimmed by tears,  
And thou wert loved and cherished to the last!  
And thy young name, ne'er breathed in ruder  
tone,

Thus dying, thou hast left to love and grief alone.

## XXI.

Daughter of Kings! from that high sphere look  
down

Where still, in hope, affection's thoughts may  
rise;

Where dimly shines to thee that mortal crown  
Which earth displayed to claim thee from the  
skies.

Look down! and if thy spirit yet retain  
Memory of aught that once was fondly dear,

<sup>1</sup> "The course of true love never did run smooth."

SHAKESPEARE.

Soothe, though unseen, the hearts that mourn  
in vain,

And in their hours of loneliness — be near!  
Blest was thy lot e'en here — and one faint sigh,  
O, tell those hearts, hath made that blest eter-  
nity!<sup>2</sup>

<sup>2</sup> These stanzas were dated, Brownwhylfa, 23d Dec., 1817, and first appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*, vol. iii April, 1818.

## EXTRACT FROM QUARTERLY REVIEW.

"The next volume in order consists principally of translations. It will give our readers some idea of Mrs. Hemans's acquaintance with books, to enumerate the authors from whom she has chosen her subjects: — they are Camoens, Metastasio, Filicaja, Pastorini, Lope de Vega, Francisco Manuel, Della Casa, Cornelio Bentivoglio, Quevedo, Juan de Tarsis, Torquato and Bernardo Tasso, Petrarca, Pietro Bembo, Lorenzini, Gesner, Chaulieu, Garcilaso de Vega — names embracing almost every language in which the muse has found a tongue in Europe. Many of these translations are very pretty, but it would be less interesting to select any of them for citation, as our readers might not be possessed of or acquainted with the originals. We will pass on, therefore, to the latter part of the volume, which contains much that is very pleasing and beautiful. The poem which we are about to transcribe is on a subject often treated — and no wonder; it would be hard to find another which embraces so many of the elements of poetic feeling; so soothing a mixture of pleasing melancholy and pensive hope; such an assemblage of the ideas of tender beauty, of artless playfulness, of spotless purity, of transient yet imperishable brightness, of affections wounded, but not in bitterness, of sorrows gently subdued, of eternal and undoubted happiness. We know so little of the heart of man, that when we stand by the grave of him whom we deem most excellent, the thought of death will be mingled with some awe and uncertainty; but the gracious promises of Scripture leave no doubt as to the blessedness of departed infants; and when we think what they now are and what they might have been, what they now enjoy and what they might have suffered, what they have now gained and what they might have lost, we may, indeed, yearn to follow them; but we must be selfish indeed to wish them again 'constrained' to dwell in these tenements of pain and sorrow. The 'Dirge of a Child,' which follows, embodies these thoughts and feelings, but in more beautiful order and language: —

"No bitter tears for thee be shed," etc. — Vide page 105.

WALLACE'S INVOCATION TO BRUCE.<sup>1</sup>

"Great patriot hero ! ill-requited chief !"

THE morn rose bright on scenes renowned,  
Wild Caledonia's classic ground,  
Where the bold sons of other days  
Won their high fame in Ossian's lays,  
And fell — but not till Carron's tide  
With Roman blood was darkly dyed,  
The morn rose bright — and heard the cry  
Sent by exulting hosts on high,  
And saw the white-cross banner float  
(While rung each clansman's gathering note)  
O'er the dark plumes and serried spears  
Of Scotland's daring mountaineers ;  
As, all elate with hope, they stood,  
To buy their freedom with their blood.

<sup>1</sup> *Advertisement by the Author.* — "A native of Edinburgh, and member of the Highland Society of London, with a view to give popularity to the project of rearing a suitable national monument to the memory of Wallace, lately offered prizes for the three best poems on the subject of that illustrious patriot inviting Bruce to the Scottish throne. The following poem obtained the first of these prizes. It would have appeared in the same form in which it is now offered to the public, under the direction of its proper editor, the giver of the prize ; but his privilege has, with pride as well as pleasure, been yielded to a lady of the author's own country, who solicited permission to avail herself of this opportunity of honoring and further remunerating the genius of the poet ; and, at the same time, expressing her admiration of the theme in which she has triumphed.

"It is a noble feature in the character of a generous and enlightened people, that, in England, the memory of the patriots and martyrs of Scotland has long excited an interest not exceeded in strength by that which prevails in the country which boasts their birth, their deeds, and their sufferings."

"Mrs. Hemans was recommended by a zealous friend in Edinburgh to enter the lists as a competitor, which she accordingly did, though without being in the slightest degree sanguine of success ; so that the news of the prize having been decreed to her was no less unexpected than gratifying. The number of candidates, for this distinction, was so overwhelming as to cause not a little embarrassment to the judges appointed to decide on their merits. A letter, written at this time, describes them as being reduced to absolute despair by the contemplation of the task which awaited them, having to read over a mass of poetry that would require a month at least to wade through. Some of the contributions were from the strangest aspirants imaginable ; and one of them is mentioned as being as long as *Paradise Lost*. At length, however, the Herculean labor was accomplished ; and the honor awarded to Mrs. Hemans, on this occasion, seemed an earnest of the warm kindness and encouragement she was ever afterwards to receive at the hands of the Scottish public." — *Memoir*, pp. 31, 32.

Although two thirds of the compositions sent to the arbiters, on the occasion alluded to, are understood to have been mere trash yet several afterwards came to light, through the

The sunset shone — to guide the fly —  
And beam a farewell to the dying !  
The summer moon, on Falkirk's field,  
Streams upon eyes in slumber sealed,  
Deep slumber — not to pass away  
When breaks another morning's ray,  
Nor vanish when the trumpet's voice  
Bids ardent hearts again rejoice :  
What sunbeam's glow, what clarion's blast  
May chase the still cold sleep of death ?  
Shrouded in Scotland's blood-stained plaid,  
Low are her mountain warriors laid ;  
They fell, on that proud soil whose mould  
Was blent with heroes' dust of old,

press, of very considerable excellence. We would especially mention "Wallace and Bruce, a Vision," published in *Constable's Magazine* for December, 1819, and "Wallace," by James Hogg, subsequently included in the fourth volume of his *Collected Works* — Edin. 1822, pp. 143-160.

"The Vision" is thus prefaced : — "Though far from entering into a hopeless competition with Mrs. Hemans, I think the far-famed interview of our patriot heroes ought not to be left entirely to English celebration. Mrs. Hemans has adorned the subject with the finest strains of pure poetry. Receive here, as a humble contrast, a simple strain of genuine Scottish feeling, flowing from a mind that owns no other muse but the *amor patriæ*, and seeks no other praise but what is due to heartfelt interest in the glory of our ancient kingdom, and no higher name than that of 'a kindly Scot.'"

The Ettrick Shepherd is equally gallant in his laudations, and forgets his discomfiture in generous acknowledgment of the merits of his rival. "This poem," (Wallace,) says he, "was hurriedly and reluctantly written, in compliance with the solicitations of a friend who would not be gainsaid, to compete for a prize offered by a gentleman for the best poem on the subject. The prize was finally awarded to Mrs. Felicia Hemans ; and, as far as the merits of mine went, very justly, hers being greatly superior both in elegance of thought and composition. Had I been constituted the judge myself, I would have given hers the preference by many degrees ; and I estimated it the more highly as coming from one of the people that were the hero's foes, oppressors, and destroyers. I think my heart never warmed so much to an author for any poem that ever was written."

Acceptable praise this must have been, coming from such a man as the Author of "The Queen's Wake" — a production entitled to a permanent place in British poetry, independently of the extraordinary circumstances under which it was composed. Whatever may be its blemishes, taken as a whole, "Kilmeny," "Glenavin," "Earl Walter," "The Abbot Mackinnon," and "The Witch of Fife" more especially the first and the last — possess peculiar merits, and of a high kind ; and are, I doubt not, destined to remain forever embalmed in the memories of all true lovers of imaginative verse. Poor Hogg was the very reverse of Antæus — he was always in power except when he touched the earth.]

And, guarded by the free and brave,  
Yielded the Roman — but a grave!  
Nobly they fell; yet with them died  
The warrior's hope, the leader's pride.  
Vainly they fell — that martyr host —  
All, save the land's high soul, is lost.  
Blest are the slain! *they* calmly sleep,  
Nor hear their bleeding country weep!  
The shouts of England's triumph telling  
Reach not their dark and silent dwelling.  
And those surviving to bequeath  
Their sons the choice of chains or death,  
May give the slumberer's lowly bier  
An envying glance — but not a tear.

But thou, the fearless and the free,  
Devoted Knight of Ellerslie!  
No vassal spirit, formed to bow  
When storms are gathering, clouds thy view;  
No shade of fear or weak despair  
Blends with indignant sorrow there!  
The ray which streams on yon red field,  
O'er Scotland's cloven helm and shield,  
Glitters not *there* alone, to shed  
Its cloudless beauty o'er the dead;  
But where smooth Carron's rippling wave  
Flows near that death bed of the brave,  
Illuming all the midnight scene,  
Sleeps brightly on thy lofty mien.  
But other beams, O Patriot! shine  
In each commanding glance of thine,  
And other light hath filled thine eye  
With inspiration's majesty,  
Caught from th' immortal flame divine  
Which makes thine inmost heart a shrine!  
Thy voice a prophet's tone hath won,  
The grandeur Freedom lends her son;  
Thy bearing ■ resistless power,  
The ruling genius of the hour!  
And he, yon Chief, with mien of pride,  
Whom Carron's waves from thee divide,  
Whose haughty gesture fain would seek  
To veil the thoughts that blanch his cheek,  
Feels his reluctant mind controlled  
By thine of more heroic mould:  
Though struggling all in vain to war  
With that high soul's ascendant star,  
He, with a conqueror's scornful eye,  
Would mock the name of Liberty.

Heard ye the Patriot's awful voice? —  
‘Proud Victor! in thy fame rejoice!  
Hast thou not seen thy brethren slain,  
The harvest of the battle plain,

And bathed thy sword in blood, whose spot  
Eternity shall cancel not?  
Rejoice! — with sounds of wild lament  
O'er her dark heaths and mountains sent,  
With dying moan and dirge's wail,  
Thy ravaged country bids thee hail!  
Rejoice! — while yet exulting cries  
From England's conquering host arise,  
And strains of choral triumph tell  
Her Royal Slave hath fought too well!  
O, dark the clouds of woe that rest  
Brooding o'er Scotland's mountain crest!  
Her shield is cleft, her banner torn,  
O'er martyred chiefs her daughters mourn  
And not a breeze but wafts the sound  
Of wailing through the land around.  
Yet deem not thou, till life depart,  
High hope shall leave the patriot's heart.  
Or courage to the storm inured,  
Or stern resolve by woes matured,  
Oppose, to Fate's severest hour,  
Less than unconquerable power!  
No! though the orbs of heaven expire,  
*Thine*, Freedom! is a quenchless fire;  
And woe to him whose might would dare  
The energies of *thy* despair!  
No! — when thy chain, O Bruce! is cast  
O'er thy land's chartered mountain blast,  
Then in my yielding soul shall die  
The glorious faith of Liberty!”

“Wild hopes! o'er dreamer's mind ~~that~~  
rise!”

With haughty laugh the Conqueror cries,  
(Yet his dark cheek is flushed with shame,  
And his eye filled with troubled flame;)  
“Vain, brief illusions! doomed to fly  
England's red path of victory!  
Is not her sword unmatched in might?  
Her course a torrent in the fight?  
The terror of her name gone forth  
Wide o'er the regions of the north?  
Far hence, 'midst other heaths and snows,  
Must freedom's footstep now repose.  
And thou — in lofty dreams elate,  
Enthusiast! strive no more with Fate!  
'Tis vain — the land is lost and won:  
Sheathed be the sword — its task is done.  
Where are the chiefs that stood with *thee*  
First in the battles of the free?  
The firm in heart, in spirit high?  
They sought yon fatal field to die.  
Each step of Edward's conquering host  
Hath left ■ grave on Scotland's coast.”



"Vassal of England, yes! a grave  
 Where sleep the faithful and the brave;  
 And who the glory would resign  
 Of death like theirs, for life like thine?  
 They slumber — and the stranger's tread  
 May spurn thy country's noble dead;  
 Yet, on the land they loved so well,  
 Still shall their burning spirit dwell,  
 Their deeds shall hallow minstrel's theme,  
 Their image rise on warrior's dream,  
 Their names be inspiration's breath,  
 Kindling high hope and scorn of death,  
 Till bursts, immortal from the tomb,  
 The flame that shall avenge their doom!  
 This is no land for chains — away!  
 O'er softer climes let tyrants sway.  
 Think'st thou the mountain and the storm  
 Their hardy sons for bondage form?  
 Doth our stern wintry blast instil  
 Submission to a despot's will?  
 No! *we* were cast in other mould  
 Than theirs by lawless power controlled;  
 The nurture of our bitter sky  
 Calls forth resisting energy;  
 And the wild fastnesses are ours,  
 The rocks with their eternal towers.  
 The soul to struggle and to dare  
 Is mingled with our northern air,  
 And dust beneath our soil is lying  
 Of those who died for fame undying.

"Tread'st thou that soil! and can it be  
 No loftier thought is roused in thee?  
 Doth no high feeling proudly start  
 From slumber in thine inmost heart?  
 No secret voice thy bosom thrill,  
 For thine own Scotland pleading still?  
 O, wake thee yet — indignant, claim  
 A nobler fate, a purer fame,  
 And cast to earth thy fetters riven,  
 And take thine offered crown from heaven.  
 Wake! in that high majestic lot  
 May the dark past be all forgot;  
 And Scotland shall forgive the field  
 Where with her blood thy shame was sealed.  
 E'en I — though on that fatal plain  
 Lies my heart's brother with the slain;  
 Though, reft of his heroic worth,  
 My spirit dwells alone on earth;  
 And when all other grief is past,  
 Must *this* be cherished to the last —  
 Will lead thy battles, guard thy throne,  
 With faith unspotted as his own;  
 Nor in thy noon of fame recall  
 Whose was the guilt that wrought his fall."

Still dost thou hear in stern disdain —  
 Are Freedom's warning accents vain?  
 No! royal Bruce! within thy breast  
 Wakes each high thought, too long suppressed  
 And thy heart's noblest feelings live,  
 Blent in that suppliant word — "*forgive!*"  
 "Forgive the wrongs to Scotland done!  
 Wallace! thy fairest palm is won;  
 And, kindling at my country's shrine,  
 My soul hath caught a spark from thine.  
 O, deem not, in the proudest hour  
 Of triumph and exulting power —  
 Deem not the light of peace could find  
 A home within my troubled mind.  
 Conflicts by mortal eye unseen,  
 Dark, silent, secret, there have been,  
 Known but to Him whose glance can trace  
 Thought to its deepest dwelling-place!  
 — 'Tis past — and on my native shore  
 I tread, a rebel son no more.  
 Too blest, if yet my lot may be  
 In glory's path to follow thee;  
 If tears, by late repentance poured,  
 May lave the blood stains from my sword!"

Far other tears, O Wallace! rise  
 From the heart's fountain to thine eyes,  
 Bright, holy, and unchecked they spring,  
 While thy voice falters, "*Hail! my King!*"  
 Be every wrong, by memory traced,  
 In this full tide of joy effaced:  
 Hail! and rejoice! — thy race shall claim  
 A heritage of deathless fame,  
 And Scotland shall arise at length  
 Majestic in triumphant strength,  
 An eagle of the rock, that won  
 A way through tempests to the sun.  
 Nor scorn the visions, wildly grand,  
 The prophet spirit of thy land:  
 By torrent wave, in desert vast,  
 Those visions o'er my thought have passed  
 Where mountain vapors darkly roll,  
 That spirit hath possessed my soul;  
 And shadowy forms have met mine eye,  
 The beings of futurity;  
 And a deep voice of years to be  
 Hath told that Scotland shall be free!  
 He comes! exult, thou Sire of Kings!  
 From thee the chief, th' avenger springs!  
 Far o'er the land he comes to save,  
 His banners in their glory wave,  
 And Albion's thousand harps awake  
 On hill and heath, by stream and lake,  
 To swell the strains that far around  
 Bid the proud name of Bruce resound!

And I — but wherefore now recall  
 The whispered omens of my fall?  
 They come not in mysterious gloom —  
 There is no bondage in the tomb!  
 O'er the soul's world no tyrant reigns,  
 And earth alone for man hath chains!  
 What though I perish ere the hour  
 When Scotland's vengeance wakes in power?  
 'T shed for her, my blood shall stain  
 The field or scaffold not in vain:  
 Its voice to efforts more sublime  
 Shall rouse the spirit of her clime;  
 And in the noontide of her lot,  
 My country shall forget me not!"

Art thou forgot? and hath thy worth  
 Without its glory passed from earth?  
 Rest with the brave, whose names belong  
 To the high sanctity of song!  
 'Chartered our reverence to control,  
 And traced in sunbeams on the soul,  
 Thine, Wallace! while the heart hath still  
 One pulse a generous thought can thrill —  
 While youth's warm tears are yet the meed  
 Of martyr's death or hero's deed,  
 Shall brightly live from age to age,  
 Thy country's proudest heritage!  
 'Midst her green vales thy fame is dwelling,  
 Thy deeds her mountain winds are telling,  
 Thy memory speaks in torrent wave,  
 Thy step hath hallowed rock and cave,  
 And cold the wanderer's heart must be  
 That holds no converse there with thee!  
 Yet, Scotland! to thy champion's shade  
 Still are thy grateful rites delayed;  
 From lands of old renown, o'erspread  
 With proud memorials of the dead,  
 The trophied urn, the breathing bust,  
 The pillar guarding noble dust,  
 The shrine where art and genius high  
 Have labored for eternity —  
 The stranger comes: his eye explores  
 The wilds of thy majestic shores,  
 Yet vainly seeks one votive stone  
 Raised to the hero all thine own.

Land of bright deeds and minstrel lore!  
 Withhold that guerdon now no more.  
 On some bold height of awful form,  
 Stern eyry of the cloud and storm,

Sublimely mingling with the skies,  
 Bid the proud Cenotaph arise:  
 Not to record the name that thrills  
 Thy soul, the watchword of thy hills;  
 Not to assert, with needless claim,  
 The bright forever of its fame;  
 But, in the ages yet untold,  
 When ours shall be the days of old,  
 To rouse high hearts, and speak thy pride  
 In him, for thee who lived and died.

[These verses were thus critically noticed at the time of publication: —

"When we mentioned in the tent, that Mrs. Hemans had authorized the judges who awarded to her the prize to send her poem to us, it is needless to say with what enthusiasm the proposal of reading it aloud was received on all sides; and at its conclusion thunders of applause crowned the genius of the fair poet. Scotland has her Baillie — Ireland her Tighe — England her Hemans." — *Blackwood's Magazine*, vol. v. Sept., 1819.

"Mrs. Hemans so soon again! — and with a palm in her hand! We welcome her cordially, and rejoice to find the high opinion of her genius which we lately expressed so unequivocally confirmed.

"On this animating theme, (the meeting of Wallace and Bruce,) several of the competitors, we understand, were of the other side of the Tweed; a circumstance, we learn, which was known from the references before the prizes were determined. Mrs. Hemans's was the first prize, against fifty-seven competitors. That a Scottish prize, for a poem on a subject purely, proudly Scottish, has been adjudged to an English candidate, is a proof at once of the perfect fairness of the award, and of the merit of the poem. It further demonstrates the disappearance of those jealousies which, not a hundred years ago, would have denied to such a candidate any thing like a fair chance with a native — if we can suppose any poet in the south then dreaming of making the trial, or viewing Wallace in any other light than that of an enemy, and a rebel against the paramount supremacy of England. We delight in every gleam of high feeling which warms the two nations alike, and ripens yet more that confidence and sympathy which bind them together in one great family." — *Edinburgh Monthly Review*, vol. ii.

The estimation into which the poetry of Mrs. Hemans was rising at this time, (1819,) is indicated by the following passage, from a clever and not very lenient satire, entitled "Common Sense," then published, and currently believed to have emanated from the pen of the Rev. Mr. Terrot, now Diocesan Bishop of Edinburgh. When alluding to the female writers of the age, Miss Baillie is the first mentioned and characterized. He then proceeds —

— "Next I'd place  
 Felicia Hemans, second in the race;  
 I wonder the Reviews, who make such stir  
 Oft about rubbish, never mention her.  
 They might have said, I think, from mere good breeding,  
 Mistress Felicia's works are worth the reading."

"Mrs. Hemans," adds the critical satirist in a note, "is a lady (a young lady, I believe) of very considerable merit. Her imagination is vigorous, her language copious and elegant, her information extensive. I have no means of ascertaining the extent of her fame, but she certainly deserves well of the republic of letters."

The worthy bishop has lived to read "The Records of Woman;" and, we have no doubt, rejoices to know that the aspirant of 1819 has now taken her place among British classics.

TALES AND HISTORIC SCENES.

THE ABENCERRAGE.

[The events with which the following tale is interwoven are related in the *Historia de las Guerras Civiles de Granada*. They occurred in the reign of Abo Abdeli, or Abdali, the last Moorish king of that city, called by the Spaniards El Rey Chico. The conquest of Granada, by Ferdinand and Isabella, is said by some historians to have been greatly facilitated by the Abencerrages, whose defection was the result of the repeated injuries they had received from the king, at the instigation of the Zegrís. One of the most beautiful halls of the Alhambra is pointed out as the scene where so many of the former celebrated tribe were massacred; and it still retains their name, being called the "Sala de los Abencerrages." Many of the most interesting old Spanish ballads relate to the events of this chivalrous and romantic period.]

"Le Maure ne se venge pas parce que sa colere dure encore, mais parce que la vengeance seul peut ecarter de sa tete le poids d'infamie dont il est accable. Il se venge, parce qu'a ses yeux il n'y a qu'une ame basse qui puisse pardonner les affronts; et il nourrit sa rancune, parce que s'il la sentoit s'eteindre, il croiroit avec elle avoir perdu une vertu."  
SISMONDI.

LONELY and still are now thy marble halls,  
Thou fair Alhambra! there the feast is o'er;  
And with the murmur of thy fountain falls  
Blend the wild tones of minstrelsy no more.

Hushed are the voices that in years gone by  
Have mourned, exulted, menaced, through  
thy towers;  
Within thy pillared courts the grass waves high,  
And all uncultured bloom thy fairy bowers.

Unheeded there the flowering myrtle blows,  
Through tall arcades unmarked the sunbeam  
smiles,  
And many a tint of softened brilliance throws  
O'er fretted walls and shining peristyles.

And well might Fancy deem thy fabrics lone,  
So vast, so silent, and so wildly fair,  
Some charmed abode of beings all unknown,  
Powerful and viewless, children of the air.

For there no footstep treads th' enchanted  
ground,  
There not a sound the deep repose pervades,  
Save winds and founts, diffusing freshness round,  
Through the light domes and graceful colon-  
nades.

Far other tones have swelled those courts along  
In days romance yet fondly loves to trace —

The clash of arms, the voice of choral song,  
The revels, combats of a vanished race.

And yet while, at Fancy's potent call,  
Shall rise that race, the chivalrous, the bold;  
Peopling once more each fair forsaken hall  
With stately forms, the knights and chiefs of  
old.

— The sun declines: upon Nevada's height  
There dwells a mellow flush of rosy light;  
Each soaring pinnacle of mountain snow  
Smiles in the richness of that parting glow,  
And Darro's wave reflects each passing dye  
That melts and mingles in th' empurpled sky.  
Fragrance, exhaled from rose and citron bower,  
Blends with the dewy freshness of the hour;  
Hushed are the winds, and nature seems to sleep  
In light and stillness; wood, and tower, and steep,  
Are dyed with tints of glory, only given  
To the rich evening of a southern heaven —  
Tints of the sun, whose bright farewell is fraught  
With all that art hath dreamt, but never caught.  
— Yes, Nature sleeps; but not with her at rest  
The fiery passions of the human breast.  
Hark! from th' Alhambra's towers what stormy  
sound,

Each moment deepening, wildly swells around!  
Those are no tumults of a festal throng,  
Not the light zambra<sup>1</sup> nor the choral song:  
The combat rages — 'tis the shout of war,  
'Tis the loud clash of shield and cimeter.  
Within the Hall of Lions,<sup>2</sup> where the rays  
Of eve, yet lingering, on the fountain blaze;  
There, girt and guarded by his Zegri bands,  
And stern in wrath, the Moorish monarch stands  
There the strife centres — swords around him  
wave,

There bleed the fallen, there contend the brave  
While echoing domes return the battle cry,  
"Revenge and freedom! let the tyrant die!"  
And onward rushing, and prevailing still,  
Court, hall, and tower the fierce avengers fill.  
But first and bravest of that gallant train,  
Where foes are mightiest, charging ne'er in vain

<sup>1</sup> Zambra, a Moorish dance.

<sup>2</sup> The Hall of Lions was the principal one of the Alhambra, and was so called from twelve sculptured lions which supported an alabaster basin in the centre.



In his red hand the sabre glancing bright,  
His dark eye flashing with a fiercer light,  
Ardent, untired, scarce conscious that he bleeds,  
His Aben-Zurrahs<sup>1</sup> there young Hamet leads ;  
While swells his voice that wild acclaim on high,  
"Revenge and freedom ! let the tyrant die !"

Yes ! trace the footsteps of the warrior's wrath  
By helm and corselet shattered in his path,  
And by the thickest harvest of the slain,  
And by the marble's deepest crimson stain :  
Search through the serried fight, where loudest  
cries  
From triumph, anguish, or despair arise ;  
And brightest where the shivering falchions  
glare,  
And where the ground is reddest — he is there.  
Yes ! that young arm, amidst the Zegri host,  
Hath well avenged a sire, a brother, lost.

They perished — not as heroes should have  
died,  
On the red field, in victory's hour of pride,  
In all the glow and sunshine of their fame,  
And proudly smiling as the death pang came :  
O, had they *thus* expired, a warrior's tear  
Had flowed, almost in triumph, o'er their bier.  
For thus alone the brave should weep for those  
Who brightly pass in glory to repose.  
— Not such their fate : a tyrant's stern com-  
mand

Doomed them to fall by some ignoble hand,  
As, with the flower of all their high-born race,  
Summoned Abdallah's royal feast to grace,  
Fearless in heart, no dream of danger nigh,  
They sought the banquet's gilded hall — to die.  
Betrayed, unarmed, they fell — the fountain  
wave  
Flowed crimson with the lifeblood of the brave,  
Till far the fearful tidings of their fate  
Through the wide city rang from gate to gate,  
And of that lineage each surviving son  
Rushed to the scene where vengeance might be  
won.

For this young Hamet mingles in the strife,  
Leader of battle, prodigal of life,  
Urging his followers, till their foes, beset,  
Stand faint and breathless, but undaunted yet.  
Brave Aben-Zurrahs, on ! one effort more,  
Yours is the triumph, and the conflict o'er.

<sup>1</sup> Aben-Zurrahs : the name thus written is taken from the translation of an Arabic MS. given in the third volume of Bourgoanne's Travels through Spain.

But lo ! descending o'er the darkened hall,  
The twilight shadows fast and deeply fall,  
Nor yet the strife hath ceased — though scarce  
they know,  
Through that thick gloom, the brother from the  
foe ;

Till the moon rises with her cloudless ray,  
The peaceful moon, and gives them light to slay.

Where lurks Abdallah ? — 'midst his yielding  
train  
They seek the guilty monarch, but in vain.  
He lies not numbered with the valiant dead,  
His champions round him have not vainly ble<sup>d</sup>.  
But when the twilight spread her shadowy veil,  
And his last warriors found each effort fail,  
In wild despair he fled — a trusted few,  
Kindred in crime, are still in danger true ;  
And o'er the scene of many a martial deed,  
The Vega's<sup>2</sup> green expanse, his flying footstep  
lead.

He passed th' Alhambra's calm and lovely  
bowers,  
Where slept the glistening leaves and folded  
flowers  
In dew and starlight — there, from grot and cave,  
Gushed in wild music many a sparkling wave ;  
There on each breeze the breath of fragrance rose  
And all was freshness, beauty, and repose.

But thou, dark monarch ! in thy bosom reign  
Storms that, once roused, shall never sleep  
again.

O, vainly bright is nature in the course  
Of him who flies from terror or remorse !  
A spell is round him which obscures her bloom,  
And dims her skies with shadows of the tomb ;  
There smiles no Paradise on earth so fair  
But guilt will raise avenging phantoms there.  
Abdallah heeds not, though the light gale roves  
Fraught with rich odor, stolen from orange  
groves ;

Hears not the sounds from wood and brook that  
rise,

Wild notes of nature's vesper melodies ;  
Marks not how lovely, on the mountain's head,  
Moonlight and snow their mingling lustr<sup>e</sup>  
spread ;

But urges onward, till his weary band,  
Worn with their toil, ■ moment's pause demand  
He stops, and turning, on Granada's fanes  
In silence gazing, fixed ■ while remains

<sup>2</sup> The Vega, the plain surrounding Granada, the scene of frequent actions between the Moors and Christians.

In stern, deep silence; o'er his feverish brow,  
 And burning cheek, pure breezes freshly blow,  
 But waft in fitful murmurs, from afar,  
 Sounds indistinctly fearful — as of war.  
 What meteor bursts with sudden blaze on high,  
 O'er the blue clearness of the starry sky?  
 Awful it rises, like some Genie form,  
 Seen 'midst the redness of the desert storm,  
 Magnificently dread — above, below,  
 Spreads the wild splendor of its deepening glow.<sup>1</sup>  
 Lo! from the Alhambra's towers the vivid glare  
 Streams through the still transparence of the air!  
 Avenging crowds have lit the mighty pyre,  
 Which feeds that waving pyramid of fire;  
 And dome and minaret, river, wood, and height,  
 From dim perspective start to ruddy light.

O Heaven! the anguish of Abdallah's soul,  
 The rage, though fruitless, yet beyond control!  
 Yet must he cease to gaze, and raving fly  
 For life — such life as makes it bliss to die!  
 On yon green height, the mosque, but half re-  
 vealed

Through cypress groves, a safe retreat may yield.  
 Thither his steps are bent — yet oft he turns,  
 Watching that fearful beacon as it burns.  
 But paler grow the sinking flames at last,  
 Flickering they fade, their crimson light is past;  
 And spiry vapors, rising o'er the scene,  
 Mark where the terrors of their wrath have been.  
 And now his feet have reached that lonely pile,  
 Where grief and terror may repose a while;  
 Embowered it stands, 'midst wood and cliff on  
 high,

Through the gray rocks a torrent sparkling nigh:  
 He hails the scene where every care should cease,  
 And all — except the heart he brings — is peace.

There is deep stillness in those halls of state  
 Where the loud cries of conflict rang so late;  
 Stillness like that, when fierce the Kamsin's  
 blast  
 Hath o'er the dwellings of the desert passed.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> An extreme redness in the sky is the presage of the Simoom. — See BRUCE's *Travels*.

<sup>2</sup> Of the Kamsin, a hot south wind, common in Egypt, we have the following account in Volney's *Travels*: "These winds are known in Egypt by the general name of the winds of fifty days, because they prevail more frequently in the fifty days preceding and following the equinox. They are mentioned by travellers under the name of the poisonous winds or hot winds of the desert: their heat is so excessive, that it is difficult to form any idea of its violence without having experienced it. When they begin to blow, the sky, at other times so clear in this climate, becomes dark and heavy; the sun loses his splendor, and appears of a violet color; the

Fearful the calm — nor voice, nor step, nor breath  
 Disturbs that scene of beauty and of death:  
 Those vaulted roofs reëcho not a sound,  
 Save the wild gush of waters — murmuring round,  
 In ceaseless melodies of plaintive tone,  
 Through chambers peopled by the dead alone.  
 O'er the mosaic floors, with carnage red,  
 Breastplate and shield and cloven helm are spread  
 In mingled fragments — glittering to the light  
 Of yon still moon, whose rays, yet softly bright,  
 Their streaming lustre tremulously shed,  
 And smile in placid beauty o'er the dead:  
 O'er features where the fiery spirit's trace  
 E'en death itself is powerless to efface;  
 O'er those who flushed with ardent youth awoke,  
 When glowing morn in bloom and radiance  
 broke,  
 Nor dreamt how near the dark and frozen sleep  
 Which hears not Glory call, nor Anguish weep  
 In the low, silent house, the narrow spot,  
 Home of forgetfulness — and soon forgot.

But slowly fade the stars — the night is o'er —  
 Morn beams on those who hail her light no more;  
 Slumberers who ne'er shall wake on earth again,  
 Mourners, who call the loved, the lost, in vain.  
 Yet smiles the day — O, not for mortal tear  
 Doth nature deviate from her calm career:  
 Nor is the earth less laughing or less fair,  
 Though breaking hearts her gladness may not  
 share.

O'er the cold urn the beam of summer glows,  
 O'er fields of blood the zephyr freshly blows;  
 Bright shines the sun, though all be dark below,  
 And skies arch cloudless o'er a world of woe;  
 And flowers renewed in spring's green pathway  
 bloom,

Alike to grace the banquet and the tomb.

Within Granada's walls the funeral rite  
 Attends that day of loveliness and light;  
 And many a chief, with dirges and with tears,  
 Is gathered to the brave of other years:

air is not cloudy, but gray and thick, and is filled with a subtle dust, which penetrates every where: respiration becomes short and difficult, the skin parched and dry, the lungs are contracted and painful, and the body consumed with internal heat. In vain is coolness sought for; marble, iron, water, though the sun no longer appears, are hot: the streets are deserted, and a dead silence pervades every where. The natives of towns and villages shut themselves up in their houses, and those of the desert in tents, or holes dug in the earth, where they wait the termination of this heat, which generally lasts three days. Woe to the traveller whom it surprises remote from shelter: he must suffer all its dreadful effects, which are sometimes mortal."

And Hamet, as beneath the cypress shade  
His martyred brother and his sire are laid,  
Feels every deep resolve and burning thought  
Of ampler vengeance e'en to passion wrought;  
Yet is the hour afar — and he must brood  
O'er those dark dreams a while in solitude.  
Tumult and rage are hushed — another day  
In still solemnity hath passed away,  
In that deep slumber of exhausted wrath,  
The calm that follows in the tempest's path.

And now Abdallah leaves yon peaceful fane,  
His ravaged city traversing again.  
No sound of gladness his approach precedes,  
No splendid pageant the procession leads;  
Where'er he moves the silent streets along,  
Broods a stern quiet o'er the sullen throng.  
No voice is heard; but in each altered eye,  
Once brightly beaming when his steps were nigh,  
And in each look of those whose love hath fled  
From all on earth to slumber with the dead,  
Those by his guilt made desolate, and thrown  
On the bleak wilderness of life alone —  
In youth's quick glance of scarce dissembled rage,  
And the pale mien of calmly mournful age,  
May well be read a dark and fearful tale  
Of thought that ill the indignant heart can veil,  
And passion like the hushed volcano's power,  
That waits in stillness its appointed hour.

No more the clarion from Granada's walls,  
Heard o'er the Vega, to the tourney calls;  
No more her graceful daughters, throned on high,  
Bend o'er the lists the darkly-radiant eye:  
Silence and gloom her palaces o'erspread,  
And song is hushed, and pageantry is fled.  
— Weep, fated city! o'er thy heroes weep —  
Low in the dust the suns of glory sleep!  
Furled are their banners in the lonely hall,  
Their trophied shields hang mouldering on the  
wall,  
Wildly their chargers range the pastures o'er —  
Their voice in battle shall be heard no more.  
And they, who still thy tyrant's wrath survive,  
Whom he hath wronged too deeply to forgive,  
That race of lineage high, of worth approved,  
The chivalrous, the princely, the beloved —  
Thine Aben-Zurrahs — they no more shall wield  
In thy proud cause the conquering lance and  
shield:  
Condemned to bid the cherished scenes fare-  
well  
Where the loved ashes of their fathers dwell,  
And far o'er foreign plains as exiles roam,  
Their land the desert, and the grave their home.

Yet there is one shall see that race depart  
In deep though silent agony of heart:  
One whose dark fate must be to mourn alone,  
Unseen her sorrows and their cause unknown  
And veil her heart, and teach her cheek to wear  
That smile in which the spirit hath no share —  
Like the bright beams that shed their fruitless  
glow  
O'er the cold solitude of Alpine snow

Soft, fresh, and silent is the midnight hour,  
And the young Zayda seeks her lonely bower:  
That Zegri maid, within whose gentle mind  
One name is deeply, secretly enshrined.  
That name in vain stern reason would efface:  
Hamet! 'tis thine, thou foe to all her race!

And yet not hers in bitterness to prove  
The sleepless pangs of unrequited love —  
Pangs which the rose of wasted youth consume,  
And make the heart of all delight the tomb,  
Check the free spirit in its eagle flight,  
And the spring morn of early genius blight:  
Not such her grief — though now she wakes to  
weep,  
While tearless eyes enjoy the honey dews of  
sleep.<sup>1</sup>

A step treads lightly through the citron shade,  
Lightly, but by the rustling leaves betrayed —  
Doth her young hero seek that well-known  
spot,  
Scene of past hours that ne'er may be forgot?  
'Tis he — but changed that eye, whose glance  
of fire  
Could like a sunbeam hope and joy inspire,  
As, luminous with youth, with ardor fraught,  
It spoke of glory to the inmost thought:  
Thence the bright spirit's eloquence hath fled,  
And in its wild expression may be read  
Stern thoughts and fierce resolves — now veiled  
in shade,  
And now in characters of fire portrayed.  
Changed e'en his voice — as thus its mournful  
tone  
Wakes in her heart each feeling of his own.

“Zayda! my doom is fixed — another day  
And the wronged exile shall be far away;  
Far from the scenes where still his heart must be  
His home of youth, and, more than all — from  
thee.

<sup>1</sup> “Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber.”



O, what a cloud hath gathered o'er my lot  
 Since last we met on this fair tranquil spot !  
 Lovely as then the soft and silent hour,  
 And not a rose hath faded from thy bower ;  
 But I — my hopes the tempest hath o'erthrown,  
 And changed my heart, to all but thee alone.  
 Farewell, high thoughts ! inspiring hopes of  
 praise !

Heroic visions of my early days !  
 In me the glories of my race must end —  
 The exile hath no country to defend !  
 E'en in life's morn my dreams of pride are o'er,  
 Youth's buoyant spirit wakes for me no more,  
 And one wild feeling in my altered breast  
 Broods darkly o'er the ruins of the rest.  
 Yet fear not thou — to thee, in good or ill,  
 The heart, so sternly tried, is faithful still !  
 But when my steps are distant, and my name  
 Thou hear'st no longer in the song of fame ;  
 When time steals on, in silence to efface  
 Of early love each pure and sacred trace,  
 Causing our sorrows and our hopes to seem  
 But as the moonlight pictures of a dream, —  
 Still shall thy soul be with me, in the truth  
 And all the fervor of affection's youth ?  
 If such thy love, one beam of heaven shall play  
 In lonely beauty o'er thy wanderer's way."

"Ask not if such my love ! O, trust the mind  
 To grief so long, so silently resigned !  
 Let the light spirit, ne'er by sorrow taught  
 The pure and lofty constancy of thought,  
 Its fleeting trials eager to forge,  
 Rise with elastic power o'er each regret !  
 Fostered in tears, our young affection grew,  
 And I have learned to suffer and be true.  
 Deem not my love a frail, ephemeral flower,  
 Nursed by soft sunshine and the balmy shower ;  
 No ! 'tis the child of tempests, and defies,  
 And meets unchanged, the anger of the skies !  
 Too well I feel, with grief's prophetic heart,  
 That ne'er to meet in happier days we part.  
 We part ! and e'en this agonizing hour,  
 When love first feels his own o'erwhelming  
 power,  
 Shall soon to memory's fixed and tearful eye  
 Seem almost happiness — for thou wert nigh !  
 Yes ! when this heart in solitude shall bleed,  
 As days to days all wearily succeed,  
 When doomed to weep in loneliness, 'twill be  
 Almost like rapture to have wept with thee !

"But thou, my Hamet ! thou canst yet bestow  
 All that of joy my blighted lot can know.  
 O, be thou still the high souled and the brave,

To whom my first and fondest vows I gave ;  
 In thy proud fame's untarnished beauty still  
 The lofty visions of my youth fulfil.  
 So shall it soothe me, 'midst my heart's despair  
 To hold undimmed one glorious image there !"

"Zayda, my best beloved ! my words too well  
 Too soon, thy bright illusions must dispel ;  
 Yet must my soul to thee unveiled be shown,  
 And all its dreams and all its passions known  
 Thou shalt not be deceived — for pure a heaven  
 Is thy young love, in faith and fervor given.  
 I said my heart was changed — and would thy  
 thought

Explore the ruin by thy kindred wrought,  
 In fancy trace the land whose towers and fanes,  
 Crushed by the earthquake, strew its ravaged  
 plains ;

And such that heart where desolation's hand  
 Hath blighted all that once was fair or grand !  
 But Vengeance, fixed upon her burning throne,  
 Sits 'midst the wreck in silence and alone ;  
 And I, in stern devotion at her shrine,  
 Each softer feeling, but my love, resign.  
 Yes ! they whose spirits all my thoughts control,  
 Who hold dread converse with my thrilling soul ;  
 They, the betrayed, the sacrificed, the brave,  
 Who fill a blood-stained and untimely grave,  
 Must be avenged ! and pity and remorse  
 In that stern cause are banished from my course.  
 Zayda ! thou tremblest — and thy gentle breast  
 Shrinks from the passions that destroy my rest  
 Yet shall thy form, in many a stormy hour,  
 Pass brightly o'er my soul with softening power,  
 And, oft recalled, thy voice beguile my lot,  
 Like some sweet lay, once heard, and ne'er forgot

"But the night wanes — the hours too swift-  
 ly fly,  
 The bitter moment of farewell draws nigh ;  
 Yet, loved one ! weep not thus — in joy or pain,  
 O, trust thy Hamet, we shall meet again !  
 Yes, we shall meet ! and haply smile at last  
 On all the clouds and conflicts of the past.  
 On that fair vision teach thy thoughts to dwell,  
 Nor deem these mingling tears our last fare-  
 well !"

Is the voice hushed, whose loved expressive  
 tone  
 Thrilled to her heart — and doth she weep alone ?  
 Alone she weeps ; that hour of parting o'er,  
 When shall the pang it leaves be felt no more ?  
 The gale breathes light, and fans her bosom fair  
 Showering the dewy rose leaves o'er her hair ;

But ne'er for her shall dwell reviving power  
In balmy dew, soft breeze, or fragrant flower,  
To wake once more that calm serene delight,  
The soul's young bloom, which passion's breath  
could blight —

The smiling stillness of life's morning hour,  
Ere yet the daystar burns in all his power.  
Meanwhile, through groves of deep luxurious  
shade,

In the rich foliage of the South arrayed,  
Hamet, ere dawns the earliest blush of day,  
Bends to the vale of tombs his pensive way.  
Fair is that scene where palm and cypress wave  
On high o'er many an Aben-Zurrah's grave.  
Lonely and fair, its fresh and glittering leaves  
With the young myrtle there the laurel weaves,  
To canopy the dead; nor wanting there  
Flowers to the turf, nor fragrance to the air,  
Nor wood-bird's note, nor fall of plaintive  
stream —

Wild music, soothing to the mourner's dream.  
There sleep the chiefs of old — their combat's o'er,  
The voice of glory thrills their hearts no more.  
Unheard by them th' awakening clarion blows;  
The sons of war at length in peace repose.  
No martial note is in the gale that sighs  
Where proud their trophied sepulchres arise.  
'Mid founts, and shades, and flowers of bright-  
est bloom —  
As, in his native vale, some shepherd's tomb.

There, where the trees their thickest foliage  
spread  
Dark o'er that silent valley of the dead;  
Where two fair pillars rise, embowered and  
lone,  
Not yet with ivy clad, with moss o'ergrown,  
Young Hamet kneels — while thus his vows are  
poured,  
The fearful vows that consecrate his sword:  
— "Spirit of him who first within my mind  
Each loftier aim, each nobler thought enshrined,  
And taught my steps the line of light to trace  
Left by the glorious fathers of my race,  
Hear thou my voice! for thine is with me still,  
In every dream its tones my bosom thrill,  
In the deep calm of midnight they are near,  
'Midst busy throngs they vibrate on my ear,  
Still murmuring "vengeance!" — nor in vain  
the call,  
Few, few shall triumph in a hero's fall!  
Cold as thine own to glory and to fame,  
Within my heart there lives one only aim;  
There, till th' oppressor for thy fate atone,  
Concentring every thought, it reigns alone.

I will not weep — revenge, not grief, must be,  
And blood, not tears, an offering meet for thee  
But the dark hour of stern delight will come,  
And thou shalt triumph, warrior! in thy tomb.

"Thou, too, my brother! thou art passed away.  
Without thy fame, in life's fair dawning day.  
Son of the brave! of thee no trace will shine  
In the proud annals of thy lofty line;  
Nor shall thy deeds be deathless in the lays  
That hold communion with the after days.  
Yet, by the wreaths thou mightst have nobly  
won,

Hadst thou but lived till rose thy noontide sun  
By glory lost, I swear! by hope betrayed,  
Thy fate shall amply, dearly, be repaid:  
War with thy foes I deem a holy strife,  
And to avenge thy death devote my life.

"Hear ye my vows, O spirits of the slain!  
Hear, and be with me on the battle plain!  
At noon, at midnight, still around me bide,  
Rise on my dreams, and tell me how ye died!"

## CANTO II.

— "O! ben provide il Cielo  
Ch' Uom per delitti mai lieto non sia."  
ALFIERI

FAIR land! of chivalry the old domain,  
Land of the vine and olive, lovely Spain!  
Though not for thee with classic shores to vie  
In charms that fix th' enthusiast's pensive eye,  
Yet hast thou scenes of beauty, richly fraught  
With all that wakes the glow of lofty thought;  
Fountains, and vales, and rocks, whose ancier  
name  
High deeds have raised to mingle with their fame  
Those scenes are peaceful now: the citron blows,  
Wild spreads the myrtle, where the brave repose  
No sound of battle swells on Douro's shore,  
And banners wave on Ebro's banks no more.  
But who, unmoved, unawed, shall coldly tread  
Thy fields that sepulchre the mighty dead?  
Blest be that soil! where England's heroes share  
The grave of chiefs, for ages slumbering there.  
Whose names are glorious in romantic lays  
The wild, sweet chronicles of elder days  
By goatherd lone and rude serrano sung  
Thy cypress dells and vine-clad rocks among  
How oft those rocks have echoed to the tale  
Of knights who fell in Roncesvalles' vale.



Of him, renowned in old heroic lore,  
First of the brave, the gallant Campeador ;  
Of those, the famed in song, who proudly died  
When Rio Verde rolled a crimson tide ;  
Or that high name, by Garcilaso's might  
On the Green Vega won in single fight.<sup>1</sup>

Round fair Granada, deepening from afar,  
O'er that Green Vega rose the din of war.  
At morn or eve no more the sunbeams shone  
O'er a calm scene, in pastoral beauty lone ;  
On helm and corselet tremulous they glanced,  
On shield and spear in quivering lustre danced.  
Far as the sight by clear Xenil could rove,  
Tents rose around, and banners glanced above ;  
And steeds in gorgeous trappings, armor bright  
With gold, reflecting every tint of light,  
And many a floating plume and blazoned shield  
Diffused romantic splendor o'er the field.

There swell those sounds that bid the life-  
blood start  
Swift to the mantling cheek and beating heart :  
The clang of echoing steel, the charger's neigh,  
The measured tread of hosts in war's array ;  
And, O, that music, whose exulting breath  
Speaks but of glory on the road to death ;  
In whose wild voice there dwells inspiring power  
To wake the stormy joy of danger's hour ;  
To nerve the arm, the spirit to sustain,  
Rouse from despondence, and support in pain ;  
And, 'midst the deepening tumults of the strife,  
Teach every pulse to thrill with more than life.

High o'er the camp, in many a brodered fold,  
Floats to the wind a standard rich with gold :  
There, imaged on the cross, *his* form appears  
Who drank for man the bitter cup of tears<sup>2</sup> —  
*His* form, whose word recalled the spirit fled,  
Now borne by hosts to guide them o'er the dead !  
O'er yon fair walls to plant the cross on high,  
Spain hath sent forth her flower of chivalry.  
Fired with that ardor which, in days of yore,  
To Syrian plains the bold crusaders bore ;  
Elate with lofty hope, with martial zeal,  
They come, the gallant children of Castile ;

<sup>1</sup> Garcilaso de la Vega derived his surname from a single combat (in which he was the victor) with a Moor, on the Vega of Granada.

<sup>2</sup> "El Rey D. Fernando bolvió a la Vega, y puso su Real a la vista de Hucar, a veynte y seys dias del mes de Abril, adonde fué fortificado de todo lo necessario ; poniendo el Christiano toda su gente en esquadron, con todas sus vanteras tendidas, y su Real Estandarte, el qual llevaba por divisa un Christo crucificado." — *Historia de las Guerras Civiles de Granada*.

The proud, the calmly dignified : and there  
Ebro's dark sons with haughty mien repair,  
And those who guide the fiery steed of war  
From yon rich province of the western star.<sup>3</sup>

But thou, conspicuous 'midst the glittering  
scene,

Stern grandeur stamped upon thy princely mien ;  
Known by the foreign garb, the silvery vest,  
The snow-white charger, and the azure crest,<sup>4</sup>  
Young Aben-Zurrah ! 'midst that host of foes,  
Why shines *thy* helm, thy Moorish lance ? Dis-  
close !

Why rise the tents where dwell thy kindred train,  
O son of Afric ! 'midst the sons of Spain ?  
Hast thou with these thy nation's fall conspired,  
Apostate chief ! by hope of vengeance fired ?  
How art thou changed ! still first in every fight,  
Hamet the Moor ! Castile's devoted knight !  
There dwells a fiery lustre in thine eye,  
But not the light that shone in days gone by ;  
There is wild ardor in thy look and tone,  
But not the soul's expression once thine own,  
Nor aught like peace within. Yet who shall say  
What secret thoughts thine inmost heart may  
speak ?

No eye but Heaven's may pierce that curtained  
breast,  
Whose joys and griefs alike are unexpressed.

There hath been combat on the tented plain ;  
The Vega's turf is red with many a stain ;  
And, rent and trampled, banner, crest, and shield  
Tell of a fierce and well-contested field.  
But all is peaceful now : the west is bright  
With the rich splendor of departing light ;  
Mulhacen's peak, half lost amidst the sky,  
Glows like a purple evening cloud on high,  
And tints, that mock the pencil's art, o'erspread  
Th' eternal snow that crowns Veleta's head ;<sup>5</sup>  
While the warm sunset o'er the landscape throws  
A solemn beauty, and a deep repose.  
Closed are the toils and tumults of the day  
And Hamet wanders from the camp away.

<sup>3</sup> Andalusia signifies, in Arabic, the region of the evening or the west ; in a word, the *Hesperia* of the Greeks. — See CASIRI'S *Bibl. ot. Arabico-Hispana*, and GIBBON'S *Decline and Fall*, &c.

<sup>4</sup> "Los Abencerrages salieron con su acostumbrada librea azul y blanca, todos llenos de ricos tejidos de plata, las plumas de la misma color ; en sus adargas, su acostumbrada divisa, salvages que desquixalavan leones, y otros un mundo que lo deshazia un selvage con un baston." — *Guerras Civiles de Granada*.

<sup>5</sup> The loftiest heights of the Sierra Nevada are those called Mulhacen and Picacho de Veleta



In silent musings wrapped: the slaughtered  
brave

Lie thickly strewn by Darro's rippling wave.  
Soft fall the dews — but other drops have dyed  
The scented shrubs that fringe the river side,  
Beneath whose shade, as ebbing life retired,  
The wounded sought a shelter — and expired.<sup>1</sup>  
Lonely, and lost in thoughts of other days,  
By the bright windings of the stream he strays,  
Till, more remote from battle's ravaged scene,  
All is repose and solitude serene.

There, 'neath an olive's ancient shade reclined,  
Whose rustling foliage waves in evening's wind,  
The harassed warrior, yielding to the power,  
The mild sweet influence of the tranquil hour,  
Feels by degrees a long-forgotten calm  
Shed o'er his troubled soul unwonted balm;  
His wrongs, his woes, his dark and dubious lot,  
The past, the future, are a while forgot;  
And Hope, scarce owned, yet stealing o'er his  
breast,

Half dares to whisper, "Thou shalt yet be  
blest!"

Such his vague musings — but a plaintive  
sound

Breaks on the deep and solemn stillness round;  
A low, half-stifled moan, that seems to rise  
From life and death's contending agonies.  
He turns: Who shares with him that lonely  
shade?

— A youthful warrior on his death bed laid.  
All rent and stained his brodered Moorish vest,  
The corselet shattered on his bleeding breast;  
In his cold hand the broken falchion strained,  
With life's last force convulsively retained;  
His plumage soiled with dust, with crimson dyed,  
And the red lance in fragments by his side:  
He lies forsaken — pillowed on his shield,  
His helmet raised, his lineaments revealed.  
Pale is that quivering lip, and vanished now  
The light once throned on that commanding  
brow;

And o'er that fading eye, still upward cast,  
The shades of death are gathering dark and fast.  
Yet, as yon rising moon her light serene  
Sheds the pale olive's waving boughs between,  
Too well can Hamet's conscious heart retrace,  
Though changed thus fearfully, that pallid face,  
Whose every feature to his soul conveys  
Some bitter thought of long-departed days.

<sup>1</sup> It is known to be a frequent circumstance in battle, that the dying and the wounded drag themselves, as it were mechanically, to the shelter which may be afforded by any bush or thicket on the field.

"O, is it thus," he cries, "we meet at last  
Friend of my soul in years forever past!  
Hath fate but led me hither to behold  
The last dread struggle, ere that heart is cold, -  
Receive thy latest agonizing breath,  
And with vain pity soothe the pangs of death?  
Yet let me bear thee hence — while life remains,  
E'en though thus feebly circling through thy  
veins,  
Some healing balm thy sense may still revive;  
Hope is not lost — and Osmyn yet may live!  
And blest were he whose timely care should save  
A heart so noble, e'en from glory's grave."

Roused by those accents, from his lowly bed  
The dying warrior faintly lifts his head;  
O'er Hamet's mien, with vague uncertain gaze,  
His doubtful glance a while bewildered strays:  
Till by degrees a smile of proud disdain  
Lights up those features late convulsed with  
pain;

A quivering radiance flashes from his eye,  
That seems too pure, too full of soul, to die,  
And the mind's grandeur, in its parting hour,  
Looks from that brow with more than wonted  
power.

"Away!" he cries, in accents of command,  
And proudly waves his cold and trembling hand  
"Apostate, hence! my soul shall soon be free  
E'en now it soars, disdaining aid from thee.  
'Tis not for thee to close the fading eyes  
Of him who faithful to his country dies;  
Not for *thy* hand to raise the drooping head  
Of him who sinks to rest on glory's bed.  
Soon shall these pangs be closed, this conflict o'er,  
And worlds be mine where thou canst never soar:  
Be thine existence with a blighted name,  
Mine the bright death which seals a warrior's  
fame!"

The glow hath vanished from his cheek — his  
eye

Hath lost that beam of parting energy;  
Frozen and fixed it seems — his brow is chill.  
One struggle more — that noble heart is still.  
Departed warrior! were thy mortal throes,  
Were thy last pangs, ere nature found repose,  
More keen, more bitter, than th' envenomed dart  
Thy dying words have left in Hamet's heart?  
Thy pangs were transient; *his* shall sleep no  
more,

Till life's delirious dream itself be o'er;  
But thou shalt rest in glory, and thy grave  
Be the pure altar of the patriot brave.

O, what a change that little hour hath wrought  
In the high spirit and unbending thought !  
Yet, from himself each keen regret to hide,  
Still Hamet struggles with indignant pride ;  
While his soul rises, gathering all its force,  
To meet the fearful conflict with remorse.

To thee, at length, whose artless love hath been  
His own, unchanged, through many a stormy  
scene ;

Zayda ! to thee his heart for refuge flies ;  
Thou still art faithful to affection's ties.  
Yes let the world upbraid, let foes contemn,  
Thy gentle breast the tide will firmly stem ;  
And soon thy smile and soft consoling voice  
Shall bid his troubled soul again rejoice.

Within Granada's walls are hearts and hands  
Whose aid in secret Hamet yet commands ;  
Nor hard the task, at some propitious hour,  
To win his silent way to Zayda's bower,  
When night and peace are brooding o'er the  
world,

When mute the clarions, and the banners furled.  
That hour is come — and, o'er the arms he  
bears,

A wandering fakir's garb the chieftain wears :  
Disguise that ill from piercing eye could hide  
The lofty port, and glance of martial pride ;  
But night befriends — through paths obscure  
he passed,

And hailed the lone and lovely scene at last ;  
Young Zayda's chosen haunt, the fair alcove,  
The sparkling fountain, and the orange grove :  
Calm in the moonlight smiles the still retreat,  
As formed alone for happy hearts to meet.  
For happy hearts ! — not such as hers, who there  
Bends o'er her lute with dark unbraided hair ;  
That maid of Zegri race, whose eye, whose mien,  
Tell that despair her bosom's guest hath been.  
So lost in thought she seems, the warrior's feet  
Unheard approach her solitary seat,

Till his known accents every sense restore —  
" My own loved Zayda ! do we meet once more !"  
She starts, she turns — the lightning of surprise,  
Of sudden rapture, flashes from her eyes ;  
But that is fleeting — it is past — and now  
Far other meaning darkens o'er her brow :  
Changed is her aspect, and her tone severe —

Hence, Aben-Zurrah ! death surrounds thee  
here ! "

" Zayda ! what means that glance, unlike thine  
own ?

What mean those words, and that unwonted  
tore ?

I will not deem thee changed — but in thy face  
It is not joy, it is not love, I trace !  
It was not thus in other days we met :  
Hath time, hath absence, taught thee to forget  
O, speak once more — these rising doubts dispel  
One smile of tenderness, and all is well !

" Not thus we met in other days — O, no :  
Thou wert not, warrior, then thy country's foe !  
Those days are past — we ne'er shall meet again  
With hearts all warmth, all confidence, as then.  
But *thy* dark soul no gentler feelings sway,  
Leader of hostile bands ! away, away !  
On in thy path of triumph and of power,  
Nor pause to raise from earth a blighted flower."

" And *thou*, too, changed ! thine earthly vow  
forgot !

This, this alone was wanting to my lot !  
Exiled and scorned, of every tie bereft,  
Thy love, the desert's lonely fount, was left .  
And thou, my soul's last hope, its lingering beam,  
Thou ! the good angel of each brighter dream,  
Wert all the barrenness of life possessed  
To wake one soft affection in my breast !  
That vision ended — fate hath nought in store  
Of joy or sorrow e'er to touch me more.  
Go, Zegri maid ! to scenes of sunshine fly,  
From the stern pupil of adversity !  
And now to hope, to confidence, adieu !  
If thou art faithless, who shall e'er be true ? "

" Hamet ! O, wrong me not ! I too could speak  
Of sorrows — trace them on my faded cheek,  
In the sunk eye, and in the wasted form,  
That tell the heart hath nursed a canker worm !  
But words were idle — read my sufferings there,  
Where grief is stamped on all that once was fair.

" O, wert thou still what once I fondly deemed,  
All that thy mien expressed, thy spirit seemed  
My love had been devotion ! — till in death  
Thy name had trembled on my latest breath.  
But not the chief who leads a lawless band  
To crush the altars of his native land ;  
Th' apostate son of heroes, whose disgrace  
Hath stained the trophies of a glorious race  
Not *him* I loved — but one whose youthful n  
Was pure and radiant in unsullied fame.  
Hadst thou but died, ere yet dishonor's cloud  
O'er that young name had gathered as a shroud,  
I then had mourned thee proudly, and my grief  
In its own loftiness had found relief ;  
A noble sorrow, cherished to the last,  
When every meaner woe had long been past.

Yes! let affection weep — no common tear  
 She sheds when bending o'er a hero's bier.  
 Let nature mourn the dead — a grief like this,  
 To pangs that rend *my* bosom, had been bliss!"

"High-minded maid! the time admits not now  
 To plead my cause, to vindicate my vow.  
 That vow, too dread, too solemn, to recall,  
 Hath urged me onward, haply to my fall.  
 Yet this believe — no meaner aim inspires  
 My soul, no dream of power ambition fires.  
 No! every hope of power, of triumph, fled,  
 Behold me but th' avenger of the dead!  
 One whose changed heart no tie, no kindred  
 knows,

And in thy love alone hath sought repose.  
 Zayda! wilt *thou* his stern accuser be?  
 False to his country, he is true to thee!  
 O, hear me yet! — if Hamet e'er was dear,  
 By our first vows, our young affection, hear!  
 Soon must this fair and royal city fall,  
 Soon shall the cross be planted on her wall;  
 Then who can tell what tides of blood may flow,  
 While her fanes echo to the shrieks of woe?  
 Fly, fly with me, and let me bear thee far  
 From horrors thronging in the path of war:  
 Fly, and repose in safety — till the blast  
 Hath made a desert in its course — and passed!"

"Thou that wilt triumph when the hour is  
 come,  
 Hastened by thee, to seal thy country's doom,  
 With *thee* from scenes of death shall Zayda fly  
 To peace and safety? — Woman, too, can die!  
 And die exulting, though unknown to fame,  
 In all the stainless beauty of her name!  
 Be mine, unmurmuring, undismayed, to share  
 The fate my kindred and my sire must bear.  
 And deem thou not my feeble heart shall fail,  
 When the clouds gather and the blasts assail.  
 Thou hast but known me ere the trying hour  
 Called into life my spirit's latent power;  
 But I have energies that idly slept,  
 While withering o'er my silent woes I wept;  
 And now, when hope and happiness are fled,  
 My soul is firm — for what remains to dread?  
 Who shall have power to suffer and to bear  
 If strength and courage dwell not with Despair?"

"Hamet! farewell — retrace thy path again,  
 To join thy brethren on the tented plain.  
 There wave and wood in mingling murmurs tell  
 How, in far other cause, thy fathers fell!  
 Yes! on that soil hath Glory's footstep been,  
 Names unforgotten consecrate the scene!"

Dwell not the souls of heroes round thee there  
 Whose voices call thee in the whispering air?  
 Unheard, in vain they call — their fallen son  
 Hath stained the name those mighty spirits won,  
 And to the hatred of the brave and free  
 Bequeathed his own through ages yet to be!"

Still as she spoke, th' enthusiast's kindling eye  
 Was lighted up with inborn majesty,  
 While her fair form and youthful features caught  
 All the proud grandeur of heroic thought,  
 Severely beauteous.<sup>1</sup> Awe-struck and amazed,  
 In silent trance a while the warrior gazed,  
 As on some lofty vision — for she seemed  
 One all inspired — each look with glory beamed,  
 While, brightly bursting through its cloud of  
 woes,

Her soul at once in all its light arose.  
 O, ne'er had Hamet deemed there dwelt en-  
 shrined  
 In form so fragile that unconquered mind;  
 And fixed, as by some high enchantment, there  
 He stood — till wonder yielded to despair

"The dream is vanished — daughter of my  
 foes!  
 Reft of each hope the lonely wanderer goes.  
 Thy words have pierced his soul; yet deem,  
 thou not  
 Thou couldst be once adored, and e'er forgot!  
 O, formed for happier love, heroic maid!  
 In grief sublime, in danger undismayed,  
 Farewell, and be thou blest! — all words were  
 vain  
 From him who ne'er may view that form again —  
 Him, whose sole thought resembling bliss  
 must be,  
 He *hath* been loved, once fondly loved, by thee!"

And is the warrior gone? — doth Zayda hear  
 His parting footstep, and without a tear?  
 Thou weep'st not, lofty maid! — yet who can  
 tell

What secret pangs within thy heart may dwell?  
 They feel not least, the firm, the high in soul,  
 Who best each feeling's agony control.  
 Yes! we may judge the measure of the grief  
 Which finds in misery's eloquence relief;  
 But who shall pierce those depths of silent *woe*  
 Whence breathes no language, whence no *tears*  
 may flow?

The pangs that many a noble breast hath proved,  
 Scorning itself that thus it *could* be moved?

<sup>1</sup> "Severe in youthful beauty." — *Mu* —



He, He alone, the inmost heart who knows,  
Views all its weakness, pities all its throes;  
He who hath mercy when mankind contemn,  
Beholding anguish — all unknown to them.

Fair city! thou that 'midst thy stately fanes  
And gilded minarets, towering o'er the plains,  
In Eastern grandeur proudly dost arise  
Beneath thy canopy of deep-blue skies;  
While streams that bear thee treasures in their  
wave,<sup>1</sup>

Thy citron groves and myrtle gardens lave:  
Mourn, for thy doom is fixed — the days of fear,  
Of chains, of wrath, of bitterness, are near!  
Within, around thee, are the trophied graves  
Of kings and chiefs — their children shall be  
slaves.

Fair are thy halls, thy domes majestic swell,  
But there a race that reared them not shall  
dwell;

For 'midst thy councils discord still presides,  
Degenerate fear thy wavering monarch guides —  
Last of a line whose regal spirit flown  
Hath to their offspring but bequeathed a throne,  
Without one generous thought, or feeling high,  
To teach his soul how kings should live and die.

A voice resounds within Granada's wall,  
The hearts of warriors echo to its call.<sup>2</sup>  
Whose are those tones, with power electric  
fraught  
To reach the source of pure exalted thought?

See, on a fortress tower, with beckoning hand,  
A form, majestic as a prophet, stand!

<sup>1</sup> Granada stands upon two hills, separated by the Darro. The Xenil runs under the walls. The Darro is said to carry with its streams small particles of gold, and the Xenil of silver. When Charles V. came to Granada with the Empress Isabella, the city presented him with a crown made of gold, which had been collected from the Darro. — See *BOURGOANNE'S* and other Travels.

<sup>2</sup> "At this period, while the inhabitants of Granada were sunk in indolence, one of those men whose natural and impassioned eloquence has sometimes aroused a people to deeds of heroism, raised his voice in the midst of the city, and awakened the inhabitants from their lethargy. Twenty thousand enthusiasts, ranged under his banners, were prepared to sally forth, with the fury of desperation, to attack the besiegers, when Abo Abdeli, more afraid of his subjects than of the enemy, resolved immediately to capitulate, and made terms with the Christians, by which it was agreed that the Moors should be allowed the free exercise of their religion and laws; should be permitted, if they thought proper, to depart unmolested with their effects to Africa; and that he himself, if he remained in Spain, should retain an extensive estate, with houses and slaves, or be granted an equivalent in money if he preferred retiring to Barbary." — See *JACOB'S Travels in Spain*.

His mien is all impassioned, and his eye  
Filled with a light whose fountain is on  
high;

Wild on the gale his silvery tresses flow,  
And inspiration beams upon his brow;  
While, thronging round him, breathless thou-  
sands gaze,  
As on some mighty seer of elder days.

"Saw ye the banners of Castile displayed,  
The helmets glittering and the line arrayed?  
Heard ye the march of steel-clad hosts?" he  
cries:

"Children of conquerors! in your strength  
arise!

O high-born tribes! O names unstained by  
fear!

Azarques, Zegris, Almoradis, hear!<sup>3</sup>  
Be every feud forgotten, and your hands  
Dyed with no blood but that of hostile bands.<sup>4</sup>  
Wake, princes of the land! the hour is come,  
And the red sabre must decide your doom.  
Where is that spirit which prevailed of yore,  
When Tarik's bands o'erspread the western  
shore?<sup>5</sup>

When the long combat raged on Xeres' plain,<sup>6</sup>

<sup>3</sup> Azarques, Zegris, Almoradis, different tribes of the Moors of Granada, all of high distinction.

<sup>4</sup> The conquest of Granada was greatly facilitated by the civil dissensions which at this period prevailed in the city. Several of the Moorish tribes, influenced by private feuds, were fully prepared for submission to the Spaniards; others had embraced the cause of Muley el Zagal, the uncle and competitor for the throne of Abdallah, (or Abo Abdeli,) and all was jealousy and animosity.

<sup>5</sup> Tarik, the first leader of the Arabs and Moors into Spain. "The Saracens landed at the pillar or point of Europe. The corrupt and familiar appellation of Gibraltar (Gebel al Tarik) describes the mountain of Tarik; and the intrenchments of his camp were the first outline of those fortifications which, in the hands of our countrymen, have resisted the art and power of the house of Bourbon. The adjacent governors informed the court of Toledo of the descent and progress of the Arabs; and the defeat of his lieutenant Edeco, who had been commanded to seize and bind the presumptuous strangers, first admonished Roderic of the magnitude of the danger. At the royal summons, the dukes and counts, the bishops and nobles of the Gothic monarchy, assembled at the head of their followers; and the title of king of the Romans, which is employed by an Arabic historian, may be excused by the close affinity of language, religion, and manners, between the nations of Spain." — *GIBBON'S Decline and Fall*, &c., vol. ix. pp. 472, 473.

<sup>6</sup> "In the neighborhood of Cadiz, the town of Xeres has been illustrated by the encounter which determined the fate of the kingdom; the stream of the Guadalete, which falls into the bay, divided the two camps, and marked the advancing and retreating skirmishes of three successive days. On the fourth day, the two armies joined a more serious and decisive issue. Notwithstanding the valor of the Saracens, they fainted under the weight of multitudes, and the plain of

And Afric's tecbir swelled through yielding  
Spain !<sup>1</sup>

Is the lance broken, is the shield decayed,  
The warrior's arm unstrung, his heart dismayed ?  
Shall no high spirit of ascendant worth  
Arise to lead the sons of Islam forth ?  
To guard the regions where our fathers' blood  
Hath bathed each plain and mingled with each  
flood ;  
Where long their dust hath blended with the  
soil  
Won by their swords, made fertile by their toil ?

"O ye sierras of eternal snow !  
Ye streams that by the tombs of heroes flow,  
Woods, fountains, rocks of Spain ! ye saw their  
might  
In many a fierce and unforgotten fight —  
Shall ye behold their lost, degenerate race  
Dwell 'midst your scenes in fetters and disgrace ?  
With each memorial of the past around,  
Each mighty monument of days renowned ?  
May this indignant heart ere then be cold,  
This frame be gathered to its kindred mould !  
And the last lifedrop circling through my  
veins  
Have tinged a soil untainted yet by chains !

"And yet one struggle ere our doom is sealed,  
One mighty effort, one deciding field !  
If vain each hope, we still have choice to be  
In life the fettered, or in death the free !"

Still while he speaks each gallant heart beats  
high,  
And ardor flashes from each kindling eye ;  
Youth, manhood, age, as if inspired, have caught  
The glow of lofty hope and daring thought ;  
And all is hushed around — as every sense  
Dwelt on the tones of that wild eloquence.

Xeres was overspread with sixteen thousand of their dead bodies. 'My brethren,' said Tarik to his surviving companions, 'the enemy is before you, the sea is behind ; whither would ye fly ? Follow your general ; I am resolved either to lose my life, or to trample on the prostrate king of the Romans.' Besides the resource of despair, he confided in the secret correspondence and nocturnal interviews of Count Julian with the sons and the brother of Witiza. The two princes, and the Archbishop of Toledo, occupied the most important post : their well-timed defection broke the ranks of the Christians ; each warrior was prompted by fear or suspicion to consult his personal safety ; and the remains of the Gothic army were scattered or destroyed in the flight and pursuit of the three following days." — GIBBON'S *Decline and Fall*, &c., vol. ix. pp. 473, 474.

<sup>1</sup> The *tecbir*, the shout of onset used by the Saracens in battle.

But when his voice hath ceased, th' impetuous  
cry

Of eager thousands bursts at once on high ;  
Rampart, and rock, and fortress ring around,  
And fair Alhambra's inmost halls resound.  
"Lead us, O chieftain ! lead us to the strife,  
To fame in death, or liberty in life !"  
O zeal of noble hearts ! in vain displayed !  
Now, while the burning spirit of the brave  
Is roused to energies that yet might save —  
E'en now, enthusiasts ! while ye rush to claim  
Your glorious trial on the field of fame,  
Your king hath yielded ! Valor's dream is o'er ;  
Power, wealth, and freedom are your own no  
more ;  
And for your children's portion, *but* remains  
That bitter heritage — the stranger's chains

## CANTO III.

"Fermossi al fin il cor che balzo tanto."  
HIPPOLITO PINDEMONTE

HEROES of elder days ! untaught to yield,  
Who bled for Spain on many an ancient field ;  
Ye that around the oaken cross of yore<sup>2</sup>  
Stood firm and fearless on Asturia's shore,  
And with your spirit, ne'er to be subdued,  
Hallowed the wild Cantabrian solitude ;  
Rejoice amidst your dwellings of repose,  
In the last chastening of your Moslem foes !  
Rejoice ! — for Spain, arising in her strength,  
Hath burst the remnant of their yoke at length,  
And they, in turn, the cup of woe must drain,  
And bathe their fetters with their tears in vain  
And thou, the warrior *born in happy hour*,<sup>3</sup>  
Valencia's lord, whose name alone was power,  
Theme of a thousand songs in days gone by,  
Conqueror of kings ! exult, O Cid ! on high ;  
For still 'twas thine to guard thy country's weal,  
In life, in death, the watcher for Castile !

Thou, in that hour when Mauritania's bands  
Rushed from their palmy groves and burning  
lands,

<sup>2</sup> The terrors occasioned by this sudden excitement of popular feeling seem even to have accelerated Abo Abdeh's capitulation. "Aterrado Abo Abdeh con el alboroto temiendo no ser ya el Dueño de un pueblo amotinado, apresuró á concluir una capitulation, la menos dura que podia obtener en tan urgentes circunstancias, y ofreció entregar á Granada el dia seis de Enero." — *Paseos en Granada*, vol. i. p. 298.

<sup>3</sup> The oaken cross, carried by Pelagius in battle.

<sup>4</sup> See Southey's *Chronicle of the Cid*, in which that warrior is frequently styled "he who was born in happy hour."

E'en in the realm of spirits didst retain  
 A patriot's vigilance, remembering Spain!<sup>1</sup>  
 Then at deep midnight rose the mighty sound,  
 By Leon heard in shuddering awe profound,  
 As through her echoing streets, in dread array,  
 Beings once mortal held their viewless way —  
 Voices from worlds we know not — and the tread  
 Of marching hosts, the armies of the dead,  
 Thou and thy buried chieftains: from the grave  
 Then did thy summons rouse a king to save,  
 And join thy warriors with unearthly might  
 To aid the rescue in Tolosa's fight.

Those days are past — the crescent on thy  
 shore,

O realm of evening! sets, to rise no more.<sup>2</sup>  
 What banner streams afar from Vela's tower?<sup>3</sup>  
 The cross, bright ensign of Iberia's power!  
 What the glad shout of each exulting voice?  
 "Castile and Aragon! rejoice, rejoice!"  
 Yielding free entrance to victorious foes,  
 The Moorish city sees her gates unclose,  
 And Spain's proud host, with pennon, shield,  
 and lance,  
 Through her long streets in knightly garb ad-  
 vance.

O, ne'er in lofty dreams hath Fancy's eye  
 Dwelt on a scene of statelier pageantry,  
 At joust or tourney, theme of poet's lore,  
 High masque or solemn festival of yore.

<sup>1</sup> "Moreover, when the Miramolin brought over from Africa against King Don Alfonso, the eighth of that name, the mightiest power of the misbelievers that had ever been brought against Spain, since the destruction of the kings of the Goths, the Cid Campeador remembered his country that great danger; for the night before the battle was fought at the Navas de Tolosa, in the dead of the night, a mighty sound was heard in the whole city of Leon, as if it were the tramp of a great army passing through; and it passed on to the royal monastery of St. Isidro, and there was a great knocking at the gate thereof, and they called to a priest who was keeping vigils in the church, and told him that the captains of the army whom he heard were the Cid Ruydiez, and Count Ferran Gonzalez, and that they came there to call up King Don Fernando the Great, who lay buried in that church, that he might go with them to deliver Spain. And on the morrow that great battle of the Navas de Tolosa was fought, wherein sixty thousand of the misbelievers were slain, which was one of the greatest and noblest battles ever won over the Moors." — *SOUTHEY'S Chronicle of the Cid*.

<sup>2</sup> The name of Andalusia, the *region of evening*, or of the *west*, was applied by the Arabs not only to the province so called, but to the whole peninsula.

<sup>3</sup> "En este día, para siempre memorable, los estandartes de la Cruz, de St. Jago, y el de los Reyes de Castilla se tremoláran sobre la torre mas alta, llamada de la Vela; y un exercito prosternado, inundandose en lagrimas de gozo y reconocimiento, asistio al mas glorioso de los espectaculos." — *Paseos en Granada*, vol. i : 299.

The gilded cupolas, that proudly rise  
 O'erarched by cloudless and cerulean skies;  
 Tall minarets, shining mosques, barbaric towers,  
 Fountains and palaces, and cypress bowers:  
 And they, the splendid and triumphant throng,  
 With helmets glittering as they move along,  
 With brodered scarf and gem-bestudded mail,  
 And graceful plumage streaming on the gale;  
 Shields, gold embossed, and pennons floating far,  
 And all the gorgeous blazonry of war,  
 All brightened by the rich transparent hues  
 That southern suns o'er heaven and earth dif-  
 fuse —

Blend in one scene of glory, formed to throw  
 O'er memory's page a never-fading glow.  
 And there, too, foremost 'midst the conquering  
 brave,

Your azure plumes, O Aben-Zurrahs! wave  
 There Hamet moves; the chief whose lofty port  
 Seems nor reproach to shun, nor praise to court;  
 Calm, stern, collected — yet within his breast  
 Is there no pang, no struggle, unconfessed?  
 If such there be, it still must dwell unseen,  
 Nor cloud a triumph with a sufferer's mien.

Hear'st thou the solemn yet exulting sound  
 Of the deep anthem floating far around?  
 The choral voices, to the skies that raise  
 The full majestic harmony of praise?  
 Lo! where, surrounded by their princely train,  
 They come, the sovereigns of rejoicing Spain,  
 Borne on their trophied car — lo! bursting thence  
 A blaze of chivalrous magnificence!

Onward their slow and stately course they  
 bend  
 To where th' Alhambra's ancient towers ascend  
 Reared and adorned by Moorish kings of yore,  
 Whose lost descendants there shall dwell no  
 more.

They reach those towers — irregularly vast  
 And rude they seem, in mould barbaric cast:

<sup>4</sup> Swinburne, after describing the noble palace built by Charles V. in the precincts of the Alhambra, thus proceeds: "Adjoining (to the north) stands a huge heap of as ugly buildings as can well be seen, all huddled together, seemingly without the least intention of forming one habitation out of them. The walls are entirely unornamented, all gravel and pebbles, daubed over with plaster by a very coarse hand yet this is the palace of the Moorish kings of Granada, indisputably the most curious place within that exists in Spain, perhaps in Europe. In many countries you may see excellent modern as well as ancient architecture, both entire and in ruins; but nothing to be met with any where else can convey an idea of this edifice, except you take it from —"



They enter — to their wondering sight is given  
A genii palace — an Arabian heaven!<sup>1</sup>

A scene by magic raised, so strange, so fair,  
Its forms and color seem alike of air.  
Here, by sweet orange boughs half shaded o'er,  
The deep clear bath reveals its marble floor,  
Its margin fringed with flowers, whose glowing  
hues

The calm transparence of its wave suffuse.  
There round the court, where Moorish arches  
bend,

Aerial columns, richly decked, ascend;  
Unlike the models of each classic race,  
Of Doric grandeur or Corinthian grace,  
But answering well each vision that portrays  
Arabian splendor to the poet's gaze:  
Wild, wondrous, brilliant, all — a mingling glow  
Of rainbow tints, above, around, below;  
Bright streaming from the many-tinctured veins  
Of precious marble, and the vivid stains  
Of rich mosaics o'er the light arcade,  
In gay festoons and fairy knots displayed.  
On through th' enchanted realm, that only seems  
Meet for the radiant creatures of our dreams,  
The royal conquerors pass — while still their  
sight

On some new wonder dwells with fresh delight.  
Here the eye roves through slender colonnades,  
O'er bowery terraces and myrtle shades;  
Dark olive woods beyond, and far on high  
The vast sierra mingling with the sky.  
There, scattering far around their diamond spray,  
Clear streams from founts of alabaster play,  
Through pillared halls, where, exquisitely  
wrought,

Rich arabesques, with glittering foliage fraught,  
Surmount each fretted arch, and lend the scene  
A wild, romantic, Oriental mien:

decorations of an opera, or the tales of the genii." — SWINBURNE'S *Travels through Spain*.

<sup>1</sup> "Passing round the corner of the emperor's palace, you are admitted at a plain, unornamented door in a corner. On my first visit, I confess, I was struck with amazement, as I stepped over the threshold, to find myself on a sudden transported into a species of fairyland. The first place you come to is the court called the *Comuna*, or *del Mesucar*, that is, the common baths: an oblong square, with a deep basin of clear water in the middle; two flights of marble steps leading down to the bottom; on each side a parterre of flowers, and a row of orange trees. Round the court runs a peristyle paved with marble; the arches bear upon very slight pillars, in proportions and style different from all the regular orders of architecture. The ceilings and walls are incrustated with fretwork in stucco, so minute and intricate that the most patient draughtsman would find it difficult to follow it, unless he made himself master of the general plan."

SWINBURNE'S *Travels in Spain*.

While many a verse, from Eastern bards of old,  
Borders the walls in characters of gold.<sup>2</sup>  
Here Moslem luxury, in her own domain,  
Hath held for ages her voluptuous reign  
'Midst gorgeous domes, where soon shall silence  
brood,

And all be lone — a splendid solitude.  
Now wake their echoes to a thousand songs,  
From mingling voices of exulting throngs;  
Tambour and flute, and atabal are there,<sup>3</sup>  
And joyous clarions pealing on the air;  
While every hall resounds, "Granada won!  
Granada! for Castile and Aragon!"<sup>4</sup>

'Tis night — from dome and tower, in dazzling  
maze,  
The festal lamps innumerable blaze;<sup>5</sup>  
Through long arcades their quivering lustre  
gleams,  
From every lattice tremulously streams,  
'Midst orange gardens plays on fount and rill,  
And gilds the waves of Darro and Xenil;

<sup>2</sup> The walls and cornices of the Alhambra are covered with inscriptions in Arabic characters. "In examining this abode of magnificence," says Bourgoanne, "the observer is every moment astonished at the new and interesting mixture of architecture and poetry. The palace of the Alhambra may be called a collection of fugitive pieces; and whatever duration these may have, time, with which every thing passes away, has too much contributed to confirm to them that title." — See BOURGOANNE'S *Travels in Spain*.

<sup>3</sup> Atabal, a kind of Moorish drum.

<sup>4</sup> "Y así entraron en la ciudad, y subieron al Alhambra, y encima de la torre de Comares tan famosa se levantó la señal de la Santa Cruz, y luego el real estandarte de los dos Christianos reyes. Y al punto los reyes de armas, a grandes bozes dizieron, 'Granada! Granada! por su magestad, y por la reyna su muger.' La serinissima reyna D. Isabel, que vió la señal de la Santa Cruz sobre la hermosa torre de Comares, y el su estandarte real con ella, se hincó de Rodillas, y dió infinitas gracias a Dios por la victoria que le avia dado contra aquella gran ciudad. La musica real de la capilla del rey luego a canto de organo cantó *Te Deum laudamus*. Fué tan grande el plazer que todos lloravan. Luego del Alhambra sonaron mil instrumentos de musica de belicas trompetas. Los Moros amigos del rey, que querian ser Christianos, cuya cabeza era el valerosa Muça, tomaron mil dulzaynas y añafles, sonando grande ruydo de atambores por toda la ciudad." — *Historia de las Guerras Civiles de Granada*.

<sup>5</sup> "Los cavalleros Moros que avemos dicho, aquella noche jugaron galanamente alcancias y cañas. Andava Granada aquella noche con tanta alegria, y con tantas luminarias, que parecia que se ardia la terra." — *Historia de las Guerras Civiles de Granada*.

Swinburne, in his *Travels through Spain*, in the years 1775 and 1776, mentions, that the anniversary of the surrender of Granada to Ferdinand and Isabella was still observed in the city as a great festival and day of rejoicing; and that the populace on that occasion paid an annual visit to the Moorish palace.

Red flame the torches on each minaret's height,  
And shines each street an avenue of light ;  
And midnight feasts are held, and music's voice  
Through the long night still summons to rejoice.

Yet there, while all would seem to heedless  
eye

One blaze of pomp, one burst of revelry,  
Are hearts unsoothed by those delusive hours,  
Galled by the chain, though decked a while with  
flowers ;

Stern passions working in th' indignant breast,  
Deep pangs untold, high feelings unexpressed,  
Heroic spirits, unsubmitting yet —  
Vengeance, and keen remorse, and vain regret.

From yon proud height, whose olive-shaded  
brow

Commands the wide luxuriant plains below,  
Who lingering gazes o'er the lovely scene,  
Anguish and shame contending in his mien ?  
He who of heroes and of kings the son,  
Hath lived to lose whate'er his fathers won ;  
Whose doubts and fears his people's fate have  
sealed,

Wavering alike in council and in field ;  
Weak, timid ruler of the wise and brave,  
Still a fierce tyrant or a yielding slave.

Far from these vine-clad hills and azure skies,  
To Afric's wilds the royal exile flies ;<sup>1</sup>  
Yet pauses on his way to weep in vain  
O'er all he never must behold again.  
Fair spreads the scene around — for him *too* fair,  
Each glowing charm but deepens his despair.  
The Vega's meads, the city's glittering spires,  
The old majestic palace of his sires,  
The gay pavilions and retired alcoves,  
Bosomed in citron and pomegranate groves ;  
Tower-crested rocks, and streams that wind in  
light,

All in one moment bursting on his sight,  
Speak to his soul of glory's vanished years,  
And wake the source of unavailing tears.  
— Weep'st thou, Abdallah ? — Thou dost well  
to weep,

O feeble heart ! o'er all thou couldst not keep !  
Well do a woman's tears befit the eye  
Of him who knew not as a man to die.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> “ Los Gomeles todos se passerón en Africa, y el Rey Chico con ellos, que no quiso estar en España, y en Africa le mataron los Moros de aquellas partes, porque perdió a Granada.” — *Guerras Civiles de Granada*.

<sup>2</sup> Abo Abdeli, upon leaving Granada, after its conquest by Ferdinand and Isabella, stopped on the hill of Padul to take

The gale sighs mournfully through Zayda's  
bower,

The hand is gone that nursed each infant flower.  
No voice, no step, is in her father's halls,  
Mute are the echoes of their marble walls ;  
No stranger enters at the chieftain's gate,  
But all is hushed, and void, and desolate.

There, through each tower and solitary shade,  
In vain doth Hamet seek the Zegri maid :  
Her grove is silent, her pavilion lone,  
Her lute forsaken, and her doom unknown ;  
And through the scene she loved, unheeded flow  
The stream whose music lulled her to repose.

But O, to him, whose self-accusing thought  
Whispers 'twas *he* that desolation wrought ;  
He who his country and his faith betrayed,  
And lent Castile revengeful, powerful aid ;  
A voice of sorrow swells in every gale,  
Each wave low rippling tells a mournful tale.  
And as the shrubs, untended, unconfined,  
In wild exuberance rustle to the wind,  
Each leaf hath language to his startled sense,  
And seems to murmur — “ Thou hast driven her  
hence ! ”

And well he feels to trace her flight were vain,  
— Where hath lost love been once recalled again ?  
In her pure breast, so long by anguish torn,  
His name can rouse no feeling now — but scorn.  
O, bitter hour ! when first the shuddering heart  
Wakes to behold the void within — and start !  
To feel its own abandonment, and brood  
O'er the chill bosom's depth of solitude.  
The stormy passions that in Hamet's breast  
Have swayed so long, so fiercely, are at rest ;  
The avenger's task is closed :<sup>3</sup> he finds too late  
It hath not changed his feelings, but his fate.  
He was a lofty spirit, turned aside  
From its bright path by woes, and wrongs, and  
pride,

And onward, in its new tumultuous course,  
Borne with too rapid and intense a force  
To pause one moment in the dread career,  
And ask if such could be its native sphere.  
Now are those days of wild delirium o'er,  
Their fears and hopes excite his soul no more

<sup>3</sup> last look of his city and palace. Overcome by the sight he burst into tears, and was thus reproached by his mother the Sultaneess Ayxa : “ Thou dost well to weep, like a woman, over the loss of that kingdom which thou knewest not how to defend and die for like a man.”

<sup>4</sup> “ El rey mandó, que si quedavan Zegrí, que no vivieses en Granada, por la maldad qui hizieron contra los Abencerages.” — *Guerras Civiles de Granada*.

The feverish energies of passion close,  
And his heart sinks in desolate repose,  
Turns sickening from the world, yet shrinks not  
less  
From its own deep and utter loneliness.

There is a sound of voices on the air,  
A flash of armor to the sunbeam's glare,  
Midst the wild Alpuxarras;<sup>1</sup> there, on high,  
Where mountain snows are mingling with the  
sky,  
A few brave tribes, with spirits yet unbroke,  
Have fled indignant from the Spaniard's yoke

O ye dread scenes! where nature dwells alone,  
Severely glorious on her craggy throne;  
Ye citadels of rock, gigantic forms,  
Veiled by the mists and girdled by the storms, —  
Ravines, and glens, and deep resounding  
caves,

That hold communion with the torrent waves;  
And ye, th' unstained and everlasting snows,  
That dwell above in bright and still repose;  
To you, in every clime, in every age,  
Far from the tyrant's or the conqueror's rage,  
Hath Freedom led her sons — untired to keep  
Her fearless vigils on the barren steep.  
She, like the mountain eagle, still delights  
To gaze exulting from unconquered heights,  
And build her eyry in defiance proud,  
To dare the wind, and mingle with the cloud.

Now her deep voice, the soul's awakener,  
swells,  
Wild Alpuxarras! through your inmost dells.  
There, the dark glens and lonely rocks among,  
As at the clarion's call, her children throng.  
She with enduring strength has nerved each  
frame,  
And made each heart the temple of her flame,  
Her own resisting spirit, which shall glow  
Unquenchably, surviving all below.

There high-born maids, that moved upon the  
earth  
More like bright creatures of aerial birth,  
Nurslings of palaces, have fled to share  
The fate of brothers and of sires; to bear,

<sup>1</sup> "The Alpuxarras are so lofty that the coast of Barbary, and the cities of Tangier and Ceuta, are discovered from their summits; they are about seventeen leagues in length, from Veles Malaga to Almeria, and eleven in breadth, and abound with fruit trees of great beauty and prodigious size. In these mountains the wretched remains of the Moors took refuge." — BOURGOINNE'S *Travels in Spain*.

All undismayed, privation and distress,  
And smile the roses of the wilderness:  
And mothers with their infants, there to dwell  
In the deep forest or the cavern cell,  
And rear their offspring 'midst the rocks, to be  
If now no more the mighty, still the free.

And 'midst that band are veterans, o'er whose  
head  
Sorrows and years their mingled snow have shed  
They saw thy glory, they have wept thy fall,  
O royal city! and the wreck of all  
They loved and hallowed most: doth aught re  
main

For these to prove of happiness or pain?  
Life's cup is drained — earth fades before their  
eye;

Their task is closing — they have but to die.  
Ask ye why fled they hither? — that their doom  
Might be, to sink unfettered to the tomb.

And youth, in all its pride of strength, is there,  
And buoyancy of spirit, formed to dare  
And suffer all things — fallen on evil days,  
Yet darting o'er the world an ardent gaze,  
As on the arena where its powers may find  
Full scope to strive for glory with mankind.  
Such are the tenants of the mountain hold,  
The high in heart, unconquered, uncontrolled:  
By day, the huntsmen of the wild — by night,  
Unwearied guardians of the watchfire's light,  
They from their bleak majestic home have caught  
A sterner tone of unsubmitting thought,  
While all around them bids the soul arise  
To blend with nature's dread sublimities.

— But these are lofty dreams, and must not be  
Where tyranny is near: the bended knee,  
The eye whose glance no inborn grandeur fires,  
And the tamed heart, are tributes she requires.  
Nor must the dwellers of the rock look down  
On regal conquerors, and defy their frown.  
What warrior band is toiling to explore  
The mountain pass, with pine wood shadowed  
o'er,

Startling with martial sounds each rude recess,  
Where the deep echo slept in loneliness?  
These are the sons of Spain! — Your foes are  
near,

O exiles of the wild sierra! hear!  
Hear! wake! arise! and from your inmost caves  
Pour like the torrent in its might of waves!

Who leads the invaders on? — his features bear  
The deep-worn traces of a calm despair;  
Yet his dark brow is haughty — and his eye  
Speaks of a soul that asks not sympathy



'Tis he! 'tis he again! the apostate chief;  
 He comes in all the sternness of his grief.  
 He comes, but changed in heart, no more to wield  
 Falchion for proud Castile in battle field,  
 Against his country's children, though he leads  
 Castilian bands again to hostile deeds:  
 His hope is but from ceaseless pangs to fly,  
 To rush upon the Moslem spears, and die.  
 So shall remorse and love the heart release,  
 Which dares not dream of joy, but sighs for  
 peace.

The mountain echoes are awake — a sound  
 Of strife is ringing through the rocks around.  
 Within the steep defile that winds between  
 Cliffs piled on cliffs, a dark, terrific scene,  
 Where Moorish exile and Castilian knight  
 Are wildly mingling in the serried fight.  
 Red flows the foaming streamlet of the glen,  
 Whose bright transparence ne'er was stained till  
 then;

While swell the war note and the clash of spears  
 To the bleak dwellings of the mountaineers,  
 Where thy sad daughters, lost Granada! wait  
 In dread suspense the tidings of their fate.  
 But he — whose spirit, panting for its rest,  
 Would fain each sword concentrate in his  
 breast —

Who, where a spear is pointed, or a lance  
 Aimed at another's breast, would still advance —  
 Courts death in vain; each weapon glances by,  
 As if for him 'twere bliss too great to die.  
 Yes, Aben-Zurrah! there are deeper woes  
 Reserved for thee ere nature's last repose;  
 Thou know'st not yet what vengeance fate can  
 wreak,

Nor all the heart can suffer ere it break.  
 Doubtful and long the strife, and bravely fell  
 The sons of battle in that narrow dell;  
 Youth in its light of beauty there hath passed,  
 And age, the weary, found repose at last;  
 Till, few and faint, the Moslem tribes recoil,  
 Borne down by numbers and o'erpowered by toil.  
 Dispersed, disheartened, through the pass they  
 fly,

Pierce the deep wood, or mount the cliff on high;  
 While Hamet's band in wonder gaze, nor dare  
 Track o'er their dizzy path the footsteps of  
 despair.

Yet he, to whom each danger hath become  
 A dark delight, and every wild a home,  
 Still urges onward — undismayed to tread  
 Where life's fond lovers would recoil with dread.  
 But fear is for the happy — *they* may shrink  
 From the steep precipice or torrent's brink;

They to whom earth is paradise — their doom  
 Lends no stern courage to approach the tomb  
 Not such his lot, who, schooled by fate severe,  
 Were but too blest if aught remained to fear.<sup>1</sup>  
 Up the rude crags, whose giant masses throw  
 Eternal shadows o'er the glen below;  
 And by the fall, whose many-tinctured spray  
 Half in a mist of radiance veils its way,  
 He holds his venturous track: supported now  
 By some o'erhanging pine or ilex bough;  
 Now by some jutting stone, that seems to dwell  
 Half in mid air, as balanced by a spell.  
 Now hath his footstep gained the summit's head,  
 A level span, with emerald verdure spread,  
 A fairy circle — there the heath flowers rise,  
 And the rock rose unnoticed blooms and dies,  
 And brightly plays the stream, ere yet its tide  
 In foam and thunder cleave the mountain side.  
 But all is wild beyond — and Hamet's eye  
 Roves o'er a world of rude sublimity.  
 That dell beneath, where e'en at noon of day  
 Earth's chartered guest, the sunbeam, scarce can  
 stray;

Around, untrodden woods; and far above,  
 Where mortal footstep ne'er may hope to rove,  
 Bare granite cliffs, whose fixed, inherent dyes  
 Rival the tints that float o'er summer skies;<sup>2</sup>  
 And the pure glittering snow realm, yet more  
 high,

That seems a part of heaven's eternity.

There is no track of man where Hamet stands,  
 Pathless the scene as Libya's desert sands;  
 Yet on the calm still air a sound is heard  
 Of distant voices, and the gathering word  
 Of Islam's tribes, now faint and fainter grown,  
 Now but the lingering echo of a tone.

That sound, whose cadence dies upon his  
 ear,  
 He follows, reckless if his bands are near.  
 On by the rushing stream his way he bends,  
 And through the mountain's forest zone ascends;

<sup>1</sup> "Plût à Dieu que je craignisse!" — *Andromaque*

<sup>2</sup> Mrs. Radcliffe, in her journey along the banks of the Rhine, thus describes the colors of granite rocks in the mountains of the Bergstrasse: "The nearer we approached these mountains, the more we had occasion to admire the various tints of their granites. Sometimes the precipices were of a faint pink, then of a deep red, a dull purple, or a bluish approaching to lilac; and sometimes gleams of a pale yellow mingled with the low shrubs that grew upon their sides. The day was cloudless and bright, and we were too near these heights to be deceived by the illusions of aerial coloring; the real hues of their features were as beautiful as their magnitude was sublime."

Piercing the still and solitary shades  
Of ancient pine, and dark luxuriant glades,  
Eternal twilight's reign : — those mazes past,  
The glowing sunbeams meet his eyes at last,  
And the lone wanderer now hath reached the  
source

Whence the wave gushes, foaming on its course.  
But there he pauses — for the lonely scene  
Towers in such dread magnificence of mien,  
And, mingled oft with some wild eagle's cry,  
From rock-built eyry rushing to the sky,  
So deep the solemn and majestic sound  
Of forests, and of waters murmuring round —  
That, rapt in wondering awe, his heart forgets  
Its fleeting struggles and its vain regrets.  
— What earthly feeling unabashed can dwell  
In nature's mighty presence? — 'midst the swell  
Of everlasting hills, the roar of floods,  
And frown of rocks, and pomp of waving woods?  
These their own grandeur on the soul impress,  
And bid each passion feel its nothingness.

'Midst the vast marble cliffs, a lofty cave  
Rears its broad arch beside the rushing wave;  
Shadowed by giant oaks, and rude and lone,  
It seems the temple of some power unknown,  
Where earthly being may not dare intrude  
To pierce the secrets of the solitude.  
Yet thence at intervals a voice of wail  
Is rising, wild and solemn, on the gale.  
Did thy heart thrill, O Hamet! at the tone?  
Came it not o'er thee as a spirit's moan?  
As some loved sound that long from earth had  
fled,

The unforgotten accents of the dead!  
E'en thus it rose — and springing from his trance  
His eager footsteps to the sound advance.  
He mounts the cliffs, he gains the cavern floor;  
Its dark-green moss with blood is sprinkled  
o'er:

He rushes on — and lo! where Zayda rends  
Her locks, as o'er her slaughtered sire she bends,  
Lost in despair; — yet, as a step draws nigh,  
Disturbing sorrow's lonely sanctity,  
She lifts her head, and, all subdued by grief,  
Views with a wild sad smile the once-loved chief;  
While rave her thoughts, unconscious of the  
past,  
And every woe forgetting — but the last.

"Com'st thou to weep with me? — for I  
left

Alone on earth, of every tie bereft.  
Low lies the warrior on his blood-stained bier;  
His child may call, but he no more shall hear.

He sleeps — but never shall those eyes unclose  
'Twas not my voice that lulled him to repose;  
Nor can it break his slumbers. — Dost thou  
mourn?

And is thy heart, like mine, with anguish torn?  
Weep, and my soul a joy in grief shall know,  
That o'er his grave my tears with Hamet's flow!

But scarce her voice had breathed that well-  
known name,

When, swiftly rushing o'er her spirit came  
Each dark remembrance — by affliction's power  
A while effaced in that o'erwhelming hour,  
To wake with tenfold strength: 'twas then her  
eye

Resumed its light, her mien its majesty,  
And o'er her wasted cheek a burning glow  
Spreads, while her lips' indignant accents flow.

"Away! I dream! O, how hath sorrow's might  
Bowed down my soul, and quenched its native  
light —

That I should thus forget! and bid *thy* tear  
With mine be mingled o'er a father's bier!  
Did he not perish, haply by thy hand,  
In the last combat with thy ruthless band?  
The morn beheld that conflict of despair: —  
'Twas then he fell — he fell! — and thou wert  
there!

Thou! who thy country's children hast pursued  
To their last refuge 'midst these mountains rude.  
Was it for this I loved thee? — Thou hast taught  
My soul all grief, all bitterness of thought!  
'Twill soon be past — I bow to Heaven's decree,  
Which bade each pang be ministered by thee."

"I had not deemed that aught remained belo  
For me to prove of yet untasted woe;  
But thus to meet thee, Zayda! can impart  
One more, one keener agony of heart.  
O, hear me yet! — I would have died to save  
My foe, but still thy father, from the grave;  
But in the fierce confusion of the strife,  
In my own stern despair and scorn of life,  
Borne wildly on, I saw not, knew not aught,  
Save that to perish there in vain I sought.  
And let me share thy sorrows! — hadst thou  
known

All I have felt in silence and alone,  
E'en *thou* mightst then relent, and deem, at last,  
A grief like mine might expiate all the past.

"But O, for thee, the loved and precious  
flower,  
So fondly reared in luxury's guarded bower,

From every danger, every storm secured,  
How hast *thou* suffered! what hast thou endured!

Daughter of palaces! and can it be  
That this bleak desert is a home for thee!  
These rocks *thy* dwelling! thou, who shouldst  
have known

Of life the sunbeam and the smile alone!  
O, yet forgive! — be all my guilt forgot,  
Nor bid me leave thee to so rude a lot!”

“That lot is fixed — ’twere fruitless to repine:  
Still must a gulf divide my fate from thine.  
I may forgive — but not at will the heart  
Can bid its dark remembrances depart.  
No, Hamet! no! — too deeply are these traced;  
Yet the hour comes when all shall be effaced!  
Not long on earth, not long, shall Zayda keep  
Her lonely vigils o’er the grave to weep.  
E’en now, prophetic of my early doom,  
Speaks to my soul a presage of the tomb;  
And ne’er in vain did hopeless mourner feel  
That deep foreboding o’er the bosom steal!  
Soon shall I slumber calmly by the side  
Of him for whom I lived, and would have died;  
Till then, one thought shall soothe my orphan lot,  
In pain and peril — I forsook him not.

“And now, farewell! — behold the summer  
day  
Is passing, like the dreams of life, away.  
Soon will the tribe of him who sleeps draw  
nigh,  
With the last rites his bier to sanctify.  
O, yet in time, away! — ’twere not *my* prayer  
Could move their hearts a foe like thee to spare!  
This hour they come — and dost thou scorn  
to fly?

Save me that one last pang — to see thee die!”  
E’en while she speaks is heard their echoing  
tread;  
Onward they move, the kindred of the dead.  
They reach the cave — they enter — slow their  
pace,  
And calm deep sadness marks each mourner’s  
face;  
And all is hushed, till he who seems to wait  
In silent stern devotedness his fate,  
Hath met their glance — then grief to fury turns;  
Each mien is changed, each eye indignant burns,  
And voices rise, and swords have left their  
sheath:

Blood must atone for blood, and death for death!  
They close around him: lofty still his mien,  
His cheek unaltered, and his brow serene.

Unheard, or heard in vain, is Zayda’s cry,  
Fruitless her prayer, unmarked her agony.  
But as his foremost foes their weapons bend  
Against the life he seeks not to defend,  
Wildly she darts between — each feeling *past*,  
Save strong affection, which prevails at last.  
O, not in vain its daring! — for the blow  
Aimed at his heart hath bade her lifeblood flow  
And she hath sunk a martyr on the breast  
Where in that hour her head may calmly rest,  
For he is saved! Behold the Zegri band,  
Pale with dismay and grief, around her stand:  
While, every thought of hate and vengeance o’er,  
They weep for her who soon shall weep no more.  
She, she alone is calm: — a fading smile,  
Like sunset, passes o’er her cheek the while;  
And in her eye, ere yet it closes, dwell  
Those last faint rays, the parting soul’s farewell.

“Now is the conflict past, and I have proved  
How well, how deeply thou hast been beloved!  
Yes! in an hour like this ’twere vain to hide  
The heart so long and so severely tried;  
Still to thy name that heart hath fondly thrilled,  
But sterner duties called — and were fulfilled.  
And I am blest! — To every holier tie  
My life was faithful, — and for thee I die!  
Nor shall the love so purified be vain;  
Severed on earth, we yet shall meet again.  
Farewell! — And ye, at Zayda’s dying prayer,  
Spare him, my kindred tribe! forgive and  
spare!  
O, be his guilt forgotten in his woes,  
While I, beside my sire, in peace restore.”

Now fades her cheek, her voice hath sunk,  
and death  
Sits in her eye, and struggles in her breath.  
One pang — ’tis past — her task on earth is done,  
And the pure spirit to its rest hath flown.  
But he for whom she died — O, who may paint  
The grief to which all other woes were faint?  
There is no power in language to impart  
The deeper pangs, the ordeals of the heart,  
By the dread Searcher of the soul surveyed;  
These have no words — nor are by words portrayed.

A dirge is rising on the mountain air,  
Whose fitful swells its plaintive murmurs bear  
Far o’er the Alpuxarras; — wild its tone,  
And rocks and caverns echo, “Thou art gone!”

“Daughter of heroes! thou art gone  
To share his tomb who gave thee birth.



Peace to the lovely spirit flown !  
 It was not formed for earth.  
 Thou wert a sunbeam in thy race,  
 Which brightly passed and left no trace.

■ But calmly sleep ! — for thou art free,  
 And hands unchained thy tomb shall raise.  
 Sleep ! they are closed at length for thee,  
 Life's few and evil days !  
 Nor shalt thou watch, with tearful eye,  
 The lingering death of liberty.

“ Flower of the desert ! thou thy bloom  
 Didst early to the storm resign :  
 We bear it still — and dark *their* doom  
 Who cannot weep for thine !  
 For us, whose every hope is fled,  
 The time is past to mourn the dead.

“ The days have been, when o'er thy bier  
 Far other strains than these had flowed ;  
 Now, as a home from grief and fear,  
 We hail thy dark abode !  
 We, who but linger to bequeath  
 Our sons the choice of chains or death.

“ Thou art with those, the free, the brave,  
 The mighty of departed years ;  
 And for the slumberers of the grave  
 Our fate hath left no tears.  
 Though loved and lost, to weep were vain  
 For thee, who ne'er shalt weep again.

“ Have we not seen despoiled by foes  
 The land our fathers won of yore ?  
 And is there yet a pang for those  
 Who gaze on *this* no more ?  
 O that like them 'twere ours to rest !  
 Daughter of heroes ! thou art blest ! ”

A few short years, and in the lonely cave  
 Where sleeps the Zegri maid, is Hamet's  
 grave.

Severed in life, united in the tomb —  
 Such, of the hearts that loved so well, the doom !  
 Their dirge, of woods and waves th' eternal  
 moan ;

Their sepulchre, the pine-clad rocks alone.  
 And oft beside the midnight watchfire's blaze,  
 Amidst those rocks, in long-departed days,  
 (When freedom fled, to hold, sequestered there,  
 The stern and lofty councils of despair,)  
 Some exiled Moor, a warrior of the wild,  
 “ Who the lone hours with mournful strains be-  
 guiled,

Hath taught his mountain home the tale of those  
 Who thus have suffered, and who thus repose

### THE WIDOW OF CRESCENTIUS

[“ In the reign of Otho III., Emperor of Germany, the Romans, excited by their Consul, Crescentius, who ardently desired to restore the ancient glory of the Republic, made a bold attempt to shake off the Saxon yoke, and the authority of the popes, whose vices rendered them objects of universal contempt. The Consul was besieged by Otho in the Mole of Hadrian, which long afterwards continued to be called the Tower of Crescentius. Otho, after many unavailing attacks upon this fortress, at last entered into negotiations ; and, pledging his imperial word to respect the life of Crescentius, and the rights of the Roman citizens, the unfortunate leader was betrayed into his power, and immediately beheaded, with many of his partisans. Stephanian, his widow, concealing her affliction and her resentment for the insults to which she had been exposed, secretly resolved to revenge her husband and herself. On the return of Otho from a pilgrimage to Mount Gargano, which perhaps a feeling of remorse had induced him to undertake, she found means to be introduced to him, and to gain his confidence ; and a poison administered by her was soon afterwards the cause of his painful death.” — SISMONDI, *History of the Italian Republics*, vol. i.]

“ L'orage peut briser en un moment les fleurs qui tiennent encore la tête levée.” — MAD. DE STAEL.

'MIDST Tivoli's luxuriant glades,  
 Bright-foaming falls, and olive shades,  
 Where dwelt, in days departed long,  
 The sons of battle and of song,  
 No tree, no shrub its foliage rears ;  
 But o'er the wrecks of other years,  
 Temples and domes, which long have been  
 The soil of that enchanted scene.

There the wild fig tree and the vine  
 O'er Hadrian's mouldering villa twine ;<sup>1</sup>

1 “ J'étais allé passer quelques jours seuls à Tivoli. Je parcourus les environs, et surtout celles de la Villa Adriana. Surpris par la pluie au milieu de ma course, je me réfugiai dans les Salles des *Thermes* voisins du *Pécile*, (monumens de la villa,) sous un figuier qui avait renversé le pan d'un mur en s'élevant. Dans un petit salon octogon, ouvert devant moi, une vigne vierge avait percé la voûte de l'édifice, et son gros cep lisse, rouge, et tortueux, montait le long du mur comme un serpent. Autour de moi, à travers les arcades des ruines, s'ouvraient des points de vue sur la Campagne Romaine. Des buissons de sureau remplissaient les salles désertes où venaient se réfugier quelques merles solitaires. Les fragmens de maçonnerie étaient tapissés de *ferilles* de scolopendre, dont la verdure satinée se dessinait comme un travail en mosaïque sur la blancheur des marbres : ça et là de hauts cyprès remplaçaient les colonnes tombées dans le palais de la Mort ; l'acanthé sauvage rampait à leurs pieds, sur des débris, comme si la nature s'était plu à reproduire sur ces chefs-d'œuvre mutilés d'architecture, l'ornement de leur beauté passée. CHATEAU RIAND'S *Souvenirs d'Italie* ”

The cypress, in funereal grace,  
 Usurps the vanished column's place;  
 O'er fallen shrine and ruined frieze  
 The wall flower rustles in the breeze;  
 Acanthus leaves the marble hide  
 They once adorned in sculptured pride,  
 And nature hath resumed her throne  
 O'er the vast works of ages flown.

Was it for this that many a pile,  
 Pride of Ilissus and of Nile,  
 To Anio's banks the image lent  
 Of each imperial monument?<sup>1</sup>  
 Now Athens weeps her shattered fanes,  
 Thy temples, Egypt, strew thy plains;  
 And the proud fabrics Hadrian reared  
 From Tibur's vale have disappeared.  
 We need no prescient sibyl there  
 The doom of grandeur to declare;  
 Each stone, where weeds and ivy climb,  
 Reveals some oracle of Time;  
 Each relic utters Fate's decree —  
 The future ■ the past shall be.

Halls of the dead! in Tibur's vale,  
 Who now shall tell your lofty tale?  
 Who trace the high patrician's dome,  
 The bard's retreat, the hero's home?  
 When moss-clad wrecks alone record  
 There dwelt the world's departed lord,  
 In scenes where verdure's rich array  
 Still sheds young beauty or decay,  
 And sunshine on each glowing hill  
 'Midst ruins finds a dwelling still.

Sunk is thy palace — but thy tomb,  
 Hadrian! hath shared ■ prouder doom.<sup>2</sup>  
 Though vanished with the days of old  
 Its pillars of Corinthian mould;

<sup>1</sup> The gardens and buildings of Hadrian's villa were copies of the most celebrated scenes and edifices in his dominions — the Lycæum, the Academia, the Prytæum of Athens, the Temple of Serapis at Alexandria, the Vale of Tempe, &c.

<sup>2</sup> The mausoleum of Hadrian, now the castle of St. Angelo, was first converted into a citadel by Belisarius, in his successful defence of Rome against the Goths. "The lover of the arts," says Gibbon, "must read with a sigh that the works of Praxiteles and Lysippus were torn from their lofty pedestals, and hurled into the ditch on the heads of the besiegers." He adds, in a note, that the celebrated Sleeping Faun of the Barberini palace was found, in a mutilated state, when the ditch of St. Angelo was cleansed under Urban VIII. In the middle ages, the Moles Hadriani was made a permanent fortress by the Roman government, and bastions, outworks, &c., were added to the original edifice, which had been stripped of its marble covering, its Corinthian pillars, and the brazen cone which crowned its summit.

Though the fair forms by sculpture wrought  
 Each bodying some immortal thought,  
 Which o'er that temple of the dead  
 Serene but solemn beauty shed,  
 Have found, like glory's self, a grave  
 In time's abyss or Tiber's wave;<sup>3</sup>  
 Yet dreams more lofty and more fair  
 Than art's bold hand hath imaged e'er,  
 High thoughts of many a mighty mind  
 Expanding when all else declined,  
 In twilight years, when only they  
 Recalled the radiance passed away,  
 Have made that ancient pile their home,  
 Fortress of freedom and of Rome.

There he, who strove in evil days  
 Again to kindle glory's rays,  
 Whose spirit sought a path of light  
 For those dim ages far too bright —  
 Crescentius — long maintained the strife  
 Which closed but with its martyr's life,  
 And left th' imperial tomb a name,  
 A heritage of holier fame.  
 There closed De Brescia's mission high,  
 From thence the patriot came to die;<sup>4</sup>  
 And thou, whose Roman soul the last  
 Spoke with the voice of ages past,<sup>5</sup>

<sup>3</sup> "Les plus beaux monumens des arts, les plus admirables statues, ont été jetées dans le Tiber, et sont cachées sous ses flots. Qui sait si, pour les chercher, on ne le détournera pas un jour de son lit? Mais quand on songe que les chefs-d'œuvres du génie humain sont peut-être là devant nous, et qu'un œil plus perçant les verrait à travers les ondes, l'on éprouve je ne sais quelle émotion, qui renaît à Rome sans cesse sous diverses formes, et fait trouver une société pour la pensée dans les objets physiques, muets partout ailleurs."  
 — MAD. DE STAEL.

<sup>4</sup> Arnold de Brescia, the undaunted and eloquent champion of Roman liberty, after unremitting efforts to restore the ancient constitution of the republic, was put to death in the year 1155, by Adrian IV. This event is thus described by Sismondi, *Histoire des Républiques Italiennes*, vol. ii. pp. 68, 69. "Le préfet demeura dans le château Saint Ange avec son prisonnier: il le fit transporter un matin sur la place destinée aux exécutions, devant la porte du peuple. Arnaud de Brescia, élevé sur un bûcher, fut attaché à un poteau, en face du Corso. Il pouvoit mesurer des yeux les trois longues rues qui aboutissoient devant son échafaud; elles font presque une moitié de Rome. C'est là qu'habitoient les hommes qu'il avoit si souvent appelés à la liberté. Ils reposoient encore en paix, ignorant le danger de leur législateur. Le tumulte de l'exécution et la flamme du bûcher réveillèrent les Romains; ils s'armèrent, ils accoururent, mais trop tard; et les cohortes du pape repoussèrent, avec leurs lances, ceux qui, n'ayant pu sauver Arnaud, vouloient du moins recueillir ses cendres comme de précieuses reliques."

<sup>5</sup> "Posterity will compare the virtues and failings of this extraordinary man, but in a long period of anarchy and servitude, the name of Rienzi has often been celebrated

Whose thoughts so long from earth had fled  
 To mingle with the glorious dead,  
 That 'midst the world's degenerate race  
 They vainly sought a dwelling-place,  
 Within that house of death didst brood  
 O'er visions to thy ruin wooed.  
 Yet, worthy of a brighter lot,  
 Rise, zi, be thy faults forgot !  
 For thou, when all around thee lay  
 Chained in the slumbers of decay —  
 So sunk each heart, that mortal eye  
 Had scarce a *tear* for liberty —  
 Alone, amidst the darkness there,  
 Couldst gaze on Rome — yet not despair !<sup>1</sup>

'Tis morn — and nature's richest dyes  
 Are floating o'er Italian skies ;  
 Tints of transparent lustre shine  
 Along the snow-clad Apennine ;  
 The clouds have left Soracte's height,  
 And yellow Tiber winds in light,  
 Where tombs and fallen fanes have strewed  
 The wide Campagna's solitude.  
 'Tis sad amidst that scene to trace  
 Those relics of a vanished race ;  
 Yet, o'er the ravaged path of time —  
 Such glory sheds that brilliant clime,  
 Where nature still, though empires fall,  
 Holds her triumphant festival —  
 E'en desolation wears a smile,  
 Where skies and sunbeams laugh the while ;  
 And heaven's own light, earth's richest bloom,  
 Array the ruin and the tomb.

But she, who from yon convent tower  
 Breathes the pure freshness of the hour ;  
 She, whose rich flow of raven hair  
 Streams wildly on the morning air,  
 Heeds not how fair the scene below,  
 Robed in Italia's brightest glow.  
 Though throned 'midst Latium's classic plains  
 Th' Eternal City's towers and fanes,  
 And they, the Pleiades of earth,  
 The seven proud hills of Empire's birth,

Lie spread beneath ; not now her glance  
 Roves o'er that vast sublime expanse ;  
 Inspired, and bright with hope, 'tis thrown  
 On Hadrian's massy tomb alone ;  
 There, from the storm, when Freedom fled  
 His faithful few Crescentius led ;  
 While she, his anxious bride, who now  
 Bends o'er the scene her youthful brow,  
 Sought refuge in the hallowed fane,  
 Which then could shelter, not in vain.

But now the lofty strife is o'er,  
 And Liberty shall weep no more.  
 At length imperial Otho's voice  
 Bids her devoted sons rejoice ;  
 And he, who battled to restore  
 The glories and the rights of yore,  
 Whose accents, like the clarion's sound,  
 Could burst the dead repose around,  
 Again his native Rome shall see  
 The sceptred city of the free !  
 And young Stephania waits the hour  
 When leaves her lord his fortress tower —  
 Her ardent heart with joy elate,  
 That seems beyond the reach of fate ;  
 Her mien, like creature from above,  
 All vivified with hope and love

Fair is her form, and in her eye  
 Lives all the soul of Italy ;  
 A meaning lofty and inspired,  
 As by her native daystar fired ;  
 Such wild and high expression, fraught  
 With glances of impassioned thought.  
 As fancy sheds, in visions bright,  
 O'er priestess of the God of Light ;  
 And the dark locks that lend her face  
 A youthful and luxuriant grace,  
 Wave o'er her cheek, whose kindling dyes  
 Seem from the fire within to rise,  
 But deepened by the burning heaven  
 To her own land of sunbeams given.  
 Italian art that fervid glow  
 Would o'er ideal beauty throw,  
 And with such ardent life express  
 Her high-wrought dreams of loveliness, —  
 Dreams which, surviving Empire's fall,  
 The shade of glory still recall.

But see ! — the banner of the brave  
 O'er Hadrian's tomb hath ceased to wave.  
 'Tis lowered — and now Stephania's eye  
 Can well the martial train descry,  
 Who, issuing from that ancient dome,  
 Pour through the crowded streets of Rome

■ the deliverer of his country, and the last of the Roman patriots." — GIBBON'S *Decline and Fall*, &c., vol. xii. p. 362.

<sup>1</sup> "Le consul Tarentius Varron avoit fui honteusement usqu'à Venouse. Cet homme, de la plus basse naissance, n'avoit été élevé au consulat que pour mortifier la noblesse ; mais le sénat ne voulut pas jouir de ce malheureux triomphe ; il vit combien il étoit nécessaire qu'il s'attirât dans cette occasion la confiance du peuple — il alla au-devant Varron, et le remercia de ce qu'il n'avoit pas désespéré de la république." — MONTESQUIEU'S *Grandeur et Décadence des Romains*.



Now from her watchtower on the height,  
 With step as fabled wood nymph's light,  
 She flies — and swift her way pursues  
 'Through the lone convent's avenues.  
 Dark cypress groves, and fields o'erspread  
 With records of the conquering dead,  
 And paths which track a glowing waste,  
 She traverses in breathless haste ;  
 And by the tombs where dust is shrined  
 Once tenanted by loftiest mind,  
 Still passing on, hath reached the gate  
 Of Rome, the proud, the desolate !  
 Thronged are the streets, and, still renewed,  
 Rush on the gathering multitude.  
 — Is it their high-souled chief to greet  
 That thus the Roman thousands meet ?  
 With names that bid their thoughts ascend,  
 Crescentius ! thine in song to blend ;  
 And of triumphal days gone by  
 Recall th' inspiring pageantry ?  
 — There is an air of breathless dread,  
 An eager glance, a hurrying tread ;  
 And now a fearful silence round,  
 And now a fitful murmuring sound,  
 'Midst the pale crowds, that almost seem  
 Phantoms of some tumultuous dream.  
 Quick is each step and wild each mien,  
 Portentous of some awful scene.  
 Bride of Crescentius ! as the throng  
 Bore thee with whelming force along,  
 How did thine anxious heart beat high,  
 Till rose suspense to agony ! —  
 Too brief suspense, that soon shall close,  
 And leave thy heart to deeper woes.

Who 'midst yon guarded precinct stands,  
 With fearless mien but fettered hands ?  
 The ministers of death are nigh,  
 Yet a calm grandeur lights his eye ;  
 And in his glance there lives a mind  
 Which was not formed for chains to bind,  
 But cast in such heroic mould  
 As theirs, th' ascendant ones of old.  
 Crescentius ! freedom's daring son,  
 Is this the guerdon thou hast won ?  
 O, worthy to have lived and died  
 In the bright days of Latium's pride !  
 Thus must the beam of glory close  
 O'er the seven hills again that rose,  
 When at thy voice, to burst the yoke,  
 The soul of Rome indignant woke ?  
 Vain dream ! the sacred shields are gone,<sup>1</sup>

Sunk is the crowning city's throne ;<sup>2</sup>  
 Th' illusions, that around her cast  
 Their guardian spells, have long been past.  
 Thy life hath been a shot star's ray,  
 Shed o'er her midnight of decay ;  
 Thy death at freedom's ruined shrine  
 Must rivet every chain — but thine.

Calm is his aspect, and his eye  
 Now fixed upon the deep-blue sky,  
 Now on those wrecks of ages fled  
 Around in desolation spread —  
 Arch, temple, column, worn and gray,  
 Recording triumphs passed away ;  
 Works of the mighty and the free,  
 Whose steps on earth no more shall be,  
 Though their bright course hath left ■ trace  
 Nor years nor sorrows can efface.  
 Why changes now the patriot's mien,  
 Erewhile so loftily serene ?  
 Thus can approaching death control  
 The might of that commanding soul ?

account : " In the eighth year of Numa's reign, ■ pestilence prevailed in Italy ; Rome also felt its ravages. While the people were greatly dejected, we are told that a brazen buckler fell from heaven into the hands of Numa. Of this he gave a very wonderful account, received from Egeria and the Muses : that the buckler was sent down for the preservation of the city, and should be kept with great care ; that eleven others should be made as like it as possible in size and fashion, in order that, if any person were disposed to steal it, he might not be able to distinguish that which fell from heaven from the rest. He further declared, that the place, and the meadows about it, where he frequently conversed with the Muses, should be consecrated to those divinities ; and that the spring which watered the ground should be sacred to the use of the Vestal Virgins, daily to sprinkle and purify their temple. The immediate cessation of the pestilence is said to have confirmed the truth of this account." — *Life of Numa*.

■ " Who hath taken this counsel against Tyre, the *crowning city*, whose merchants are princes, whose traffickers are the honorable of the earth ? " — *Isaiah*, chap. xxiii.

■ " Un mélange bizarre de grandeur d'âme et de faiblesse entroit dès cette époque (l'onzième siècle) dans le caractère des Romains. Un mouvement généreux vers les grandes choses faisoit place tout-à-coup à l'abattement ; ils passaient de la liberté la plus orageuse, à la servitude la plus avilissante. On auroit dit que les ruines et les portiques déserts de la capitale du monde, entretenoient ses habitans dans le sentiment de leur impuissance ; au milieu de ces monumens de leur domination passée, les citoyens éprouvoient d'une manière trop décourageante leur propre nullité. Le nom des Romains qu'ils portoient ranimoit fréquemment leur enthousiasme, comme il le ranime encore aujourd'hui ; mais bientôt la vue de Rome, du forum désert, des sept collines de nouveau rendues au pâturage des troupeaux, des temples désolés, des monumens tombant en ruine, les ramenoit ■ sentir qu'ils n'étoient plus les Romains d'autrefois." — *ST-MONDI, Histoire des Républiques Italiennes*, vol. i. p. 172.

<sup>1</sup> Of the sacred bucklers, or *ancilia* of Rome, which were kept in the temple of Mars, Plutarch gives the following

No! — Heard ye not that thrilling cry  
Which told of bitterest agony?  
He heard it, and at once, subdued,  
Hath sunk the hero's fortitude.  
He heard it, and his heart too well  
Whence rose that voice of woe can tell;  
And 'midst the gazing throngs around  
One well-known form his glance hath found —  
One fondly loving and beloved,  
In grief, in peril, faithful proved.  
Yes! in the wildness of despair,  
She, his devoted bride, is there.  
Pale, breathless, through the crowd she flies,  
The light of frenzy in her eyes:  
But ere her arms can clasp the form  
Which life ere long must cease to warm —  
Ere on his agonizing breast  
Her heart can heave, her head can rest —  
Checked in her course by ruthless hands,  
Mute, motionless, at once she stands;  
With bloodless cheek and vacant glance,  
Frozen and fixed in horror's trance;  
Spell bound, as every sense were fled,  
And thought o'erwhelmed, and feeling dead;  
And the light waving of her hair,  
And veil, far floating on the air,  
Alone, in that dread moment, show  
She is no sculptured form of woe.

The scene of grief and death is o'er,  
The patriot's heart shall throb no more;  
But *hers* — so vainly formed to prove  
The pure devotedness of love,  
And draw from fond affection's eye  
All thought sublime, all feeling high —  
When consciousness again shall wake,  
Hath now no refuge but to break.  
The spirit long inured to pain  
May smile at fate in calm disdain,  
Survive its darkest hour, and rise  
In more majestic energies.  
But in the glow of vernal pride,  
If each warm hope at once hath died,  
Then sinks the mind, a blighted flower,  
Dead to the sunbeam and the shower;  
A broken gem, whose inborn light  
Is scattered — ne'er to reunite.

## PART II.

HAST thou a scene that is not spread  
With records of thy glory fled?

A monument that doth not tell  
The tale of liberty's farewell?  
Italia! thou art but a grave  
Where flowers luxuriate o'er the brave  
And nature gives her treasures birth  
O'er all that hath been great on earth.  
Yet smile thy heavens as once they smiled  
When thou wert freedom's favored child;  
Though fane and tomb alike are low,  
Time hath not dimmed thy sunbeam's glow;  
And, robed in that exulting ray,  
Thou seem'st to triumph o'er decay —  
O, yet, though by thy sorrows bent,  
In nature's pomp magnificent!  
What marvel if, when all was lost,  
Still on thy bright, enchanted coast,  
Though many an omen warned him thence,  
Linger'd the lord of eloquence,<sup>1</sup>  
Still gazing on the lovely sky,  
Whose radiance wooed him — but to die?  
Like him, *who* would not linger there,  
Where heaven, earth, ocean, all are fair?  
Who 'midst thy glowing scenes could dwell,  
Nor bid a while his griefs farewell?

1 "As for Cicero, he was carried to Astyra, where, finding a vessel, he immediately went on board, and coasted along to Circæum with a favorable wind. The pilots were preparing immediately to sail from thence, but whether it was that he feared the sea, or had not yet given up all his hopes in Cæsar, he disembarked, and travelled a hundred furlongs on foot, as if Rome had been the place of his destination. Repenting, however, afterwards, he left that road, and made again for the sea. He passed the night in the most perplexing and horrid thoughts; insomuch, that he was sometimes inclined to go privately into Cæsar's house, and stab himself upon the altar of his domestic gods, to bring the divine vengeance upon his betrayer. But he was deterred from this by the fear of torture. Other alternatives, equally distressful, presented themselves. At last he put himself in the hands of his servants, and ordered them to carry him by sea to Cajeta, where he had a delightful retreat in the summer, when the Etesian winds set in. There was a temple of Apollo on that coast, from which a flight of crows came with great noise towards Cicero's vessel as it was making and they perched on both sides the sail-yard, where some sat croaking, and others pecking the ends of the ropes. All looked upon this as an ill omen; yet Cicero went on shore, and, entering his house, lay down to repose himself. In the mean time a number of the crows settled in the chamber window, and croaked in the most doleful manner. Some of them even entered it, and, alighting on the bed, attempted with its beak to draw off the clothes with which he had covered his face. On sight of this, the servants began to reproach themselves. 'Shall we,' said they, 'remain to be spectators of our master's murder? Shall we not protect him, so innocent and so great a sufferer as he is, when the brute creatures give him marks of their care and attention?' Then, partly by entreaty, partly by force, they got him into his litter, and carried him towards the sea." — PLUTARCH, *Life of Cicero*.

Hath not thy pure and genial air  
 Balm for all sadness but despair?<sup>1</sup>  
 No! there are pangs whose deep-worn trace  
 Not all thy magic can efface!  
 Hearts by unkindness wrung may learn  
 The world and all its gifts to spurn;  
 Time may steal on with silent tread,  
 And dry the tear that mourns the dead,  
 May change fond love, subdue regret,  
 And teach e'en vengeance to forget;  
 But thou, Remorse! there is no charm  
 Thy sting, avenger, to disarm!  
 Vain are bright suns and laughing skies  
 To soothe thy victim's agonies.  
 The heart once made thy burning throne,  
 Still, while it beats, is thine alone.

In vain for Otho's joyless eye  
 Smile the fair scenes of Italy,  
 As through her landscapes' rich array  
 Th' imperial pilgrim bends his way.  
 Thy form, Crescentius! on his sight  
 Rises when nature laughs in light,  
 Glides round him at the midnight hour,  
 Is present in his festal bower,  
 With awful voice and frowning mien,  
 By all but him unheard, unseen.  
 O, thus to shadows of the grave  
 Be every tyrant still a slave!

Where, through Gargano's woody dells,  
 O'er bending oaks the north wind swells,<sup>2</sup>  
 A sainted hermit's lowly tomb  
 Is bosomed in umbrageous gloom,  
 In shades that saw him live and die  
 Beneath their waving canopy.  
 'Twas his, as legends tell, to share  
 The converse of immortals there;

<sup>1</sup> "Now purer air  
 Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires  
 Vernal delight and joy, able to drive  
 All sadness but despair." — MILTON.

<sup>2</sup> Mount Gargano. "This ridge of mountains forms a very large promontory advancing into the Adriatic, and separated from the Apennines on the west by the plains of Lucera and San Severo. We took a ride into the heart of the mountains through shady dells and noble woods, which brought to our minds the venerable groves that in ancient times bent with the loud winds sweeping along the rugged sides of Garganus:

"Aquilonibus  
 Querceta Gargani laborant,  
 Et foliis viduantur orni." — HORACE.

"There is still a respectable forest of evergreen and common oak, pine, hornbeam, chestnut, and manna ash. The sheltered valleys are industriously cultivated, and seem to be best with luxuriant vegetation." — SWINBURNE'S *Travels*.

Around that dweller of the wild  
 There "bright appearances" have smiled,<sup>3</sup>  
 And angel wings at eve have been  
 Gleaming the shadowy boughs between.  
 And oft from that secluded bower  
 Hath breathed, at midnight's calmer hour  
 A swell of viewless harps, a sound  
 Of warbled anthems pealing round.  
 O, none but voices of the sky  
 Might wake that thrilling harmony,  
 Whose tones, whose very echoes made  
 An Eden of the lonely shade!  
 Years have gone by; the hermit sleeps  
 Amidst Gargano's woods and steepes;  
 Ivy and flowers have half o'ergrown  
 And veiled his low sepulchral stone:  
 Yet still the spot is holy, still  
 Celestial footsteps haunt the hill;  
 And oft the awe-struck mountaineer  
 Aerial vesper hymns may hear  
 Around those forest precincts float,  
 Soft, solemn, clear, but still remote.  
 Oft will Affliction breathe her plaint  
 To that rude shrine's departed saint,  
 And deem that spirits of the blest  
 There shed sweet influence o'er her breast.

And thither Otho now repairs,  
 To soothe his soul with vows and prayers;  
 And if for him, on holy ground,  
 The lost one, Peace, may yet be found,  
 'Midst rocks and forests, by the bed  
 Where calmly sleep the sainted dead,  
 She dwells, remote from heedless eye,  
 With nature's lonely majesty.

Vain, vain the search! — his troubled brow  
 Nor vow nor penance lulls to rest;  
 The weary pilgrimage is o'er,  
 The hopes that cheered it are no more.  
 Then sinks his soul, and, day by day,  
 Youth's buoyant energies decay.  
 The light of health his eye hath flown,  
 The glow that tinged his cheek is gone  
 Joyless as one on whom is laid  
 Some baleful spell that bids him fade,  
 Extending its mysterious power  
 O'er every scene, o'er every hour:  
 E'en thus he withers; and to him  
 Italia's brilliant skies are dim.  
 He withers — in that glorious clime  
 Where Nature laughs in scorn of Time;

<sup>3</sup> "In yonder nether world where shall I seek  
 His bright appearances, or footstep trace?" — MILTON



And suns, that shed on all below  
 Their full and vivifying glow,  
 From him alone their power withhold,  
 And leave his heart in darkness cold.  
 Earth blooms around him, heaven is fair —  
 He only seems to perish there.

Yet sometimes will a transient smile  
 Play o'er his faded cheek a while,  
 When breathes his minstrel boy a strain  
 Of power 'to lull all earthly pain —  
 So wildly sweet, its notes might seem  
 Th' ethereal music of a dream,  
 A spirit's voice from worlds unknown,  
 Deep thrilling power in every tone!  
 Sweet is that lay! and yet its flow  
 Hath language only given to woe;  
 And if at times its wakening swell  
 Some tale of glory seems to tell,  
 Soon the proud notes of triumph die,  
 Lost in a dirge's harmony.  
 O, many a pang the heart hath proved,  
 Hath deeply suffered, fondly loved,  
 Ere the sad strain could catch from thence  
 Such deep impassioned eloquence!  
 Yes! gaze on him, that minstrel boy —  
 He is no child of hope and joy!  
 Though few his years, yet have they been  
 Such as leave traces on the mien,  
 And o'er the roses of our prime  
 Breathe other blights than those of time.

Yet seems his spirit wild and proud,  
 By grief unsoftened and unbowed.  
 O, there are sorrows which impart  
 A sternness foreign to the heart,  
 And, rushing with an earthquake's power,  
 That makes a desert in an hour,  
 Rouse the dread passions in their course,  
 As tempests wake the billows' force! —  
 'Tis sad, on youthful Guido's face,  
 The stamp of woes like these to trace.  
 O, where can ruins awe mankind  
 Dark as the ruins of the mind?

His mien is lofty, but his gaze  
 Too well a wandering soul betrays:  
 His full dark eye at times is bright  
 With strange and momentary light,  
 Whose quick uncertain flashes throw  
 O'er his pale cheek a hectic glow.  
 And oft his features and his air  
 A shade of troubled mystery wear,  
 A glance of hurried wildness, fraught  
 With some unfathomable thought.

Whate'er that thought, still unexpressed  
 Dwells the sad secret in his breast;  
 The pride his haughty brow reveals  
 All other passion well conceals —  
 He breathes each wounded feeling's tone  
 In music's eloquence alone;  
 His soul's deep voice is only poured  
 Through his full song and swelling chord.

He seeks no friend, but shuns the train  
 Of courtiers with a proud disdain;  
 And, save when Otho bids his lay  
 Its half-unearthly power essay  
 In hall or bower the heart to thrill,  
 His haunts are wild and lonely still.  
 Far distant from the heedless throng,  
 He roves old Tiber's banks along,  
 Where Empire's desolate remains  
 Lie scattered o'er the silent plains;  
 Or, lingering 'midst each ruined shrine  
 That strews the desert Palatine,  
 With mournful, yet commanding mien,  
 Like the sad genius of the scene,  
 Entranced in awful thought appears  
 To commune with departed years.  
 Or at the dead of night, when Rome  
 Seems of heroic shades the home;  
 When Tiber's murmuring voice recalls  
 The mighty to their ancient halls;  
 When hushed is every meaner sound,  
 And the deep moonlight calm around  
 Leaves to the solemn scene alone  
 The majesty of ages flown —  
 A pilgrim to each hero's tomb,  
 He wanders through the sacred gloom;  
 And 'midst those dwellings of decay  
 At times will breathe so sad a lay,  
 So wild a grandeur in each tone,  
 'Tis like a dirge for empires gone!

Awake thy pealing harp again,  
 But breathe a more exulting strain,  
 Young Guido! for a while forgot  
 Be the dark secrets of thy lot,  
 And rouse th' inspiring soul of song  
 To speed the banquet's hour along! —  
 The feast is spread, and music's call  
 Is echoing through the royal hall,  
 And banners wave and trophies shine  
 O'er stately guests in glittering line;  
 And Otho seeks a while to chase  
 The thoughts he never can erase,  
 And bid the voice, whose murmur  
 deep  
 Rise like a spirit on his sleep

The still small voice of conscience — die,  
 Lost in the din of revelry.  
 On his pale brow dejection lowers,  
 But that shall yield to festal hours;  
 A gloom is in his faded eye,  
 But that from music's power shall fly;  
 His wasted cheek is wan with care,  
 But mirth shall spread fresh crimson there.  
 Wake, Guido! wake thy numbers high,  
 Strike the bold chord exultingly!  
 And pour upon the enraptured ear  
 Such strains as warriors love to hear!  
 Let the rich mantling goblet flow,  
 And banish aught resembling woe;  
 And if a thought intrude of power  
 To mar the bright convivial hour,  
 Still must its influence lurk unseen,  
 And cloud the heart — but not the mien!

Away, vain dream! — on Otho's brow  
 Still darker lower the shadows now;  
 Changed are his features, now o'erspread  
 With the cold paleness of the dead;  
 Now crimsoned with a hectic dye,  
 The burning flush of agony!  
 His lip is quivering, and his breast  
 Heaves with convulsive pangs oppressed;  
 Now his dim eye seems fixed and glazed,  
 And now to heaven in anguish raised;  
 And as, with unavailing aid,  
 Around him throng his guests dismayed,  
 He sinks — while scarce his struggling breath  
 Hath power to falter — "This is death!"

Then rushed that haughty child of  
 song,  
 Dark Guido, through the awe-struck throng.  
 Filled with a strange delirious light,  
 His kindling eye shone wildly bright;  
 And on the sufferer's mien a while  
 Gazing with stern vindictive smile,  
 A feverish glow of triumph dyed  
 His burning cheek, while thus he cried: —  
 "Yes! these are death pangs — on thy brow  
 Is set the seal of vengeance now!  
 O, well was mixed the deadly draught,  
 And long and deeply hast thou quaffed;  
 And bitter as thy pangs may be,  
 They are but guerdons meet from me!  
 Yet these are but a moment's throes —  
 Howe'er intense, they soon shall close.  
 Soon shalt thou yield thy fleeting breath —  
 My life hath been a lingering death,  
 Since one dark hour of woe and crime,  
 A blood spot on the page of time!

"Deem'st thou my mind of reason void?  
 It is not frenzied — but destroyed!  
 Ay! view the wreck with shuddering thought  
 That work of ruin thou hast wrought!  
 The secret of thy doom to tell,  
 My name alone suffices well!  
 Stephania! — once a hero's bride!  
 Otho! thou know'st the rest — *he died*.  
 Yes! trusting to a monarch's word,  
 The Roman fell, untried, unheard!  
 And thou, whose every pledge was vain,  
 How couldst *thou* trust in aught again?

"He died, and I was changed — my soul  
 A lonely wanderer, spurned control.  
 From peace, and light, and glory hurled,  
 The outcast of a purer world,  
 I saw each brighter hope o'erthrown,  
 And lived for one dread task alone.  
 The task is closed, fulfilled the vow —  
 The hand of death is on thee now.  
 Betrayer! in thy turn betrayed,  
 The debt of blood shall soon be paid!  
 Thine hour is come — the time hath been  
 My heart had shrunk from such a scene;  
 That feeling long is passed — my fate  
 Hath made me stern as desolate.

"Ye that around me shuddering stand,  
 Ye chiefs and princes of the land!  
 Mourn ye a guilty monarch's doom?  
 Ye wept not o'er the patriot's tomb!  
 He sleeps unhonored — yet be mine  
 To share his low, neglected shrine.  
 His soul with freedom finds a home,  
 His grave is that of glory — Rome!  
 Are not the great of old with her,  
 That city of the sepulchre?  
 Lead me to death! and let me share  
 The slumbers of the mighty there!"

The day departs — that fearful day  
 Fades in calm loveliness away:  
 From purple heavens its lingering beams  
 Seems melting into Tiber's stream,  
 And softly tints each Roman hill  
 With glowing light, as clear and still  
 As if, unstained by crime or woe,  
 Its hours had passed in silent flow.  
 The day sets calmly — it hath been  
 Marked with a strange and awful scene;  
 One guilty bosom throbs no more,  
 And Otho's pangs and life are o'er.  
 And thou, ere yet another sun  
 His burning race hath brightly run,

Released from anguish by thy foes,  
 Daughter of Rome! shalt find repose.  
 Yes! on thy country's lovely sky  
 Fix yet once more thy parting eye!  
 A few short hours — and all shall be  
 The silent and the past for thee.  
 O, thus with tempests of a day  
 We struggle, and we pass away,  
 Like the wild billows as they sweep,  
 Leaving no vestige on the deep!  
 And o'er thy dark and lowly bed  
 The sons of future day shall tread,  
 The pangs, the conflicts, of thy lot,  
 By them unknown, by thee forgot.

### THE LAST BANQUET OF ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

“Antony, concluding that he could not die more honorably than in battle, determined to attack Cæsar at the same time both by sea and land. The night preceding the execution of this design, he ordered his servants at supper to render him their best services that evening, and fill the wine round plentifully, for the day following they might belong to another master, whilst he lay extended on the ground, no longer of consequence either to them or to himself. His friends were affected, and wept to hear him talk thus; which when he perceived, he encouraged them by assurances that his expectations of a glorious victory were at least equal to those of an honorable death. At the dead of night, when universal silence reigned through the city — a silence that was deepened by the awful thought of the ensuing day — on a sudden was heard the sound of musical instruments, and a noise which resembled the exclamations of Bacchanals. This tumultuous procession seemed to pass through the whole city, and to go out at the gate which led to the enemy's camp. Those who reflected on this prodigy concluded that Bacchus, the god whom Antony affected to imitate, had then forsaken him.” — LANGHORNE'S *Plutarch*.]

Thy foes had girt thee with their dread array,  
 O stately Alexandria! — yet the sound  
 Of mirth and music, at the close of day,  
 Swelled from thy splendid fabrics far around  
 O'er camp and wave. Within the royal hall,  
 In gay magnificence the feast was spread;  
 And, brightly streaming from the pictured wall,  
 A thousand lamps their trembling lustre shed  
 O'er many a column, rich with precious dyes,  
 That tinge the marble's vein, 'neath Afric's burn-  
 ing skies.

And soft and clear that wavering radiance played  
 O'er sculptured forms, that round the pillared  
 scene  
 Calm and majestic rose, by art arrayed  
 In godlike beauty, awfully serene.

O, how unlike the troubled guests, reclined  
 Round that luxurious board! — in every face  
 Some shadow from the tempest of the mind,  
 Rising by fits, the searching eye might trace,  
 Though vainly masked in smiles which are not  
 mirth,  
 But the proud spirit's veil thrown o'er the woe  
 of earth.

Their brows are bound with wreaths, whose  
 transient bloom

May still survive the wearers — and the rose  
 Perchance may scarce be withered, when the  
 tomb

Receives the mighty to its dark repose!  
 The day must dawn on battle, and may set  
 In death — but fill the mantling wine cup high!  
 Despair is fearless, and the Fates e'en yet  
 Lend her one hour for parting revelry.  
 They who the empire of the world possessed  
 Would taste its joys again, ere all exchanged for  
 rest.

Its joys! O, mark yon proud Triumvir's mien,  
 And read their annals on that brow of care!  
 'Midst pleasure's lotus bowers his steps have  
 been;

Earth's brightest pathway led him to despair.  
 Trust not the glance that fain would yet inspire  
 The buoyant energies of days gone by;  
 There is delusion in its meteor fire,  
 And all within is shame, is agony!  
 Away! the tear in bitterness may flow,  
 But there are smiles which bear a stamp of  
 deeper woe.

Thy cheek is sunk, and faded as thy fame,  
 O lost, devoted Roman! yet thy brow,  
 To that ascendant and undying name,  
 Pleads with stern loftiness thy right e'en now  
 Thy glory is departed, but hath left  
 A lingering light around thee! in decay  
 Not less than kingly — though of all bereft,  
 Thou seem'st as empire had not passed away.  
 Supreme in ruin! teaching hearts elate  
 A deep prophetic dread of still mysterious fate:

But thou, enchantress queen! whose love hath  
 made

His desolation — thou art by his side,  
 In all thy sovereignty of charms arrayed,  
 To meet the storm with still unconquered  
 pride.

Imperial being! e'en though many a stain  
 Of error be upon thee, there is power



In thy commanding nature, which shall reign  
O'er the stern genius of misfortune's hour;  
And the dark beauty of thy troubled eye  
E'en now is all illumed with wild sublimity.

Thine aspect, all impassioned, wears a light  
Inspiring and inspired — thy cheek ■ dye  
Which rises not from joy, but yet is bright  
With the deep glow of feverish energy.  
I'roul siren of the Nile! thy glance is fraught  
With an immortal fire — in every beam  
It darts there kindles some heroic thought,  
But wild and awful as a sibyl's dream;  
For thou with death hast communed to attain  
Dread knowledge of the pangs that ransom from  
the chain.<sup>1</sup>

And the stern courage by such musings lent,  
Daughter of Afric! o'er thy beauty throws  
The grandeur of a regal spirit, blent  
With all the majesty of mighty woes;  
While he, so fondly, fatally adored,  
Thy fallen Roman, gazes on thee yet,  
Till scarce the soul that once exulting soared  
Can deem the daystar of its glory set;  
Scarce his charmed heart believes that power  
can be  
In sovereign fate, o'er him thus fondly loved by  
thee.

But there is sadness in the eyes around,  
Which mark that ruined leader, and survey  
His changeful mien, whence oft the gloom pro-  
found  
Strange triumph chases haughtily away.  
"Fill the bright goblet, warrior guests!" he  
cries;  
"Quaff, ere we part, the generous nectar deep!  
Ere sunset gild once more the western skies,  
Your chief in cold forgetfulness may sleep;  
While sounds of revel float o'er shore and sea,  
And the red bowl again is crowned — but not  
for me.

Yet weep not thus. The struggle is not o'er,  
O victors of Philippi! many a field

<sup>1</sup> Cleopatra made a collection of poisonous drugs, and being desirous to know which was least painful in the operation, she tried them on the capital convicts. Such poisons as were quick in their operation, she found to be attended with violent pain and convulsions; such as were milder were slow in their effect: she therefore applied herself to the examination of venomous creatures; and at length she found that the bite of the asp was the most eligible kind of death, for it brought on ■ gradual kind of lethargy. — See  
LAKTARCH.

Hath yielded palms to us: one effort more!  
By one stern conflict must our doom be sealed.  
Forget not, Romans! o'er a subject world  
How royally your eagle's wing hath spread,  
Though, from his eyry of dominion hurled,  
Now bursts the tempest on his crested head!  
Yet sovereign still, if banished from the sky,  
The sun's indignant bird, he must not droop —  
but die."

The feast is o'er. 'Tis night, the dead of night —  
Unbroken stillness broods o'er earth and deep;  
From Egypt's heaven of soft and starry light  
The moon looks cloudless o'er a world of  
sleep.

For those who wait the morn's awakening beams,  
The battle signal to decide their doom,  
Have sunk to feverish rest and troubled dreams;  
Rest that shall soon be calmer in the tomb:  
Dreams dark and ominous, but *there* to cease,  
When sleep the lords of war in solitude and peace.

Wake, slumberers, wake! Hark! heard ye not  
a sound

Of gathering tumult? — Near and nearer still  
Its murmur swells. Above, below, around,  
Bursts a strange chorus forth, confused and  
shrill.

Wake, Alexandria! through thy streets the  
tread

Of steps unseen is hurrying, and the note  
Of pipe, and lyre, and trumpet, wild and  
dread,

Is heard upon the midnight air to float;  
And voices, clamorous as in frenzied mirth,  
Mingle their thousand tones, which are not of  
the earth.

These are no mortal sounds — their thrilling  
strain

Hath more mysterious power, and birth more  
high;

And the deep horror chilling every vein  
Owns them of stern, terrific augury.

Beings of worlds unknown! ye pass away,  
O ye invisible and awful throng!

Your echoing footsteps and resounding lay  
To Cæsar's camp exulting move along  
Thy gods forsake thee, Antony! the sky  
By that dread sign reveals thy doom — "Des-  
pair and die!"<sup>2</sup>

<sup>2</sup> "To-morrow in the battle think on me.  
And fall thy edgeless sword: despair and die!"

## ALARIC IN ITALY.

[After describing the conquest of Greece and Italy by the German and Scythian hordes united under the command of Alaric, the historian of *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* thus proceeds: "Whether fame, or conquest, or riches, were the object of Alaric, he pursued that object with an indefatigable ardor, which could neither be quelled by adversity nor satiated by success. No sooner had he reached the extreme land of Italy, than he was attracted by the neighboring prospect of a fair and peaceful island. Yet even the possession of Sicily he considered only as an intermediate step to the important expedition which he already meditated against the continent of Africa. The straits of Rhegium and Messina are twelve miles in length, and, in the narrowest passage, about one mile and a half broad; and the fabulous monsters of the deep—the rocks of Scylla and the whirlpool of Charybdis—could terrify none but the most timid and unskilful mariners: yet, as soon as the first division of the Goths had embarked, a sudden tempest arose, which sunk or scattered many of the transports. Their courage was daunted by the terrors of a new element; and the whole design was defeated by the premature death of Alaric, which fixed, after a short illness, the fatal term of his conquests. The ferocious character of the barbarians was displayed in the funeral of a hero, whose valor and fortune they celebrated with mournful applause. By the labor of a captive multitude, they forcibly diverted the course of the Busentinus, a small river that washes the walls of Consentia. The royal sepulchre, adorned with the splendid spoils and trophies of Rome, was constructed in the vacant bed; the waters were then restored to their natural channel, and the secret spot where the remains of Alaric had been deposited was forever concealed by the inhuman massacre of the prisoners who had been employed to execute the work." — *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, vol. v. p. 329.]

HEARD ye the Gothic trumpet's blast?  
The march of hosts as Alaric passed?  
His steps have tracked that glorious clime,  
The birthplace of heroic time;  
But he, in northern deserts bred,  
Spared not the living for the dead,<sup>1</sup>  
Nor heard the voice whose pleading cries  
From temple and from tomb arise.  
He passed—the light of burning fanes  
Hath been his torch o'er Grecian plains,  
And woke they not—the brave, the free,  
To guard their own Thermopylæ?

<sup>1</sup> After the taking of Athens by Sylla, "though such numbers were put to the sword, there were as many who did violent hands upon themselves in grief for their sinking country. What reduced the best men among them to this despair? finding any mercy or moderate terms for Athens, was the well-known cruelty of Sylla: yet, partly by the intercession of Midias and Callipho, and the exiles who threw themselves at his feet, partly by the entreaties of the senators who attended him in that expedition, and being himself satiated with blood besides, he was at last prevailed upon to stop his hand; and in compliment to the ancient Athenians, he said, 'he forgave the many for the sake of the few, the living for the dead.'" — PLUTARCH.

And left they not their silent dwelling,  
When Scythia's note of war was swelling?  
No! where the bold Three Hundred slept,  
Sad freedom battled not—but wept!  
For nerveless then the Spartan's hand,  
And Thebes could rouse no Sacred Band;  
Nor one high soul from slumber broke  
When Athens owned the northern yoke.

But was there none for thee to dare  
The conflict, scorning to despair?  
O City of the seven proud hills!  
Whose name e'en yet the spirit thrills,  
As doth a clarion's battle call—  
Didst thou, too, ancient empress, fall?  
Did no Camillus from the chain  
Ransom thy Capitol again?  
O, who shall tell the days to be  
No patriot rose to bleed for thee!

Heard ye the Gothic trumpet's blast?  
The march of hosts as Alaric passed?  
That fearful sound, at midnight deep,<sup>2</sup>  
Burst on the Eternal City's sleep:—  
How woke the mighty? She whose will  
So long had bid the world be still.  
Her sword a sceptre, and her eye  
Th' ascendant star of destiny!  
She woke—to view the dread array  
Of Scythians rushing to their prey,  
To hear her streets resound the cries  
Poured from a thousand agonies!  
While the strange light of flames, that gave  
A ruddy glow to Tiber's wave,  
Bursting in that terrific hour  
From fane and palace, dome and tower,  
Revealed the throngs, for aid divine,  
Clinging to many a worshipped shrine:  
Fierce fitful radiance wildly shed  
O'er spear and sword, with carnage red,  
Shone o'er the suppliant and the flying,  
And kindled pyres for Romans dying.

Weep, Italy! alas, that e'er  
Should tears alone thy wrongs declare!  
The time hath been when thy distress  
Had roused up empires for redress!

<sup>2</sup> "At the hour of midnight the Salarian gate was silently opened, and the inhabitants were awakened by the tremendous sound of the Gothic trumpet. Eleven hundred and sixty-three years after the foundation of Rome, the imperial city, which had subdued and civilized so considerable a portion of mankind, was delivered to the licentious fury of the tribes of Germany and Scythia." — *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, vol. v. p. 311

Now, her long race of glory run,  
Without a combat Rome is won,  
And from her plundered temples forth  
Rush the fierce children of the North,  
To share beneath more genial skies  
Each joy their own rude clime denies.

Ye who on bright Campania's shore  
Bade your fair villas rise of yore,  
With all their graceful colonnades,  
And crystal baths, and myrtle shades,  
Along the blue Hesperian deep,  
Whose glassy waves in sunshine sleep —  
Beneath your olive and your vine  
Far other inmates now recline;  
And the tall plane, whose roots ye fed  
With rich libations duly shed,<sup>1</sup>  
O'er guests, unlike your vanished friends,  
Its bowery canopy extends.  
For them the southern heaven is glow-

ing,  
The bright Falernian nectar flowing;  
For them the marble halls unfold,  
Where nobler beings dwelt of old,  
Whose children for barbarian lords  
Touch the sweet lyre's resounding chords,  
Or wreaths of Pæstan roses twine  
To crown the sons of Elbe and Rhine.  
Yet, though luxurious they repose  
Beneath Corinthian porticoes —  
While round them into being start  
The marvels of triumphant art —  
O, not for them hath Genius given  
To Parian stone the fire of heaven,  
Enshrining in the forms he wrought  
A bright eternity of thought.  
In vain the natives of the skies  
In breathing marble round them rise,  
And sculptured nymphs of fount or glade  
People the dark-green laurel shade.  
Cold are the conqueror's heart and eye  
To visions of divinity;  
And rude his hand which dares deface  
The models of immortal grace.

Arouse ye from your soft delights!  
Chieftains! the war note's call invites;  
And other lands must yet be won,  
And other deeds of havoc done.

Warriors! your flowery bondage break;  
Sons of the stormy North, awake!  
The barks are launching from the steep —  
Soon shall the Isle of Ceres weep,<sup>2</sup>  
And Afric's burning winds afar  
Waft the shrill sounds of Alaric's war.  
Where shall his race of victory close?  
When shall the ravaged earth repose?  
But hark! what wildly-mingling cries  
From Scythia's camp tumultuous rise?  
Why swells dread Alaric's name on air?  
A sterner conqueror hath been there!  
A conqueror — yet his paths are peace,  
He comes to bring the world's release;  
He of the sword that knows no sheath,  
The avenger, the deliverer — Death!

Is then that daring spirit fled?  
Doth Alaric slumber with the dead?  
Tamed are the warrior's pride and strength,  
And he and earth are calm at length.  
The land where heaven unclouded shines,  
Where sleep the sunbeams on the vines;  
The land by conquest made his own,  
Can yield him now — a grave alone.  
But his — her lord from Alp to sea —  
No common sepulchre shall be!  
O, make his tomb where mortal eye  
Its buried wealth may ne'er descry!  
Where mortal foot may never tread  
Above a victor monarch's bed.  
Let not his royal dust be hid  
'Neath star-aspiring pyramid;  
Nor bid the gathered mound arise,  
To bear his memory to the skies.  
Years roll away — oblivion claims  
Her triumph o'er heroic names;  
And hands profane disturb the clay  
That once was fired with glory's ray;  
And Avarice, from their secret gloom,  
Drags e'en the treasures of the tomb.  
But thou, O leader of the free!  
That general doom awaits not thee:  
Thou, where no step may e'er intrude,  
Shalt rest in regal solitude,  
Till, bursting on thy sleep profound,  
The Awakener's final trumpet sound.  
Turn ye the waters from their course,  
Bid Nature yield to human force,  
And hollow in the torrent's bed  
A chamber for the mighty dead.  
The work is done — the captive's hand  
Hath well obeyed his lord's command.

<sup>1</sup> The plane tree was much cultivated among the Romans, on account of its extraordinary shade; and they used to nourish it with wine instead of water, believing (as Sir W. Temple observes) that "this tree loved that liquor as well as those who used to drink it under its shade." — See the notes to MELMOTH'S *Pliny*.

<sup>2</sup> Sicily was anciently considered as the favored and peerless dominion of Ceres.



Within that royal tomb are cast  
The richest trophies of the past,  
The wealth of many a stately dome,  
The gold and gems of plundered Rome ;  
And when the midnight stars are beaming,  
And ocean waves in stillness gleaming,  
Stern in their grief, his warriors bear  
The Chastener of the Nations there ;  
To rest at length from victory's toil,  
Alone, with all an empire's spoil !

Then the freed current's rushing wave  
Rolls o'er the secret of the grave ;  
Then streams the martyred captives' blood  
To crimson that sepulchral flood,  
Whose conscious tide alone shall keep  
The mystery in its bosom deep.  
Time hath passed on since then — and swept  
From earth the urns where heroes slept ;  
Temples of gods and domes of kings  
Are mouldering with forgotten things ,  
Yet not shall ages e'er molest  
The viewless home of Alaric's rest :  
Still rolls, like them, the unfailing river,  
The guardian of his dust forever.

### THE WIFE OF ASDRUBAL.

[“ This governor, who had braved death when it was at a distance, and protested that the sun should never see him survive Carthage — this fierce Asdrubal was so mean spirited as to come alone, and privately throw himself at the conqueror's feet. The general, pleased to see his proud rival humbled, granted his life, and kept him to grace his triumph. The Carthaginians in the citadel no sooner understood that their commander had abandoned the place, than they threw open the gates, and put the proconsul in possession of Byrsa. The Romans had now no enemy to contend with but the nine hundred deserters, who, being reduced to despair, retired into the temple of Esculapius, which was a second citadel within the first : there the proconsul attacked them ; and these unhappy wretches, finding there was no way to escape, set fire to the temple. As the flames spread, they retreated from one part to another, till they got to the roof of the building : there Asdrubal's wife appeared in her best apparel, as if the day of her death had been a day of triumph ; and after having uttered the most bitter imprecations against her husband, whom she saw standing below with Emilianus, ‘ Base coward ! ’ said she, ‘ the mean things thou hast done to save thy life shall not avail thee ; thou shalt die this instant, at least in thy two children.’ Having thus spoken, she drew out a dagger, stabbed them both, and while they were yet struggling for life, threw them from the top of the temple, and leaped down after them into the flames.” — *Ancient Universal History*.]

THE sun sets brightly — but ■ ruddier glow  
O'er Afric's heaven the flames of Carthage throw.

Her walls have sunk, and pyramids of fire  
In lurid splendor from her domes aspire ;  
Swayed by the wind, they wave — while glares  
the sky

As when the desert's red simoom is nigh ;  
The sculptured altar and the pillared hall  
Shine out in dreadful brightness ere they fall ;  
Far o'er the seas the light of ruin streams —  
Rock, wave, and isle are crimsoned by its beams .  
While captive thousands, bound in Roman  
chains,

Gaze in mute horror on their burning fanes ;  
And shouts of triumph, echoing far around,  
Swell from the victors' tents with ivy crowned.<sup>1</sup>  
— But mark ! from yon fair temple's loftiest  
height

What towering form bursts wildly on the sight,  
All regal in magnificent attire,  
And sternly beauteous in terrific ire ?  
She might be deemed a Pythia in the hour  
Of dread communion and delirious power ;  
A being more than earthly, in whose eye  
There dwells a strange and fierce ascendancy.  
The flames are gathering round — intensely  
bright,

Full on her features glares their meteor light ;  
But a wild courage sits triumphant there,  
The stormy grandeur of a proud despair .  
A daring spirit, in its woes elate,  
Mightier than death, untamable by fate.  
The dark profusion of her locks unbound  
Waves like a warrior's floating plumage round :  
Flushed is her cheek, inspired her haughty  
mien —

She seems the avenging goddess of the scene.  
Are those *her* infants, that with suppliant cry  
Cling round her shrinking as the flame draws  
nigh,

Clasp with their feeble hands her gorgeous vest,  
And fain would rush for shelter to her breast ?  
Is that a mother's glance, where stern disdain,  
And passion, awfully vindictive, reign ?

Fixed is her eye on Asdrubal, who stands  
Ignobly safe amidst the conquering bands ;  
On him who left her to that burning tomb,  
Alone to share her children's martyrdom ;  
Who, when his country perished, fled the strife,  
And knelt to win the worthless boon of life.  
“ Live, traitor ! live ! ” she cries, “ since dear to  
thee,  
E'en in thy fetters, can existence be ’

<sup>1</sup> It was a Roman custom to adorn the tents of victors with ivy.

Scorned and dishonored live! — with blasted name,

The Roman's triumph not to grace, but shame.  
O slave in spirit! bitter be thy chain  
With tenfold anguish to avenge my pain!  
Still may the manes of thy children rise  
To chase calm slumber from thy wearied eyes;  
Still may their voices on the haunted air  
In fearful whispers tell thee to despair,  
I'll vain remorse thy withered heart consume,  
Scourged by relentless shadows of the tomb!  
E'en now my sons shall die — and thou, their sire,

In bondage safe, shalt yet in them expire.

Think'st thou I love them not? — 'Twas thine to fly —

'Tis mine with these to suffer and to die.

Behold their fate — the arms that cannot save  
Have been their cradle, and shall be their grave."

Bright in her hand the lifted dagger gleams,  
Swift from her children's hearts the lifeblood streams;

With frantic laugh she clasps them to the breast  
Whose woes and passions soon shall be at rest;  
Lifts one appealing, frenzied glance on high,  
Then deep 'midst rolling flames is lost to mortal eye.

### HELIODORUS IN THE TEMPLE.

[From *Maccabees*, book ii., chapter 3, verse 21. "Then it would have pitied a man to see the falling down of the multitude of all sorts, and the fear of the high priest, being in such an agony. — 22. They then called upon the Almighty Lord to keep the things committed of trust safe and sure, for those that had committed them. — 23. Nevertheless Heliodorus executed that which was decreed. — 24. Now as he was there present himself, with his guard about the treasury, the Lord of Spirits, and the Prince of all Power, caused a great apparition, so that all that presumed to come in with him were astonished at the power of God, and fainted, and were sore afraid. — 25. For there appeared unto them a horse with a terrible rider upon him, and adorned with a very fair covering; and he ran fiercely, and smote at Heliodorus with his fore feet, and it seemed that he that sat upon the horse had complete harness of gold. — 26. Moreover, two other young men appeared before him, notable in strength, excellent in beauty, and comely in apparel, who stood by him on either side, and scourged him continually, and gave him many sore stripes. — 27. And Heliodorus fell suddenly to the ground, and was compassed with great darkness; but they that were with him took him up, and put him into a litter. — 28. Thus him that lately came with great train, and with all his guard into the said treasury, they carried out, being unable to help himself with his weapons, and manifestly they acknowledged the power of God. — 29. For he by the hand of God was cast down, and lay speechless without all hope of life."]

A SOUND of woe in Salem! mournful cries  
Rose from her dwellings — youthful cheeks  
were pale,

Tears flowing fast from dim and aged eyes,  
And voices mingling in tumultuous wail;  
Hands raised to heaven in agony of prayer,  
And powerless wrath, and terror, and despair.

Thy daughters, Judah! weeping, laid aside  
The regal splendor of their fair array,  
With the rude sackcloth girt their beauty's pride,  
And thronged the streets in hurrying, wild dismay;

While knelt thy priests before His awful shrine  
Who made of old renown and empire thine.

But on the spoiler moves! The temple's gate,  
The bright, the beautiful, his guards unfold;  
And all the scene reveals its solemn state,  
Its courts and pillars, rich with sculptured gold;

And man with eye unhallowed views th' abode,  
The severed spot, the dwelling-place of God.

Where art thou, Mighty Presence! that of yore  
Wert wont between the cherubim to rest,  
Veiled in a cloud of glory, shadowing o'er  
Thy sanctuary the chosen and the blest?  
Thou! that didst make fair Sion's ark thy throne,  
And call the oracle's recess thine own!

Angel of God! that through the Assyrian host,  
Clothed with the darkness of the midnight hour,

To tame the proud, to hush the invader's boast,  
Didst pass triumphant in avenging power,  
Till burst the dayspring on the silent scene,  
And death alone revealed where thou hadst been.

Wilt thou not wake, O Chastener! in thy might,  
To guard thine ancient and majestic hill,  
Where oft from heaven the full Shechinah's light  
Hath streamed the house of holiness to fill?  
O, yet once more defend thy loved domain,  
Eternal One! Deliverer! rise again!

Fearless of thee, the plunderer undismayed  
Hastes on, the sacred chambers to explore  
Where the bright treasures of the fane are laid,  
The orphan's portion and the widow's store:  
What reck's his heart though age unsuccored die  
And want consume the cheek of infancy?

Away, intruders! — hark! a mighty sound!  
Behold, a burst of light! — away, away!

A fearful glory fills the temple round,  
 A vision bright in terrible array!  
 And lo! a steed of no terrestrial frame,  
 His path a whirlwind and his breath a flame!

His neck is clothed with thunder,<sup>1</sup> and his mane  
 Seem: waving fire — the kindling of his eye  
 Is as a meteor — ardent with disdain  
 His glance, his gesture, fierce in majesty!  
 Instinct with light he seems, and formed to bear  
 Some dread archangel through the fields of air.

But who is he, in panoply of gold,  
 Throned on that burning charger? Bright his  
 form,  
 Yet in its brightness awful to behold,  
 And girt with all the terrors of the storm!  
 Lightning is on his helmet's crest — and fear  
 Shrinks from the splendor of his brow severe.

And by his side two radiant warriors stand,  
 All armed, and kingly in commanding grace —  
 O, more than kingly — godlike! — sternly grand,  
 Their port indignant, and each dazzling face  
 Beams with the beauty to immortals given,  
 Magnificent in all the wrath of Heaven.

Then sinks each gazer's heart — each knee is  
 bowed

In trembling awe; but, as to fields of fight,  
 Th' unearthly war steed, rushing through the  
 crowd,

Bursts on their leader in terrific might;  
 And the stern angels of that dread abode  
 Pursue its plunderer with the scourge of God.

Darkness — thick darkness! — low on earth he  
 lies,

Rash Heliodorus — motionless and pale —  
 Bloodless his cheek, and o'er his shrouded eyes  
 Mists, as of death, suspend their shadowy veil;  
 And thus th' oppressor, by his fear-struck train,  
 Is borne from that inviolable fane.

The light returns — the warriors of the sky  
 Have passed, with all their dreadful pomp,  
 away;

Then wakes the timbrel, swells the song on  
 high

Triumphant as in Judah's elder day;  
 Rejoice, O city of the sacred hill!  
 Salem, exult! thy God is with thee still.

<sup>1</sup> "Hast thou given the horse strength? Hast thou clothed  
 his neck with thunder?" — *Job*, chap. xxxix. v. 19.

## NIGHT SCENE IN GENOA

FROM SISMONDI'S "REPUBLIQUES ITALIENNES."

["En même temps que les Gênois poursuivoient avec ardeur la guerre contre Pise, ils étoient déchirés eux-mêmes par une discorde civile. Les consuls de l'année 1169, pour rétablir la paix dans leur patrie, au milieu des factions sourdes à leur voix et plus puissantes qu'eux, furent obligés d'ourdir en quelque sorte une conspiration. Ils commencèrent par s'assurer secrètement des dispositions pacifiques de plusieurs des citoyens, qui cependant étoient entraînés dans les émeutes par leur parenté avec les chefs de faction; puis, se concertant avec le vénérable vieillard, Hugues, leur archevêque, ils firent, long-temps avant le lever du soleil, appeler au son des cloches les citoyens au parlement: ils se flattoient que la surprise et l'alarme de cette convocation inattendue, au milieu de l'obscurité de la nuit, rendroit l'assemblée et plus complète et plus docile. Les citoyens, en accourant au parlement général, virent, au milieu de la place publique, le vieil archevêque, entouré de son clergé en habit de cérémonies, et portant des torches allumées; tandis que les reliques de Saint Jean Baptiste, le protecteur de Gênes, étoient exposées devant lui, et que les citoyens les plus respectables portoient à leurs mains des croix suppliantes. Dès que l'assemblée fut formée, le vieillard se leva, et de sa voix cassée il conjura les chefs de parti, au nom du Dieu de paix, au nom du salut de leurs âmes, au nom de leur patrie et de la liberté dont leurs discordes entraîneroient la ruine, de jurer sur l'évangile l'oubli de leurs querelles, et la paix à venir.

"Les hérauts, dès qu'il eut fini de parler, s'avancèrent aussitôt vers Roland Avogado, le chef de l'une des factions que étoit présent à l'assemblée, et, secondés par les acclamations de tout le peuple, et par les prières de ses parens eux-mêmes, ils le sommèrent de se conformer au vœu des consuls et de la nation.

"Roland, à leur approche, déchira ses habits, et, s'asseyant par terre en versant des larmes, il appela à haute voix les morts qu'il avoit juré de venger, et qui ne lui permettoient pas de pardonner leurs vieilles offenses. Comme on ne pouvoit le déterminer à s'avancer, les consuls eux-mêmes, l'archevêque et le clergé, s'approchèrent de lui, et, renouvelant leurs prières, ils l'entraînèrent enfin, et lui firent jurer sur l'évangile l'oubli de ses inimitiés passées.

"Les chefs du parti contraire, Foulques de Castro, et Ingo de Volta, n'étoient pas présents à l'assemblée, mais le peuple et le clergé se portèrent en foule à leurs maisons; ils les trouvèrent déjà ébranlés par ce qu'ils venoient d'apprendre, et, profitant de leur émotion, ils leur firent jurer une réconciliation sincère, et donner le baiser de paix aux chefs de la faction opposée. Alors les cloches de la villa sonnèrent en témoignage d'allégresse, et l'archevêque de retour sur la place publique entonna un Te Deum avec tout le peuple, en honneur du Dieu de paix qui avoit sauvé leur patrie." — *Histoire des Républiques Italiennes*, vol. ii. pp. 149, 150.]

In Genoa, when the sunset gave  
 Its last warm purple to the wave,  
 No sound of war, no voice of fear,  
 Was heard, announcing danger near:  
 Though deadliest foes were there, whose  
 hate  
 But slumbered till its hour of fate,



Yet, calmly, at the twilight's close,  
Sunk the wide city to repose.

But when deep midnight reigned around,  
All sudden woke the alarm bell's sound,  
Full swelling, while the hollow breeze  
Bore its dread summons o'er the seas.  
Then, Genoa, from their slumber started  
Thy sons, the free, the fearless hearted;  
Then mingled with th' awakening peal  
Voices, and steps, and clash of steel.  
Arm, warriors! arm! for danger calls;  
Arise to guard your native walls!  
With breathless haste the gathering throng  
Hurry the echoing streets along;  
Through darkness rushing to the scene  
Where their bold councils still convene.

But there a blaze of torches bright  
Pours its red radiance on the night,  
O'er fane, and dome, and column playing,  
With every fitful night wind swaying:  
Now floating o'er each tall arcade,  
Around the pillared scene displayed,  
In light relieved by depth of shade:  
And now, with ruddy meteor glare,  
Full streaming on the silvery hair  
And the bright cross of him who stands  
Rearing that sign with suppliant hands,  
Girt with his consecrated train,  
The hallowed servants of the fane.  
Of life's past woes the fading trace  
Hath given that aged patriarch's face  
Expression holy, deep, resigned,  
The calm sublimity of mind.  
Years o'er his snowy head have passed,  
And left him of his race the last,  
Alone on earth — yet still his mien  
Is bright with majesty serene;  
And those high hopes, whose guiding star  
Shines from th' eternal worlds afar,  
Have with that light illumed his eye  
Whose fount is immortality,  
And o'er his features poured a ray  
Of glory, not to pass away.  
He seems a being who hath known  
Communion with his God alone,  
On earth by nought but pity's tie  
Detained a moment from on high!  
One to sublimer worlds allied,  
One from all passion purified,  
E'en now half mingled with the sky,  
And all prepared — O, not to die —  
But, like the prophet, to aspire,  
In heaven's triumphal car of fire.

He speaks — and from the throngs around  
Is heard not e'en a whispered sound;  
Awe-struck each heart, and fixed  
glance,

They stand as in a spell-bound trance:  
He speaks — O, who can hear nor own  
The might of each prevailing tone?

“Chieftains and warriors! ye, so long  
Aroused to strife by mutual wrong,  
Whose fierce and far-transmitted hate  
Hath made your country desolate;  
Now by the love ye bear her name,  
By that pure spark of holy flame  
On freedom's altar brightly burning,  
But, once extinguished, ne'er returning;  
By all your hopes of bliss to come  
When burst the bondage of the tomb:  
By Him, the God who bade us live  
To aid each other, and forgive  
I call upon ye to resign  
Your discords at your country's shrine,  
Each ancient feud in peace atone,  
Wield your keen swords for her alone,  
And swear upon the cross, to cast  
Oblivion's mantle o'er the past!”

No voice replies. The holy bands  
Advance to where yon chieftain stands,  
With folded arms, and brow of gloom  
O'ershadowed by his floating plume.  
To him they lift the cross — in vain:  
He turns — O, say not with disdain,  
But with a mien of haughty grief,  
That seeks not e'en from Heaven relief.  
He rends his robes — he sternly speaks —  
Yet tears are on the warrior's cheeks: —  
“Father! not thus the wounds may close  
Inflicted by eternal foes.  
Deem'st thou *thy* mandate can efface  
The dread volcano's burning trace?  
Or bid the earthquake's ravaged scene  
Be smiling as it once hath been?  
No! for the deeds the sword hath done  
Forgiveness is not lightly won;  
The words by hatred spoke may not  
Be as a summer breeze forgot!  
'Tis vain — we deem the war feud's rage  
A portion of our heritage.  
Leaders, now slumbering with their fame,  
Bequeathed us that undying flame;  
Hearts that have long been still and cold  
Yet rule us from their silent mould;  
And voices, heard on earth no more,  
Speak to our spirits as of yore

Talk not of mercy ! — blood alone  
The stain of bloodshed may atone ;  
Nought else can pay that mighty debt,  
The dead forbid us to forget."

He pauses. From the patriarch's brow  
There beams more lofty grandeur now ;  
His reverend form, his aged hand,  
Assume a gesture of command ;  
His voice is awful, and his eye  
Filled with prophetic majesty.

"The dead ! — and deem'st thou *they* retain  
Aught of terrestrial passion's stain ?  
Of guilt incurred in days gone by,  
Aught but the fearful penalty ?  
And say'st thou, mortal ! blood alone  
For deeds of slaughter may atone ?  
There *hath* been blood — by Him 'twas shed  
To expiate every crime who bled ;  
The absolving God, who died to save,  
And rose in victory from the grave !  
And by that stainless offering given  
Alike for all on earth to heaven ;  
By that inevitable hour  
When death shall vanquish pride and power,  
And each departing passion's force  
Concentrate all in late remorse ;  
And by the day when doom shall be  
Passed on earth's millions, and on thee —  
The doom that shall not be repealed,  
Once uttered, and forever sealed —  
I summon thee, O child of clay !  
To cast thy darker thoughts away,  
And meet thy foes in peace and love,  
As thou wouldst join the blest above."

Still as he speaks, unwonted feeling  
Is o'er the chieftain's bosom stealing.  
O, not in vain the pleading cries  
Of anxious thousands round him rise !  
He yields : devotion's mingled sense  
Of faith, and fear, and penitence,  
Pervading all his soul, he bows  
To offer on the cross his vows,  
And that best incense to the skies,  
Each evil passion's sacrifice.

Then tears from warriors' eyes were flow-  
ing,  
High hearts with soft emotions glowing ;  
Stern foes as long-loved brothers greeting,  
And ardent throngs in transport meeting ;  
And eager footsteps forward pressing,  
And accents loud in joyous blessing ;

And when their first wild tumults cease,  
A thousand voices echo " Peace ! "

Twilight's dim mist hath rolled away,  
And the rich orient burns with day ;  
Then as to greet the sunbeam's birth,  
Rises the choral hymn of earth —  
Th' exulting strain through Genoa swelling,  
Of peace and holy rapture telling.

Far float the sounds o'er vale and steep ;  
The seaman hears them on the deep —  
So mellowed by the gale, they seem  
As the wild music of a dream.  
But not on mortal ear alone  
Peals the triumphant anthem's tone ;  
For beings of a purer sphere  
Bend with celestial joy, to hear.

#### THE TROUBADOUR AND RICHARD CŒUR DE LION.

["Not only the place of Richard's confinement," (when thrown into prison by the Duke of Austria,) "if we believe the literary history of the times, but even the circumstance of his captivity, was carefully concealed by his vindictive enemies ; and both might have remained unknown but for the grateful attachment of a Provençal bard, or minstrel named Blondel, who had shared that prince's friendship and tasted his bounty. Having travelled over all the European continent to learn the destiny of his beloved patron, Blondel accidentally got intelligence of a certain castle in Germany, where a prisoner of distinction was confined, and guarded with great vigilance. Persuaded by a secret impulse that this prisoner was the King of England, the minstrel repaired to the place ; but the gates of the castle were shut against him, and he could obtain no information relative to the name or quality of the unhappy person it secured. In this extremity, he bethought himself of an expedient for making the desired discovery. He chanted, with a loud voice, some verses of a song which had been composed partly by himself, partly by Richard ; and to his unspeakable joy, on making a pause, he heard it reëchoed and continued by the royal captive. — (*Hist. Troubadours.*) To this discovery the English monarch is said to have eventually owed his release." — See RUSSELL'S *Modern Europe*, vol. i. p. 369.

THE Troubadour o'er many a plain  
Hath roamed unwearied, but in vain.  
O'er many a rugged mountain scene  
And forest wild his track hath been :  
Beneath Calabria's glowing sky  
He hath sung the songs of chivalry ;  
His voice hath swelled on the Alpine breeze,  
And rung through the snowy Pyrenees ;  
From Ebro's banks to Danube's wave,  
He hath sought his prince, the loved, the brave  
And yet, if still on earth thou art,  
Monarch of the lion heart !

The faithful spirit, which distress  
But heightens to devotedness,  
By toil and trial vanquished not,  
Shall guide thy minstrel to the spot.

He hath reached a mountain hung with vine,  
And woods that wave o'er the lovely Rhine :  
The feudal towers that crest its height  
Frown 'n unconquerable might ;  
Dark is their aspect of sullen state —  
No helmet hangs o'er the massy gate<sup>1</sup>  
To bid the wearied pilgrim rest,  
At the chieftain's board a welcome guest ;  
Vainly rich evening's parting smile  
Would chase the gloom of the haughty pile,  
That 'midst bright sunshine lowers on high,  
Like a thunder cloud in a summer sky.

Not these the halls where a child of song  
A while may speed the hours along ;  
Their echoes should repeat alone  
The tyrant's mandate, the prisoner's moan,  
Or the wild huntsman's bugle blast,  
When his phantom train are hurrying past.<sup>2</sup>  
The weary minstrel paused — his eye  
Roved o'er the scene despondingly :  
Within the length'ning shadow, cast  
By the fortress towers and ramparts vast,  
Lingering he gazed. The rocks around  
Sublime in savage grandeur frowned ;  
Proud guardians of the regal flood,  
In giant strength the mountains stood —  
By torrents cleft, by tempests riven,  
Yet mingling still with the calm blue heaven.  
Their peaks were bright with a sunny glow,  
But the Rhine all shadowy rolled below.  
In purple tints the vineyards smiled,  
But the woods beyond waved dark and wild ;  
Nor pastoral pipe nor convent's bell  
Was heard on the sighing breeze to swell ;

<sup>1</sup> It was a custom in feudal times to hang out a helmet on a castle, as a token that strangers were invited to enter, and partake of hospitality. So in the romance of "Perceforest," "ils faisoient mettre au plus hault de leur hostel un heaume, en signe que tous les gentils hommes et gentilles femmes entraissent hardiment en leur hostel comme en leur propre."

<sup>2</sup> Popular tradition has made several mountains in Germany the haunt of the wild Jager, or supernatural huntsman. The superstitious tales relating to the Unterburg are recorded in Eustace's *Classical Tour* ; and it is still believed in the romantic district of the Odenwald, that the knight of Rodenstein, issuing from his ruined castle, announces the approach of war by traversing the air with a noisy armament to the opposite castle of Schnellerts. — See the "*Manuel pour les Voyageurs sur le Rhin*," and "*Autumn on the Rhine*."

But all was lonely, silent, rude,  
A stern, yet glorious solitude.

But hark ! that solemn stillness breaking,  
The troubadour's wild song is waking.  
Full oft that song in days gone by  
Hath cheered the sons of chivalry.  
It hath swelled o'er Judah's mountains lone,  
Hermon ! thy echoes have learned its tone ;  
On the Great Plain<sup>3</sup> its notes have rung,  
The leagued Crusaders' tents among ;  
'Twas loved by the Lion Heart, who won  
The palm in the field of Ascalon ;  
And now afar o'er the rocks of Rhine  
Peals the bold strain of Palestine.

#### THE TROUBADOUR'S SONG.

"Thine hour is come, and the stake is set,"  
The Soldan cried to the captive knight,  
"And the sons of the Prophet in throngs are met  
To gaze on the fearful sight.

"But be our faith by thy lips professed,  
The faith of Mecca's shrine,  
Cast down the red cross that marks thy vest,  
And life shall yet be thine."

"I have seen the flow of my bosom's blood,  
And gazed with undaunted eye ;  
I have borne the bright cross through fire and flood,  
And think'st thou I fear to die ?

"I have stood where thousands, by Salem's towers,  
Have fallen for the Name Divine ;  
And the faith that cheered their closing hours  
Shall be the light of mine."

"Thus wilt thou die in the pride of health,  
And the glow of youth's fresh bloom ?

<sup>3</sup> The Plain of Esdraëlon, called by way of eminence the "Great Plain," in Scripture, and *Esauwene*, the "field of Megiddo," the "Galilean Plain." This plain, the most fertile part of all the land of Canaan has been the scene of many memorable contest in the first ages of Jewish history, as well as during the Roman empire, the Crusades, and even in later times. It has been a chosen place for encampment in every contest carried on in this country, from the days of Nabuchodonosor, King of the Assyrians, until the disastrous march of Pacha Mearout from Egypt into Syria. Warriors out of "every nation which is under heaven" have pitched their tents upon the Plain of Esdraëlon, have beheld the various banners of their nations wet with the dews of Habor and Thabor. — *Dr. Clarke's Travels*.



Thou art offered life, and pomp, and wealth,  
Or torture and the tomb."

"I have been where the crown of thorns was  
twined

For a dying Savior's brow;  
He spurned the treasures that lure mankind,  
And I reject them now!"

"Art thou the son of a noble line  
In a land that is fair and blest?  
And doth not thy spirit, proud captive! pine  
Again on its shores to rest?"

"Thine own is the choice to hail once more  
The soil of thy father's birth,  
Or to sleep, when thy lingering pangs are o'er,  
Forgotten in foreign earth."

"O, fair are the vine-clad hills that rise  
In the country of my love;  
But yet, though cloudless my native skies,  
There's a brighter clime above!"

The bard hath paused — for another tone  
Blends with the music of his own;  
And his heart beats high with hope again,  
As a well-known voice prolongs the strain.

"Are there none within thy father's hall,  
Far o'er the wide blue main,  
Young Christian! left to deplore thy fall,  
With sorrow deep and vain?"

"There are hearts that still, through all the  
past,  
Unchanging have loved me well;  
There are eyes whose tears were streaming fast  
When I bade my home farewell.

"Better they wept o'er the warrior's bier  
Than the apostate's living stain;  
There's a land where those who loved when here  
Shall meet to love again."

'Tis he! thy prince — long sought, long lost,  
The leader of the red-cross host!  
'Tis he! — to none thy joy betray,  
Young Troubadour! away, away!  
Away to the island of the brave,  
The gem on the bosom of the wave;  
Arouse the sons of the noble soil  
To win their Lion from the toil.  
And free the wassail cup shall flow,  
Bright in each hall the hearth shall glow;

■ "This precious stone set in the sea." — *Richard II.*

The festal board shall be richly crowned,  
While knights and chieftains revel round,  
And a thousand harps with joy shall ring,  
When merry England hails her king.

## THE DEATH OF CONRADIN.

["La défaite de Conradin ne devoit mettre une terme ni à ses malheurs, ni aux vengeances du roi, (Charles d'Anjou.) L'amour du peuple pour l'héritier légitime du trône avoit éclaté d'une manière effrayante; il pouvoit causer de nouvelles révolutions, si Conradin demouroit en vie; et Charles, revêtant sa défiance et sa cruauté des formes de la justice, résolut de faire périr sur l'échafaud le dernier rejeton de la Maison de Souabe, l'unique espérance de son parti. Un seul juge Provençal et sujet de Charles, dont les historiens n'ont pas voulu conserver le nom, osa voter pour la mort, d'autres se renfermèrent dans un timide et coupable silence; et Charles, sur l'autorité de ce seul juge, fit prononcer, par Robert de Bari, protonotaire du royaume, la sentence de mort contre Conradin et tous ses compagnons. Cette sentence fut communiquée à Conradin, comme il jouoit aux échecs; on lui laissa peu de temps pour se préparer à son exécution, et le 26 d'Octobre il fut conduit, avec tous ses amis, sur la Place du Marché de Naples, le long du rivage de la mer. Charles étoit présent, avec toute sa cour, et une foule immense entourait le roi vainqueur et le roi condamné. Conradin étoit entre les mains des bourreaux; il détacha lui-même son manteau, et s'étant mis à genoux pour prier, il se releva en s'écriant: 'Oh, ma mère, quelle profonde douleur te causera la nouvelle qu'on va te porter de moi!' Puis il tourna les yeux sur la foule qui l'entouroit; il vit les larmes, il entendit les sanglots de son peuple; alors, détachant son gant, il jeta au milieu de ses sujets ce gage d'un combat de vengeance, et rendit sa tête au bourreau. Après lui, sur le même échafaud, Charles fit trancher la tête au Duc d'Autriche, aux Comtes Gualferano et Bartolommeo Lancia, et aux Comtes Gerard et Galvano Donoratico de Pise. Par un raffinement de cruauté, Charles voulut que le premier, fils du second, précédât son père, et mourût entre ses bras. Les cadavres, d'après ses ordres, furent exclus d'une terre sainte, et inhumés sans pompe sur le rivage de la mer. Charles II. cependant fit dans la suite bâtir sur le même lieu une église de Carmélites, comme pour apaiser ces ombres irritées." — *Sismondi's Républiques Italiennes*.]

No cloud to dim the splendor of the day  
Which breaks o'er Naples and her lovely bay,  
And lights that brilliant sea and magic shore  
With every tint that charmed the great of yore —  
Th' imperial ones of earth, who proudly bade  
Their marble domes e'en ocean's realm invade  
That race is gone — but glorious Nature here  
Maintains unchanged her own sublime career  
And bids these regions of the sun display  
Bright hues, surviving empires passed away.

The beam of heaven expands — its kindling  
smile  
Reveals each charm of many a fairy isle,

Whose image floats, in softer coloring dressed,  
 With all its rocks and vines, on ocean's breast.  
 Misenum's cape hath caught the vivid ray,  
 On Roman streamers there no more to play;  
 Still, as of old, unalterably bright,  
 Lovely it sleeps on Posilippo's height,  
 With all Italia's sunshine to illumine  
 The ilex canopy of Vigil's tomb.  
 Campania's plains rejoice in light, and spread  
 Their gay luxuriance o'er the mighty dead;  
 Fair glittering to thine own transparent skies,  
 Thy palaces, exulting Naples! rise;  
 While far on high Vesuvius rears his peak,  
 Furrowed and dark with many a lava streak.

O ye bright shores of Circe and the Muse!  
 Rich with all nature's and all fiction's hues,  
 Who shall explore your regions, and declare  
 The poet erred to paint Elysium there?  
 Call up his spirit, wanderer! bid him guide  
 Thy steps those siren-haunted seas beside;  
 And all the scene a lovelier light shall wear,  
 And spells more potent shall pervade the air.  
 What though his dust be scattered, and his urn  
 Long from its sanctuary of slumber torn,<sup>1</sup>  
 Still dwell the beings of his verse around,  
 Hovering in beauty o'er th' enchanted ground;  
 His lays are murmured in each breeze that roves  
 Soft o'er the sunny waves and orange groves:  
 His memory's charm is spread o'er shore and  
 sea,

The soul, the genius of Parthenope;  
 Shedding o'er myrtle shade and vine-clad hill  
 The purple radiance of Elysium still.

Yet that fair soil and calm resplendent sky  
 Have witnessed many a dark reality.  
 Oft o'er those bright blue seas the gale hath  
 borne

The sighs of exiles never to return.<sup>2</sup>  
 There with the whisper of Campania's gale  
 Hath mingled oft affection's funeral wail,  
 Mourning for buried heroes — while to her  
 That glowing land was but their sepulchre.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The urn supposed to have contained the ashes of Virgil has long since been lost.

<sup>2</sup> Many Romans of exalted rank were formerly banished to some of the small islands in the Mediterranean, on the coast of Italy. Julia, the daughter of Augustus, was confined many years in the isle of Pandataria, and her daughter Agrippina, the widow of Germanicus, afterwards died in exile on the same desolate spot.

<sup>3</sup> "Quelques souvenirs du cœur, quelques noms de femmes, réclament aussi vos pleurs. C'est à Misène, dans le lieu même où nous sommes, que la veuve de Pompée Cornélie conserva jusqu'à la mort son noble deuil. Agrippine pleura

And there, of old, the dread mysterious moan  
 Swelled from strange voices of no mortal tone  
 And that wild trumpet, whose unearthly note  
 Was heard at midnight o'er the hills to float  
 Around the spot where Agrippina died,  
 Denouncing vengeance on the matricide.<sup>4</sup>

Passed are those ages — yet another crime,  
 Another woe, must stain the Elysian clime.  
 There stands a scaffold on the sunny shore —  
 It must be crimsoned ere the day is o'er!  
 There is a throne in regal pomp arrayed, —  
 A scene of death from thence must be surveyed  
 Marked ye the rushing throngs? — each mien  
 is pale,

Each hurried glance reveals a fearful tale:  
 But the deep workings of th' indignant breast,  
 Wrath, hatred, pity, must be all suppressed;  
 The burning tear a while must check its course,  
 Th' avenging thought concentrate all its force:  
 For tyranny is near, and will not brook  
 Aught but submission in each guarded look.

Girt with his fierce Provençals, and with  
 mien  
 Austere in triumph, gazing on the scene,<sup>5</sup>  
 And in his eye a keen suspicious glance  
 Of jealous pride and restless vigilance,  
 Behold the conqueror! Vainly in his face  
 Of gentler feeling hope would seek a trace;  
 Cold, proud, severe, the spirit which hath lent  
 Its haughty stamp to each dark lineament:  
 And pleading mercy, in the sternness there,  
 May read at once her sentence — to despair!

long-temps Germanicus sur ces bords: un jour, le même assassin qui lui ravit son époux la trouva digne de le suivre. L'île de Nisida fut témoin des adieux de Brutus et de Porcie." — MADAME DE STAËL, *Corinne*.

<sup>4</sup> The sight of that coast, and those shores where the crime had been perpetrated, filled Nero with continual horrors, besides, there were some who imagined they heard horrid shrieks and cries from Agrippina's tomb, and a mournful sound of trumpets from the neighboring cliffs and hills Nero, therefore, flying from such tragical scenes, withdrew to Naples. — See *Ancient Universal History*.

<sup>5</sup> "Ce Charles," dit Giovanni Villani, "fut sage et prudent dans les conseils, preux dans les armes, âpre et forte redouté de tous les rois du monde, magnanime et de hautes pensées qui l'égalèrent aux plus grandes entreprises; inébranlable dans l'adversité, ferme et fidèle dans toutes ses promesses, parlant peu et agissant beaucoup, ni riant presque jamais, décent comme un religieux, zélé catholique, âpre à rendre justice, féroce dans ses regards. Sa taille étoit grande et nerveuse, sa couleur olivâtre, son nez fort grand. Il paroissoit plus fait qu'aucun autre chevalier pour la majesté royale. Il ne dormoit presque point. Jamais il ne prit de plaisir aux mimes, aux troubadours, et aux gens de cour." — SIMONDI, *Républiques Italiennes*, vol. iii.

But thou, fair boy, the beautiful, the brave,  
Thus passing from the dungeon to the grave,  
While all is yet around thee which can give  
A charm to earth, and make it bliss to live;  
Thou on whose form hath dwelt a mother's eye,  
Till the deep love that not with thee shall die  
Hath grown too full for utterance — Can it be!  
And is this pomp of death prepared for *thee*?  
Young, royal Conradin! who shouldst have  
known

Of life as yet the sunny smile alone!  
O, who can view thee in the pride and bloom  
Of youth, arrayed so richly for the tomb,  
Nor feel, deep swelling in his inmost soul,  
Emotions tyranny may ne'er control?  
Bright victim! to Ambition's altar led,  
Crowned with all flowers that heaven on earth  
can shed,

Who, from th' oppressor towering in his pride,  
May hope for mercy — if to thee denied?  
There is dead silence on the breathless throng,  
Dead silence all the peopled shore along,  
As on the captive moves; the only sound,  
To break that calm so fearfully profound,  
The low, sweet murmur of the rippling wave,  
Soft as it glides, the smiling shore to lave;  
While on that shore, his own fair heritage,  
The youthful martyr to a tyrant's rage  
Is passing to his fate: the eyes are dim  
Which gaze, through tears that dare not flow,  
on him.

He mounts the scaffold — doth his footstep fail?  
Doth his lip quiver? doth his cheek turn  
pale?

O, it may be forgiven him if a thought  
Cling to that world, for him with beauty fraught,  
To all the hopes that promised glory's meed,  
And all th' affections that with him shall bleed!  
If, in his life's young dayspring, while the rose  
Of boyhood on his cheek yet freshly glows,  
One human fear convulse his parting breath,  
And shrink from all the bitterness of death!

But no! the spirit of his royal race  
Sits brightly on his brow: that youthful face  
Beams with heroic beauty, and his eye  
Is eloquent with injured majesty.  
He kneels — but not to man; his heart shall  
own

Such deep submission to his God alone!  
And who can tell with what sustaining power  
That God may visit him in fate's dread hour?  
How the still voice, which answers every moan,  
May speak of hope — when hope on earth is  
gone?

That solemn pause is o'er — the youth hath  
given

One glance of parting love to earth and heaven  
The sun rejoices in th' unclouded sky,  
Life all around him glows — and he must die?  
Yet 'midst his people, undismayed, he throws  
The gage of vengeance for a thousand woes;  
Vengeance that, like their own volcano's fire,  
May sleep suppressed a while — but not expire  
One softer image rises o'er his breast,  
One fond regret, and all shall be at rest!  
“Alas, for thee, my mother! who shall bear  
To thy sad heart the tidings of despair,  
When thy lost child is gone?” — that thought  
can thrill

His soul with pangs one moment more shall still.  
The lifted axe is glittering in the sun —  
It falls — the race of Conradin is run!

Yet from the blood which flows that shore to  
stain,

A voice shall cry to Heaven — and not in vain  
Gaze thou, triumphant from thy gorgeous throne,  
In proud supremacy of guilt alone,  
Charles of Anjou — but that dread voice shall be  
A fearful summoner e'en yet to thee!

The scene of death is closed, the throngs de-  
part,

A deep stern lesson graved on every heart.  
No pomp, no funeral rites, no streaming eyes,  
High-minded boy! may grace thine obsequies  
O vainly royal and beloved! thy grave,  
Unsanctified, is bathed by ocean's wave;  
Marked by no stone, ■ rude, neglected spot,  
Unhonored, unadorned — but *unforgot*;  
For thy deep wrongs in tameless hearts shall  
live,

Now mutely suffering — never to forgive!

The sunset fades from purple heavens away  
A bark hath anchored in the unruffled bay:  
Thence on the beach descends a female form,<sup>1</sup>  
Her mien with hope and tearful transport warm  
But life hath left sad traces on her cheek,  
And her soft eyes a chastened heart bespeak,  
Inured to woes — yet what were all the past!  
*She* sank not feebly 'neath affliction's blast,

1 “The Carmine (at Naples) calls to mind the bloody catastrophe of those royal youths, Conradin and Frederick of Austria, butchered before its door. Whenever I traversed that square, my heart yearned at the idea of their premature fate, and at the deep distress of Conradin's mother, who, landing on the beach with her son's ransom, found only a lifeless trunk to redeem from the fangs of his barbarous conqueror.” — SWINBURNE'S *Travels in the Two Sicilies*.



While one bright hope remained — who now  
shall tell

Th' uncrowned, the widowed, how her loved  
one fell?

I clasp her child, to ransom and to save,  
The mother came — and she hath found his  
grave!

And by that grave, transfixed in speechless grief,  
Whose deathlike trance denies a tear's relief,  
A while she kneels; till roused at length to know,  
To feel the might, the fulness of her woe,  
On the still air a voice of anguish wild,  
A mother's cry is heard — "My Conradin! my  
child!"

#### EXTRACTS FROM CONTEMPORARY REVIEWS.

*Quarterly Review*. — "'Tales and Historic Scenes' is a collection, as the title imports, of narrative poems. Perhaps it was not on consideration that Mrs. Hemans passed from a poem of picture-drawing and reflection to the writing of tales; but if we were to prescribe to a young poet his *course* of practice, this would certainly be our advice. The luxuriance of a young fancy delights in description, and the quickness and inexperience of the same age, in passing judgments, — in the one richness, in the other antithesis and effect, are too often more sought after than truth: the poem is written rapidly, and correctness but little attended to. But in narration more care must be taken: if the tale be fictitious, the conception and sustainment of the characters, the disposition of the facts, the relief of the soberer parts by description, reflection, or dialogue, form so many useful studies for a growing artist. If the tale be borrowed from history, a more delicate task is added to those just mentioned, in determining how far it may be necessary, or safe, to interweave the ornaments of fiction with the groundwork of truth, and in skilfully performing that difficult task. In both cases, the mind is compelled to make a more sustained effort, and acquires thereby greater vigor, and a more practical readiness in the detail of the art.

"The principal poem in this volume is *The Abencerrage*. It commemorates the capture of Granada by Ferdinand and Isabella, and attributes it, in great measure, to the revenge of Hamet, chief of the Abencerrages, who had been induced to turn his arms against his countrymen the Moors, in order to procure the ruin of their king, the murderer of his father and brothers. During the siege he makes his way by night to the bower of Zayda, his beloved, the daughter of a rival

and hated family. Her character is very finely drawn; and she repels with firmness all the solicitation and prayers of the traitor to his country. The following lines form part of their dialogue, — they are spirited and pathetic, but perfectly free from exaggeration: —

"O, wert thou still what once I fondly deemed" etc.

*Edinburgh Monthly Review*. — "The more we become acquainted with Mrs. Hemans as a poet, the more we are delighted with her productions, and astonished by her powers. She will, she must, take her place among eminent poets. If she has a rival of her own sex, it is Joanna Baillie; but, even compared with the living *masters* of the lyre, she is entitled to a very high distinction.

"Mrs. Hemans manifests, in her own fine imagination, a fund which is less supported by loan than the wealth of some very eminent poets whom we could name. We think it impossible that she can write by mere rule, more than on credit. If she did, her poetry would lose all its charms. It is by inspiration — as it is poetically called — by a fine tact of sympathy, a vivacity and fertility of imagination, that she pours forth her enchanting song and 'builds her lofty rhyme.' The judicious propriety wherewith she bestows on each element of her composition its due share of fancy and of feeling, much increases our respect for her powers. With an exquisite airiness and spirit, with an imagery which quite sparkles, are touched her lighter delineations; with a rich and glowing pencil, her descriptions of visible nature: a sublime eloquence is the charm of her sentiments of magnanimity; while she melts into tenderness with a grace in which she has few equals.

"It appears to us that Mrs. Hemans has yielded her own to the public taste in conveying her poetry in the vehicle of tales."

*Constable's Magazine*. — "The *Abencerrage* is a romance the scene of which is appropriately laid in a most romantic period, and in the country of all others in which the spirit of romance was most powerful, and lingered longest — in the kingdom of Granada, where the power of the Moors was first established, and had the greatest continuance. . . . The leading events of the narrative are strictly historical, and with these the fate and sufferings of the unfortunate lovers are very naturally interwoven. The beauty of the descriptions here is exquisite. . . . Choice is bewildered among the many fine passages we are tempted to extract from *The Abencerrage*.

"If any reader considers our strictures tedious, and our extracts profuse, our best apology is, that the luxury of doing justice to so much genuine talent, adorning so much private worth, does not often occur to tempt us to an excess of this nature."

## THE SCEPTIC.<sup>1</sup>

"Leur raison, qu'ils prennent pour guide, ne presente a leur esprit que des conjectures et des embarras; les absurdités ou ils tombent ■ niant la Religion deviennent plus insoutenables que les verites dont la hauteur les etonne; et pour ne vouloir pas croire des mysteres incomprehensibles, ils suivent l'une apres l'autre d'incomprehensibles erreurs." — BOSSUET.

WHEN the young Eagle, with exulting eye,  
Has learned to dare the splendor of the sky,

And leave the Alps beneath him in his course,  
To bathe his crest in morn's empyreal source;

<sup>1</sup> "The poem of *The Sceptic*, published in 1820, was one which her revered friend \* took a peculiar interest. It

\* Dr. Luxmoore, Bishop of St. Asaph.

had been her original wish to dedicate it to him, but he declined the tribute, thinking it might be more advantageous to her to pay this compliment to Mr. Gifford, with

Will his free wing, from that majestic height,  
Descend to follow some wild meteor's light,  
Which far below, with evanescent fire,  
Shines to delude and dazzles to expire?  
No! still through clouds he wins his upward  
way,

And proudly claims his heritage of day!  
— And shall the spirit, on whose ardent gaze  
The dayspring from on high hath poured its  
blaze,

Turn from that pure effulgence to the beam  
Of earth-born light that sheds a treacherous  
gleam,

Luring the wanderer from the star of faith  
To the deep valley of the shades of death?  
What bright exchange, what treasure shall be  
given,

For the high birthright of its hope in heaven?  
If lost the gem which empires could not buy,  
What yet remains? — a dark eternity!

Is earth still Eden? — might a seraph guest  
Still 'midst its chosen bowers delighted rest?  
Is all so cloudless and so calm below,  
We seek no fairer scenes than *life* can show?  
That the cold Sceptic, in his pride elate,  
Rejects the promise of a brighter state,

whom she was at that time in frequent correspondence, and who entered very warmly into her literary undertakings, discussing them with the kindness of an old friend, and desiring her to command frankly whatever assistance his advice or experience could afford. Mrs. Hemans, in the first instance, consented to adopt the suggestion regarding the altered dedication; but was afterwards deterred from putting it into execution, by a fear that it might be construed into a manoeuvre to propitiate the good graces of the *Quarterly Review*; and from the slightest approach to any such mode of propitiation, her sensitive nature recoiled with almost fastidious delicacy." — *Memoir*, p. 31.

"One of the first notices of *The Sceptic* appeared in the *Edinburgh Monthly Magazine*; and there is something in its tone so far more valuable than ordinary praise, and at the same time so prophetic of the happy influence her writings were one day to exercise, that the introduction of the concluding paragraph may not be unwelcome to the readers of this little memorial. After quoting from the poem, the reviewer thus proceeds: 'These extracts must, we think, convey to every reader a favorable impression of the talents of their author, and of the admirable purposes to which her high gifts are directed. It is the great defect, as we imagine, of some of the most popular writers of the day, that they are not sufficiently attentive to the moral dignity of their performances; it is the deep, and will be the lasting reproach of others, that in this point of view they have wantonly sought: and realized the most profound literary abasement. With the promise of talents not inferior to any, and far superior to most of them, the author before us is not any free from every stain, but breathes all moral beauty and loveliness; and it will be a memorable coincidence if the sway of woman's sway in literature shall become coeval

And leaves the rock no tempest shall displace,  
To rear his dwelling on the quicksand's base?

Votary of doubt! then join the festal throng  
Bask in the sunbeam, listen to the song,  
Spread the rich board, and fill the wine cup high,  
And bind the wreath ere yet the roses die!  
'Tis well — thine eye is yet undimmed by time.  
And thy heart bounds, exulting in its prime;  
Smile then unmoved at Wisdom's warning voice,  
And in the glory of thy strength rejoice!

But life hath sterner tasks; e'en youth's brief  
hours

Survive the beauty of their loveliest flowers;  
The founts of joy, where pilgrims rest from  
toil,

Are few and distant on the desert soil;  
The soul's pure flame the breath of storms must  
fan,

And pain and sorrow claim their nursling  
Man!

Earth's noblest sons the bitter cup have shared  
Proud child of reason! how art *thou* prepared?  
When years, with silent might, thy frame have  
bowed,

And o'er thy spirit cast their wintry cloud,

with the return of its moral purity and elevation.' From suffrages such as these, Mrs. Hemans derived not merely present gratification, but encouragement and cheer for her onward course. It was still dearer to her to receive the assurances, with which it often fell to her lot to be blessed, of having, in the exercise of the talents intrusted to her, administered balm to the feelings of the sorrowful, or taught the desponding where to look for comfort. In a letter written at this time to a valued friend, recently visited by one of the heaviest of human calamities — the loss of an exemplary mother — she thus describes her own appreciation of such heart tributes: 'It is inexpressibly gratifying to me to know that you should find any thing I have written at all adapted to your present feelings, and that *The Sceptic* should have been one of the last books upon which the eyes, now opened upon brighter scenes, were cast. Perhaps, when your mind is sufficiently composed, you will inform me which were the passages distinguished by the approbation of that pure and pious mind: they will be far more highly valued by me than any thing I have ever written.' — *Ibid.* p. 334.

"It is pleasing to record the following tribute from Mrs. Hannah More, in a letter to a friend who had sent her a copy of *The Sceptic*: 'I cannot refuse myself the gratification of saying, that I entertain a very high opinion of Mrs. Hemans's superior genius and refined taste. I rank her, as a poet, very high, and I have seen no work on the subject of her *Modern Greece* which evinces more just views, or more delicate perceptions of the fine and the beautiful. I am glad she has employed her powerful pen, in this new instance, on a subject so worthy of it; and, anticipating the future by the past, I promise myself no small pleasure in the perusal, and trust it will not only confer pleasure, but benefit.' — *Ibid.*

Will Memory soothe thee on thy bed of pain  
With the bright images of pleasure's train ?

Yes ! as the sight of some far-distant shore,  
Whose well-known scenes his foot shall tread  
no more,  
Would cheer the seaman, by the eddy wave  
Drawn, vainly struggling, to th' unfathomed  
grave !

Shall Hope, the faithful cherub, hear thy call —  
She who, like heaven's own sunbeams, smiles for  
all ?

Will *she* speak comfort ? — Thou hast shorn her  
plume,

That might have raised thee far above the tomb,  
And hushed the only voice whose angel tone  
Soothes when all melodies of joy are flown !

For she was born beyond the stars to soar,  
And kindling at the source of life, adore ;  
Thou couldst not, mortal ! rivet to the earth  
Her eye, whose beam is of celestial birth ;  
She dwells with those who leave her pinion free,  
And sheds the dews of heaven on all but  
thee.

Yet few there are so lonely, so bereft,  
But some true heart, that beats to theirs, is left ;  
And, haply, one whose strong affection's power  
Unchanged may triumph through misfortune's  
hour,

Still with fond care supports thy languid head,  
And keeps unwearied vigils by thy bed.

But thou whose thoughts have no blest home  
above,

Captive of earth ! and canst thou dare to *love* ?  
To nurse such feelings as delight to rest  
Within that hallowed shrine, a parent's breast ;  
To fix each hope, concentrate every tie,  
On one frail idol, destined but to die ;  
Yet mock the faith that points to worlds of light,  
Where severed souls, made perfect, reunite ?  
Then tremble ! cling to every passing joy,  
Twined with the life a moment may destroy !  
If there be sorrow in a parting tear,  
Still let "*forever*" vibrate on thine ear !  
If some bright hour on rapture's wing hath flown,  
Find more than anguish in the thought — 'tis  
gone !

Go ! to a voice such magic influence give,  
Thou canst not lose its melody, and live ;  
And make an eye the loadstar of thy soul,  
And let a glance the springs of thought control ;

Gaze on a mortal form with fond delight,  
Till the fair vision mingles with thy sight ;  
There seek thy blessings, there repose thy  
trust,

Lean on the willow, idolize the dust !  
Then, when thy treasure best repays thy care,  
Think on that dread "*forever*" — and despair !

And O ! no strange, unwonted storm there  
needs

To wreck at once thy fragile ark of reeds.  
Watch well its course — explore with anxious  
eye

Each little cloud that floats along the sky.

Is the blue canopy serenely fair ?

Yet may the thunderbolt unseen be there,  
And the bark sink when peace and sunshine  
sleep

On the smooth bosom of the waveless deep !

Yes ! ere a sound, a sign, announce thy fate,  
May the blow fall which makes thee desolate !  
Not always Heaven's destroying angel shrouds  
His awful form in tempests and in clouds ;  
He fills the summer air with latent power,  
He hides his venom in the scented flower,  
He steals upon thee in the zephyr's breath,  
And festal garlands veil the shafts of death !

Where art thou *then*, who thus didst rashly  
cast

Thine all upon the mercy of the blast,  
And vainly hope the tree of life to find  
Rooted in sands that flit before the wind ?  
Is not that earth thy spirit loved so well,  
It wished not in a brighter sphere to dwell,  
Become a desert *now*, a vale of gloom,  
O'ershadowed with the midnight of the tomb ?  
Where shalt thou turn ? It is not thine to raise  
To yon pure heaven thy calm, confiding gaze —  
No gleam reflected from that realm of rest  
Steals on the darkness of thy troubled breast ;  
Not for thine eye shall Faith divinely shed  
Her glory round the image of the dead ;  
And if, when slumber's lonely couch is pressed,  
The form departed be thy spirit's guest,  
It bears no light from purer worlds to this ;  
Thy future lends not e'en a dream of bliss.

But who shall dare the gate of life to close,  
Or say, *thus far* the stream of mercy flows ?  
That fount unsealed, whose boundless waves  
embrace

Each distant isle, and visit every race,  
Pours from the throne of God its current free  
Nor yet denies th' immortal draught to thee



O, while the doom impends, not yet decreed,  
While yet th' Atoner hath not ceased to plead —  
While still, suspended by a single hair,  
The sharp bright sword hangs quivering in the  
air,

Bow down thy heart to Him who will not break  
The bruised reed ; e'en yet, awake, awake !  
Patient, because Eternal,<sup>1</sup> He may hear  
Thy prayer of agony with pitying ear,  
And send his chastening Spirit from above,  
O'er the deep chaos of thy soul to move.

But seek thou mercy through his name alone,  
To whose unequalled sorrows none was shown ;  
Through Him, who here in mortal garb abode,  
As man to suffer, and to heal as God ;  
And, born the sons of utmost time to bless,  
Endured all scorn, and aided all distress.

Call thou on Him ! for he, in human form,  
Hath walked the waves of life, and stilled the  
storm.

He, when her hour of lingering grace was past,  
O'er Salem wept, relenting to the last —  
Wept with such tears as Judah's monarch poured  
O'er his lost child, ungrateful, yet deplored ;  
And, offering guiltless blood that guilt might live,  
Taught from his Cross the lesson — to forgive !

Call thou on Him ! His prayer e'er then arose,  
Breathed in unpitied anguish for his foes.  
And haste ! — ere bursts the lightning from on  
high,

Fly to the City of thy Refuge, fly !<sup>2</sup>  
So shall th' Avenger turn his steps away,  
And sheathe his falchion, baffled of its prey.

Yet must long days roll on, ere peace shall  
broad,

As the soft halcyon, o'er thy heart subdued ;  
Ere yet the Dove of Heaven descend to shed  
Inspiring influence o'er thy fallen head.  
— He who hath pined in dungeons, 'midst the  
shade

Of such deep night as man for man hath made,  
Through lingering years — if called at length to be  
Once more, by nature's boundless charter, free,  
Shrinks feebly back, the blaze of noon to shun,  
Fainting at day, and blasted by the sun.

<sup>1</sup> "He is patient because he is eternal." — *St. Augustine*.

<sup>2</sup> "Then ye shall appoint you cities, to be cities of refuge for you ; that the slayer may flee thither which killeth any person at unawares. — And they shall be unto you cities of refuge from the avenger." — *Numbers*, chap. xxxv.

Thus, when the captive soul hath long re-  
mained

In its own dread abyss of darkness chained,  
If the Deliverer, in his might at last,  
Its fetters, born of earth, to earth should cast,  
The beam of truth o'erpowers its dazzled sight,  
Trembling it sinks, and finds no joy in light.  
But this will pass away : that spark of mind  
Within thy frame unquenchably enshrined,  
Shall live to triumph in its brightening ray,  
Born to be fostered with ethereal day.  
Then wilt thou bless the hour when o'er thee  
passed,

On wing of flame, the purifying blast,  
And sorrow's voice, through paths before untrod,  
Like Sinai's trumpet, called thee to thy God !

But hop'st thou, in thy panoply of pride,  
Heaven's messenger, affliction, to deride ?  
In thine own strength unaided to defy,  
With Stoic smile, the arrows of the sky ?  
Torn by the vulture, fettered to the rock,  
Still, demigod ! the tempest wilt thou mock ?  
Alas ! the tower that crests the mountain's brow  
A thousand years may awe the vale below,  
Yet not the less be shattered on its height  
By one dread moment of the earthquake's might !  
A thousand pangs thy bosom may have borne,  
In silent fortitude or haughty scorn,  
Till comes the one, the master anguish, sent  
To break the mighty heart that ne'er was bent.

O, what is nature's strength ? The vacant  
eye,

By mind deserted, hath a dread reply !  
The wild delirious laughter of despair.  
The mirth of frenzy — seek an answer there  
Turn not away, though pity's cheek grow pale  
Close not thine ear against their awful tale.  
They tell thee Reason, wandering from the ray  
Of Faith, the blazing pillar of her way,  
In the mid darkness of the stormy wave  
Forsook the struggling soul she could not save !  
Weep not, sad moralist ! o'er desert plains  
Strewed with the wrecks of grandeur — mould-  
ering fanes,

Arches of triumph, long with weeds o'ergrown,  
And regal cities, now the serpent's own :  
Earth has more awful ruins — one lost mind,  
Whose star is quenched, hath lessons for mankind  
Of deeper import than each prostrate dome  
Mingling its marble with the dust of Rome.

But who with eye unshrinking shall explore  
That waste, illumed by reason's beam no more ?

Who pierce the deep mysterious clouds that roll  
 Around the shattered temple of the soul,  
 Curtained with midnight? Low its columns lie,  
 And dark the chambers of its imagery;<sup>1</sup>  
 Sunk are its idols now — and God alone  
 May rear the fabric by their fall o'erthrown!  
 Yet from its inmost shrine, by storms laid bare,  
 Is heard an oracle that cries — "Beware!  
 Child of the dust! but ransomed of the skies!  
 One breath of heaven, and thus thy glory dies!  
 Haste, ere the hour of doom — draw nigh to Him  
 Who dwells above, between the cherubim!"

Spirit dethroned! and checked in mid career —  
 Son of the morning! exiled from thy sphere,  
 Tell us thy tale! Perchance thy race was run  
 With science in the chariot of the sun;  
 Free as the winds the paths of space to sweep,  
 Traverse the untrodden kingdoms of the deep,  
 And search the laws that nature's springs control,  
 There tracing all — save Him who guides the  
 whole!

Thy eye its ardent glance had cast  
 Through the dim shades, the portals of the past;  
 By the bright lamp of thought thy care had fed  
 From the far beacon lights of ages fled,  
 The depths of time exploring, to retrace  
 The glorious march of many a vanished race.

Or did thy power pervade the living lyre  
 Till its deep chords became instinct with fire,  
 Silenced all meaner notes, and swelled on  
 high,  
 Full and alone, their mighty harmony;  
 While woke each passion from its cell profound,  
 And nations started at th' electric sound?

Lord of th' ascendant! what avails it now,  
 Though bright the laurels waved upon thy brow?  
 What though thy name, through distant empires  
 heard,

Bade the heart bound, as doth a battle word?  
 Was it for *this* thy still unwearied eye  
 Kept vigil with the watchfires of the sky,  
 To make the secrets of all ages thine,  
 And commune with majestic thoughts that shine  
 O'er Time's long shadowy pathway? — hath thy  
 mind  
 Severed its lone dominions from mankind,  
 For *this* to woo their homage! Thou hast sought  
 All, save the wisdom with salvation fraught,

Won every wreath — but that which will not die,  
 Nor aught neglected — save eternity!

And did all fail thee in the hour of wrath,  
 When burst th' o'erwhelming vials on thy path  
 Could not the voice of Fame inspire thee then.  
 O spirit! sceptred by the sons of men,  
 With an immortal's courage, to sustain  
 The transient agonies of earthly pain?  
 — One, one there was, all-powerful to have saved  
 When the loud fury of the billow raved:  
 But him thou knew'st not — and the light he lent  
 Hath vanished from its ruined tenement.  
 But left thee breathing, moving, lingering yet,  
 A thing we shrink from — vainly to forget!  
 — Lift the dread veil no further! Hide, O, hide  
 The bleeding form, the couch of suicide!  
 The dagger, grasped in death — the brow, the  
 eye,  
 Lifeless, yet stamped with rage and agony;  
 The soul's dark traces left in many a line  
 Graved on *his* mien, who died — "and made  
 sign!"

Approach not, gaze not — lest thy fevered brain  
 Too deep that image of despair retain.  
 Angels of slumber! o'er the midnight hour  
 Let not such visions claim unhallowed power.  
 Lest the mind sink with terror, and above  
 See but th' Avenger's arm, forget th' Avenger's  
 love!

O Thou! th' unseen, th' all-seeing! — Thou  
 whose ways,  
 Mantled with darkness, mock all finite gaze,  
 Before whose eyes the creatures of Thy hand,  
 Seraph and man alike, in weakness stand,  
 And countless ages, trampling into clay  
 Earth's empires on their march, are but a day;  
 Father of worlds unknown, unnumbered! —  
 Thou,  
 With whom all time is one eternal *now*,  
 Who know'st no past nor future — Thou whose  
 breath  
 Goes forth, and bears to myriads life or death.  
 Look on us! guide us! — wanderers of a sea  
 Wild and obscure, what are we, reft of Thee?  
 A thousand rocks, deep hid, elude our sight,  
 A star may set — and we are lost in night;  
 A breeze may waft us to the whirlpool's brink,  
 A treacherous song allure us — and we sink!

O, by *His* love, who, veiling Godhead's light  
 To moments circumscribed the Infinite,  
 And heaven and earth disdained not to ally  
 By that dread union — Man with Deity!

<sup>1</sup> "Every man in the chambers of his imagery." — *Ezekiel*,  
 chap. viii.

Immortal tears o'er mortal woes who shed,  
 And, ere he raised them, wept above the dead :  
 Save, or we perish ! Let Thy word control  
 The earthquakes of that universe — the soul ;  
 Pervade the depths of passion ; speak once more  
 The mighty mandate, guardian of every shore,  
 " Here shall thy waves be stayed ; " in grief, in  
     pain,  
 The fearful poise of reason's sphere maintain.  
 Thou, by whom suns are balanced ! thus secure  
 In Thee shall faith and fortitude endure ;  
 Conscious of Thee, unfaltering, shall the just  
 Look upward still, in high and holy trust,  
 And by affliction guided to Thy shrine,  
 The first, last thought of suffering hearts be  
     Thine.

And O, be near when, clothed with conquer-  
     ing power,  
 The King of Terrors claims his own dread hour :  
 When on the edge of that unknown abyss  
 Which darkly parts us from the realm of bliss,  
 Awe-struck alike the timid and the brave,  
 Alike subdued the monarch and the slave,  
 Must drink the cup of trembling<sup>1</sup> — when we see  
 Nought in the universe but Death and Thee,  
 Forsake us not ! If still, when life was young,  
 Faith to thy bosom, as her home, hath sprung,  
 If Hope's retreat hath been, through all the past,  
 The shadow by the Rock of Ages cast,  
 Father, forsake us not ! When tortures urge  
 The shrinking soul to that mysterious verge —  
 When from thy justice to thy love we fly,  
 On nature's conflict look with pitying eye ;  
 Bid the strong wind, the fire, the earthquake  
     cease,  
 Come in the " small still voice," and whisper —  
     Peace !<sup>2</sup>

For O, 'tis awful ! He that hath beheld  
 The parting spirit, by its fears repelled,  
 Cling in weak terror to its earthly chain,  
 And from the dizzy brink recoil, in vain ;  
 He that hath seen the last convulsive throes  
 Dissolve the union formed and closed in woe,  
 Well knows that hour is awful. In the pride  
 Of youth and health, by sufferings yet untried,

<sup>1</sup> "Thou hast drunken the dregs of the cup of trembling, and wrung them out." — *Isaiah*, chap. li.

<sup>2</sup> "And behold, the Lord passed by, and a great and strong wind rent the mountains, and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord ; but the Lord was not in the wind : and after the wind an earthquake ; but the Lord was not in the earthquake : and after the earthquake a fire ; but the Lord was not in the fire : and after the fire a still small voice " — *Kings*, book i chap xix

We talk of Death as something which 'twere  
     sweet

In glory's arms exultingly to meet —  
 A closing triumph, a majestic scene,  
 Where gazing nations watch the hero's mien,  
 As, undismayed amidst the tears of all,  
 He folds his mantle, regally to fall !  
 — Hush, fond enthusiast ! Still, obscure, and  
     lone,  
 Yet not less terrible because unknown,  
 Is the last hour of thousands : they retire  
 From life's thronged path, unnoticed to expire.  
 As the light leaf, whose fall to ruin bears  
 Some trembling insect's little world of cares,  
 Descends in silence — while around waves on  
 The mighty forest, reckless what is gone !  
 Such is man's doom ; and, ere an hour be flown,  
 — Start not, thou trifler ! — such may be thine  
     own.

But, as life's current in its ebb draws near  
 The shadowy gulf, there wakes a thought of  
     fear,  
 A thrilling thought which, haply mocked before,  
 We fain would stifle — but it sleeps no more !  
 There are who fly its murmurs 'midst the throng  
 That join the masque of revelry and song :  
 Yet still Death's image, by its power restored,  
 Frowns 'midst the roses of the festal board ;  
 And when deep shades o'er earth and ocean  
     brood,  
 And the heart owns the might of solitude,  
 Is its low whisper heard ! — a note profound,  
 But wild and startling as the trumpet sound  
 That bursts, with sudden blast, the dead re-  
     pose  
 Of some proud city, stormed by midnight foes !

O, vainly Reason's scornful voice would prove  
 That life had nought to claim such lingering love,  
 And ask if e'er the captive, half unchained,  
 Clung to the links which yet his step restrained.  
 In vain Philosophy, with tranquil pride,  
 Would mock the feelings she perchance can hide,  
 Call up the countless armies of the dead,  
 Point to the pathway beaten by their tread,  
 And say — " What wouldst thou ? Shall the  
     fixed decree,

Made for creation, be reversed for thee ? "

Poor, feeble aid ! Proud Stoic ! ask not why —  
 It is enough that nature shrinks to die.  
 Enough, that horror, which thy words upbraid  
 Is her dread penalty, and must be paid !  
 Search thy deep wisdom, solve the scarce defined  
 And mystic questions of the parting mind.



Half checked, half uttered : tell her what shall  
burst,

In whelming grandeur, on her vision first,  
When freed from mortal films — what viewless  
world

Shall first receive her wing, but half unfurled —  
What awful and unbodied beings guide  
Her timid flight through regions yet untried ;  
Say if at once, her final doom to hear,  
Before her God the trembler must appear,  
Or wait that day of terror, when the sea  
Shall yield its hidden dead, and heaven and  
earth shall flee ?

Hast thou no answer ? Then deride no more  
The thoughts that shrink ; yet cease not to ex-  
plore

Th' unknown, th' unseen, the future — though  
the heart,

As at unearthly sounds, before them start ;  
Though the frame shudder, and the spirits sigh,  
They have their source in immortality !  
Whence, then, shall strength, which reason's  
aid denies,

An equal to the mortal conflict rise ?  
When, on the swift pale horse, whose lightning  
pace,

Where'er we fly, still wins the dreadful race,  
The mighty rider comes — O, whence shall aid  
Be drawn to meet his rushing, undismayed ?  
Whence, but from thee, Messiah ! — thou hast  
drained

The bitter cup, till not the dregs remained ;  
To thee the struggle and the pangs were known,  
The mystic horror — all became thine own !

But did no hand celestial succor bring,  
Till scorn and anguish haply lost their sting ?  
Came not th' Archangel, in the final hour,  
To arm thee with invulnerable power ?  
No, Son of God ! upon thy sacred head  
The shafts of wrath their tenfold fury shed,  
From man averted — and thy path on high  
Passed through the strait of fiercest agony :  
For thus th' Eternal, with propitious eyes,  
Received the last, th' almighty sacrifice !

But wake ! be glad, ye nations ! from the  
tomb

Is won the victory, and is fled the gloom !  
The vale of death in conquest hath been trod.  
Break forth in joy, ye ransomed ! saith your God ;  
Swell ye the raptures of the song afar,  
And hail with harps your bright and Morning  
Star.

He rose ! the everlasting gates of day  
Received the King of Glory on his way !  
The hope, the comforter of those who wept,  
And the first fruits of them in Him that slept,  
He rose, he triumphed ! he will yet sustain  
Frail nature sinking in the strife of pain.  
Aided by Him, around the martyr's frame  
When fiercely blazed a living shroud of flame,  
Hath the firm soul exulted, and the voice  
Raised the victorious hymn, and cried, Rejoice  
Aided by Him, though none the bed attend  
Where the lone sufferer dies without a friend,  
He whom the busy world shall miss no more  
Than morn one dewdrop from her countless store,  
Earth's most neglected child, with trusting heart,  
Called to the hope of glory, shall depart !

And say, cold Sophist ! if by thee bereft  
Of that high hope, to misery what were left ?  
But for the vision of the days to be,  
But for the Comforter despised by thee,  
Should we not wither at the Chastener's look,  
Should we not sink beneath our God's rebuke,  
When o'er our heads the desolating blast,  
Fraught with inscrutable decrees, hath passed,  
And the stern power who seeks the noblest prey  
Hath called our fairest and our best away ?  
Should we not madden when our eyes behold  
All that we loved in marble stillness cold,  
No more responsive to our smile or sigh,  
Fixed — frozen — silent — all mortality ?  
But for the promise, " All shall yet be well,"  
Would not the spirit in its pangs rebel  
Beneath such clouds as darkened when the hand  
Of wrath lay heavy on our prostrate land ;  
And thou, <sup>1</sup> just lent thy gladdened isles to bless,  
Then snatched from earth with all thy loveliness,  
With all a nation's blessings on thy head,  
O England's flower ! wert gathered to the dead :  
But thou didst teach us. Thou to every heart  
Faith's lofty lesson didst thyself impart  
When fled the hope through all thy pangs which  
smiled,

When thy young bosom o'er thy lifeless child  
Yearned with vain longing — still thy patient eye  
To its last light beamed holy constancy !  
Torn from a lot in cloudless sunshine cast,  
Amidst those agonies — thy first and last,  
Thy pale lip, quivering with convulsive throes,  
Breathed not a plaint — and settled in repose ;  
While bowed thy royal head to Him whose  
power  
Spoke in the fiat of that midnight hour,

<sup>1</sup> The Princess Charlotte.

Who from the brightest vision of a throne,  
Love, glory, empire, claimed thee for his own,  
And spread such terror o'er the sea-girt coast,  
As blasted Israel when her ark was lost!

"It is the will of God!" — yet, yet we hear  
The words which closed thy beautiful career;  
Yet should we mourn thee in thy blest abode,  
But for that thought — "It is the will of God!"  
Who shall arraign th' Eternal's dark decree  
If not one murmur then escaped from thee?  
O, still, though vanishing without a trace,  
Thou hast not left one scion of thy race,  
Still may thy memory bloom our vales among,  
Hallowed by freedom and enshrined in song!  
Still may thy pure, majestic spirit dwell  
Bright on the isles which loved thy name so well,  
E'en as an angel, with presiding care,  
To wake and guard thine own high virtues there.

For lo! the hour when storm-presaging skies  
Call on the watchers of the land to rise,  
To set the sign of fire on every height,<sup>1</sup>  
And o'er the mountains rear with patriot might,  
Prepared, if summoned, in its cause to die,  
The banner of our faith, the Cross of victory!  
By this hath England conquered. Field and flood  
Have owned her sovereignty: alone she stood,  
When chains o'er all the sceptred earth were  
thrown,

In high and holy singleness, alone,  
But mighty in her God — and shall she now  
Forget before th' Omnipotent to bow?  
From the bright fountain of her glory turn,  
Or bid strange fire upon his altars burn?  
No! severed land, 'midst rocks and billows rude,  
Throned in thy majesty of solitude,  
Still in the deep asylum of thy breast  
Shall the pure elements of greatness rest,  
Virtue and faith, the tutelary powers,  
Thy hearths that hallow, and defend thy towers!

Still where thy hamlet vales, O chosen isle!  
In the soft beauty of their verdure smile,  
Where yew and elm o'ershade the lowly fanes  
That guard the peasant's records and remains,  
May the blest echoes of the Sabbath bell  
Sweet on the quiet of the woodlands swell,  
And from each cottage dwelling of thy glades,  
When starlight glimmers through the deepening  
shades,

Devotion's voice in choral hymns arise,  
And bear the land's warm incense to the skies.

<sup>1</sup> "And set up a sign of fire." — *Jeremiah*, chap. vi.

There may the mother, as with anxious joy  
To heaven her lessons consecrate her boy,  
Teach his young accent still the immortal lays  
Of Zion's bards in inspiration's days,  
When angels, whispering through the cedar  
shade,

Prophetic tones to Judah's harp conveyed;  
And as, her soul all glistening in her eyes  
She bids the prayer of infancy arise,  
Tell of His name who left his throne on high,  
Earth's lowliest lot to bear and sanctify,  
His love divine by keenest anguish tried,  
And fondly say "My child, for thee He died!"

[What follows is worthy of being here recorded. Thirteen years after the publication of *The Sceptic*, and when the author, towards the termination of her earthly career, was residing with her family in Dublin, a circumstance occurred by which Mrs. Hemans was greatly affected and impressed. A stranger one day called at her house, and begged earnestly to see her. She was then just recovering from one of her frequent illnesses, and was obliged to decline the visits of all but her immediate friends. The applicant was therefore told that she was unable to receive him; but he persisted in entreating for a few minutes' audience, with such earnest importunity, that at last the point was conceded. The moment he was admitted, the gentleman (for such his manner and appearance declared him to be) explained, in words and tones of the deepest feeling, that the object of his visit was to acknowledge a debt of obligation which he could not rest satisfied without avowing — that to her he owed, in the first instance, that faith and those hopes which were now more precious to him than life itself; for that it was by reading her poem of *The Sceptic* he had been first awakened from the miserable delusions of infidelity, and induced to "search the Scriptures." Having poured forth his thanks and benedictions in an uncontrollable gush of emotion, this strange but interesting visitant took his departure, leaving her overwhelmed with a mingled sense of joyful gratitude and wondering humility. — *Memoir*, pp. 255, 256.]

#### CRITICAL EXTRACTS FROM REVIEWS.

*North American Review*. — "In 1820 Mrs. Hemans published *The Sceptic*, a poem of great merit for its style and its sentiments, of which we shall give a rapid sketch. She considers the influence of unbelief on the affections and gentler part of our nature, and, after pursuing the picture of the misery consequent on doubt, shows the relief that may be found in the thoughts that have their source in immortality. Glancing at pleasure as the only resort of the sceptic, she turns to the sterner tasks of life: —

'E'en youth's brief hours  
Survive the beauty of their loveliest flowers;  
The soul's pure flame the breath of storms must fan,  
And pain and sorrow claim their nursling — Man.'

But then the sceptic has no relief in memory; for memory recalls no joys but such as were transitory, and known to be such; and as for hope, —

She, who, like heaven's own sunbeam, smiles for all,  
Will she speak comfort? — Thou hast shorn her plume  
That might have raised thee far above the tomb,  
And hushed the only voice whose angel tone  
Soothes when all melodies of joy are flown



"The poet then asks, if an infidel dare love; and, having no home for his thoughts in a better world, nurse such feelings as delight to enshrine themselves in the breast of a parent. She addresses him on the insecurity of an attachment to a vain idol, from which death may at any time divide him 'forever.' . . . For relief the infidel is referred to the Christian religion, in a strain which unites the fervor of devotion with poetic sensibility. . . . The poem proceeds to depict in a forcible manner the unfortunate state of a mind which acquires every kind of knowledge but that which gives salvation; and, having gained possession of the secrets of all ages, and communed with the majestic minds that shine along the pathway of time, neglects nothing but eternity. Such a one, in the season of suffering, finds relief in suicide, and escapes to death as to an eternal rest. The thought of death recurs to the mind of the poet, and calls forth a fervent prayer for the divine presence and support in the hour of dissolution; for the hour when the soul is brought to the mysterious verge of another life is an 'awful one.' . . . This is followed by an allusion to the strong love of life which belongs to human nature, and the instinctive apprehension with which the parting mind muses on its future condition, and asks of itself mystic questions that it cannot solve. But through the influence of religion, —

'He whom the busy world shall miss no more  
Than morn one dewdrop from her countless store,  
Earth's most neglected child, with trusting heart,  
Called to the hope of glory, shall depart.'

'After some lines expressing the spirit of English patriotism, in a manner with which foreigners can only be pleased, the poem closes with the picture of a mother teaching her child the first lessons of religion, by holding up the divine example of the Savior.

"We have been led into a longer notice of this poem, for it illustrates the character of Mrs. Hemans's manner. We perceive in it a loftiness of purpose, an earnestness of thought, sometimes made more interesting by a tinge of melancholy, a depth of religious feeling, a mind alive to all the interests, gratifications, and sorrows of social life." — PROFESSOR NORTON.

*Edinburgh Monthly Review.* — "We have on more than one occasion expressed the very high opinion which we entertain of the talents of this lady; and it is gratifying to find that she gives us no reason to retract or modify in any degree the applause already bestowed, and that every fresh exhibition of her powers enhances and confirms her claims upon our admiration. Mrs. Hemans is indeed but in the infancy of her poetical career; but it is an infancy of unrivalled beauty and of very high promise. Not but that she has already performed more than has often been sufficient to win for other candidates no mean place in the roll of fame, but because what she has already done shrinks, when compared with what we consider to be her own great capacity, to mere incipient excellence — the intimation, rather than the fulfilment, of the high destiny of her genius.

. . . "The verses of Mrs. Hemans appear the spontaneous offspring of intense and noble feeling, governed by a clear understanding, and fashioned into elegance by an ex-

quisite delicacy and precision of taste. With more than the force of many of her masculine competitors, she never ceases to be strictly *feminine* in the whole current of her thought and feeling, nor approaches by any chance the verge of that free and intrepid course of speculation, of which the boldness is more conspicuous than the wisdom, but into which some of the most remarkable among the female literati of our times have freely and fearlessly plunged. She has, in the poem before us, made choice of a subject of which it would have been very difficult to have reconciled the treatment, in the hands of some female authors, to the delicacy which belongs to the sex, and the tenderness and enthusiasm which form its finest characteristics. A coarse and chilling cento of the exploded fancies of modern scepticism, done into rhyme by the hand of a woman, would have been doubly disgusting, by the revival of absurdities long consigned to oblivion, and by the revolting exhibition of a female mind shorn of all its attractions, and wrapped in darkness and defiance. But Mrs. Hemans has chosen the better and the nobler cause, and, while she has left in the poem before us every trace of vigorous intellect of which the subject admitted, and has far transcended in energy of thought the prosing pioneers of unbelief, she has sustained throughout a tone of warm and confiding piety, and has thus proved that the humility of hope and of faith has in it none of the weakness with which it has been charged by the arrogance of impiety, but owns a divine and mysterious vigor residing under the very aspect of gentleness and devotion."

*Quarterly Review.* — "Her last two publications are works of a higher stamp — works, indeed, of which no living poet need to be ashamed. The first of them is entitled *The Sceptic*, and is devoted, as our readers will easily anticipate, to advocating the *■* of religion. Undoubtedly the poem must have owed its being to the circumstances of the times — to a laudable indignation at the course which literature, in many departments, seemed lately to be taking in this country, and at the doctrines disseminated with industry, principally (but by no means exclusively, as has been falsely supposed) among the lower orders. Mrs. Hemans, however, does not attempt to reason learnedly or laboriously in verse, few poems, ostensibly philosophical or didactic, have ever been of use, except to display the ingenuity and talent of the writers. People are not often taught a science or an art in poetry, and much less will an infidel be converted by a theological treatise in verse. But the argument of *The Sceptic* is one of irresistible force to confirm a wavering mind; it is simply resting the truth of religion on the necessity of it — on the utter misery and helplessness of man without it. This argument is in itself available for all the purposes of poetry — it appeals to the imagination and passions of man; it is capable of interesting all our affectionate hopes and charities, of acting upon all our natural fears. Mrs. Hemans has gone through this range with great feeling and ability; and when she comes to the mind which has clothed itself in its own strength, and, relying proudly on that alone in the hour of affliction, has sunk into distraction in the contest, she rises into a strain of moral poetry not often surpassed: —

'O, what is nature's strength? The vacant eye,  
By mind deserted, hath a dread reply, etc.'



SUPERSTITION AND REVELATION.

AN UNFINISHED POEM.

I.

BEINGS of brighter worlds ! that rise at times  
As phantoms with ideal beauty fraught,  
In those brief visions of celestial climes  
Which pass like sunbeams o'er the realms of  
thought,

Dwell ye around us ? — are ye hovering nigh,  
'Throned on the cloud, or buoyant in the air ?  
And in deep solitudes where human eye  
Can trace no step, Immortals ! are ye there ?  
O, who can tell ? — what power, but Death alone,  
Can lift the mystic veil that shades the world  
unknown ?

II.

But earth hath seen the days, ere yet the flowers  
Of Eden withered, when revealed ye shone  
In all your brightness midst those holy bowers —  
Holy, but not unfading as your own !  
While He, the child of that primeval soil,  
With you its paths in high communion trod,  
His glory yet undimmed by guilt or toil,  
And beaming in the image of his God,  
And his pure spirit glowing from the sky,  
Exulting in its light, a spark of Deity.

III.

Then, haply, mortal and celestial lays,  
Mingling their tones, from nature's temple rose,  
When nought but that majestic song of praise  
Broke on the sanctity of night's repose,  
With music since unheard : and man might trace  
By stream and vale, in deep, embowering shade,  
Devotion's first and loveliest dwelling-place,  
The footsteps of th' Omnipotent, who made  
That spot a shrine, where youthful nature cast  
Her consecrated wealth, rejoicing as He passed.

IV.

Short were those days, and soon, O sons of  
Heaven !  
Your aspect changed for man. In that dread  
hour,  
When from his paradise the alien driven  
Beheld your forms in angry splendor tower,  
Guarding the clime where he no more might  
dwell  
With meteor swords : he saw the living flame,

And his first cry of misery was — " Farewell ?  
His heart's first anguish, exile : he became  
A pilgrim on the earth, whose children's lot  
Is still for happier lands to pine — and reach  
them not.

V.

Where now the chosen bowers that once be-  
held  
Delight and Love their first bright sabbath keep ?  
From all its founts the world of waters swelled,  
And wrapped them in the mantle of the  
deep !  
For He, to whom the elements are slaves,  
In wrath unchained the oceans of the cloud,  
And heaved th' abyss beneath, till waves on  
waves  
Folded creation in their mighty shroud ;  
Then left the earth, a solitude, o'erspread  
With its own awful wrecks — a desert of the  
dead.

VI.

But onward flowed life's busy course again,  
And rolling ages with them bore away —  
As to be lost amidst the boundless main,  
Rich Orient streams their golden sands convey —  
The hallowed lore of old — the guiding light  
Left by tradition to the sons of earth,  
And the blest memory of each sacred rite  
Known in the region of their father's birth,  
When in each breeze around his fair abode  
Whispered a seraph's voice, or lived the breath  
of God.

VII.

Who hath not seen what time the orb of day,  
Cinctured with glory, seeks the ocean's breast,  
A thousand clouds all glowing in his ray,  
Catching brief splendor from the purple west ?  
So round thy parting steps, fair Truth ! a while  
With borrowed hues unnumbered phantoms  
shone ;  
And Superstition, from thy lingering smile,  
Caught a faint glow of beauty not her own,  
Blending her rites with thine — while yet afar  
Thine eye's last radiance beamed, a slow-reced-  
ing star.

## VIII.

Yet still one stream was pure — one severed shrine

Was fed with holier fire, by chosen hands ;  
And sounds, and dreams, and impulses divine,  
Were in the dwellings of the patriarch bands.  
There still the father to his child bequeathed  
The sacred torch of never-dying flame ;  
There still Devotion's suppliant accents breathed  
The One adored and everlasting Name ;  
And angel guests would linger and repose  
Where those primeval tents amid their palm  
trees rose.

## IX.

But far o'er earth the apostate wanderers bore  
Their alien rites. For them, by fount or shade,  
Nor voice, nor vision, holy as of yore,  
In thrilling whispers to the soul conveyed  
High inspiration : yet in every clime,  
Those sons of doubt and error fondly sought  
With beings in their essence more sublime,  
To hold communion of mysterious thought ;  
On some dread power in trembling hope to lean,  
And hear in every wind the accents of th' Un-  
seen.

## X.

Yes ! we have need to bid our hopes repose  
On some protecting influence : here confined,  
Life hath no healing balm for mortal woes,  
Earth is too narrow for th' immortal mind.  
Our spirits burn to mingle with the day,  
As exiles panting for their native coast,  
Yet lured by every wild-flower from their way,  
And shrinking from the gulf that must be  
crossed.

Death hovers round us : in the zephyr's sigh,  
As in the storm, he comes — and lo ! Eternity !

## XI.

As one left lonely on the desert sands  
Of burning Afric, where, without a guide,  
He gazes as the pathless waste expands —  
Around, beyond, interminably wide ;  
While the red haze, presaging the Simoom,  
Obscures the fierce splendence of the sky,  
Or suns of blasting light perchance illumine  
The glistening Serab<sup>1</sup> which illudes his eye :  
Such was the wanderer Man, in ages flown,  
Kneeling in doubt and fear before the dread  
Unknown.

<sup>1</sup> Serab, mirage.

## XII.

His thoughts explored the past — and where  
were they,

The chiefs of men, the mighty ones gone by ?  
He turned — a boundless void before him lay,  
Wrapped in the shadows of futurity.  
How knew the child of nature that the flame  
He felt within him, struggling to ascend,  
Should perish not with that terrestrial frame  
Doomed with the earth on which it moved to  
blend ?  
How, when affliction bade his spirit bleed,  
If 'twere a Father's love or Tyrant's wrath de-  
creed ?

## XIII.

O, marvel not if then he sought to trace  
In all sublimities of sight and sound,  
In rushing winds that wander through all space,  
Or 'midst deep woods, with holy gloom em-  
browned,  
The oracles of fate ! or if the train  
Of floating forms that throng the world of sleep,  
And sounds that vibrate on the slumberer's  
brain,  
When mortal voices rest in stillness deep,  
Were deemed mysterious revelations, sent  
From viewless powers, the lords of each dread  
element.

## XIV.

Was not wild nature, in that elder time,  
Clothed with a deeper power ? — earth's wander-  
ing race,  
Exploring realms of solitude sublime,  
Not as we see, beheld her awful face !  
Art had not tamed the mighty scenes which met  
Their searching eyes : unpeopled kingdoms  
lay  
In savage pomp before them — all was yet  
Silent and vast, but not as in decay ;  
And the bright daystar, from his burning throne,  
Looked o'er a thousand shores, untrodden,  
voiceless, lone.

## XV.

The forests in their dark luxuriance waved,  
With all their swell of strange Æolian sound ;  
The fearful deep, sole region ne'er enslaved,  
Heaved, in its pomp of terror, darkly round.  
Then, brooding o'er the images, impressed  
By forms of grandeur thronging on his eye,  
And faint traditions, guarded in his breast  
'Midst dim remembrances of infancy,

Man shaped unearthly presences, in dreams,  
Peopling each wilder haunt of mountains,  
groves, and streams.

XVI.

Then o'ed the victim — then in every shade  
Of rock or turf arose the votive shrine;  
Fear bowed before the phantoms she por-  
trayed,  
And Nature teemed with many a mystic sign.  
Meteors, and storms, and thunders! ye whose  
course  
E'en yet is awful to th' enlightened eye,  
As, wildly rushing from your secret source,  
Your sounding chariot sweeps the realms on  
high,  
Then o'er the earth prophetic gloom ye cast,  
And the wide nations gazed, and trembled as  
ye passed.

XVII.

But you, ye stars! in distant glory burning,  
Nurtured with flame, bright altars of the sky!  
To whose far climes the spirit, vainly turning,  
Would pierce the secrets of infinity —  
To you the heart, bereft of other light,  
Its first deep homage paid, on Eastern plains,  
Where Day hath terrors, but majestic Night,  
Calm in her pomp, magnificently reigns,  
Cloudless and silent, circled with the race  
Of some unnumbered orbs, that light the depths  
of space.

XVIII.

Shine on! and brightly plead for erring  
thought,  
Whose wing, unaided in its course, explored  
The wide creation, and beholding nought  
Like your eternal beauty, then adored  
Its living splendors; deeming them informed  
By natures tempered with a holier fire —  
Pure beings, with ethereal effluence warmed,  
Who to the source of spirit might aspire,  
And mortal prayers benignantly convey  
To some presiding Power, more awful far than  
they.

XIX.

Guides o'er the desert and the deep! to you  
The seaman turned, rejoicing at the helm,  
When from the regions of empyreal blue  
Ye poured soft radiance o'er the ocean realm;  
To you the dweller of the plains addressed  
Vain prayers, that called the clouds and dews  
your own;

To you the shepherd, on the mountain's crest,  
Kindled the fires that far through midnight  
shone,

As earth would light up all her hills, to vie  
With your immortal host, and image back the  
sky.

XX.

Hail to the queen of heaven! her silvery crown  
Serenely wearing, o'er her high domain  
She walks in brightness, looking cloudless down,  
As if to smile on her terrestrial reign.  
Earth should be hushed in slumber — but the  
night  
Calls forth her worshippers; the feast is spread,  
On hoary Lebanon's umbrageous height  
The shrine is raised, the rich libation shed  
To her, whose beams illumine those cedar shades  
Faintly as Nature's light the 'wilderer soul per-  
vades.

XXI.

But when *thine* orb, all earth's rich hues restoring,  
Came forth, O sun! in majesty supreme,  
Still, from thy pure exhaustless fountain, pouring  
Beauty and life in each triumphant beam,  
Through *thine* own East what joyous rites pre-  
vailed!  
What choral songs reëchoed! while thy fire  
Shone o'er its thousand altars, and exhaled  
The precious incense of each odorous pyre,  
Heaped with the richest balms of spicy vales,  
And aromatic woods that scent th' Arabian gales,

XXII.

Yet not with Saba's fragrant wealth alone,  
Balsam and myrrh, the votive pile was strewed  
For the dark children of the burning zone  
Drew frenzy from thy fervors, and bedewed  
With their own blood thy shrine; while *thine*  
wild scene,  
Haply with pitying eye, *thine* angel viewed,  
And though with glory mantled, and severe  
In his own fulness of beatitude,  
Yet mourned for those whose spirits from thy  
ray  
Caught not one transient spark of intellectual day

XXIII.

But earth had deeper stains. Ethereal powers  
Benignant seraphs! wont to leave the skies,  
And hold high converse, 'midst his native bowers  
With the once glorious sun of Paradise,  
Looked ye from heaven in sadness? were you  
strains



Of choral praise suspended in dismay,  
When the polluted shrine of Syria's plains  
With clouds of incense dimmed the blaze of day?  
Or did ye veil indignantly your eyes,  
While demons hailed the pomp of human sacrifice?

## XXIV.

And well the powers of evil might rejoice,  
When rose from Tophet's vale th' exulting cry,  
And, deaf to Nature's supplicating voice,  
The frantic mother bore her child to die!  
Around her vainly clung his feeble hands  
With sacred instinct: love hath lost its sway,  
While ruthless zeal the sacrifice demands,  
And the fires blaze, impatient for their prey.  
Let not his shrieks reveal the dreadful tale!  
Well may the drum's loud peal o'erpower an  
infant's wail!

## XXV.

A voice of sorrow! not from thence it rose;  
'Twas not the childless mother. Syrian maids,  
Where with red wave the mountain streamlet  
flows,  
Keep tearful vigil in their native shades.  
With dirge and plaint the cedar groves resound,  
Each rock's deep echo for Adonis mourns:  
Weep for the dead! Away! the lost is found —  
To life and love the buried god returns!  
Then wakes the timbrel — then the forests ring,  
And shouts of frenzied joy are on each breeze's  
wing!

## XXVI.

But filled with holier joy the Persian stood,  
In silent reverence, on the mountain's brow,  
At early dayspring, while the expanding flood  
Of radiance burst around, above, below —  
Bright, boundless as eternity: he gazed  
Till his full soul, imbibing heaven, o'erflowed  
In worship of th' Invisible, and praised  
In thee, O Sun! the symbol and abode  
Of life, and power, and excellence — the throne  
Where dwelt the Unapproached, resplendently  
alone.<sup>1</sup>

At an earlier stage in the composition of this poem, the following stanza was here inserted: —

"Nor rose the Magian's hymn, sublimely swelling  
In full-toned homage to the source of flame,  
From fabric reared by man, the gorgeous dwelling  
Of such bright idol forms as art could frame.  
He reared no temple, bade no walls contain  
The breath of incense or the voice of prayer;  
But made the boundless universe his fane,  
The rocks his altar stone — adoring there  
The Being whose Omnipotence pervades  
All deserts and all depths, and hallows loneliest shades."

## XXVII.

What if his thoughts, with erring fondness, gave  
Mysterious sanctity to things which wear  
Th' Eternal's impress? — if the living wave,  
The circling heavens, the free and boundless  
air —

If the pure founts of everlasting flame,  
Deep in his country's hallowed vales enshrined,  
And the bright stars maintained a silent claim  
To love and homage from his awe-struck mind  
Still with his spirit dwelt a lofty dream  
Of uncreated Power, far, far o'er these supreme

## XXVIII.

And with that faith was conquest. He whose  
name

To Judah's harp of prophecy had rung —  
He, of whose yet unborn and distant fame  
The mighty voice of Inspiration sung,  
He came, the victor Cyrus! As he passed,  
Thrones to his footstep rocked, and monarchs lay  
Suppliant and clothed with dust; while nations  
cast

Their ancient idols down before his way,  
Who, in majestic march, from shore to shore,  
The quenchless flame revered by Persia's children bore.

[In the spring of 1820, Mrs. Hemans first made the acquaintance of one who became afterwards a zealous and valuable friend, revered in life, and sincerely mourned in death — Bishop Heber, then Rector of Hodnet, and a frequent visitor at Bodryddan, the residence of his father-in-law, the late Dean of St. Asaph, from whom also, during an intercourse of many years, Mrs. Hemans at all times received much kindness and courtesy. Mr. Reginald Heber was the first eminent literary character with whom she had ever familiarly associated; and she therefore entered with a peculiar freshness of feeling into the delight inspired by his conversational powers, enhanced as they were by that gentle benignity of manner, so often the characteristic of minds of the very highest order. In a letter to me on this occasion, she thus describes her enjoyment: — "I am more delighted with Mr. Heber than I can possibly tell you; his conversation is quite rich with anecdote, and every subject on which he speaks had been, you would imagine, the whole study of his life. In short, his society has made much the same sort of impression on my mind that the first perusal of *Joan-hoe* did; and was something so perfectly new to me, that I can hardly talk of any thing else. I had a very long conversation with him on the subject of the poem, which he read aloud, and commented upon as he proceeded. His manner was so entirely that of a friend, that I felt perfectly at ease, and did not hesitate to express all my own ideas and opinions on the subject, even where they did not exactly coincide with his own."

The poem here alluded to was the one entitled *Superstition and Revelation*, which Mrs. Hemans had commenced some

time before, and which was intended to embrace a very extensive range of subject. Her original design will be best given in her own words, from a letter to her friend Miss Park :— "I have been thinking a good deal of the plan we discussed together, of a poem on national superstitions. Our thoughts are linked by many a hidden chain," and in the course of my lucubrations on this subject, an idea occurred to me, which I hope you will not think me too presumptuous in wishing to realize. Might not a poem of some extent and importance, if the execution were at all equal to the design, be produced, from contrasting the spirit and tenets of Paganism with those of Christianity? It would contain, of course, much classical allusion; and all the graceful and sportive fictions of ancient Greece and Italy, as well as the superstitions of more barbarous climes, might be introduced to prove how little consolation they could convey in the hour of affliction—or hope, in that of death. Many scenes from history might be portrayed in illustration of this idea; and the certainty of a future state, and of the immortality of the soul, which we derive from revelation, are surely subjects for poetry of the highest class. Descriptions of those regions

which are still strangers to the blessings of our religion, such as the greatest part of Africa, India, &c., might contain much that is poetical; but the subject is almost boundless, and I think of it till I am startled by its magnitude."

Mr. Heber approved highly of the plan of the work, and gave her every encouragement to proceed in it; supplying her with many admirable suggestions, both as to the illustrations which might be introduced with the happiest effect, and the sources from whence the requisite information would best be derived. But the great labor and research necessary to the development of a plan which included the superstitions of every age and country, from the earliest of all idolatries—the adoration of the sun, moon, and host of heaven, alluded to in the book of Job—to the still existing rites of the Hindoos—would have demanded a course of study too engrossing to be compatible with the many other claims, both domestic and literary, which daily pressed more and more upon the author's time. The work was, therefore, laid aside; and the fragment now first published is all that remains of it, though the project was never distinctly abandoned.]

## ITALIAN LITERATURE.<sup>1</sup>

### THE BASVIGLIANA OF MONTI.

FROM SISMONDI'S "LITTÉRATURE DU MIDI."

VINCENZO MONTI, a native of Ferrara, is acknowledged, by the unanimous consent of the Italians, as the greatest of their living poets. Irritable, impassioned, variable to excess, he is always actuated by the impulse of the moment. Whatever he feels is felt with the most enthusiastic vehemence. He sees the objects of his thoughts—they are present, and clothed with life—before him, and a flexible and harmonious language is always at his command to paint them with the richest coloring. Persuaded that poetry is only another species of painting, he makes the art of the poet consist in rendering apparent, to the eyes of all, the pictures created by his imagination for himself; and he permits

not a verse to escape him which does not contain an image. Deeply impressed by the study of Dante, he has restored to the character of Italian poetry those severe and exalted beauties by which it was distinguished at its birth; and he proceeds from one picture to another with grandeur and dignity peculiar to himself. It is extraordinary that, with something so lofty in his manner and style of writing, the heart of so impassioned a character should not be regulated by principles of greater consistency. In many other poets, this defect might pass unobserved; but circumstances have thrown the fullest light upon the versatility of Monti, and his glory as a poet is attached to works which display him in continual opposition to himself. Writing in the midst of the various Italian revolutions, he has constantly chosen political subjects for his compositions, and he has successively celebrated opposite parties in proportion to their success. Let us suppose, in his justification, that he composes as an improvisatore, and that, his feelings becoming highly excited by the given theme, he seizes the political ideas it suggests, however foreign they may be to his individual sentiments.<sup>1</sup> In these political poems—the object

<sup>1</sup> "About this time (1820) Mrs. Hemans was an occasional contributor to the *Edinburgh Monthly Magazine*, then conducted by the Rev. Robert Morehead, whose liberal courtesy in the discharge of his editorial office associated many agreeable recollections with the period of this literary intercourse. Several of her poems appeared in the above-mentioned periodical, as also a series of papers on foreign literature, which, with very few exceptions, were the only prose compositions she ever gave to the world; and indeed to these papers such a distinctive appellation is perhaps scarcely applicable, as the prose writing may be considered subordinate to the poetical translations, which it is used to introduce." *Memoir*, p. 41

<sup>1</sup> The observation of a French author (*Le Censeur du Dictionnaire des Girouettes*) on the general versatility of poets, seems so peculiarly appropriate to the character of Monti that it might almost be supposed to have been written for the

and purport of which are so different — the invention and manner are, perhaps, but too similar. The *Basvigliana*, or poem on the death of Basville, is the most celebrated; but, since its appearance, it has been discovered that Monti, who always imitated Dante, has now also very frequently imitated himself.

Hugh Basville was the French Envoy who was put to death at Rome by the people, for attempting, at the beginning of the Revolution, to excite a sedition against the Pontifical government. Monti, who was then the poet of the Pope, as he has since been of the Republic, supposes that, at the moment of Basville's death, he is saved by a sudden repentance, from the condemnation which his philosophical principles had merited. But, as a punishment for his guilt, and a substitute for the pains of purgatory, he is condemned by Divine Justice to traverse France until the crimes of that country have received their due chastisement, and doomed to contemplate the misfortunes and reverses to which he has contributed by assisting to extend the progress of the Revolution.

An angel of heaven conducts Basville from province to province, that he may behold the desolation of his lovely country. He then conveys him to Paris, and makes him witness the sufferings and death of Louis XVI., and afterwards shows him the Allied armies prepared to burst upon France, and avenge the blood of her king. The poem concludes before the issue of the contest is known. It is divided into four cantos of three hundred lines each, and written in *terza rima*, like the poem of Dante. Not only many expressions, epithets, and lines are borrowed from the Divine Comedy, but the invention itself is similar. An angel conducts Basville through the suffering world; and this faithful guide, who consoles and supports the *spectator hero* of the poem, acts precisely the same part which is performed by Virgil in Dante. Basville himself thinks, feels, and suffers, exactly as Dante would have done. Monti has not preserved any traces of his revolutionary character — he describes him as feeling more pity than remorse — and he seems to forget, in

thus identifying himself with his hero, that he has at first represented Basville, and perhaps without foundation, as an infidel and a ferocious revolutionist. The *Basvigliana* is, perhaps, more remarkable than any other poem for the majesty of its verse, the sublimity of its expression, and the richness of its coloring. In the first canto the spirit of Basville thus takes leave of the body: —

“Sleep, O beloved companion of my woes  
Rest thou in deep and undisturbed repose;  
Till at the last great day, from slumber's bed,  
Heaven's trumpet summons shall awake the  
dead.

“Be the earth light upon thee, mild the shower,  
And soft the breeze's wing, till that dread hour  
Nor let the wanderer passing o'er thee breathe  
Words of keen insult to the dust beneath.

“Sleep thou in peace! Beyond the funeral pyre  
There live no flames of vengeance or of ire;  
And 'midst high hearts I leave thee, on a shore  
Where mercy's home hath been from days of  
yore.”

Thus to its earthly form the spirit cried,  
Then turned to follow its celestial guide;  
But with a downcast mien, a pensive sigh,  
A lingering step, and oft-reverted eye —  
As when a child's reluctant feet obey  
Its mother's voice, and slowly leave its play.

Night o'er the earth her dewy veil had cast,  
When from th' Eternal City's towers they passed,  
And rising in their flight, on that proud dome,  
Whose walls enshrine the guardian saint of Rome,  
Lo! where a cherub form sublimely towered,  
But dreadful in his glory! Sternly lowered  
Wrath in his kingly aspect. One he seemed  
Of the bright seven, whose dazzling splendor  
beamed

On high amidst the burning lamps of heaven,  
Seen in the dread, o'erwhelming visions given  
To the rapt seer of Patmos. Wheels of fire  
Seemed his fierce eyes, all kindling in their ire  
And his loose tresses, floating as he stood,  
A comet's glare presaging woe and blood.  
He waved his sword — its red, terrific light  
With fearful radiance tinged the clouds of night  
While his left hand sustained a shield so vast,  
Far o'er the Vatican beneath was cast  
Its broad, protecting shadow. As the plume  
Of the strong eagle spreads in sheltering gloom

express purpose of such an application. “Le cerveau d'un poète est d'une cire molle et flexible, où s'imprime naturellement tout ce qui le flatte, le séduit, et l'alimente. La muse du chant n'a pas de partie; c'est une étourdie sans conséquence, qui folâtre également et sur de riches gazons et sur d'arides bruyères. Un poète en délire chante indifféremment Titus et Thamask, Louis 12me et Cromwell, Christine de Suède et Stanchon la Vieilleuse.”



'Ver its young brood, as yet untaught to soar;  
And while, all trembling at the whirlwind's roar,  
Each humbler bird shrinks cowering in its nest,  
Beneath that wing of power, and ample breast,  
They sleep unheeding; while the storm on high  
Breaks nor their calm and proud security.

In the second canto, Basville enters Paris with his angelic guide, at the moment preceding the execution of Louis XVI.

The air was heavy, and the brooding skies  
Looked fraught with omens, as to harmonize  
With his pale aspect. Through the forest round  
Not a leaf whispered — and the only sound  
That broke the stillness was a streamlet's moan  
Murmuring amidst the rocks with plaintive tone,  
As if a storm within the woodland bowers  
Were gathering. On they moved — and lo! the  
towers

Of a far city! Nearer now they drew;  
And all revealed, expanding on their view,  
The Babylon, the scene of crimes and woes —  
Paris, the guilty, the devoted, rose!

In the dark mantle of a cloud arrayed,  
Viewless and hushed, the angel and the shade  
Entered that evil city. Onward passed  
The heavenly being first, with brow o'ercast  
And troubled mien, while in his glorious eyes  
Tears had obscured the splendor of the skies.  
Pale with dismay, the trembling spirit saw  
That altered aspect, and, in breathless awe,  
Marked the strange silence round. The deep-  
toned swell

Of life's full tide was hushed; the sacred bell,  
The clamorous anvil, mute; all sounds were fled  
Of labor or of mirth, and in their stead  
Terror and stillness, boding signs of woe,  
Inquiring glances, rumors whispered low,  
Questions half uttered, jealous looks that keep  
A fearful watch around, and sadness deep  
That weighs upon the heart; and voices,  
heard

At intervals, in many a broken word —  
Voices of mothers, trembling as they pressed  
Th' unconscious infant closer to their breast;  
Voices of wives, with fond imploring cries,  
And the wild eloquence of tears and sighs,  
On their own thresholds striving to detain  
Their fierce impatient lords; but weak and vain  
Affection's gentle bonds, in that dread hour  
Of fate and fury — Love hath lost his power!  
For evil spirits are abroad, the air  
Breathes of their influence. Druid phantoms  
there,

Fired by that thirst for victims which of old  
Raged in their bosoms fierce and uncontrolled,  
Rush, in ferocious transport, to survey  
The deepest crime that e'er hath dimmed the  
day.

Blood, human blood, hath stained their vests  
and hair,

On the winds tossing, with a sanguine glare,  
Scattering red showers around them! Flaming  
brands

And serpent scourges in their restless hands  
Are wildly shaken. Others lift on high  
The steel, th' envenomed bowl; and, hurry-  
ing by,

With touch of fire contagious fury dart  
Through human veins, fast kindling to the heart.  
Then comes the rush of crowds! restrained no  
more,

Fast from each home the frenzied inmates pour;  
From every heart affrighted mercy flies,  
While her soft voice amidst the tumult dies.  
Then the earth trembles, as from street to street  
The tramp of steeds, the press of hastening feet,  
The roll of wheels, all mingling in the breeze,  
Come deepening onward, as the swell of seas  
Heard at the dead of midnight; or the moan  
Of distant tempests, or the hollow tone  
Of the far thunder! Then what feelings pressed,  
O wretched Basville! on thy guilty breast;  
What pangs were thine, thus fated to behold  
Death's awful banner to the winds unfold!  
To see the axe, the scaffold, raised on high —  
The dark impatience of the murderer's eye,  
Eager for crime! And he, the great, the good,  
Thy martyr-king, by men athirst for blood  
Dragged to a felon's death! Yet still his  
mien,

'Midst that wild throng, is loftily serene;  
And his step falters not. O hearts unmoved!  
Where have you borne your monarch? — He  
who loved —

Loved you so well! Behold! the sun grows  
pale,

Shrouding his glory in a tearful veil,  
The misty air is silent, as in dread,  
And the dim sky with shadowy gloom o'er-  
spread;

While saints and martyrs, spirits of the blest,  
Look down, all weeping, from their bowers of  
rest.

In that dread moment, to the fatal pile  
The regal victim came; and raised the while  
His patient glance, with such an aspect high.  
So firm, so calm, in holy majesty,

That e'en the assassins' hearts a moment shook  
Before the grandeur of that kingly look ;  
And a strange thrill of pity, half renewed,  
Ran through the bosoms of the multitude.

Like Him, who, breathing mercy to the last,  
Prayed till the bitterness of death was passed —  
E'en for his murderers prayed, in that dark hour  
When his soul yielded to affliction's power,  
And the winds bore his dying cry abroad —  
"Hast thou forsaken me, my God ! my God !"  
E'en thus the monarch stood ; his prayer arose,  
Thus calling down forgiveness on his foes —  
"To Thee my spirit I commend," he cried ;  
"And my lost people, Father ! be their guide !"

But the sharp steel descends — the blow is given,  
And answered by a thunder peal from heaven ;  
Earth, stained with blood, convulsive terrors  
owns,  
And her kings tremble on their distant thrones !

#### THE ALCESTIS OF ALFIERI.

THE *Alcestis* of ALFIERI is said to have been the last tragedy he composed, and is distinguished to a remarkable degree by that tenderness of which his former works present so few examples. It would appear as if the pure and exalted affection by which the impetuosity of his fiery spirit was ameliorated during the latter years of his life, had impressed its whole character on this work, as a record of that domestic happiness in whose bosom his heart at length found a resting-place. Most of his earlier writings bear witness to that "fever at the core," that burning impatience of restraint, and those incessant and untamable aspirations after a wider sphere of action, by which his youth was consumed ; but the poetry of *Alcestis* must find its echo in every heart which has known the power of domestic ties, or felt the bitterness of their dissolution. The interest of the piece, however, though entirely domestic, is not for a moment allowed to languish ; nor does the conjugal affection, which forms the mainspring of the action, ever degenerate into the pastoral insipidity of *Metastasio*. The character of *Alcestis* herself, with all its lofty fortitude, heroic affection, and subdued anguish, powerfully recalls to our imagination the calm and tempered majesty distinguishing the masterpieces of Greek sculpture, in which the expression of mental or bodily

suffering is never allowed to transgress the limits of beauty and sublimity. The union of dignity and affliction impressing more than earthly grandeur on the countenance of Niobe, would be, perhaps, the best illustration of this analogy.

The following scene, in which *Alcestis* announces to *Pheres*, the father of *Admetus*, the terms upon which the oracle of Delphos has declared that his son may be restored, has seldom been surpassed by the author, even in his most celebrated productions. It is, however, to be feared that little of its beauty can be transfused into a translation, as the severity of a style so completely devoid of imagery must render it dependent for many incommunicable attractions upon the melody of the original language.

#### ACT I. — SCENE II.

ALCESTIS, PHERES.

*Alc.* Weep thou no more ! O monarch, dry thy tears !

For know, he shall not die ; not now shall fate  
Bereave thee of thy son.

*Phe.* What mean thy words ?

Hath then Apollo — is there then a hope ?

*Alc.* Yes ! hope for *thee* — hope by the voice  
announced

From the prophetic cave. Nor would I yield  
To other lips the tidings, meet alone  
For thee to hear from mine.

*Phe.* But say ! O, say,

Shall then my son be spared ?

*Alc.* He shall, to *thee*.

Thus hath Apollo said — *Alcestis* thus  
Confirms the oracle — be thou secure.

*Phe.* O, sounds of joy ! He lives !

*Alc.* But not for this ;

Think not that e'en for *this* the stranger Joy  
Shall yet revisit these devoted walls.

*Phe.* Can there be grief when from his bed  
of death

*Admetus* rises ? What deep mystery lurks  
Within thy words ? What mean'st thou ? Gracious Heaven !

Thou, whose deep love is all his own, who  
hear'st

The tidings of his safety, and dost bear  
Transport and life in that glad oracle  
To his despairing sire ; thy cheek is tinged  
With death, and on thy pure, ingenuous  
brow,

To the brief lightning of a sudden joy,

Shades dark as night succeed, and thou art  
wrapped

In troubled silence. Speak ! O, speak !

*Alc.* The gods

Themselves have limitations to their power  
Impassable, eternal — and their will  
Resists not the tremendous laws of fate :  
Nor small the boon they grant thee in the life  
Of thy restored Admetus.

*Phe.* In thy looks

There is expression, more than in thy words,  
Which thrills my shuddering heart. Declare,  
what terms

Can render fatal to thyself and us  
The rescued life of him thy soul adores ?

*Alc.* O father ! could my silence aught avail  
To keep that fearful secret from thine ear,  
Still should it rest unheard, till all fulfilled  
Were the dread sacrifice. But vain the wish ;  
And since too soon, too well it must be known,  
Hear it from me.

*Phe.* Throughout my curdling veins  
Runs a cold, deathlike horror ; and I feel  
I am not all a father. In my heart  
Strive many deep affections. Thee I love,  
O fair and high-souled consort of my son !  
More than a daughter ; and thine infant race,  
The cherished hope and glory of my age ;  
And, unimpaired by time, within my breast,  
High, holy, and unalterable love  
For her, the partner of my cares and joys,  
Dwells pure and perfect yet. Bethink thee, then,  
In what suspense, what agony of fear,  
I wait thy words ; for well, too well, I see  
Thy lips are fraught with fatal auguries,  
To some one of my race.

*Alc.* Death hath his rights,  
Of which not e'en the great Supernal Powers  
May hope to rob him. By his ruthless hand,  
Already seized, the noble victim lay,  
The heir of empire, in his glowing prime  
And noonday, struck : — Admetus, the revered,  
The blessed, the loved, by all who owned his sway,  
By his illustrious parents, by the realms  
Surrounding his — and O, what need to add,  
How much by his Alcestis ? — Such was he,  
Already in th' unsparing grasp of death  
Withering, a certain prey. Apollo thence  
Hath snatched him, and another in his stead,  
Though not an equal — (who can equal him ?)  
Must fall a voluntary sacrifice.  
Another, of his lineage or to him  
By closest bonds united, must descend  
To the dark realm of Orcus in *his* place,  
Who thus alone is saved.

*Phe.* What do I hear ?

Woe to us, woe ! — what victim ? — who shall be  
Accepted in his stead ?

*Alc.* The dread exchange

E'en now, O father ! hath been made ; the prey  
Is ready, nor is wholly worthless him  
For whom 'tis freely offered. Nor wilt thou,  
O mighty goddess of th' infernal shades !  
Whose image sanctifies this threshold floor,  
Disdain the victim.

*Phe.* All prepared the prey !

And to our blood allied ! O heaven ! — and yet  
Thou bad'st me weep no more !

*Alc.* Yes ! thus I said,

And thus again I say, thou shalt not weep  
Thy son's nor I deplore my husband's doom  
Let him be saved, and other sounds of woe  
Less deep, less mournful far, shall here be heard  
Than those *his* death had caused. — With some  
few tears,

But grief, and mingled with a gleam of joy,  
E'en while the involuntary tribute lasts,  
The victim shall be honored who resigned  
Life for Admetus. Wouldst thou know the  
prey,

The vowed, the willing, the devoted one,  
Offered and hallowed to th' infernal gods,  
Father ! — 'tis I.

*Phe.* What hast thou done ? O heaven !

What hast thou done ? and think'st thou he is  
saved

By such a compact ? Think'st thou he can live  
Bereft of thee ? — Of thee, his light of life,  
His very soul ! — Of thee, beloved far more  
Than his loved parents — than his childrer  
more —

More than himself ? O, no ! it shall not be !  
Thou perish, O Alcestis ! in the flower  
Of thy young beauty ? — perish, and destroy,  
Not him, not *him* alone, but us, but all,  
Who as a child adore thee ! Desolate  
Would be the throne, the kingdom, reft of *thee*  
And think'st thou not of those whose tender  
years

Demand thy care ? — thy children. Think of  
them !

O thou, the source of each domestic joy,  
Thou, in whose life alone Admetus lives,  
His glory, his delight, thou shalt not die  
While I can die for thee ! Me, me alone, :  
The oracle demands — a withered stem,  
Whose task, whose duty, is for him to die.  
My race is run — the fulness of my years,  
The faded hopes of age, and all the love  
Which hath it dwelling in a father's heart,



And the fond pity, half with wonder blent,  
Inspired by thee, whose youth with heavenly gifts  
So richly is endowed ; — all, all unite  
To grave in adamant the just decree,  
That I must die. But thou, I bid thee live !  
Pheres commands thee, O Alcestis — live !  
Ne'er, ne'er shall woman's youthful love surpass  
An aged sire's devotedness.

*Alc.* I know

Thy lofty soul, thy fond paternal love ;  
Pheres, I know them well, and not in vain  
Strove to anticipate their high resolves.  
But if in silence I have heard thy words,  
Now calmly list to mine, and thou shalt own  
They may not be withstood.

*Phe.* What canst thou say  
Which I should hear ? " go, resolved to save  
Him who with thee would perish ; — to the shrine  
E'en now I fly.

*Alc.* Stay, stay thee ! 'tis too late.  
Already hath consenting Proserpine,  
From the remote abysses of her realms,  
Heard and accepted the terrific vow  
Which binds me, with indissoluble ties,  
To death. And I am firm, and well I know  
None can deprive me of the awful right  
That vow hath won.

Yes ! thou mayst weep my fate,  
Mourn for me, father ! but thou canst not blame  
My lofty purpose. O, the more endeared  
My life by every tie — the more I feel  
Death's bitterness, the more my sacrifice  
Is worthy of Admetus. I descend  
To the dim shadowy regions of the dead  
A guest more honored.

In thy presence here  
Again I uttered the tremendous vow,  
Now more than half fulfilled. I feel, I know,  
Its dread effects. Through all my burning veins  
Th' insatiate fever revels. Doubt is o'er.  
The Monarch of the Dead hath heard — he calls,  
He summons me away — and thou art saved,  
O my Admetus : —

In the opening of the third act, Alcestis enters, with her son Eumeles, and her daughter, to complete the sacrifice by dying at the feet of Proserpine's statue. The following scene ensues between her and Admetus : —

*Alc.* Here, O my faithful handmaids ! at the feet  
Of Proserpine's dread image spread my couch ;  
For I myself e'en now must offer here

The victim she requires. And you, meanwhile,  
My children ! seek your sire. Behold him there,  
Sad, silent, and alone. But through his veins  
Health's genial current flows once more, as free  
As in his brightest days : and he shall live —  
Shall live for you. Go, hang upon his neck,  
And with your innocent encircling arms  
Twine round him fondly.

*Eum.* Can it be indeed,  
Father, loved father ! that we see thee thus  
Restored ? What joy is ours !

*Adm.* There is no joy !  
Speak not of joy ! Away, away ! my grief  
Is wild and desperate. Cling to me no more !  
I know not of affection, and I feel  
No more a father.

*Eum.* O, what words are these ?  
Are we no more thy children ? Are we not  
Thine own ? Sweet sister ! twine around his neck  
More close ; he must return the fond embrace.

*Adm.* O children ! O my children ! to my soul.  
Your innocent words and kisses are as darts,  
That pierce it to the quick. I can no more  
Sustain the bitter conflict. Every sound  
Of your soft accents but too well recalls  
The voice which was the music of my life.  
Alcestis ! my Alcestis ! was she not  
Of all her sex the flower ? Was woman e'er  
Adored like her before ? Yet this is she,  
The cold of heart, th' ungrateful, who hath left  
Her husband and her infants ! This is she,  
O my deserted children ! who at once  
Bereaves you of your parents.

*Alc.* Woe is me !  
I hear the bitter and reproachful cries  
Of my despairing lord. With life's last powers,  
O, let me strive to soothe him still. Approach,  
My handmaids, raise me, and support my steps  
To the distracted mourner. Bear me hence,  
That he may hear and see me.

*Adm.* Is it thou ?  
And do I see thee still ? and com'st thou thus  
To comfort me, Alcestis ? Must I hear  
The dying accents *thus* ? Alas ! return  
To thy sad couch — return ! 'tis meet for me  
There by thy side forever to remain.

*Alc.* For me thy care is vain. Though meet  
for thee —

*Adm.* O voice ! O looks of death ! are these,  
are these,

Thus darkly shrouded with mortality,  
The eyes that were the sunbeams and the life  
Of my fond soul ? Alas ! how faint a ray  
Falls from their faded orbs, so brilliant once,  
Upon my drooping brow ! How heavily,

With what a weight of death thy languid voice  
Sinks on my heart ! too faithful far, too fond.  
Alcestis ! thou art dying — and for me !

Alcestis ! and thy feeble hand supports  
With its last power, supports my sinking head,  
E'en now, while death is on thee ! O, the touch  
Rekindles tenfold frenzy in my heart.  
I rush, I fly impetuous to the shrine,  
The image of yon ruthless Deity,  
Impatient for her prey. Before thy death,  
There, there, I too, self-sacrificed, will fall.

Vain is each obstacle — in vain the gods  
Themselves would check my fury. I am lord  
Of my own days — and thus I swear —

*Alc.* Yes ! swear,  
Admetus ! for thy children to sustain  
The load of life. All other impious vows,  
Which thou, a rebel to the sovereign will  
Of those who rule on high, mightst dare to form  
Within thy breast, thy lip, by them enchained,  
Would vainly seek to utter. Seest thou not,  
It is from them the inspiration flows  
Which in my language breathes ? They lend

me power,  
They bid me through thy strengthened soul  
transfuse

High courage, noble constancy. Submit,  
Bow down to them thy spirit. Be thou calm ;  
Be near me. Aid me. In the dread extreme  
To which I now approach, from whom but thee  
Should comfort be derived ? Afflict me not,  
In such an hour, with anguish worse than death.  
O faithful and beloved, support me still !

The choruses with which this tragedy is interspersed are distinguished for their melody and classic beauty. The following translation will give our readers a faint idea of the one by which the third act is concluded : —

*Alc.* My children ! all is finished. Now, farewell !

To thy fond care, O Pheres ! I commit  
My widowed lord : forsake him not.

*Eum.* Alas !  
Sweet mother ! wilt thou leave us ? From thy side  
Are we forever parted ?

*Phe.* Tears forbid  
All utterance of our woes. Bereft of sense,  
More lifeless than the dying victim, see  
The desolate Admetus. Farther yet,  
Still farther, let us bear him from the sight  
Of his Alcestis.

*Alc.* O my handmaids ! still  
Lend me your pious aid, and thus compose  
With sacred modesty these torpid limbs  
When death's last pang is o'er.

*Chorus.*

Alas ! how weak  
Her struggling voice ! that last keen pang is near  
Peace, mourners, peace !  
Be hushed, be silent, in this hour of dread !  
Our cries would but increase  
The sufferer's pang ; let tears unheard be shed,  
Cease, voice of weeping, cease !  
Sustain, O friend !  
Upon thy faithful breast,  
The head that sinks with mortal pain oppressed  
And thou assistance lend  
To close the languid eye,  
Still beautiful in life's last agony.  
Alas, how long a strife !  
What anguish struggles in the parting breath,  
Ere yet immortal life  
Be won by death !

Death ! death ! thy work complete !  
Let thy sad hour be fleet,  
Speed, in thy mercy, the releasing sigh !  
No more keen pangs impart  
To her, the high in heart,  
Th' adored Alcestis, worthy ne'er to die.

*Chorus of Admetus.*

'Tis not enough, O, no !  
To hide the scene of anguish from his eyes ;  
Still must our silent band  
Around him watchful stand,  
And on the mourner ceaseless care bestow,  
That his ear catch not grief's funereal cries.  
Yet, yet hope is not dead,  
All is not lost below,  
While yet the gods have pity on our woe.  
Oft when all joy is fled,  
Heaven lends support to those  
Who on its care in pious hope repose.  
Then to the blessed skies  
Let our submissive prayers in chorus rise.  
Pray ! bow the knee, and pray !  
What other task have mortals, born to tears,  
Whom fate controls with adamantine sway ?  
O ruler of the spheres !  
Jove ! Jove ! enthroned immortally on high,  
Our supplication hear !  
Nor plunge in bitterest woes  
Him, who nor footstep moves, nor lifts his eye  
But as a child, which only knows  
Its father to revere.

## IL CONTE DI CARMAGNOLA ;

A TRAGEDY.

BY ALESSANDRO MANZONI.

FRANCESCO BUSSONE, the son of a peasant in Carmagnola, from whence his *nom-de-guerre* was derived, was born in the year 1390. Whilst yet a boy, and employed in the care of flocks and herds, the lofty character of his countenance was observed by a soldier of fortune, who invited the youth to forsake his rustic occupations, and accompany him to the busier scenes of the camp. His persuasions were successful, and Francesco entered with him into the service of Facino Cane, Lord of Alessandria. At the time when Facino died, leaving fourteen cities acquired by conquest to Beatrice di Tenda, his wife, Francesco di Carmagnola was amongst the most distinguished of his captains. Beatrice afterwards marrying Philip Visconti, Duke of Milan, (who rewarded her by an ignominious death for the regal dowry she had conferred upon him,) Carmagnola entered his army at the same time ; and having, by his eminent services, firmly established the tottering power of that prince, received from him the title of Count, and was placed at the head of all his forces. The natural caprice and ingratitude of Philip's disposition, however, at length prevailed ; and Carmagnola, disgusted with the evident proof of his wavering friendship and doubtful faith, left his service and his territories, and after a variety of adventures took refuge in Venice. Thither the treachery of the Duke pursued him, and emissaries were employed to procure his assassination. The plot, however, proved abortive, and Carmagnola was elected captain general of the Venetian armies, during the league formed by that republic against the Duke of Milan. The war was at first carried on with much spirit and success, and the battle of Maclodio, gained by Carmagnola, was one of the most important and decisive actions of those times. The night after the combat, the victorious soldiers gave liberty to almost all their prisoners. The Venetian envoys having made a complaint on this subject to the Count, he inquired what was become of the captives ; and upon being informed that all, except four hundred had been set free, he gave orders that the remaining ones also should be released immediately, according to the custom which prevailed amongst the armies of those days, the

object of which was to prevent a speedy termination of the war. This proceeding of Carmagnola's occasioned much distrust and irritation in the minds of the Venetian rulers ; and their displeasure was increased when the armada of the Republic, commanded by Il Trevisani, was defeated upon the Po, without any attempt in its favor having been made by the Count. The failure of their attempt upon Cremona was also imputed to him as a crime ; and the Senate, resolving to free themselves from a powerful chief, now become an object of suspicion, after many deliberations on the best method of carrying their designs into effect, at length determined to invite him to Venice, under pretence of consulting him on their negotiations for peace. He obeyed their summons without hesitation or mistrust, and was every where received with extraordinary honors during the course of his journey. On his arrival at Venice, and before he entered his own house, eight gentlemen were sent to meet him, by whom he was escorted to St. Mark's Place. When he was introduced into the ducal palace, his attendants were dismissed, and informed that he would be in private with the Doge for a considerable time. He was arrested in the palace, then examined by the Secret Council, put to the torture, which wound he had received in the service of the Republic rendered still more agonizing, and condemned to death. On the 5th May, 1432, he was conducted to execution, with his mouth gagged, and beheaded between the two columns of St. Mark's Place. With regard to the innocence or guilt of this distinguished character, there exists no authentic information. The author of the tragedy, which we are about to analyze, has chosen to represent him as entirely innocent, and probability at least is on this side. It is possible, that the haughtiness of an aspiring warrior, accustomed to command, and impatient of control, might have been the principal cause of offence to the Venetians ; or perhaps their jealousy was excited by his increasing power over the minds of an obedient army ; and, not considering it expedient to displace him, they resolved upon his destruction.

This tragedy, which is formed upon the model of the English and German drama, comprises the history of Carmagnola's life, from the day on which he was made commander of the Venetian armies to that of his execution, thus embracing a period of about seven years. The extracts we are about to present to our readers will enable them to form their own opinion of a



piece which has excited so much attention in Italy. The first act opens in Venice, in the hall of the Senate. The Doge proposes that the Count di Carmagnola should be consulted on the projected league between the Republic and the Florentines, against the Duke of Milan. To this all agree; and the Count is introduced. He begins by justifying his conduct from the imputations to which it might be liable, in consequence of his appearing as the enemy of the Prince whom he had so recently served:—

— He cast me down

From the high place my blood had dearly won;  
And when I sought his presence, to appeal  
For justice there, 'twas vain! My foes had  
formed

Around his throne a barrier: e'en my life  
Became the mark of hatred; but in this  
Their hopes have failed—I gave them not the  
time.

My life!—I stand prepared to yield it up  
On the proud field, and in some noble cause  
For glory well exchanged; but not a prey,  
Not to be caught ignobly in the toils  
Of those I scorn. I left him, and obtained  
With you a place of refuge; yet e'en here  
His snares were cast around me. Now all ties  
Are broke between us; to an open foe,  
An open foe I come.

He then gives counsel in favor of war, and retires, leaving the Senate engaged in deliberation. War is resolved upon, and he is elected commander. The fourth scene represents the house of Carmagnola. His soliloquy is noble; but its character is much more that of English than of Italian poetry, and may be traced, without difficulty, to the celebrated monologue of Hamlet.

A leader—or a fugitive? To drag  
Slow years along in idle vacancy,  
As a worn veteran living on the fame  
Of former deeds—to offer humble prayers  
And blessings for protection—owing all  
Yet left me of existence to the might  
Of other swords, dependent on some arm  
Which soon may cast me off; or on the field  
To breathe once more, to feel the tide of life  
Rush proudly through my veins—to hail again  
My lofty star, and at the trumpet's voice  
To wake! to rule! to conquer!—Which must be  
My fate, this hour decides. And yet, if peace  
Should be the choice of Venice, shall I cling

Still poorly to ignoble safety here,  
Secluded as a homicide, who cowers  
Within a temple's precincts? Shall not he  
Who made a kingdom's fate, control his own!  
Is there not one among the many lords  
Of this divided Italy—not one  
With soul enough to envy that bright crown  
Encircling Philip's head? And know they no:  
'Twas won by me from many a tyrant's grasp,  
Snatched by my hand, and placed upon the brow  
Of that ingrate, from whom my spirit burns  
Again to wrest it, and bestow the prize  
On him who best shall call the prowess forth  
Which slumbers in my arm?

Marco, a senator, and a friend of the Count, now arrives, and announces to him that war is resolved upon, and that he is appointed to the command of the armies, at the same time advising him to act with caution towards his enemies in the Republic.

*Car.* Think'st thou I know not whom to deem  
my foes?

Ay, I could number all.

*Mar.* And know'st thou, too,  
What fault hath made them such? 'Tis that  
thou art

So high above them: 'tis that thy disdain  
Doth meet them undisguised. As yet not one  
Hath done thee wrong; but who, when so re-  
solved,

Finds not his time to injure? In thy thoughts  
Save when they cross thy path, no place is theirs,  
But they remember thee. The high in soul  
Scorn and forget; but to the grovelling heart  
There is delight in hatred. Rouse it not;  
Subdue it, while the power is yet thine own.  
I counsel no vile arts, from which my soul  
Revolts indignantly; thou know'st it well:  
But there is yet a wisdom, not unmeet  
For the most lofty nature,—there is power  
Of winning meaner minds, without descent  
From the high spirit's glorious eminence,—  
And wouldst thou seek that magic, it were  
thine.

The first scene of the second act represents part of the Duke of Milan's camp near Macclodio. Malatesti, the commander-in-chief, and Pergola, a Condottiere of great distinction, are deliberating upon the state of the war. Pergola considers it imprudent to give battle, Malatesti is of a contrary opinion. They are joined by Sforza and Fortebraccio, who are impatient for action

and Torello, who endeavors to convince them of its inexpediency.

*Sfo.* Torello, didst thou mark the ardent soul  
Which fires each soldier's eye?

*Tor.* I marked it well.

I heard th' impatient shout, th' exulting voice  
Of Hope and Courage; and I turned aside,  
That on my brow the warrior might not read  
Th' involuntary thought whose sudden gloom  
Had cast deep shadows there. It was a thought  
That this vain semblance of delusive joy  
Soon like a dream shall fade. It was a thought  
On wasted valor doomed to perish here.

For these — what boots it to disguise the truth?  
These are no wars in which, for all things loved,  
And precious, and revered — for all the ties  
Clinging around the heart — for those whose  
smile

Makes home so lovely — for his native land,  
And for its laws, the patriot soldier fights!  
These are no wars in which the chieftain's aim  
Is but to station his devoted bands,  
And theirs, thus fixed — to die! It is *our* fate  
To lead a hireling train, whose spirits breathe  
Fury, not fortitude. With burning hearts  
They rush where Victory, smiling, waves them on;  
But if delayed, if between flight and death  
Pausing they stand — is there no cause to doubt  
What choice were theirs? And but too well  
our hearts

That choice might here foresee. O, evil times,  
When for the leader care augments, the more  
Bright glory fades away! Yet once again,  
This is no field for us.

After various debates, Malatesti resolves to attack the enemy. The fourth and fifth scenes of the second act represent the tent of the Count in the Venetian camp, and his preparations for battle. And here a magnificent piece of lyric poetry is introduced, in which the battle is described, and its fatal effects lamented with all the feeling of a patriot and a Christian. It appears to us, however, that this ode, hymn, or chorus, as the author has entitled it, striking as its effect may be in a separate recitation, produces a much less powerful impression in the situation it occupies at present. It is even necessary, in order to appreciate its singular beauty, that it should be reperused, as a thing detached from the tragedy. The transition is too violent, in our opinion, from a tragic action, in which the characters are represented as clothed with existence,

and passing before us with all their contending motives and feelings laid open to our inspection, to the comparative coldness of a lyric piece, where the author's imagination expatiates alone. The poet may have been led into this error by a definition of Schlegel's, who, speaking of the Greek choruses, gives it as his opinion, that "the chorus is to be considered as a personification of the moral thoughts inspired by the action — as the organ of the poet, who speaks in the name of the whole human race. The chorus, in short, is the *ideal* spectator." But the fact was not exactly thus. The Greek chorus was composed of *real* characters, and expressed the sentiments of the people before whose eyes the action was imagined to be passing: thus the *true* spectator, after witnessing in representation the triumphs or misfortunes of kings and heroes, heard from the chorus the idea supposed to be entertained on the subject by the more enlightened part of the multitude. If the author, availing himself of his talent for lyric poetry, and varying the measure in conformity to the subject, had brought his chorus into action — introducing, for example, a veteran looking down upon the battle from an eminence, and describing its vicissitudes to the persons below, with whom he might interchange a variety of national and moral reflections — it appears to us that the dramatic effect would have been considerably heightened, and the assertion that the Greek chorus is not compatible with the system of the modern drama possibly disapproved. We shall present our readers with the entire chorus of which we have spoken, as a piece to be read separately, and one to which the following title would be much more appropriate.

*The Battle of Macclodio, (or Macalo.) An Ode.*

Hark! from the right bursts forth a trumpet's  
sound,

A loud shrill trumpet from the left replies!  
On every side hoarse echoes from the ground  
To the quick tramp of steeds and warriors rise,  
Hollow and deep — and banners, all around,  
Meet hostile banners waving to the skies;  
Here steel-clad bands in marshalled order shine,  
And there a host confronts their glittering line.

Lo! half the field already from the sight  
Hath vanished, hid by closing groups of foes!  
Swords crossing swords flash lightning o'er the  
fight,  
And the strife deepens, and the lifeblood flows!

O, who are these? What stranger in his might  
Comes bursting on the lovely land's repose?  
What patriot hearts have nobly vowed to save  
Their native soil, or make its dust their grave?

One race, alas! these foes — one kindred race,  
Were born and reared the same fair scenes  
among!

The stranger calls them brothers — and each  
face

That brotherhood reveals; one common tongue  
Dwells on their lips — the earth on which we  
trace

Their heart's blood is the soil from whence they  
sprung.

One mother gave them birth — this chosen land,  
Circled with Alps and seas by Nature's guardian  
hand.

O, grief and horror! who the first could dare  
Against a brother's breast the sword to wield?  
What cause unhallowed and accursed, declare,  
Hath bathed with carnage this ignoble field?  
Think'st thou they know? — they but inflict  
and share

Misery and death, the motive unrevealed!

— Sold to a leader, sold *himself* to die,

With him they strive — they fall — and ask not  
why.

But are there none who love them? Have they  
none —

No wives, no mothers, who might rush between,  
And win with tears the husband and the son  
Back to his home, from this polluted scene?  
And they whose hearts, when life's bright day  
is done,

Unfold to thoughts more solemn and serene,  
Thoughts of the tomb — why cannot *they* as-  
suage

The storms of passion with the voice of age?

Ask not! — the peasant at his cabin door  
Sits calmly pointing to the distant cloud  
Which skirts th' horizon, menacing to pour  
Destruction down o'er fields he hath not  
ploughed.

Thus, where no echo of the battle's roar  
Is heard afar, e'en thus the reckless crowd  
In tranquil safety number o'er the slain,  
Or tell of cities burning on the plain.

There mayst thou mark the boy, with earnest  
gaze

Fixed on his mother's lips, intent to know,

By names of insult, those whom future days  
Shall see him meet in arms, their deadliest foe.  
There proudly many a glittering dame displays  
Bracelet and zone with radiant gems that glow.  
By lovers, husbands, home in triumph borne,  
From the sad brides of fallen warriors torn.

Woe to the victors and the vanquished! woe!  
The earth is heaped, is loaded with the slain;  
Loud and more loud the cries of fury grow —  
A sea of blood is swelling o'er the plain.  
But from th' embattled front, already, lo!  
A band recedes — it flies — all hope is vain,  
And venal hearts, despairing of the strife,  
Wake to the love, the clinging love of life.

As the light grain disperses in the air,  
Borne from the winnowing by the gales around,  
Thus fly the vanquished in their wild despair,  
Chased, severed, scattered, o'er the ample  
ground.

But mightier bands, that lay in ambush there,  
Burst on their flight; and hark! the deepening  
sound

Of fierce pursuit! — still nearer and more near,  
The rush of war steeds trampling in the rear.

The day is won! They fall — disarmed they  
yield,

Low at the conqueror's feet all suppliant lying!  
'Midst shouts of victory pealing o'er the field,  
Ah! who may hear the murmurs of the dying?  
Haste! let the tale of triumph be revealed!  
E'en now the courier to his steed is flying;  
He spurs — he speeds — with tidings of the  
day,

To rouse up cities in his lightning way.

Why pour ye forth from your deserted homes,  
O eager multitudes! around him pressing?  
Each hurrying where his breathless courser  
foams,

Each tongue, each eye, infatuate hope confess-  
ing!

Know ye not *whence* th' ill-omened herald comes  
And dare ye dream he comes with words of  
blessing? —

Brothers, by brothers slain, lie low and cold . . .  
Be ye content! the glorious tale is told.

I hear the voice of joy, th' exulting cry!  
They deck the shrine, they swell the choral  
strains:

E'en now the homicides assail the sky  
With pæans, which indignant Heaven disdains!



But from the soaring Alps the stranger's eye  
Looks watchful down on our ensanguined plains,  
And, with the cruel rapture of a foe,  
Numbers the mighty, stretched in death below.

Haste ! form your lines again, ye brave and true !  
Haste, haste ! your triumphs and your joys sus-  
pending.

Th' invader comes : your banners raise anew,  
Rush to the strife, your country's call attending !  
Victors ! why pause ye ?—Are ye weak and  
few ?—

Ay ! such he deemed you, and for *this* de-  
scending,

He waits you on the field ye know too well,  
The same red war field where your brethren fell.

O thou devoted land ! that canst not rear  
In peace thine offspring ; thou, the lost and won,  
The fair and fatal soil, that dost appear  
Too narrow still for each contending son ;  
Receive the stranger, in his fierce career  
Parting thy spoils ! Thy chastening is begun !  
And, wresting from thy kings the guardian  
sword,

Foes whom thou ne'er hadst wronged sit proud-  
ly at thy board.

Are these infatuate too ! — O, who hath known  
A people e'er by guilt's vain triumph blest ?  
The wronged, the vanquished, suffer not alone ;  
Brief is that joy that swells th' oppressor's breast.  
What though not yet his day of pride be flown,  
Though yet Heaven's vengeance spare his  
haughty crest,  
Well hath it marked him — and decreed the  
hour

When his last sigh shall own the terror of its  
power.

Are we not creatures of one hand divine,  
Formed in one mould, to one redemption born ?  
Kindred alike where'er our skies may shine,  
Where'er our sight first drank the vital morn ?  
Brothers ! one bond around our souls should  
twine,

And woe to him by whom that bond is torn !  
Who mounts by trampling broken hearts to  
earth,

Who bows down spirits of immortal birth !

The third act, which passes entirely in the  
tent of the Count, is composed of long dis-  
courses between Carmagnola and the Venetian  
envoys. One of these requires him to pursue

the fugitives after his victory, which he laugh-  
tily refuses to do, declaring that he will not leave  
the field until he has gained possession of the  
surrounding fortresses. Another complains that  
the Condottieri and the soldiers have released  
their prisoners, to which he replies, that it is an  
established military custom ; and, sending for  
the remaining four hundred captives, he gives  
them their liberty also. This act, which termi-  
nates with the suspicious observations of the  
envoys on Carmagnola's conduct, is rather bar-  
ren of interest, though the episode of the younger  
Pergola, which we shall lay before our readers,  
is happily imagined.

As the prisoners are departing, the Count ob-  
serves the younger Pergola, and stops him.

*Car.* Thou art not, youth !

One to be numbered with the vulgar crowd.  
Thy garb, and more, thy towering mien, would  
speak

Of nobler parentage. Yet with the rest  
Thou minglest, and art silent !

*Per.* Silence best,

O chief ! befits the vanquished.

*Car.* Bearing up

Against thy fate thus proudly, thou art proved  
Worthy a better star. Thy name ?

*Per.* 'Tis one

Whose heritage doth impose no common task  
On him that bears it ; one which to adorn  
With brighter blazonry were hard emprise.  
My name is Pergola.

*Car.* And art thou, then,

That warrior's son ?

*Per.* I am.

*Car.* Approach ! embrace

Thy father's early friend ! What thou art now  
I was when first we met. O, thou dost bring  
Back on my heart remembrance of the days,  
The young, and joyous, and adventurous days,  
Of hope and ardor. And despond not thou !  
My dawn, 'tis true, with brighter omens smiled,  
But still fair Fortune's glorious promises  
Are for the brave ; and, though delayed a while,  
She soon or late fulfils them. Youth ! salute  
Thy sire for me ; and say, though not of *thee*  
I asked it, yet my heart is well assured  
He counselled not this battle.

*Per.* O, he gave

Far other counsels, but his fruitless words  
Were spoken to the winds.

*Car.* Lament thou not.

Upon his chieftain's head the shame will rest  
Of this defeat ; and he who firmly stood

Fixed at his post of peril hath begun  
A soldier's race full nobly. Follow me;  
I will restore thy sword.

The fourth act is occupied by the machinations of the Count's enemies at Venice; and the jealous and complicated policy of that Republic, and the despotic authority of the Council of Ten, are skilfully developed in many of the scenes.

The first scene of the fifth act opens at Venice in the hall of the Council of Ten. Carmagnola is consulted by the Doge on the terms of peace offered by the Duke of Milan. His advice is received with disdain, and, after various insults, he is accused of treason. His astonishment and indignation at this unexpected charge are expressed with all the warmth and simplicity of innocence.

*Car.* A traitor! I! — that name of infamy reaches not me. Let him the title bear who best deserves such meed — it is not mine. Call me a dupe, and I may well submit, for such my part is here; yet would I not exchange that name, for 'tis the worthiest still. A traitor! — I retrace in thought the time when for your cause I fought; 'tis all one path strewn o'er with flowers. Point out the day on which a traitor's deeds were mine; the day which passed

Unmarked by thanks, and praise, and promises of high reward! What more? Behold me here! And when I came to seeming honor called, when in my heart most deeply spoke the voice of love, and grateful zeal, and trusting faith — of trusting faith! — O, no! Doth he who comes th' invited guest of friendship dream of faith? I came to be ensnared! Well! it is done, and be it so! but since deceitful hate hath thrown at length her smiling mask aside, praise be to Heaven! an open field at least is spread before us. Now 'tis yours to speak, mine to defend my cause; declare ye then my treasons!

*Doge.* By the secret college soon all shall be told thee.

*Car.* I appeal not there. What I have done for you hath all been done in the bright noonday, and its tale shall not be told in darkness. Of a warrior's deeds warriors alone should judge; and such I choose to be mine arbiters — my proud defence shall not be made in secret. All shall hear.

*Doge.* The time for choice is past.

*Car.* What! Is there force employed against me? — Guards! (*raising his voice.*)

*Doge.* They are not nigh. Soldiers! (*enter armed men.*) Thy guards are these.

*Car.* I am betrayed!

*Doge.* 'Twas then a thought of wisdom disperse

Thy followers. Well and justly was it deemed that the bold traitor, in his plots surprised might prove a rebel too.

*Car.* E'en as ye list.

Now be it yours to charge me.

*Doge.* Bear him hence, before the secret college.

*Car.* Hear me yet one moment first. That ye have doomed my death

I well perceive; but with that death ye doom your own eternal shame. Far o'er these towers, beyond its ancient bounds, majestic floats the banner of the Lion, in its pride of conquering power, and well doth Europe know

I bore it thus to empire. *Here,* 'tis true, no voice will speak men's thoughts; but far beyond

The limits of your sway, in other scenes, where that still, speechless terror hath not reached,

Which is your sceptre's attribute, my deeds and your reward will live in chronicles forever to endure. Yet, yet respect your annals, and the future! Ye will need a warrior soon, and who will then be yours? Forget not, though your captive now I stand, I was not born your subject. No! my birth was 'midst a warlike people, one in soul, and watchful o'er its rights, and used to deem the honor of each citizen its own.

Think ye this outrage will be there unheard? There is some treachery here. Our common foes have urged you on to this. Full well ye know I have been faithful still. There yet is time.

*Doge.* The time is past. When thou didst meditate

Thy guilt, and in thy pride of heart defy those destined to chastise it, then the hour of foresight should have been.

*Car.* O, mean in soul! And dost thou dare to think a warrior's breast for worthless life can tremble? Thou shalt soon learn how to die. Go! When the hour of fate

On thy vile couch o'ertakes thee, thou wilt meet  
Its summons with far other mien than such  
As I shall bear to ignominious death.

SCENE II. — *The House of Carmagnola.*

ANTONIETTA, MATILDA.

*Mat.* The hours fly fast, the morn is risen,  
and yet

My father comes not !

*Ant.* Ah ! thou hast not learned,  
By sad experience, with how slow ■ pace  
Joys ever come ; expected long, and oft  
Deceiving expectation ! while the steps  
Of grief o'ertake us ere we dream them nigh.  
But night is past, the long and lingering hours  
Of hope deferred are o'er, and those of bliss  
Must soon succeed. A few short moments more,  
And he is with us. E'en from this delay  
I augur well. A council held so long  
Must be to give us peace. He will be ours,  
Perhaps for years our own.

*Mat.* O mother ! thus  
My hopes too whisper. Nights enough in tears,  
And days in all the sickness of suspense,  
Our anxious love hath passed. It is full time  
That each sad moment, at each rumored tale,  
Each idle murmur of the people's voice,  
We should not longer tremble, that no more  
This thought should haunt our souls. — E'en  
now, perchance,  
He for whom thus your hearts are yearning —  
dies !

*Ant.* O, fearful thought — but vain and dis-  
tant now !  
Each joy, my daughter, must be bought with  
grief.

Hast thou forgot the day when, proudly led  
In triumph 'midst the noble and the brave,  
Thy glorious father to the temple bore  
The banners won in battle from his foes ?

*Mat.* A day to be remembered !

*Ant.* By his side  
Each seemed inferior. Every breath of air  
Swelled with his echoing name ; and we, the while  
Stationed on high and severed from the throng,  
Gazed on that one who drew the gaze of all,  
While, with the tide of rapture half o'erwhelmed,  
Our hearts beat high, and whispered — “ We  
are his.”

*Mat.* Moments of joy !

*Ant.* What have we done, my child,  
To merit such ? Heaven, for so high a fate,  
Chose us from thousands, and upon thy brow  
Inscribed ■ lofty name — a name so bright,

That he to whom thou bear'st the gift, whate'er  
His race, may boast it proudly. What a mark  
For envy is the glory of our lot !  
And we should weigh its joys against these hours  
Of fear and sorrow.

*Mat.* They are past e'en now.

Hark ! 'twas the sound of oars ! — it swells —  
'tis hushed !

The gates unclose. O mother ! I behold  
A warrior clad in mail — he comes ! 'tis he !

*Ant.* Whom should it be if not himself ? —  
my husband ! (*She comes forward.*)

(*Enter GONZAGA and others.*)

*Ant.* Gonzaga ! — Where is he we looked for ?  
Where ?

Thou answer'st not ! O Heaven ! thy looks are  
fraught

With prophecies of woe !

*Gon.* Alas ! too true  
The omens they reveal !

*Mat.* Of woe to whom ?

*Gon.* O, why hath such a task & bitterness  
Fallen to my lot ?

*Ant.* Thou wouldst be pitiful,  
And thou art cruel. Close this dread suspense :  
Speak ! I adjure thee, in the name of God !  
Where is my husband ?

*Gon.* Heaven sustain your souls  
With fortitude to bear the tale ! My chief —

*Mat.* Is he returned unto the field ?

*Gon.* Alas !  
Thither the warrior shall return no more.  
The senate's wrath is on him. He is now  
A prisoner !

*Ant.* He is a prisoner ! — and for what ?

*Gon.* He is accused of treason.

*Mat.* Treason ! He  
A traitor ! — O, my father !

*Ant.* Haste ! proceed,  
And pause no more. Our hearts are nerved for a  
Say, what shall be his sentence ?

*Gon.* From my lips  
It shall not be revealed.

*Ant.* O, he is slain !

*Gon.* He lives, but yet his doom is fixed.

*Ant.* He lives !

Weep not, my daughter ! 'tis the time to act.  
For pity's sake, Gonzaga, be thou not  
Wearied of our afflictions. Heaven to thee  
Intrusts the care of two forsaken ones.  
He was thy friend — ah ! haste, then, be our  
guide ;

Conduct us to his judges. Come, my child.  
Poor innocent, come with me. There yet is left



Mercy upon the earth. Yes! they themselves  
Are husbands, they are fathers! When they  
signed

The fearful sentence, they remembered not  
He was a father and a husband too.  
But when their eyes beheld the agony  
One word of theirs hath caused, their hearts  
will melt:

They will, they *must* revoke it. O, the sight  
Of mortal woe is terrible to man!  
Perhaps the warrior's lofty soul disdained  
To vindicate his deeds, or to recall  
His triumphs won for them. It is for us  
To wake each high remembrance. Ah! we know  
That he implored not, but *our* knees shall bend,  
And we will pray.

*Gon.* O Heaven! that I could leave  
Your hearts one ray of hope! There is no ear,  
No place for prayers. The judges here are deaf,  
Implacable, unknown. The thunderbolt  
Falls heavy, and the hand by which 'tis launched  
Is veiled in clouds. There is one comfort still,  
The sole sad comfort of a parting hour,  
I come to bear. Ye may behold him yet.  
The moments fly. Arouse your strength of  
heart.

O, fearful is the trial, but the God  
Of mourners will be with you.

*Mat.* Is there not  
One hope?

*Ant.* Alas! my child!

#### SCENE IV. — A Prison.

##### CARMAGNOLA.

They must have heard it now. — O that at least  
I might have died far from them! Though their  
hearts

Had bled to hear the tidings, yet the hour,  
The solemn hour of nature's parting pangs  
Had then been past. It meets us darkly now,  
And we must drain its draught of bitterness  
Together, drop by drop. O, ye wide fields,  
Ye plains of fight, and thrilling sounds of arms!  
O, proud delights of danger! Battle cries,  
And thou, my war steed! and ye trumpet notes  
Kindling the soul! 'Midst your tumultuous joys  
Death seemed all beautiful. — And must I then,  
With shrinking cold reluctance, to my fate  
Be dragged, e'en as a felon, on the winds  
Pouring vain prayers and impotent complaints?  
And Marco! hath he not betrayed me too?  
Vile doubt! That I could cast it from my soul  
Before I die! — But no! What boots it now  
Thus to look back on life with eye that turns

To linger where my footstep may not tread?  
Now, Philip! thou wilt triumph! Be it so!  
I too have proved such vain and impious joys,  
And know their value now. But O, again  
To see those loved ones, and to hear the last,  
Last accents of their voices! By those arms  
Once more to be encircled, and from thence  
To tear myself forever! — Hark! they come! —  
O God of mercy, from thy throne look down  
In pity on their woes!

#### SCENE V.

##### ANTONIETTA, MATILDA, GONZAGA, and CARMAGNOLA.

*Ant.* My husband!

*Mat.* O my father!

*Ant.* Is it thus

That thou returnest? and is this the hour  
Desired so long?

*Car.* O ye afflicted ones!

Heaven knows I dread its pangs for you alone.  
Long have my thoughts been used to look on  
Death,

And calmly wait his time. For you alone  
My soul hath need of firmness; will ye, then,  
Deprive me of its aid? When the Most High  
On virtue pours afflictions, he bestows  
The courage to sustain them. O, let yours  
Equal your sorrows! Let us yet find joy  
In this embrace: 'tis still a gift of Heaven.  
Thou weep'st, my child! and thou, beloved  
wife!

Ah! when I made thee mine, thy days flowed on  
In peace and gladness; I united thee  
To my disastrous fate, and now the thought  
Imbitters death! O that I had not seen  
The woes I cause thee!

*Ant.* Husband of my youth!

Of my bright days, thou who didst make them  
bright,  
Read thou my heart! the pangs of death are  
there,

And yet e'en now — I would not but be thine.

*Car.* Full well I know how much I lose in  
thee;

O, make me not too deeply feel it now.

*Mat.* The homicides!

*Car.* No, sweet Matilda, no!

Let no dark thought of rage or vengeance rise  
To cloud thy gentle spirit, and disturb  
These moments — they are sacred. Yes! my  
wrongs

Are deep; but thou, forgive them, and confess,  
That, e'en 'midst all the fulness of our woe,

High, holy joy remains. Death! death! — our  
foes,

Our most relentless foes, can only speed  
Th' inevitable hour. O, man hath not  
Invented death for man; it would be *then*  
Maddening and insupportable: from Heaven  
Tis sent, and Heaven doth temper all its pangs  
With such blest comfort as no mortal power  
Can give or take away. My wife! my child!  
Hear my last words — they wring your bosoms  
now

With agony, but yet, some future day,  
'Twill soothe you to recall them. Live, my wife!  
Sustain thy grief, and live! this ill-starred girl  
Must not be reft of all. Fly swiftly hence,  
Conduct her to thy kindred: she is theirs,  
Of their own blood — and they so loved thee  
once!

Then, to their foe united, thou becam'st  
Less dear; for feuds and wrongs made warring  
sounds

Of Carmagnola's and Visconti's names.  
But to their bosoms thou wilt now return  
A mourner; and the object of their hate  
Will be no more. — O, there is joy in death! —  
And thou, my flower! that, 'midst the din of  
arms,

Wert born to cheer my soul, thy lovely head  
Droops to the earth! Alas! the tempest's rage  
Is on thee now. Thou tremblest, and thy heart  
Can scarce contain the heavings of its woe.  
I feel thy burning tears upon my breast —  
I feel, and cannot dry them. Dost thou claim  
Pity from me, Matilda? O, thy sire  
Hath now no power to aid thee, but thou know'st  
That the forsaken have a Father still  
On high. Confide in Him, and live to days  
Of peace, if not of joy; for such to thee  
He surely destines. Wherefore hath he poured  
The torrent of affliction on thy youth,  
If to thy future years be not reserved  
All His benign compassion! Live! and soothe  
Thy suffering mother. May she to the arms  
Of no ignoble consort lead thee still! —  
Gonzaga! take the hand which thou hast pressed  
Oft in the morn of battle, when our hearts  
Had cause to doubt if we should meet at eve.  
Wilt thou yet press it, pledging me thy faith  
To guide and guard these mourners, till they  
join

Their friends and kindred?

*Gon.* Rest assured, I will.

*Car.* I am content. And if, when this is done,  
Thou to the field returnest, there for me  
Salute my brethren; tell them that I died

Guiltless; thou hast been witness of my deeds,  
Hast read my inmost thoughts — and know'st  
it well.

Tell them I never with a traitor's shame  
Stained my bright sword. O, never! — I myself  
Have been insnared by treachery. Think of me  
When trumpet notes are stirring every heart,  
And banners proudly waving in the air, —  
Think of thine ancient comrade! And the day  
Following the combat, when upon the field,  
Amidst the deep and solemn harmony  
Of dirge and hymn, the priest of funeral rites,  
With lifted hands, is offering for the slain  
His sacrifice to Heaven, forget me not!  
For I, too, hoped upon the battle plain  
E'en so to die.

*Ant.* Have mercy on us, Heaven!

*Car.* My wife! Matilda! Now the hour is  
nigh,

And we must part. — Farewell!

*Mat.* No, father! no!

*Car.* Come to this breast yet, yet once more,  
and then

For pity's sake depart!

*Ant.* No! force alone  
Shall tear us hence.

(*A sound of arms is heard.*)

*Mat.* Hark! what dread sound!

*Ant.* Great God!

(*The door is half opened, and armed men  
enter, the chief of whom advances to  
the Count. His wife and daughter  
fall senseless.*)

*Car.* O God! I thank thee. O most merciful!  
Thus to withdraw their senses from the pangs  
Of this dread moment's conflict!

Thou, my friend,  
Assist them, bear them from this scene of woe,  
And tell them, when their eyes again unclosed  
To meet the day — that nought is left to fear.

Notwithstanding the pathetic beauties of the  
last act, the attention which this tragedy has ex-  
cited in Italy must be principally attributed to the  
boldness of the author in so completely emanci-  
pating himself from the fetters of the dramatic  
unities. The severity with which the tragic poets  
of that country have, in general, restricted them-  
selves to those rules, has been sufficiently remark-  
able to obtain, at least, temporary distinction for  
the courage of the writer who should attempt to  
violate them. Although this piece comprises a  
period of several years, and that, too, in days  
so troubled and so "full of fate" — days in  
which the deepest passions and most powerful

energies of the human mind were called into action by the strife of conflicting interests — there is, nevertheless, as great a deficiency of incident, as if “to be born and die” made all the history of aspiring natures contending for supremacy. The character of the hero is portrayed in words, not in actions; it does not unfold itself in any struggle of opposite feelings and passions, and the interest excited for him only commences at the moment when it ought to have reached its climax. The merits of the piece may be summed up in the occasional energy of the language and dignity of the thoughts; and the truth with which the spirit of the age is characterized, as well in the development of that suspicious policy distinguishing the system of the Venetian government, as in the pictures of the fiery Condottieri, holding their councils of war —

“Jealous of honor, sudden and quick in quarrel.”

## CAIUS GRACCHUS.

A TRAGEDY.

BY MONTI.

THIS tragedy, though inferior in power and interest to the *Aristodemo* of the same author, is nevertheless distinguished by beauties of a high order, and such as, in our opinion, fully establish its claims to more general attention than it has hitherto received. Although the loftiness and severity of Roman manners, in the days of the Republic, have been sufficiently preserved to give an impressive character to the piece, yet those workings of passion and tenderness — without which dignity soon becomes monotonous, and heroism unnatural — have not been (as in the tragedies of Alfieri upon similar subjects) too rigidly suppressed.

The powerful character of the high-hearted Cornelia, with all the calm collected majesty which our ideas are wont to associate with the name of a Roman matron, and the depth and sublimity of maternal affection more particularly belonging to the mother of the Gracchi, are beautifully contrasted with the softer and more womanish feelings, the intense anxieties, the sensitive and passionate attachment, embodied in the person of Sicinia, the wife of Gracchus. The appeals made by Gracchus to the people are full of majestic eloquence; and the whole piece seems to be animated by that restless and untamable spirit of freedom, whose immortalized

struggles for ascendancy give so vivid a coloring, so exalted an interest, to the annals of the ancient republics.

The tragedy opens with the soliloquy of Caius Gracchus, who is returned in secret to Rome, after having been employed in rebuilding Carthage, which Scipio had utterly demolished.

Caius, in Rome behold thyself! The night Hath spread her favoring shadows o'er thy path And thou, be strong, my country! for thy son Gracchus is with thee! All is hushed around, And in deep slumber; from the cares of day The worn plebeians rest. O, good and true, And only Romans! your repose is sweet, For toil hath given it zest; 'tis calm and pure, For no remorse hath troubled it. Meanwhile, My brother's murderers, the patricians, hold Inebriate vigils o'er their festal boards, Or in dark midnight councils sentence me To death, and Rome to chains. They little deem

Of the unlooked-for and tremendous foe So near at hand! — It is enough. I tread In safety my paternal threshold. — Yes! This is my own! O mother! O my wife! My child! — I come to dry your tears. I come Strengthened by three dread furies: — One is wrath, Fired by my country's wrongs; and one deep love, For those, my bosom's inmates; and the third — Vengeance, fierce vengeance, for a brother's blood!

His soliloquy is interrupted by the entrance of Fulvius, his friend, with whose profligate character and unprincipled designs he is represented as unacquainted. From the opening speech made by Fulvius (before he is aware of the presence of Caius) to the slave by whom he is attended, it appears that he is just returned from the perpetration of some crime, the nature of which is not disclosed until the second act.

The suspicions of Caius are, however, awakened, by the obscure allusions to some act of signal but secret vengeance, which Fulvius throws out in the course of the ensuing discussion.

*Ful.* This is no time for grief and feeble tears But for high deeds.

*Caius.* And we will make it such But prove we first our strength. Declare, what friends



(If yet misfortune hath her friends) remain  
True to our cause?

*Ful.* Few, few, but valiant hearts!

O what a change is here! There was a time  
When, over all supreme, thy word gave law  
To nations and their rulers; in thy presence  
The senate trembled, and the citizens  
Flocked round thee in deep reverence. Then ■  
word,

A look from Caius — a salute, a smile,  
Filled them with pride. Each sought to be the  
friend,

The client, ay, the very slave, of him,  
The people's idol; and beholding them  
Thus prostrate in thy path, thou, thou thyself,  
Didst blush to see their vileness! But thy for-  
tune

Is waning now, her glorious phantoms melt  
Into dim vapor; and the earthly god,  
So worshipped once, from his forsaken shrines  
Down to the dust is hurled.

*Caius.* And what of this?

There is no power in fortune to deprive  
Gracchus of Gracchus. Mine is such a heart  
As meets the storm exultingly — a heart  
Whose stern delight it is to strive with fate,  
And conquer. Trust me, fate is terrible  
But because man is vile. A coward first  
Made her a deity.

But say, what thoughts  
Are fostered by the people? Have they lost  
The sense of their misfortunes? Is the name  
Of Gracchus in their hearts (reveal the truth)  
Already numbered with forgotten things?

*Ful.* A breeze, a passing breeze, now here,  
now there,

Borne on light pinion — such the people's love!  
Yet have they claims on pardon, for their faults  
Are of their miseries; and their feebleness  
Is to their woes proportioned. Haply still  
The secret sigh of their full hearts is thine.  
But their lips breathe it not. Their grief is mute;  
And the deep paleness of their timid mien,  
And eyes in fixed despondence bent on earth,  
And sometimes a faint murmur of thy name,  
Alone accuse them. They are hushed — for now  
Not one, nor two, their tyrants; but a host  
Whose numbers are the numbers of the rich,  
And the patrician Romans. Yes! and well  
May proud oppression dauntlessly go forth,  
For Rome is widowed! Distant wars engage  
The noblest of her youth, by Fabius led,  
And but the weak remain. Hence every heart

Sickens with voiceless terror; and the people,  
Subdued and trembling, turn to thee in thought,  
But yet are silent.

*Caius.* I will make them heard.

Rome is a slumbering lion, and my voice  
Shall wake the mighty. Thou shalt see I came  
Prepared for all; and as I tracked the deep  
For Rome, my dangers to my spirit grew  
Familiar in its musings. With a voice  
Of wrath the loud winds fiercely swelled; the  
waves

Muttered around; heaven flashed in lightning  
forth,

And the pale steersman trembled: I the while  
Stood on the tossing and bewildered bark,  
Retired and shrouded in my mantle's folds,  
With thoughtful eyes cast down, and all ab-  
sorbed

In a far deeper storm! Around my heart,  
Gathering in secret then, my spirit's powers  
Held council with themselves; and on my  
thoughts

My country rose, — and I foresaw the snares,  
The treacheries of Opimius, and the senate,  
And my false friends, awaiting my return.

*Fulvius!* I wept, but they were tears of  
rage!

For I was wrought to frenzy by the thought  
Of my wronged country, and of him, that brother  
Whose shade through ten long years hath sternly  
cried

“Vengeance!” — nor found it yet.

*Ful.* It is fulfilled.

*Caius.* And how?

*Ful.* Thou shalt be told.

*Caius.* Explain thy words.

*Ful.* Then know — (incautious that I am!)

*Caius.* Why thus

Falters thy voice? Why speak'st thou not?

*Ful.* Forgive!

E'en friendship sometimes hath its secrets.

*Caius.* No!

True friendship, never!

Caius afterwards inquires what part his  
brother-in-law, Scipio Emilianus, is likely to  
adopt in their enterprises.

His high renown —

The glorious deeds, whereby was earned his  
name

Of second Africanus; and the blind,  
Deep reverence paid him by the people's hearts,  
Who, knowing him their foe, respect him still

All this disturbs me : hardly will be won  
Our day of victory, if by him withstood.

*Ful.* Yet won it *shall* be. If but this thou  
fear'st,

Then be at peace.

*Caius.* I understand thee not.

*Ful.* Thou wilt ere long. But here we vainly  
waste

Our time and words. Soon will the morning  
break,

Nor know thy friends as yet of thy return ;  
I fly to cheer them with the tidings.

*Caius.* Stay !

*Ful.* And wherefore ?

*Caius.* To reveal thy meaning.

*Ful.* Peace !

I hear the sound of steps.

This conversation is interrupted by the entrance of Cornelia, with the wife and child of Caius. They are about to seek an asylum in the house of Emilianus, by whom Cornelia has been warned of the imminent danger which menaces the family of her son from the fury of the patricians, who intend, on the following day, to abrogate the laws enacted by the Gracchi in favor of the plebeians. The joy and emotion of Gracchus, on thus meeting with his family, may appear somewhat inconsistent with his having remained so long engaged in political discussion, on the threshold of their abode, without ever having made an inquiry after their welfare ; but it would be somewhat unreasonable to try the conduct of a Roman (particularly in a tragedy) by the laws of *nature*. Before, however, we are disposed to condemn the principles which seem to be laid down for the delineation of Roman character in dramatic poetry, let us recollect that the general habits of the people whose institutions gave birth to the fearful grandeur displayed in the actions of the elder Brutus, and whose towering spirit was fostered to enthusiasm by the contemplation of it, must have been deeply tinctured by the austerity of even their virtues. Shakspeare alone, without compromising the dignity of his Romans, has disencumbered them of the formal scholastic drapery which seems to be their *official* garb, and has stamped their features with the general attributes of human nature, without effacing the impress which distinguished "the men of iron" from the nations who "still stood before them."

The first act concludes with the parting of Caius and Fulvius in wrath and suspicion — Cornelia having accused the latter of an attempt

to seduce her daughter, the wife of Scipio, and of concealing the most atrocious designs under the mask of zeal for the cause of liberty

Of liberty

What speak'st thou, and to whom ? Thou hast  
no shame —

No virtue — and thy boast is, to be free !

O, zeal for liberty ! eternal mask

Assumed by every crime !

In the second act, the death of Emilianus is announced to Opimius the consul, in the presence of Gracchus, and the intelligence is accompanied by a rumor of his having perished by assassination. The mysterious expressions of Fulvius, and the accusation of Cornelia, immediately recur to the mind of Caius. The following scene, in which his vehement emotion, and high sense of honor, are well contrasted with the cold-blooded sophistry of Fulvius, is powerfully wrought up.

*Caius.* Back on my thoughts the words of  
Fulvius rush,

Like darts of fire. All hell is in my heart !

(*Fulvius enters.*)

Thou com'st in time. Speak, thou perfidious  
friend !

Scipio lies murdered on his bed of death ! —

Who slew him ?

*Ful.* Ask'st thou me ?

*Caius.* Thee ! thee, who late

Didst in such words discourse of him as now  
Assure me thou'rt his murderer. Traitor, speak !

*Ful.* If thus his fate doth weigh upon thy heart,  
Thou art no longer Gracchus, or thou ravest !  
More grateful praise and warmer thanks might  
well

Reward the generous courage which hath freed  
Rome from a tyrant, Gracchus from a foe.

*Caius.* Then he was slain by thee ?

*Ful.* Ungrateful friend !

Why dost thou tempt me ? Danger menaces  
Thy honor. Freedom's wavering light is dim ;  
Rome wears the fetters of a guilty senate ;  
One Scipio drove thy brother to a death  
Of infamy, another seeks *thy* fall ;  
And when one noble, one determined stroke  
To thee and thine assures the victory, wreaks  
The people's vengeance, gives thee life and fame  
And pacifies thy brother's angry shade,  
Is it a cause for wailing ? Am I called  
For *this* a murderer ? Go ! — I say once more,  
Thou art no longer Gracchus, or thou ravest !

*Caius.* I know thee now, barbarian! Wouldst thou serve  
My cause with crimes?

*Ful.* And those of that proud man  
Whom I have slain, and thou dost mourn, are they  
To be forgotten? Hath oblivion then  
Shrouded the stern destroyer's ruthless work,  
The famine of Numantia? Such a deed  
As on our name the world's deep curses drew!  
Or the four hundred Lusian youths betrayed,  
And with their bleeding, mutilated limbs  
Back to their parents sent? Is this forgot?  
Go, ask of Carthage! — bid her wasted shores  
Of him, this reveller in blood, recount  
The terrible achievements! At the cries,  
The groans, th' unutterable pangs of those,  
The more than hundred thousand wretches,  
doomed

(Of every age and sex) to fire, and sword,  
And fetters, I could marvel that the earth  
In horror doth not open! They were foes,  
They were barbarians, but unarmed, subdued,  
Weeping, imploring mercy! And the law  
Of Roman virtue is, to spare the weak,  
To tame the lofty! But in other lands,  
Why should I seek for records of his crimes,  
If here the suffering people ask in vain  
A little earth to lay their bones in peace?  
If the decree which yielded to their claims  
So brief a heritage, and the which to seal  
Thy brother's blood was shed — if this remain  
Still fruitless, still delusive, who was he  
That mocked its power? — Who to all Rome  
declared

Thy brother's death was just, was needful? —  
Who

But Scipio? And remember thou the words  
Which burst in thunder from thy lips e'en then,  
Heard by the people! Caius, in my heart  
They have been deeply treasured. He must die,  
(Thus didst thou speak,) this tyrant! We have  
need

That he should perish! I have done the deed;  
And call'st thou *me* his murderer? If the blow  
Was guilt, then *thou* art guilty. From thy  
lips

The sentence came — the crime is thine alone.  
I, thy devoted friend, did but obey  
Thy mandate.

*Caius.* Thou my friend! I am not one  
To call a villain friend. Let thunders, fraught  
With fate and death, awake to scatter those  
Who, bringing liberty through paths of blood,  
Bring chains! — degrading Freedom's lofty self  
Below e'en Slavery's level! Say thou not,

Wretch! that the sentence and the guilt were  
mine!

I wished him slain! — 'tis so — but by the axe  
Of high and public justice — that whose stroke  
On thy vile head will fall. Thou hast disgraced  
Unutterably my name: I bid thee tremble!

*Ful.* Caius, let insult cease, I counsel thee  
Let insult cease! Be the deed just or guilt  
Enjoy its fruits in silence. Force me not  
To utter more.

*Caius.* And what hast thou to say?

*Ful.* That which I now suppress.

*Caius.* How! are there yet,  
Perchance, more crimes to be revealed?

*Ful.* I know not.

*Caius.* Thou know'st not? — Horror chills my  
curdling veins;

I dare not ask thee further.

*Ful.* Thou dost well.

*Caius.* What saidst thou?

*Ful.* Nothing.

*Caius.* On my heart the words  
Press heavily. O, what a fearful light  
Bursts o'er my soul! — Hast thou accomplices!

*Ful.* Insensate! ask me not.

*Caius.* I must be told.

*Ful.* Away! — thou wilt repent.

*Caius.* No more of this, for I *will* know.

*Ful.* Thou wilt?

Ask then thy sister.

*Caius, (alone.)* Ask my sister! What!  
Is she a murderess? Hath my sister slain  
Her lord? O, crime of darkest dye! O, name  
Till now unstained, name of the Gracchi, thus  
Consigned to infamy! — to infamy?  
The very hair doth rise upon my head,  
Thrilled by the thought! Where shall I find a  
place

To hide my shame, to lave the branded stains  
From this dishonored brow? What should I do?  
There is a voice whose deep, tremendous tones  
Murmur within my heart, and sternly cry,  
"Away! — and pause not — slay thy guilty  
sister!"

Voices of lost honor, of a noble line  
Disgraced, I will obey thee! — terribly  
Thou call'st for blood, and thou shalt be ap-  
peased.

#### PATRIOTIC EFFUSIONS OF THE ITALIAN POETS.

WHOEVER has attentively studied the works  
of the Italian poets, from the days of Dante and



Petrarch to those of Foscolo and Pindemonte, must have been struck with those allusions to the glory and the fall, the renown and the degradation, of Italy, which give a melancholy interest to their pages. Amidst all the vicissitudes of that devoted country, the warning voice of her bards has still been heard to prophesy the impending storm, and to call up such deep and spirit-stirring recollections from the glorious past, as have resounded through the land, notwithstanding the loudest tumults of those discords which have made her

"Long, long, a bloody stage  
For petty kinglings tame,  
Their miserable game  
Of puny war to wage."

There is something very affecting in these vain, though exalted aspirations after that independence which the Italians, as a nation, seem destined never to regain. The strains in which their high-toned feelings on this subject are recorded, produce on our minds the same effect with the song of the imprisoned bird, whose melody is fraught, in our imagination, with recollections of the green woodland, the free air, and unbounded sky. We soon grow weary of the perpetual *violets and zephyrs*, whose cloying sweetness pervades the sonnets and canzoni of the minor Italian poets, till we are ready to "die in aromatic pain;" nor is our interest much more excited even by the everlasting *laurel* which inspires the enamoured Petrarch with so ingenious a variety of *concetti*, as might reasonably cause it to be doubted whether the beautiful Laura, or the emblematic tree, are the real object of the bard's affection; but the moment a patriotic chord is struck, our feelings are awakened, and we find it easy to sympathize with the emotions of a modern Roman surrounded by the ruins of the Capitol; a Venetian when contemplating the proud trophies won by his ancestors at Byzantium; or a Florentine amongst the tombs of the mighty dead in the church of Santa Croce. It is not, perhaps, *now* the time to plead, with any effect, the cause of Italy; yet cannot we consider that nation as altogether degraded, whose literature, from the dawn of its majestic immortality, has been consecrated to the nurture of every generous principle and ennobling recollection; and whose "choice and master spirits," under the most adverse circumstances, have kept alive a flame which may well be considered as imperishable, since the "ten thousand tyrants" of the land have failed to quench its

brightness. We present our readers with a few of the minor effusions, in which the indignant though unavailing regrets of those who, to use the words of Alfieri, are "slaves, yet still *indignant slaves*,"<sup>1</sup> have been feelingly portrayed.

The first of these productions must, in the original, be familiar to every reader who has any acquaintance with Italian literature.

#### VINCENZO DA FILICAJA.

WHEN from the mountain's brow the gathering  
shades

Of twilight fall, on one deep thought I dwell  
Day beams o'er other lands, if here she fades  
Nor bids the universe at once farewell.  
But thou, I cry, my country! what a night  
Spreads o'er thy glories one dark, sweeping  
pall!

Thy thousand triumphs, won by valor's might  
And wisdom's voice — what now remains o  
all?  
And seest thou not th' ascending flame of war  
Burst through thy darkness, reddening from  
afar?

Is not thy misery's evidence complete?  
But if endurance can thy fall delay,  
Still, still endure, devoted one! and say,  
If it be victory thus but to retard defeat.

#### CARLO MARIA MAGGI.

I CRY aloud, and ye shall hear my call,  
Arno, Sessino, Tiber, Adrian deep,  
And blue Tyrrhene! Let him first roused  
from sleep

Startle the next! one peril broods o'er all.  
It nought avails that Italy should plead,  
Forgetting valor, sinking in despair,  
At strangers' feet! — our land is all too fair;  
Nor tears, nor prayers, can check ambition's  
speed.

In vain her faded cheek, her humbled eye,  
For pardon sue; 'tis not her agony,  
Her death alone may now appease her foes.  
Be theirs to suffer who to combat shun!  
But O, weak pride! thus feeble and undone,  
Nor to wage battle nor endure repose!

<sup>1</sup> "Schiavi siam, ma schiavi ognor frementi." — ALFIERI

## ALESSANDRO MARCHETTI.

ITALIA ! O, no more Italia now !

Scarce of her form a vestige dost thou wear ;  
She was a queen with glory mantled — thou  
A slave, degraded, and compelled to bear.

Chains gird thy hands and feet ; deep clouds  
of care

Darken thy brow, once radiant as thy skies ;

And shadows, born of terror and despair —  
Shadows of death have dimmed thy glorious eyes.  
Italia ! O, Italia now no more !

For thee my tears of shame and anguish flow ;  
And the glad strains my lyre was wont to pour  
Are changed to dirge notes ; but my deepest  
woe

Is, that base herds of thine own sons the while  
Behold<sup>d</sup> thy miseries with insulting smile.

## ALESSANDRO PEGIOTTI.

SHE that cast down the empires of the world,  
And, in her proud, triumphal course through  
Rome,

Dragged them, from freedom and dominion  
hurled,

Bound by the hair, pale, humbled, and o'er-  
come ;

I see her now, dismantled of her state,  
Spoiled of her sceptre, crouching to the ground  
Beneath a hostile car — and lo ! the weight  
Of fetters her imperial neck around !

O that a stranger's envious hands had wrought  
This desolation ! for then I would say,  
'Vengeance, Italia !' — in the burning thought  
Losing my grief ; but 'tis th' ignoble sway  
Of vice hath bowed thee ! Discord, slothful  
ease —

Theirs is that victor car ; thy tyrant lords are  
these.

## FRANCESCO MARIA DE CONTI.

## THE SHORE OF AFRICA.

PILGRIM ! whose steps those desert sands explore,  
Where verdure never spreads its bright array ;  
Know, 'twas on this inhospitable shore  
From Pompey's heart the lifeblood ebbed  
away.

'Twas here, betrayed, he fell — neglected lay,  
Nor found his relics a sepulchral stone,

Whose life, so long a bright triumphal day,  
O'er Tiber's wave supreme in glory shone !  
Thou, stranger ! if from barbarous climes thy  
birth,

Look round exultingly, and bless the earth

Where Rome, with him, saw power and virtue  
die ;

But if 'tis Roman blood that fills thy veins,  
Then, son of heroes ! think upon thy chains,  
And bathe with tears the grave of liberty.

## JEU-D'ESPRIT ON THE WORD "BARB."

[" It was either during the present or a future visit to the same friends,<sup>1</sup> that the *jeu-d'esprit* was produced which Mrs. Hemans used to call her 'sheet of forgeries' on the use of the word Barb. A gentleman had requested her to furnish him with some authorities from the old English writers, proving that this term was in use as applied to a steed. She very shortly supplied him with the following imitations, which were written down almost impromptu : the mystification succeeded perfectly, and was not discovered until some time afterwards." — *Memoir*, p. 43.]

THE warrior donned his well-worn garb,  
And proudly waved his crest ;  
He mounted on his jet-black barb,  
And put his lance in rest.

PERCY'S *Reliques*.

Eftsoons the wight, withouten more delay,  
Spurred his brown barb, and rode full swiftly on  
his way.

SPENSER.

Hark ! was it not the trumpet's voice I heard ?  
The soul of battle is awake within me !  
The fate of ages and of empires hangs  
On this dread hour. Why am I not in arms ?  
Bring my good lance, caparison my steed !  
Base, idle grooms ! are ye in league against me !  
Haste with my barb, or, by the holy saints,  
Ye shall not live to saddle him to-morrow !

MASSINGER.

No sooner had the pearl-shedding fingers of  
the young Aurora tremulously unlocked the  
oriental portals of the golden horizon, than the  
graceful flower of chivalry and the bright cyno-  
sure of ladies' eyes — he of the dazzling breast-  
plate and swanlike plume — sprang impatiently  
from the couch of slumber, and eagerly mounted  
the noble barb presented to him by the Emperor  
of Aspramontania.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY'S *Arcadia*.

<sup>1</sup> The family of the late Henry Park, Esq., Wavertree Lodge, near Liverpool.

Seest thou yon chief whose presence seems to  
rule

The storm of battle? Lo! where'er he moves  
Death follows. Carnage sits upon his crest —  
Fate on his sword is throned — and his white  
*barb*,

As a proud courser of Apollo's chariot,  
Seems breathing fire. POTTER'S *Æschylus*.

O, bonnie looked my ain true knight,  
His *barb* so proudly reining;  
I watched him till my tearfu' sight  
Grew amaist dim wi' straining.

*Border Minstrelsy*.

Why, he can heel the lavolt, and wind a fiery  
*barb*, as well as any gallant in Christendom.  
He's the very pink and mirror of accomplish-  
ment. SHAKESPEARE.

Fair star of beauty's heaven! to call thee mine,  
All other joys I joyously would yield;  
My knightly crest, my bounding *barb* resign,  
For the poor shepherd's crook and daisied  
field;  
For courts or camps no wish my soul would  
prove,  
So thou wouldst live with me, and be my love!  
EARL OF SURREY'S *Poems*.

For thy dear love my weary soul hath grown  
Heedless of youthful sports: I seek no more  
Or joyous dance, or music's thrilling tone,  
Or joys that once could charm in minstrel lore,  
Or knightly tilt where steel-clad champions meet,  
Borne on impetuous *barbs* to bleed at beauty's  
feet. SHAKESPEARE'S *Sonnets*.

As a warrior clad  
In sable arms, like chaos dull and sad,  
But mounted on a *barb* as white  
As the fresh new-born light, —  
So the black night too soon  
Came riding on the bright and silver moon,  
Whose radiant heavenly ark  
Made all the clouds beyond her influence seem  
E'en more than doubly dark,  
Mourning, all widowed of her glorious beam.  
COWLEY.

### THE FEVER DREAM.

[Amongst the very few specimens that have been preserved  
of Mrs. Hemans's livelier effusions, which she never wrote  
with any other view than the momentary amusement of her

own immediate circle, is a letter addressed about this time  
to her sister, who was then travelling in Italy. The follow-  
ing extracts from this familiar epistle may serve to show her  
facility in a style of composition which she latterly entirely  
discontinued. The first part alludes to a strange fancy pro-  
duced by an attack of fever, the description of which had  
given rise to many pleasantries — being an imaginary voy-  
age to China, performed in a cocoa-nut shell with that emi-  
nent old English worthy, John Evelyn.]

APROPOS of your illness, pray give, if you please,  
Some account of the converse you held on high  
seas

With Evelyn, the excellent author of "Sylva,"  
A work that is very much prized at Bronwylla  
I think that old Neptune was visited ne'er  
In so well-rigged a ship, by so well-matched ■  
pair.

There could not have fallen, dear H., to your  
lot any

Companion more pleasant, since you're fond of  
botany,

And *his* horticultural talents are known,  
Just as well as Canova's for fashioning stone.

Of the vessel you sailed in, I just will remark  
That I ne'er heard before of so curious a bark.  
Of gondola, coracle, pirogue, canoe,  
I have read very often, as doubtless have you;  
Of the Argo conveying that hero young Jason:  
Of the ship moored by Trajan in Nemi's deep  
basin;

Of the galley (in Plutarch you'll find the de-  
scription)

Which bore along Cydnus, the royal Egyptian;  
Of that wonderful frigate (see "Curse of Ke-  
hama")

Which wafted fair Kailyal to regions of Brama,  
And the venturous barks of Columbus and  
Gama.

But Columbus and Gama to you must resign a  
Full half of their fame, since your voyage to  
China,

(I'm astonished no shocking disaster befell,  
In that swift-sailing first-rate — a cocoa-nut  
shell!

I hope, my dear H., that you touched at Lo-  
Choo,  
That abode of a people so gentle and true,  
Who with arms and with money have nothing  
to do.

How calm must their lives be! so free from all  
fears

Of running *in* debt, or of running *on* spears!  
O dear! what an Eden! — a land without money!  
It excels e'en the region of milk and of honey,



Or the vale of Cashmere, as described in a book  
Full of musk, gems, and roses, and called "Lalla  
Rookh."

But, of all the enjoyments you have, none  
would e'er be  
More valued by me than a chat with Acerbi,  
Of whose travels — related in elegant phrases —  
I have seen many extracts and heard many  
praises,  
And have copied (you know I let nothing escape)  
His striking account of the frozen North Cape.  
I think 'twas in his works I read long ago  
(I've not the best memory for dates, as you  
know)  
Of a warehouse, where sugar and treacle were  
stored,  
Which took fire (I suppose being made but of  
board)  
In the icy domains of some rough northern hero,  
Where the cold was some fifty degrees below zero.  
Then from every burnt cask as the treacle ran out,  
And in streams, just like lava, meandered about,  
You may fancy the curious effect of the weather,  
The frost, and the fire, and the treacle together.  
When my *first* for a moment had hardened my  
*last*,  
My *second* burst out, and all melted as fast;  
To win their sweet prize long the rivals fought on,  
But I quite forget which of the elements won.

But a truce with all joking — I hope you'll  
excuse me,  
Since I know you still love to instruct and  
amuse me,  
For hastily putting a few questions down,  
To which answers from you all my wishes will  
crown;  
For you know I'm so fond of the land of Co-  
rinne  
That my thoughts are still dwelling its precincts  
within,  
And I read all that authors, or gravely or wit-  
tily,  
Or wisely or foolishly, write about Italy;  
From your shipmate John Evelyn's amusing old  
tour,  
To Forsyth's *one* volume, and Eustace's *four*,  
In spite of Lord Byron, or Hobhouse, who glances  
At the classical Eustace, and says he romances.  
— Pray describe me from Venice, (don't think  
it a bore,)  
The literal state of the famed Bucentaur,

And whether the horses, that once were the  
sun's,  
Are of bright yellow brass, or of dark dingy  
bronze;  
For some travellers say one thing, and some say  
another,  
And I can't find out which, they all make such  
a pother.  
O, another thing, too, which I'd nearly forgot,  
Are the songs of the gondoliers pleasing or not?  
These are matters of moment, you'll surely allow,  
For Venice must interest all — even now.

These points being settled, I ask for no more  
hence,  
But should wish for a few observations from  
Florence.  
Let me know if the Palaces Strozzi and Pitti  
Are finished; if not, 'tis a shame for the city  
To let *one* for ages — was e'er such a thing? —  
Its entablature want, and the other its wing.  
Say, too, if the Dove (should you be there at  
Easter,  
And watch her swift flight, when the priests  
have released her)  
Is a turtle, or ring dove, or but a *wood-pigeon*,  
Which makes people *gulls* in the name of Re-  
ligion?  
Pray tell if the forests of famed Vallombrosa  
Are cut down or not; for this, too, is a *Cosa*  
About which I'm anxious — as also to know  
If the Pandects, so famous long ages ago,  
Came back (above all, don't forget this to men-  
tion)  
To that manuscript library called the Laurentian  
  
Since I wrote the above, I by chance have  
found out,  
That the horses are bright yellow brass beyond  
doubt;  
So I'll ask you but this, the same subject pur-  
suing,  
Do you think they are truly Lysippus's doing?  
— When to Naples you get, let me know, if  
you will,  
If the Acqua Toffana's in fashion there still;  
For, not to fatigue you with needless verbosity,  
'Tis a point upon which I feel much curiosity.  
I should like to have also, and not written shab-  
bily,  
Your opinion about the *Piscina mirabile*,  
And whether the tomb, which is near Sanna-  
zaro's,  
Is decided by you to be really Maro's.

## DARTMOOR.

## A PRIZE POEM.

[In 1820, the Royal Society of Literature advertised their intention of awarding a prize for the best poem on "Dartmoor;" and, as might have been expected, many competitors entered the field. In the following June, the palm was awarded to Mrs. Hemans for the composition which follows.

She thus writes to the friends who had been the first to convey to her the pleasing intelligence of her success:—

"What with surprise, bustle, and pleasure, I am really almost bewildered. I wish you had but seen the childre. When the prize was announced to them yesterday. . . . The Bishop's kind communication put us in possession of the gratifying intelligence a day sooner than we should otherwise have known it, as I did not receive the Secretary's letter till this morning. Besides the official announcement of the prize, his despatch also contained a private letter, with which, although it is one of criticism, I feel greatly pleased, as it shows an interest in my literary success which, from so distinguished a writer as Mr. Croly, (of course you have read his poem of *Paris*,) cannot but be highly gratifying."]

"Come, bright Improvement! on the car of Time,  
And rule the spacious world from clime to clime.  
Thy handmaid, Art, shall every wild explore,  
Trace every wave, and culture every shore." CAMPBELL

"May ne'er  
That true succession fail of English hearts,  
That can perceive, not less than heretofore  
Our ancestors did feelingly perceive,  
. . . . the charm  
Of pious sentiment, diffused afar,  
And human charity, and social love." WORDSWORTH.

AMIDST the peopled and the regal isle,  
Whose vales, rejoicing in their beauty, smile;  
Whose cities, fearless of the spoiler, tower,  
And send on every breeze a voice of power;  
Hath Desolation reared herself a throne,  
And marked a pathless region for her own?  
Yes! though thy turf no stain of carnage wore  
When bled the noble hearts of many a shore;  
Though not a hostile step thy heath flowers bent  
When empires tottered, and the earth was rent;  
Yet lone, as if some trampler of mankind  
Had stilled life's busy murmurs on the wind,  
And, flushed with power in daring pride's excess,  
Stamped on thy soil the curse of barrenness;  
For thee in vain descend the dews of heaven,  
In vain the sunbeam and the shower are given,  
Wild Dartmoor! thou that, 'mst thy moun-  
tains rude,

Hast robed thyself with haughty solitude,  
As a dark cloud on summer's clear blue sky,  
A mourner circled with festivity!  
For all beyond is life! — the rolling sea,  
The rush, the swell, whose echoes reach not thee.  
Yet who shall find a scene so wild and bare  
But man has left his lingering traces there!  
E'en on mysterious Afric's boundless plains,  
Where noon with attributes of midnight reigns,  
In gloom and silence fearfully profound,  
As of a world unwaked to soul or sound.  
Though the sad wanderer of the burning zone  
Feels, ~~as~~ amidst infinity, alone,

And nought of life be near, his camel's tread  
Is o'er the prostrate cities of the dead!  
Some column, reared by long-forgotten hands,  
Just lifts its head above the billowy sands —  
Some mouldering shrine still consecrates the  
scene,

And tells that glory's footstep there hath been.  
There hath the spirit of the mighty passed,  
Not without record; though the desert blast,  
Borne on the wings of Time, hath swept away  
The proud creations reared to brave decay.  
But *thou*, lone region! whose unnoticed name  
No lofty deeds have mingled with their fame,  
Who shall unfold thine annals? — who shall tell  
If on thy soil the sons of heroes fell,  
In those far ages which have left no trace,  
No sunbeam, on the pathway of their race?  
Though, haply, in the unrecorded days  
Of kings and chiefs who passed without their  
praise,

Thou mightst have reared the valiant and the free,  
In history's page there is no tale of thee.

Yet hast thou thy memorials. On the wild  
Still rise the cairns of yore, all rudely piled,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "In some parts of Dartmoor, the surface is thickly strewed with stones, which in many instances appear to have been collected into piles, on the tops of prominent hillocks, as if in imitation of the natural Tors. The Stone barrows of Dartmoor resemble the cairns of the Cheviot and Grampian Hills, and those in Cornwall." — See COOKE'S *Topographical Survey of Devonshire*.

But hallowed by that instinct which reveres  
Things fraught with characters of elder years.  
And such are these. Long centuries are flown,  
Bowed many a crest, and shattered many a  
throne,

Mingling the urn, the trophy, and the bust,  
With what they hide — their shrined and treas-  
ured dust.

Men traverse Alps and oceans, to behold  
Earth's glorious works fast mingling with her  
mould;

But still these nameless chronicles of death,  
Midst the deep silence of th' unpeopled heath,  
Stand in primeval artlessness, and wear  
The same sepulchral mien, and almost share  
Th' eternity of nature with the forms  
Of the crowned hills beyond, the dwellings of  
the storms.

Yet what avails it if each moss-grown heap  
Still on the waste its lonely vigils keep,  
Guarding the dust which slumbers well beneath  
(Nor needs such care) from each cold season's  
breath?

Where is the voice to tell *their* tale who rest,  
Thus rudely pillowed, on the desert's breast?  
Doth the sword sleep beside them? Hath there  
been

A sound of battle 'midst the silent scene  
Where no v the flocks repose? — did the scythed  
car

Here reap its harvest in the ranks of war?  
And rise these piles in memory of the slain,  
And the red combat of the mountain plain?

It may be thus: — the vestiges of strife,  
Around yet lingering, mark the steps of life,  
And the rude arrow's barb remains to tell<sup>1</sup>  
How by its stroke, perchance, the mighty fell  
To be forgotten. Vain the warrior's pride,  
The chieftain's power — they had no bard, and  
died.<sup>2</sup>

But other scenes, from their untroubled sphere,  
The eternal stars of night have witnessed  
here.

There stands an altar of unsculptured stone,<sup>3</sup>  
Far on the moor, a thing of ages gone,

Propped on its granite pillars, whence the  
rains

And pure, bright dews have laved the crimson  
stains

Left by dark rites of blood; for here, of yore,  
When the bleak waste ■ robe of forest wore,  
And many a crested oak, which now lies low,  
Waved its wild wreath of sacred mistletoe —  
Here, at dim midnight, through the haunted  
shade,

On Druid harps the quivering moonbeam played,  
And spells were breathed, that filled the deep-  
ening gloom

With the pale, shadowy people of the tomb.  
Or, haply, torches waving through the night  
Bade the red cairn fires blaze from every height,<sup>4</sup>  
Like battle signals, whose unearthly gleams  
Threw o'er the desert's hundred hills and streams  
A savage grandeur; while the starry skies  
Rang with the peal of mystic harmonies,  
As the loud harp its deep-toned hymns sent forth  
To the storm-ruling powers, the war gods of the  
North.

But wilder sounds were there — th' imploring  
cry

That woke the forest's echo in reply,  
But not the heart's! Unmoved the wizard  
train

Stood round their human victim, and in vain  
His prayer for mercy rose; in vain his glance  
Looked up, appealing to the blue expanse,  
Where in their calm immortal beauty shone  
Heaven's cloudless orbs. With faint and fainter  
moan,

Bound on the shrine of sacrifice he lay,  
Till, drop by drop, life's current ebb'd away;  
Till rock and turf grew deeply, darkly red,  
And the pale moon gleamed paler on the dead.  
Have such things been, and here? — where still  
ness dwells

'Midst the rude barrows and the moorland swells,  
Thus undisturbed? O, long the gulf of time  
Hath closed in darkness o'er those days of crime,  
And earth no vestige of their path retains,  
Save such as these, which strew her loneliest  
plains

of which is a Cromlech, whose three rough pillars of granite  
support a ponderous table stone, and form a kind of large  
irregular tripod.

<sup>4</sup> In some of the Druid festivals, fires were lighted on all  
the cairns and eminences around, by priests, carrying sacred  
torches. All the household fires were previously extin-  
guished, and those who were thought worthy of such a  
privilege were allowed to relight them with a flaming  
brand, kindled at the consecrated cairn fire

<sup>1</sup> Flint arrow heads have occasionally been found upon  
Dartmoor.

<sup>2</sup> "Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona  
Multi; sed omnes illachrymabiles  
Urgentur, ignotique longa

Nocte, carent quia vate sacro." — HORACE.

<sup>3</sup> "They had no poet, and they died." — POPE's *Transla-*  
*tion*.

■ On the east of Dartmoor are some Druidical remains, one



With records of man's conflicts and his doom,  
His spirit and his dust — the altar and the tomb.

But ages rolled away ; and England stood  
With her proud banner streaming o'er the flood ;  
And with a lofty calmness in her eye,  
And regal in collected majesty,  
To breast the storm of battle. Every breeze  
Bore sounds of triumph o'er her own blue seas ;  
And other lands, redeemed and joyous, drank  
The lifeblood of her heroes, as they sank  
On the red fields they won ; whose wild flowers  
wave  
Now in luxuriant beauty o'er their grave.

'Twas then the captives of Britannia's war<sup>1</sup>  
Here for their lovely southern climes afar  
In bondage pined ; the spell-deluded throng  
Dragged at ambition's chariot wheels so long  
To die — because a despot could not clasp  
A sceptre fitted to his boundless grasp !

Yes ! they whose march hath rocked the an-  
cient thrones  
And temples of the world — the deepening tones  
Of whose advancing trumpet from repose  
Had startled nations, wakening to their woes —  
Were prisoners here. And there were some  
whose dreams  
Were of sweet homes, by chainless mountain  
streams,  
And of the vine-clad hills, and many a strain  
And festal melody of Loire or Seine ;  
And of those mothers who had watched and wept,  
When on the field th' unsheltered conscript  
slept,  
Bathed with the midnight dews. And some  
were there  
Of sterner spirits, hardened by despair ;  
Who, in their dark imaginings, again  
Fired the rich palace and the stately fane,  
Drank in their victim's shriek, as music's breath,  
And lived o'er scenes, the festivals of death !

And there was mirth, too ! — strange and say-  
age mirth,  
More fearful far than all the woes of earth !  
The laughter of cold hearts, and scoffs that  
spring  
From minds for which there is no sacred thing ;  
And transient bursts of fierce, exulting glee —  
The lightning's flash upon its blasted tree !

<sup>1</sup> The French prisoners, taken in the wars with Napoleon,  
were confined in a depot on Dartmoor.

But still, howe'er the soul's disguise were  
worn,

If from wild revelry, or haughty scorn,  
Or buoyant hope, it won an outward show,  
Slight was the mask, and all beneath it — woe.

Yet, was this all ? Amidst the dungeon gloom,  
The void, the stillness of the captive's doom,  
Were there no deeper thoughts ? And that  
dark power

To whom guilt owes one late but dreadful hour,  
The mighty debt through years of crime delayed,  
But, as the grave's, inevitably paid ;  
Came he not thither, in his burning force,  
The lord, the tamer of dark souls — Remorse ?

Yes ! as the knight calls forth from sea and  
sky,  
From breeze and wood, a solemn harmony,  
Lost when the swift triumphant wheels of day  
In light and sound are hurrying on their way :  
Thus, from the deep recesses of the heart,  
The voice which sleeps, but never dies, might  
start,  
Called up by solitude, each nerve to thrill  
With accents heard not, save when all is still !

The voice, inaudible when havoc's strain  
Crushed the red vintage of devoted Spain ;  
Mute when sierras to the war whoop rung,  
And the broad light of conflagration sprung  
From the south's marble cities ; hushed 'midst  
cries  
That told the heavens of mortal agonies ;  
But gathering silent strength, to wake at last  
In concentrated thunders of the past !

And there, perchance, some long-bewildered  
mind,  
Torn from its lowly sphere, its path confined  
Of village duties, in the Alpine glen,  
Where nature cast its lot 'midst peasant men ;  
Drawn to that vortex, whose fierce ruler blent  
The earthquake power of each wild element,  
To lend the tide which bore his throne on high  
One impulse more of desperate energy ;  
Might — when the billow's awful rush was o'er  
Which tossed its wreck upon the storm-beat  
shore,  
Won from its wanderings past, by suffering tried,  
Searched by remorse, by anguish purified —  
Have fixed, at length, its troubled hopes and  
fears  
On the far world, seen brightest through our  
tears ;

And, in that hour of triumph or despair,  
Whose secrets all must learn — but none declare,  
When, of the things to come, a deeper sense  
Fills the dim eye of trembling penitence,  
Have turned to Him whose bow is in the cloud,  
Around life's limits gathering as a shroud —  
The fearful mysteries of the heart who knows,  
And, by the tempest, calls it to repose!

Who visited that death bed? Who can tell  
Its brief sad tale, on which the soul might  
dwell,  
And learn immortal lessons? Who beheld  
The struggling hope, by shame, by doubt re-  
pelled —  
The agony of prayer — the bursting tears —  
The dark remembrances of guilty years,  
Crowding upon the spirit in their might?  
He, through the storm who looked, and there  
was light!

That scene is closed — that wild, tumultuous  
breast,  
With all its pangs and passions, is at rest!  
He, too, is fallen, the master-power of strife,  
Who woke those passions to delirious life;  
And days, prepared a brighter course to run,  
Unfold their buoyant pinions to the sun!

It is a glorious hour when Spring goes forth  
O'er the bleak mountains of the shadowy north,  
And with one radiant glance, one magic breath,  
Wakes all things lovely from the sleep of death;  
While the glad voices of a thousand streams,  
Bursting their bondage, triumph in her beams!

But Peace hath nobler changes! O'er the  
mind,  
The warm and living spirit of mankind,  
Her influence breathes, and bids the blighted  
heart  
To life and hope from desolation start!  
She with a look dissolves the captive's chain,  
Peopling with beauty widowed homes again;  
Around the mother, in her closing years,  
Gathering her sons once more, and from the  
tears  
Of the dim past but winning purer light,  
To make the present more serenely bright.

Nor rests that influence here. From clime to  
clime,  
In silence gliding with the stream of time,  
Still doth it spread, borne onwards, as a breeze  
With healing on its wings, o'er isles and seas.

And as Heaven's breath called forth, with genia  
power,  
From the dry wand the almond's living flower  
So doth its deep-felt charm in secret move  
The coldest heart to gentle deeds of love;  
While round its pathway nature softly glows,  
And the wide desert blossoms as the rose.

Yes! let the waste lift up th' exulting voice  
Let the far-echoing solitude rejoice!  
And thou, lone moor! where no blithe reaper's  
song  
E'er lightly sped the summer hours along,  
Bid thy wild rivers, from each mountain sour,  
Rushing in joy, make music on their course!  
Thou whose sole records of existence mark  
The scene of barbarous rites in ages dark,  
And of some nameless combat; hope's bright  
eye  
Beams o'er thee in the light of prophecy!  
Yet shalt thou smile, by busy culture dressed,  
And the rich harvest wave upon thy breast!  
Yet shall thy cottage smoke at dewy morn,  
Rise in blue wreaths above the flowering thorn,  
And 'midst thy hamlet shades, the imbosomed  
spire  
Catch from deep-kindling heavens their earliest  
fire.

Thee, too, that hour shall bless, the balmy  
close  
Of labor's day, the herald of repose,  
Which gathers hearts in peace; while social  
mirth  
Basks in the blaze of each free village hearth;  
While peasant songs are on the joyous gales,  
And merry England's voice floats up from all  
her vales.  
Yet are there sweeter sounds; and thou shalt  
hear  
Such ■ to Heaven's immortal host are dear.  
O, if there still be melody on earth  
Worthy the sacred bowers where man drew  
birth,  
When angel steps their paths rejoicing trod,  
And the air trembled with the breath of God;  
It lives in those soft accents, to the sky<sup>1</sup>  
Borne from the lips of stainless infancy,  
When holy strains, from life's pure fount which  
sprung,  
Breathed with deep reverence, falter on his  
tongue.

<sup>1</sup> In allusion to a plan for the erection of a great national school house on Dartmoor, where it was proposed to educate the children of convicts.







THE HARP OF WALES.

Wake with the spirit and the power of yore!  
Harp of the ancient hills' be heard once more!

And such shall be *thy* music, when the cells,  
Where Guilt, the child of hopeless Misery,  
dyells,

(And, to wild strength by desperation wrought,  
In silence broods o'er many a fearful thought,) Resound to pity's voice; and childhood thence,  
Ere the cold blight hath reached its innocence,  
Ere that soft rose bloom of the soul be fled,  
Which vice but breathes on and its hues are dead,  
Shall at the call press forward, to be made  
A glorious offering, meet for Him who said,  
"Mercy, not sacrifice!" and, when of old  
Clouds of rich incense from his altars rolled,  
Dispersed the smoke of perfumes, and laid bare  
The heart's deep folds, to read its homage there!

When some crowned conqueror, o'er a tram-  
pled world

His banner, shadowing nations, hath unfurled,  
And, like those visitations which deform  
Nature for centuries, hath made the storm  
His pathway to dominion's lonely sphere,  
Silence behind — before him, flight and fear!  
When kingdoms rock beneath his rushing  
wheels,

Till each fair isle the mighty impulse feels,  
And earth is moulded but by one proud will,  
And sceptred realms wear fetters, and are still,  
Shall the free soul of song bow down to pay  
The earthquake homage on its baleful way?  
Shall the glad harp send up exulting strains  
O'er burning cities and forsaken plains?  
And shall no harmony of softer close  
Attend the stream of mercy as it flows,  
And, mingling with the murmur of its wave,  
Bless the green shores its gentle currents lave?

O, there are loftier themes, for him whose eyes  
Have searched the depths of life's realities,  
Than the red battle, or the trophied car,  
Wheeling the monarch victor fast and far;  
There are more noble strains than those which  
swell

The triumphs ruin may suffice to tell!

Ye prophet bards, who sat in eider days  
Beneath the palms of Judah! ye whose lays  
With torrent rapture, from their source on  
high,

Burst in the strength of immortality!

O, not alone, those haunted groves among,  
Of conquering hosts, of empires crushed, ye  
sung,

But of that spirit destined to explore,  
With the bright dayspring, every distant shore,  
To dry the tear, to bind the broken reed,  
To make the home of peace in hearts that bleed;  
With beams of hope to pierce the dungeon's  
gloom,  
And pour eternal starlight o'er the tomb

And blessed and hallowed be its haunts! for  
there

Hath man's high soul been rescued from despair!  
'There hath th' immortal spark for heaven been  
nursed;

There from the rock the springs of life have  
burst

Quenchless and pure! and holy thoughts, that  
rise

Warm from the source of human sympathies —  
Where'er its path of radiance may be traced,  
Shall find their temple in the silent waste.

## WELSH MELODIES.

### THE HARP OF WALES.

INTRODUCTORY STANZAS, INSCRIBED TO THE RUTHIN WELSH  
LITERARY SOCIETY.

HARP of the mountain land! sound forth again  
As when the foaming Hirlas' horn was  
crowned,  
And warrior hearts beat proudly to the strain,  
And the bright mead at Owain's feast went  
round:

Hirlas, from *hir*, long, and *glas*, blue or azure.

Wake with the spirit and the power of yore!  
Harp of the ancient hills! be heard once more

Thy tones are not to cease! The Roman  
came

O'er the blue waters with his thousand oars:  
Through Mona's oaks he sent the wasting flame

The Druid shrines lay prostrate on our shores  
All gave their ashes to the wind and sea —  
Ring out, thou harp! he could not silence  
thee.

Thy tones are not to cease! The Saxon passed,  
His banners floated on Eryri's gales;<sup>1</sup>  
But thou wert heard above the trumpet's blast,  
E'en when his towers rose loftiest o'er the  
vales!

*Thine* was the voice that cheered the brave and  
free;  
They had their hills, their chainless hearts, and  
thee.

Those were dark years! — They saw the valiant  
fall,

The rank weeds gathering round the chief-  
tain's board,

The hearth left lonely in the ruined hall —

Yet power was *thine* — a gift in every chord!  
Call back that spirit to the days of peace,  
Thou noble harp! thy tones are not to cease!

#### DRUID CHORUS ON THE LANDING OF THE ROMANS.

By the dread and viewless powers  
Whom the storms and seas obey,  
From the Dark Isle's<sup>2</sup> mystic bowers,  
Romans! o'er the deep away!  
'Think ye, 'tis but nature's gloom  
O'er our shadowy coast which broods?  
By the altar and the tomb,  
Shun these haunted solitudes!

Know ye Mona's awful spells?  
She the rolling orbs can stay!  
She the mighty grave compels  
Back to yield its fettered prey!  
Fear ye not the lightning stroke?  
Mark ye not the fiery sky?  
Hence! — around our central oak  
Gods are gathering — Romans, fly!

#### THE GREEN ISLES OF OCEAN.<sup>3</sup>

WHERE are they, those green fairy islands, re-  
posing  
In sunlight and beauty on ocean's calm breast?

<sup>1</sup> Eryri, the Welsh name for the Snowdon Mountains.

<sup>2</sup> *Ynys Dyrnnyll*, or the Dark Island — an ancient name for Anglesey.

<sup>3</sup> The "Green Islands of Ocean," or "Green Spots of the Floods," called in the *Triads* "Gwerddonau Llion," (respecting which some remarkable superstitions have been preserved in Wales,) were supposed to be the abode of the Fair Family, or souls of the virtuous Druids, who could not enter the Christian heaven, but were permitted to enjoy this

What spirit, the things which are hidden dis-  
closing,  
Shall point the bright way to their dwellings of  
rest?

O, lovely they rose on the dreams of past ages  
The mighty have sought them, undaunted in  
faith;  
But the land hath been sad for her warriors and  
sages,  
For the guide to those realms of the blessed is  
death.

Where are they, the high-minded children of  
glory,  
Who steered for those distant green spots on  
the wave?  
To the winds of the ocean they left their wild  
story,  
In the fields of their country they found not a  
grave.

Perchance they repose where the summer breeze  
gathers  
From the flowers of each vale immortality's  
breath;  
But their steps shall be ne'er on the hills of  
their fathers —  
For the guide to those realms of the blessed is  
death.

#### THE SEA SONG OF GAFRAN.<sup>4</sup>

WATCH ye well! The moon is shrouded  
On her bright throne;  
Storms are gathering, stars are clouded,  
Waves make wild moan.  
'Tis no night of hearth fires glowing,  
And gay songs and wine cups flowing;  
But of winds, in darkness blowing  
O'er seas unknown!

In the dwellings of our fathers,  
Round the glad blaze,  
Now the festive circle gathers  
With harps and lays;

paradise of their own. Gafran, a distinguished British chief  
tain of the fifth century, went on a voyage with his family  
to discover these islands; but they were never heard of  
afterwards. This event, the voyage of Merddin Emrys with  
his twelve bards, and the expedition of Madoc, were called  
the three losses by disappearance of the island of Britain. —  
See W. O. PUGHE'S *Cambrian Biography*; also *Cambre  
Briton*, i. 124.

<sup>4</sup> See note to the "Green Isles of Ocean"



Now the rush-strewn halls are ringing,  
Steps are bounding, bards are singing,  
- Ay! the hour to all is bringing  
Peace, joy, or praise, —

Save to us, our nightwatch keeping,  
Storm winds to brave,  
While the very sea bird sleeping  
Rests in its cave!  
Think of us when hearths are beaming,  
Think of us when mead is streaming,  
Ye, of whom our souls are dreaming  
On the dark wave!

### THE HIRLAS HORN.

**FILL** high the blue hirlas that shines like the  
wave<sup>1</sup>

When sunbeams are bright on the spray of  
the sea;  
And bear thou the rich foaming mead to the  
brave,  
The dragons of battle, the sons of the free!  
To those from whose spears, in the shock of the  
fight,  
A beam, like heaven's lightning,<sup>2</sup> flashed over  
the field;  
To those who came rushing as storms in their  
might,  
Who have shivered the helmet, and cloven  
the shield;  
The sound of whose strife was like oceans afar,  
When lances were red from the harvest of war.

Fill high the blue hirlas! O cup-bearer, fill  
For the lords of the field in their festival's hour,  
And let the mead foam, like the stream of the hill  
That bursts o'er the rock in the pride of its  
power:  
Praise, praise to the mighty, fill high the smooth  
horn

Of honor and mirth,<sup>3</sup> for the conflict is o'er;  
And round let the golden-tipped hirlas be borne  
To the lion defenders of Gwynedd's fair shore,  
Who rushed to the field where the glory was won,  
As eagles that soar from their cliffs to the sun.

<sup>1</sup> "Fetch the horn, that we may drink together, whose gloss is like the waves of the sea; whose green handles show the skill of the artist, and are tipped with gold." — From the *Hirlas Horn* of OWAIN CYFEILLIOG.

<sup>2</sup> "Heard ye in Maelor the noise of war, the horrid din of arms, their furious onset, loud as in the battle of Bangor, where fire flashed out of their spears?" — From the same

<sup>3</sup> "Fill, then, the yellow-lipped horn — badge of honor and mirth." — From the same.

Fill higher the hirlas! forgetting not those  
Who shared its bright draught in the days  
which are fled!  
Though cold on their mountains the valiant  
repose,  
Their lot shall be lovely — renown to the dead!  
While harps in the hall of the feast shall be  
strung,  
While regal Eryri with snow shall be crowned,  
So long by the bards shall their battles be sung,  
And the heart of the hero shall burn at the  
sound.  
The free winds of Maelor<sup>4</sup> shall swell with their  
name,  
And Owain's rich hirlas be filled to their fame.

### THE HALL OF CYNDDYLAN.

THE Hall of Cynddylan is gloomy to-night;<sup>5</sup>  
I weep, for the grave has extinguished its light;  
The beam of the lamp from its summit is o'er,  
The blaze of its hearth shall give welcome no  
more!

The Hall of Cynddylan is voiceless and still;  
The sound of its harpings hath died on the hill!  
Be silent forever, thou desolate scene,  
Nor let e'en an echo recall what hath been!

The Hall of Cynddylan is lonely and bare;  
No banquet, no guest, not a footstep is there!  
O, where are the warriors who circled its board?  
— The grass will soon wave where the mead  
cup was poured!

The Hall of Cynddylan is loveless to-night,  
Since he is departed whose smile made it bright!  
I mourn, but the sigh of my soul shall be brief;  
The pathway is short to the grave of my chief

<sup>4</sup> Maelor, part of the counties of Denbigh and Flint, according to the modern division.

<sup>5</sup> "The Hall of Cynddylan is gloomy this night,  
Without fire, without bed —  
I must weep a while, and then be silent.

The Hall of Cynddylan is gloomy this night,  
Without fire, without being lighted —  
Be thou encircled with spreading silence!

The Hall of Cynddylan is without love this night,  
Since he that owned it is no more —  
Ah Death! it will be but a short time he will  
me.

The Hall of Cynddylan it is not easy this night,  
On the top of the rock of Hydwyth,  
Without its lord, without company, without the cir-  
cling feasts!

OWEN'S *Heroic Elegies of Llywarch Hen.*

## THE LAMENT OF LLYWARCH HEN.

[Llywarch Hen, or Llywarch the Aged, a celebrated bard and chief of the times of Arthur, was prince of Argoed, supposed to be a part of the present Cumberland. Having sustained the loss of his patrimony, and witnessed the fall of most of his sons, in the unequal contest maintained by the North Britons against the growing power of the Saxons, Llywarch was compelled to fly from his country, and seek refuge in Wales. He there found an asylum for some time in the residence of Cynddylan, Prince of Powys, whose fall he pathetically laments in one of his poems. These are still extant; and his elegy on old age and the loss of his sons is remarkable for its simplicity and beauty. — See *Cambrian Biography*, and OWEN'S *Heroic Elegies and other Poems of Llywarch Hen*.]

THE bright hours return, and the blue sky is  
ringing

With song, and the hills are all mantled with  
bloom;

But fairer than aught which the summer is  
bringing,

The beauty and youth gone to people the tomb!  
O, why should I live to hear music resounding,  
Which cannot awake ye, my lovely, my brave?  
Why smile the waste flowers, my sad footsteps  
surrounding?

— My sons! they but clothe the green turf of  
your grave!

Alone on the rocks of the stranger I linger,  
My spirit all wrapped in the past as a dream!  
Mine ear hath no joy in the voice of the singer,<sup>1</sup>  
Mine eye sparkles not to the sunlight's glad  
beam;

Yet, yet I live on, though forsaken and weeping!  
— O grave! why refuse to the aged thy bed,  
When valor's high heart on thy bosom is sleeping,  
When youth's glorious flower is gone down to  
the dead!

Fair were ye, my sons! and all kingly your  
bearing,

As on to the fields of your glory ye trod!  
Each prince of my race the bright golden chain  
wearing,

Each eye glancing fire, shrouded now by the  
sod!

I weep when the blast of the trumpet is sounding,  
Which rouses ye not, O my lonely! my brave!

<sup>1</sup> "What I loved when I was a youth is hateful to me  
now."

"Four and twenty sons to me have been  
Wearing the golden chain, and leading princes,"  
*Elegies of Llywarch Hen*.

The golden chain, as a badge of honor, worn by heroes,

When warriors and chiefs to their proud steeds  
are bounding,

I turn from heaven's light, for it smiles on your  
grave!<sup>3</sup>

## GRUFYDD'S FEAST.

[“Grufydd ab Rhys ab Tewdwr, having resisted the English successfully in the time of Stephen, and at last obtained from them an honorable peace, made a great feast at his palace in *Ystrad Tyni* to celebrate this event. To this feast, which was continued for forty days, he invited all who would come in peace from *Gwynedd*, *Powys*, the *Deheubarth*, *Glamorgan*, and the marches. Against the appointed time he prepared all kinds of delicious viands and liquors; with every entertainment of vocal and instrumental song; thus patronizing the poets and musicians. He encouraged, too, all sorts of representations and manly games, and afterwards sent away all those who had excelled in them with honorable gifts.” — *Cambrian Biography*.]

LET the yellow mead shine for the sons of the  
brave,

By the bright festal torches around us that wave!  
Set open the gates of the prince's wide hall,  
And hang up the chief's ruddy spear on the  
wall!

There is peace in the land we have battled  
to save:

Then spread ye the feast, bid the wine cup foam  
high,<sup>4</sup>

That those may rejoice who have feared not to  
die!

Let the horn whose loud blast gave the signal  
for fight,

With the bees' sunny nectar now sparkle in  
light;<sup>5</sup>

Let the rich draught it offers with gladness be  
crowned,

For the strong hearts in combat that leaped at  
its sound!

Like the billows' dark swell was the path of  
their might.

Red, red as their blood, fill the wine cup  
high,

That those may rejoice who have feared not to  
die!

is frequently alluded to in the works of the ancient British  
bards.

<sup>3</sup> “Hardly has the snow covered the vale,  
When the warriors are hastening to the battle  
I do not go, I am hindered by infirmity.”

*Elegies of Llywarch Hen*.

<sup>4</sup> Wine, as well as mead, is frequently mentioned in the  
poems of the ancient British bards.

<sup>5</sup> The horn was used for two purposes — to sound an  
alarm in war, and to drink the mead at feasts.

And wake ye the children of song from their  
dreams,  
On Maelor's wild hills and by Dyfed's fair  
streams !<sup>1</sup>  
Bid them haste with those strains of the lofty  
and free,  
Which shall flow down the waves of long ages  
to be.  
Sheathe the sword which hath given them  
unperishing themes,  
And pour the bright mead : let the wine cup  
foam high,  
That those may rejoice who have feared not to  
die !

### THE CAMBRIAN IN AMERICA.

When the last flush of eve is dying  
On boundless lakes afar that shine ;  
When winds amidst the palms are sighing,  
And fragrance breathes from every pine ;<sup>2</sup>  
When stars through cypress boughs are gleam-  
ing,  
And fireflies wander bright and free,  
Still of thy harps, thy mountains dreaming,  
My thoughts, wild Cambria ! dwell with thee !

Alone o'er green savannas roving,  
Where some broad stream in silence flows,  
Or through th' eternal forests moving,  
One only home my spirit knows !  
Sweet land, whence memory ne'er hath parted !  
To thee on sleep's light wing I fly ;  
But happier could the weary-hearted  
Look on his own blue hills and die !

### TALIESIN'S PROPHECY.

[A prophecy of Taliesin relating to the ancient Britons is still extant, and has been strikingly verified. It is to the following effect : —

" Their God they shall worship,  
Their language they shall retain,  
Their land they shall lose,  
Except wild Wales." ]

A voice from time departed yet floats thy hills  
among,  
O Cambria ! thus thy prophet bard, thy Taliesin  
sung :

<sup>1</sup> Dyfed, (said to signify a land abounding with streams of water,) the modern Pembrokeshire.

<sup>2</sup> The aromatic odor of the pine has frequently been mentioned by travellers.

" The path of unborn ages is traced upon my soul,  
The clouds which mantle things unseen away  
before me roll,  
A light the depths revealing hath o'er my spirit  
passed,  
A rushing sound from days to be swells fitful  
in the blast,  
And tells me that forever shall live the lofty  
tongue  
To which the harp of Mona's woods by free-  
dom's hand was strung.

" Green island of the mighty !<sup>3</sup> I see thine  
ancient race  
Driven from their fathers' realm to make the  
rocks their dwelling-place !  
I see from Uthyr's<sup>4</sup> kingdom the sceptre pass  
away,  
And many a line of bards, and chiefs, and prince-  
ly men decay.  
But long as Arvon's mountains shall lift their  
sovereign forms,  
And wear the crown to which is given dominion  
o'er the storms,  
So long, their empire sharing, shall live the lofty  
tongue  
To which the harp of Mona's woods by freedom's  
hand was strung !"

### OWEN GLYNDWR'S WAR SONG.

Saw ye the blazing star ?<sup>5</sup>  
The heavens looked down on freedom's war,  
And lit her torch on high !  
Bright on the dragon crest<sup>6</sup>  
It tells that glory's wing shall rest,  
When warriors meet to die !

Let earth's pale tyrants read despair  
And vengeance in its flame ;

<sup>1</sup> *Ynys y Cedeirn*, or Isle of the Mighty — an ancient name given to Britain.

<sup>4</sup> Uthyr Pendragon, king of Britain, supposed to have been the father of Arthur.

<sup>5</sup> The year 1402 was ushered in with a comet or blazing star, which the bards interpreted as an omen favorable to the cause of Glendwr. It served to infuse spirit into the minds of a superstitious people ; the first success of their chief ain confirmed this belief, and gave new vigor to their actions. — PENNANT.

<sup>6</sup> Owen Glendwr styled himself the *Dragon* ; a name he assumed in imitation of Uthyr, whose victories over the Saxons were foretold by the appearances of a star with a dragon beneath, which Uthyr used as his badge ; and on that account it became a favorite one with the Welsh. — PENNANT.



Hail ye, my bards ! the omen fair  
Of conquest and of fame,  
And swell the rushing mountain air  
With songs to Glendwr's name.

At the dead hour of night,  
Marked ye how each majestic height  
Burned in its awful beams ?  
Red shone th' eternal snows,  
And all the land, as bright it rose,  
Was full of glorious dreams !  
O eagles of the battle,<sup>1</sup> rise !  
The hope of Gwynedd<sup>2</sup> wakes !  
It is your banner in the skies  
Through each dark cloud which breaks,  
And mantles with triumphal dyes  
Your thousand hills and lakes !

A sound is on the breeze,  
A murmur as of swelling seas !  
The Saxon on his way !  
Lo ! spear, and shield, and lance,  
From Deva's waves, with lightning glance,  
Reflected to the day !  
But who the torrent wave compels  
A conqueror's chain to bear ?  
Let those who wake the soul that dwells  
On our free winds beware !  
The greenest and the loveliest dells  
May be the lion's lair !

Of us *they* told, the seers,  
And monarch bards of elder years,  
Who walked on earth as powers !  
And in their burning strains,  
A spell of might and mystery reigns,  
To guard our mountain towers !  
— In Snowdon's caves a prophet lay :<sup>3</sup>  
Before his gifted sight,  
The march of ages passed away  
With hero footsteps bright ;  
But proudest in that long array  
Was Glendwr's path of light !

#### PRINCE MADOC'S FAREWELL.

Why lingers my gaze where the last hues of day  
On the hills of my country in loveliness sleep ?  
Too fair is the sight for a wanderer, whose way  
Lies far o'er the measureless worlds of the deep !

<sup>1</sup> "Bring the horn to Tudwrou, the *Eagle of Battles*." — See the *Hirlas Horn* of OWAIN CYFEILIOG. The eagle is a very favorite image with the ancient Welsh poets.

<sup>2</sup> Gwynedd, (pronounced Gwyneth,) North Wales.

Merlin, or Merddin Emrys, is said to have composed his

Fall, shadows of twilight ! and veil the green  
shore,  
That the heart of the mighty may waver no more !

Why rise on my thoughts, ye free songs of the  
land

Where the harp's lofty soul on each wild wind  
is borne ?

Be hushed, be forgotten ! for ne'er shall the hand  
Of minstrel with melody greet my return.

— No ! no ! — let your echoes still float on the  
breeze,

And my heart shall be strong for the conquest  
of seas !

'Tis not for the land of my sires to give birth  
Unto bosoms that shrink when their trial is  
nigh ;

Away ! we will bear over ocean and earth

A name and a spirit that never shall die.

My course to the winds, to the stars, I resign ;  
But my soul's quenchless fire, O my country !  
is thine.

#### CASWALLON'S TRIUMPH.

[Caswallon (or Cassivelaunus) was elected to the supreme command of the Britons, (as recorded in the *Triads*,) for the purpose of opposing Cæsar, under the title of Elected Chief of Battle. Whatever impression the disciplined legions of Rome might have made on the Britons in the first instance, the subsequent departure of Cæsar they considered as a cause of triumph ; and it is stated that Caswallon proclaimed an assembly of the various states of the island, for the purpose of celebrating that event by feasting and public rejoicing. *Cambrian Biography*.]

From the glowing southern regions,  
Where the sun god makes his dwelling,  
Came the Roman's crested legions  
O'er the deep, round Britain swelling.  
The wave grew dazzling as he passed,  
With light from spear and helmet cast ;  
And sounds in every rushing blast  
Of a conqueror's march were telling.

But his eagle's royal pinion,  
Bowling earth beneath its glory,  
Could not shadow with dominion  
Our wild seas and mountains hoary !

prophecies on the future lot of the Britons, amongst the mountains of Snowdon. Many of these, and other ancient prophecies, were applied by Glyndwr to his own cause, and assisted him greatly in animating the spirit of his followers.

Back from their cloudy realm it flies,  
To float in light through softer skies;  
O, chainless winds of heaven, arise!  
Bear a vanquished world the story!

Lords of earth! to Rome returning,  
Tell how Britain combat wages,  
How Caswallon's soul is burning  
When the storm of battle rages!  
And ye that shrine high deeds in song,  
O holy and immortal throng!  
The brightness of his name prolong,  
As a torch to stream through ages!

### HOWEL'S SONG.

[HOWEL ab Einion Llygliw was a distinguished bard of the fourteenth century. A beautiful poem, addressed by him to Myfanwy Vychan, a celebrated beauty of those times, is still preserved amongst the remains of the Welsh bards. The ruins of Myfanwy's residence, Castle Dinas Brân, may yet be traced on a high hill near Llangollen.]

PRESS on, my steed! I hear the swell<sup>1</sup>  
Of Valle Crucis' vesper bell,  
Sweet floating from the holy dell  
O'er woods and waters round.  
Perchance the maid I love, e'en now,  
From Dinas Brân's majestic brow,  
Looks o'er the fairy world below,  
And listens to the sound!

I feel her presence on the scene!  
The summer air is more serene,  
The deep woods wave in richer green,  
The wave more gently flows!  
O fair as ocean's curling foam!<sup>2</sup>  
Lo! with the balmy hour I come —  
The hour that brings the wanderer home,  
The weary to repose!

Haste! on each mountain's darkening crest  
The glow hath died, the shadows rest;  
The twilight star on Deva's breast  
Gleams tremulously bright;

<sup>1</sup> "I have rode hard, mounted on a fine, high-bred steed, upon thy account, O thou with the countenance of cherry-blossom bloom. The speed was with eagerness, and the strong long-hamm'd steed of Alban reached the summit of the high land of Brân."

<sup>2</sup> "My loving heart sinks with grief without thy support, O thou that hast the whiteness of the curling waves! . . . I know that this pain will avail me nothing towards obtaining thy love, O thou whose countenance is bright as the flowers of the hawthorn!" — HOWEL'S *Ode to Myfanwy*

Speed for Myfanwy's bower on high!  
Though scorn may wound me from her eye,  
O, better by the sun to die,  
Than live in rayless night!

### THE MOUNTAIN FIRES.

[“The custom retained in Wales of lighting fires (*Coelcerthi*) on November eve is said to be a traditional memorial of the massacre of the British chiefs by Hengist, on Salisbury Plain. The practice is, however, of older date, and had reference originally to the *Alban Eloced*, or new year.” — *Cambro-Briton*.]

When these fires are kindled on the mountains, and seen through the darkness of a stormy night, casting a red and fitful glare over heath and rock, their effect is strikingly picturesque.]

LIGHT the hills! till heaven is glowing  
As with some red meteor's rays!  
Winds of night, though rudely blowing,  
Shall but fan the beacon blaze.  
Light the hills! till flames are streaming  
From Yr Wyddfa's sovereign steep,<sup>1</sup>  
To the waves round Mona gleaming,  
Where the Roman tracked the deep!

Be the mountain watchfires heightened,  
Pile them to the stormy sky!  
Till each torrent wave is brightened,  
Kindling as it rushes by.  
Now each rock, the mist's high dwelling,  
Towers in reddening light sublime;  
Heap the flames! around them telling  
Tales of Cambria's elder time.

Thus our sires, the fearless hearted,  
Many a solemn vigil kept,  
When, in ages long departed,  
O'er the noble dead they wept.  
In the winds we hear their voices —  
“Sons! though yours a brighter lot,  
When the mountain land rejoices,  
Be her mighty unforgot!”

### ERYRI WEN.

[“Snowdon was held as sacred by the ancient Britons, ■ Parnassus was by the Greeks, and Ida by the Romans. It is still said, that whosoever slept upon Snowdon would wake inspired, as much as if he had taken a nap on the hill of Apollo. The Welsh had always the strongest attachment to the tract of Snowdon. Our princes had, in addition to their title, that of Lord of Snowdon.” — PENNANT.]

THEIRS was no dream, O monarch hill,  
With heaven's own azure crowned!

<sup>3</sup> Yr Wyddfa, the Welsh name of Snowdon, said ■ ■ ■ the conspicuous place, or object.

Who called thee — what thou shalt be still,  
White Snowdon! — holy ground.

They fabled not, thy sons who told  
Of the dread power enshrined  
Within thy cloudy mantle's fold,  
And on thy rushing wind!

It shadowed o'er thy silent height,  
It filled thy chainless air,  
Deep thoughts of majesty and might  
Forever breathing there.

Nor hath it fled! the awful spell  
Yet holds unbroken sway,  
As when on that wild rock it fell  
Where Merddin Emrys lay.<sup>1</sup>

Though from their stormy haunts of yore  
Thine eagles long have flown,<sup>2</sup>  
As proud a flight the soul shall soar  
Yet from thy mountain throne!

Pierce then the heavens, thou hill of streams!  
And make the snows thy crest!  
The sunlight of immortal dreams  
Around thee still shall rest.

Eryri! temple of the bard!  
And fortress of the free!  
'Midst rocks which heroes died to guard,  
Their spirit dwells with thee!

#### CHANT OF THE BARDS BEFORE THEIR MASSACRE BY EDWARD I.<sup>3</sup>

RAISE ye the sword! let the death stroke be  
given!

O, swift may it fall as the lightning of heaven!

<sup>1</sup> Dinas Emrys, (the fortress of Ambrose,) a celebrated rock amongst the mountains of Snowdon, is said to be so called from having been the residence of Merddin Emrys, called by the Latins Merlinus Ambrosius, the celebrated prophet and magician; and there, tradition says, he wrote his prophecies concerning the future state of the Britons.

There is another curious tradition respecting a large stone, on the ascent of Snowdon, called *Mien du yr Arddu*, the black stone of Arddu. It is said, that if two persons were to sleep a night on this stone, in the morning one would find himself endowed with the gift of poetry, and the other would become insane. — WILLIAMS'S *Observations on the Snowdon Mountains*.

<sup>2</sup> It is believed amongst the inhabitants of these mountains, that eagles have heretofore bred in the lofty clefts of their rocks. Some wandering ones are still seen at times, though very rarely, amongst the precipices. — WILLIAMS'S *Observations on the Snowdon Mountains*.

<sup>3</sup> This sanguinary deed is not attested by any historian of

So shall our spirits be free as our strains —  
The children of song may not languish in chains.

Have ye not trampled our country's bright crest  
Are heroes reposing in death on her breast:  
Red with their blood do her mountain streams  
flow,  
And think ye that still we would linger below!

Rest, ye brave dead! 'midst the hills of your  
sires:

O, who would not slumber when freedom ex-  
pires?

Lonely and voiceless your halls must remain —  
The children of song may not breathe in the  
chain!

#### THE DYING BARD'S PROPHECY.\*

THE hall of harps is lone to-night,  
And cold the chieftain's hearth;  
It hath no mead, it hath no light;  
No voice of melody, no sound of mirth!

The bow lies broken on the floor  
Whence the free step is gone;  
The pilgrim turns him from the door  
Where minstrel blood hath stained the thresh-  
old stone.

"And I, too, go; my wound is deep;  
My brethren long have died;  
Yet, ere my soul grow dark with sleep,  
Winds! bear the spoiler one more tone of  
pride!

"Bear it where, on his battle plain,  
Beneath the setting sun,  
He counts my country's noble slain —  
Say to him — Saxon, think not *all* is won.

"Thou hast laid low the warrior's head,  
The minstrel's chainless hand:  
Dreamer! that numberest with the dead  
The burning spirit of the mountain land!

"Think'st thou, because the song hath ceased,  
The soul of song is flown?  
Think'st thou it woke to crown the feast,  
It lived beside the ruddy hearth alone?

credit. And it deserves to be also noticed, that none of the bardic productions since the time of Edward make any allusion to such an event. — *Cambro-Briton*, vol. i. p. 195.

\* At the time of the supposed massacre of the Welsh bards by Edward the First.



No! by our wrongs, and by our blood!  
 We leave it pure and free;  
 Though hushed a while, that sounding flood  
 Shall roll in joy through ages yet to be.

"We leave it 'midst our country's woe —  
 The birthright of her breast;  
 We leave it as we leave the snow  
 Bright and eternal on Eryri's crest.

"We leave it with our fame to dwell  
 Upon our children's breath;  
 Our voice in theirs through time shall swell —  
 The bard hath gifts of prophecy from death."

He dies; but yet the mountains stand,  
 Yet sweeps the torrent's tide;  
 And this is yet Aneurin's<sup>1</sup> land —  
 Winds! bear the spoiler one more tone of  
 pride!

### THE FAIR ISLE.<sup>2</sup>

FOR ■■■ MELODY CALLED THE "WELSH GROUND."

[The Bard of the Palace, under the ancient Welsh princes, always accompanied the army when it marched into an enemy's country; and, while it was preparing for battle or dividing the spoils, he performed an ancient song, called *Udbennath Prydain*, the Monarchy of Britain. It has been conjectured that this poem referred to the tradition of the Welsh, that the whole island had once been possessed by their ancestors, who were driven into a corner of it by their Saxon invaders. When the prince had received his share of the spoils, the bard, for the performance of this song, was rewarded with the most valuable beast that remained. — Jones's *Historical Account of the Welsh Bards*.]

#### I.

Sons of the Fair Isle! forget not the time  
 Ere spoilers had breathed the free air of your  
 clime;  
 All that its eagles behold in their flight  
 Was yours, from the deep to each storm-mantled  
 height.  
 Though from your race that proud birthright be  
 torn,  
 Unquenched is the spirit for monarchy born.

#### CHORUS.

Darkly though clouds may hang o'er us a while,  
 The crown shall not pass from the Beautiful Isle.

<sup>1</sup> Aneurin, one of the noblest of the Welsh bards.

<sup>2</sup> *Ynys Prydain* was the ancient Welsh name of Britain, and signifies *fair or beautiful isle*

#### II.

Ages may roll ere your children regain  
 The land for which heroes have perished in vain;  
 Yet in the sound of your names shall be power,  
 Around her still gathering in glory's full hour.  
 Strong in the fame of the mighty that sleep,  
 Your Britain shall sit on the throne of the deep.

#### CHORUS.

Then shall their spirits rejoice in her smile,  
 Who died for the crown of the Beautiful Isle.

### THE ROCK OF CADER IDRIS.

[It is an old tradition of the Welsh bards, that on the summit of the mountain Cader Idris is an excavation resembling a couch; and that whoever should pass a night in that hollow would be found in the morning either dead, in a frenzy, or endowed with the highest poetical inspiration.]

I LAY on that rock where the storms have their  
 dwelling,  
 The birthplace of phantoms, the home of the  
 cloud;  
 Around it forever deep music is swelling,  
 The voice of the mountain wind, solemn and  
 loud.  
 'Twas a midnight of shadows all fitfully stream-  
 ing,  
 Of wild waves and breezes, that mingled their  
 moan;  
 Of dim shrouded stars, as from gulfs faintly  
 gleaming;  
 And I met the dread gloom of its grandeur  
 alone.

I lay there in silence — a spirit came o'er me,  
 Man's tongue hath no language to speak what  
 I saw;  
 Things glorious, unearthly, passed floating be-  
 fore me,  
 And my heart almost fainted with rapture  
 and awe.  
 I viewed the dread beings around us that hover,  
 Though veiled by the mists of mortality's  
 breath;  
 And I called upon darkness the vision to cover,  
 For a strife was within me of madness and  
 death.

I saw them — the powers of the wind and the  
 ocean,  
 The rush of whose pinion bears onward the  
 storms;

Like the sweep of the white-rolling wave was  
their motion —

I *felt* their dim presence, but knew not their  
forms !

I saw them — the mighty of ages departed —

The dead were around me that night on the  
hill :

From their eyes, as they passed, ■ cold radiance  
they darted, —

There was light on my soul, but my heart's  
blood was chill.

[“The Welsh Melodies, which first introduced Mrs. Hemans to the public as a song writer, had already made their appearance. Some of them are remarkable for the melody of their numbers — in particular, the song to the well-known air, ‘Ar hyd y nos.’ Her fine feeling for music, in which, as also in drawing, she would have signally excelled, could she have bestowed the time and patient labor requisite for obtaining mastery over the mechanical difficulties of these arts, assisted her not only in her choice of measures, but also of her words ; and although, in speaking of her songs, it must be remarked that some of the later ■■■ are almost too full of meaning to require the further

I saw what man looks on, and dies—but my spirit  
Was strong, and triumphantly lived through  
that hour ;

And, as from the grave, I awoke to inherit  
A flame all immortal, a voice, and a power !  
Day burst on that rock with the purple cloud  
crested,

And high Cader Idris rejoiced in the sun ;  
But O, what new glory all nature invested,  
When the sense which gives soul to her beauty  
was won !

clothing of sweet sound, instead of their being left, as in outline, waiting for the musician's coloring hand, they must be all praised as flowing and expressive ; and it is needless to remind the reader how many of them, united with her sister's music, have obtained the utmost popularity. She had well studied the national character of the Welsh airs, and the allusions to the legendary history of the ancient Britons, which her songs contain, are happily chosen. But it was an instinct with Mrs. Hemans to catch the picturesque points of national character, as well as of national music in the latter she always delighted.” — CHORLEY'S *Memoirs of Mrs. Hemans*, pp. 80, 81.]

## THE VESPERS OF PALERMO.

A TRAGEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.

[“Mrs. Hemans was at this time (1821) occupied in the composition of her tragedy, ‘The Vespers of Palermo,’ which she originally wrote without any idea of offering it for the stage. The sanguine recommendations, however, of Mr. Reginald Heber, and the equally kind encouragement of Mr. Milman, (to whose correspondence she was introduced through the medium of a mutual friend, though she had never the advantage of his personal acquaintance,) induced her to venture upon a step which her own diffidence would have withheld her from contemplating, but for the support of such high literary authorities. Indeed, notwithstanding the flattering encomiums which were bestowed upon the tragedy by all who read it, and most especially by the critics of the greenroom, whose *imprimatur* might have been supposed a sufficiently safe guaranty of success, her own anticipations, throughout the long period of suspense which intervened between its acceptance and representation, were far more modified than those of her friends. In this subdued tone of feeling she thus wrote to Mr. Milman : — ‘As I cannot help looking forward to the day of trial with much more of dread than of sanguine expectation, I most willingly acquiesce in your recommendations of delay, and shall rejoice in having the respite as much prolonged as possible. I begin almost to shudder at my own presumption, and, if it were not for the kind encouragement I have received from you and Mr. Reginald Heber, should be much more anxiously occupied in searching for any outlet of escape, than in attempting to overcome the difficulties which seem to obstruct my onward path.’” — *Memoir*, ■■■ 81, 82.]

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

COUNT DI PROCIDA.  
RAIMOND DI PROCIDA, his Son.  
ERIBERT, Viceroy.  
DE COUCI.  
MONTALBA.  
GUIDO.

ALBERTI.  
ANSELMO, a Monk.  
VITTORIA.  
CONSTANCE, Sister to Eribert.

*Nobles, Soldiers, Messengers, Vassals, Peasants, &c., &c.* SCENE — Palermo.

## ACT I.

SCENE I. — *A Valley, with vineyards and cottages.**Groups of Peasants — PROCIDA, disguised as a Pilgrim, among them.*

1st *Pea.* Ay, this was wont to be a festal time  
In days gone by! I can remember well  
The old familiar melodies that rose  
At break of morn, from all our purple hills,  
To welcome in the vintage. Never since  
Hath music seemed so sweet. But the light  
          hearts,

Which to those measures beat so joyously,  
Are tamed to stillness now. There is no voice  
Of joy through all the land.

2d *Pea.* Yes! there are sounds  
Of revelry within the palaces,  
And the fair castles of our ancient lords,  
Where now the stranger banquets. Ye may hear  
From *thence* the peals of song and laughter rise  
At midnight's deepest hour.

3d *Pea.* Alas! we sat,  
In happier days, so peacefully beneath  
The olives and the vines our fathers reared,  
Encircled by our children, whose quick steps  
Flew by us in the dance! The time hath been  
When peace was in the hamlet, wheresoe'er  
The storm might gather. But this yoke of France  
Falls on the peasant's neck as heavily  
As on the crested chieftain's. We are bowed  
E'en to the earth.

*Pea's Child.* My father, tell me, when  
Shall the gay dance and song again resound  
Amidst our chestnut woods, as in those days  
Of which thou'rt wont to tell the joyous tale?

1st *Pea.* When there are light and reckless  
          hearts once more

In Sicily's green vales. Alas! my boy,  
Men meet not now to quaff the flowing bowl,  
To hear the mirthful song, and cast aside  
The weight of work-day care: they meet to speak  
Of wrongs and sorrows, and to whisper thoughts  
They dare not breathe aloud.

*Pro. (from the background.)* Ay, it is well  
So to relieve th' o'erburdened heart, which pants  
Beneath its weight of wrongs; but better far  
In silence to avenge them!

*An Old Pea.* What deep voice  
Came with that startling tone?

1st *Pea.* It was our guest's,  
The stranger pilgrim who hath sojourned here  
Since yestermorn. Good neighbors, mark him  
          well:

'He hath a stately bearing, and an eye

Whose glance looks through the heart. His  
          mien accords

Ill with such vestments. How he folds around  
          him

His pilgrim cloak, e'en as it were a robe  
Of knightly ermine! That commanding step  
Should have been used in courts and camps to  
          move.

Mark him!

*Old Pea.* Nay, rather mark him not; the times  
Are fearful, and they teach the boldest hearts  
A cautious lesson. What should bring him here

*A Youth.* He spoke of vengeance!

*Old Pea.* Peace! we are beset  
By snares on every side, and we must learn  
In silence and in patience to endure.  
Talk not of vengeance, for the word is death.

*Pro. (coming forward indignantly.)*

The word is death! And what hath life for thee,  
That thou shouldst cling to it thus? thou abject  
          thing!

Whose very soul is moulded to the yoke,  
And stamped with servitude. What! is it life  
Thus at a breeze to start, to school thy voice  
Into low fearful whispers, and to cast  
Pale jealous looks around thee, lest, e'en then,  
Strangers should catch its echo? — Is there  
          aught

In *this* so precious, that thy furrowed cheek  
Is blanched with terror at the passing thought  
Of hazarding some few and evil days,  
Which drag thus poorly on?

*Some of the Peas.* Away, away!

Leave us, for there is danger in thy presence.

*Pro.* Why, what is danger? Are there deeper  
          ills

Than those ye bear thus calmly? Ye have  
          drained

The cup of bitterness till nought remains  
To fear or shrink from — therefore be ye strong!  
Power dwelleth with despair. Why start ye  
          thus

At words which are but echoes of the thoughts  
Locked in your secret souls? Full well I know  
There is not one among you but hath nursed  
Some proud indignant feeling, which doth make  
One conflict of his life. I know *thy* wrongs  
And thine — and thine; but if within your  
          breast

There is no chord that vibrates to *my* voice.  
Then fare ye well.

*A Youth, (coming forward.)* No, no! say on!  
          say on!

There are still free and fiery hearts e'en here.  
That kindle at thy words.



*Pea.* If that indeed  
Thou hast a hope to give us —  
*Pro.* There is hope  
For all who suffer with indignant thoughts  
Which work in silent strength. What! think  
ye Heaven  
O'erlooks th' oppressor if he bear ■ while  
His crested head on high? I tell you, no!  
Th' avenger will not sleep. It was an hour  
Of triumph to the conqueror, when our king,  
Our young brave Conradin, in life's fair morn  
On the red scaffold died. Yet not the less  
Is Justice throned above; and her good time  
Comes rushing on in storms: that royal blood  
Hath lifted an accusing voice from earth,  
And hath been heard. The traces of the past  
Fade in *man's* heart, but ne'er doth Heaven  
forget.

*Pea.* Had we but arms and leaders, we are  
men  
Who might earn vengeance yet; but wanting  
these,  
What wouldst thou have us do?

*Pro.* Be vigilant;  
And when the signal wakes the land, arise!  
The peasant's arm is strong, and there shall be  
A rich and noble harvest. Fare ye well.

[*Exit PROCIDA.*]

*1st Pea.* This man should be a prophet; how  
he seemed  
To read our hearts with his dark searching  
glance  
And aspect of command! and yet his garb  
Is mean as ours.

*2d Pea.* Speak low; I know him well.  
At first his voice disturbed me, like a dream  
Of other days; but I remember now  
His form, seen oft when in my youth I served  
Beneath the banners of our kings! 'Tis he  
Who hath been exiled and proscribed so long,  
The Count di Procida.

*Pea.* And is this he?  
Then Heaven protect him! for around his  
steps  
Will many snares be set.

*1st Pea.* He comes not thus  
But with some mighty purpose — doubt it not;  
Perchance to bring us freedom. He is one  
Whose faith, through many a trial, hath been  
proved  
True to our native princes. But away!  
The noontide heat is past, and from the seas  
Light gales are wandering through the vine-  
yards; now  
We may resume our toil. [*Exeunt Peasants.*]

SCENE II. — *The Terrace of a Castle.*

ERIBERT, VITTORIA.

*Vit.* Have I not told thee that I bear a heart  
Blighted and cold? — Th' affections of my youth  
Lie slumbering in the grave; their fount is  
closed,  
And all the soft and playful tenderness  
Which hath its home in woman's breast, ere yet  
Deep wrongs have seared it — all is fled from  
mine.

Urge me no more.

*Eri.* O lady! doth the flower,  
That sleeps intombed through the long wintry  
storms,

Unfold its beauty to the breath of spring,  
And shall not woman's heart, from chill despair,  
Wake at love's voice?

*Vit.* Love! — make *love's* name thy spell,  
And I am strong! — the very word calls up,  
From the dark past, thoughts, feelings, powers  
arrayed

In arms against thee! Know'st thou *whom* I  
loved,

While my soul's dwelling-place was still on  
earth?

One who was born for empire, and endowed  
With such high gifts of princely majesty  
As bowed all hearts before him! Was he not  
Brave, royal, beautiful? And such he died;  
He died! — hast thou forgotten? — And thou'rt  
here,

Thou meet'st my glance with eyes which coldly  
looked,

— Coldly! — nay, rather with triumphant gaze,  
Upon his murder! Desolate as I am,  
Yet in the mien of *thine* affianced bride,  
O my lost Conradin! there should be still  
Somewhat of loftiness, which might o'erawe  
The hearts of *thine* assassins.

*Eri.* Haughty dame!

If thy proud heart to tenderness be closed,  
Know danger is around thee: thou hast foes  
That seek thy ruin, and my power alone  
Can shield thee from their arts.

*Vit.* Provençal, tell  
Thy tale of danger to some happy heart  
Which hath its little world of loved ones round  
For whom to tremble; and its tranquil joys  
That make earth Paradise. I stand alone;  
— They that are blessed may fear.

*Eri.* Is there not one  
Who ne'er commands in vain? Proud lady  
bend

Thy spirit to thy fate ; for know that he,  
Whose car of triumph in its earthquake path,  
O'er the bowed neck of prostrate Sicily,  
Hath borne him to dominion ; he, my king,  
Charles of Anjou, decrees thy hand the boon  
My deeds have well deserved ; and who hath  
power

Against his mandates ?

*Vit.* Viceroy, tell thy lord  
That, e'en where chains lie heaviest on the land,  
Souls may not all be fettered. Oft, e'er now,  
Conquerors have rocked the earth, yet failed to  
tame

Unto their purposes that restless fire  
Inhabiting man's breast. A spark bursts forth,  
And so they perish ! 'Tis the fate of those  
Who sport with lightning — and it may be *his*.  
Tell him I fear him not, and thus am free.

*Eri.* 'Tis well. Then nerve that lofty heart  
to bear

The wrath which is not powerless. Yet again  
Bethink thee, lady ! Love may change — *hath*  
changed

To vigilant hatred oft, whose sleepless eye  
Still finds what most it seeks for. Fare thee  
well.

— Look to it yet ! — To-morrow I return.

[*Exit ERIBERT.*]

*Vit.* To-morrow ! — Some ere now have slept  
and dreamt

Of morrows which ne'er dawned — or ne'er for  
them ;

So silently their deep and still repose  
Hath melted into death ! Are there not balms  
In nature's boundless realm, to pour out sleep  
Like this on me ? Yet should my spirit still  
Endure its earthly bonds, till it could bear  
To *his* a glorious tale of his own isle,  
Free and avenged. — *Thou* shouldst be now at  
work,

In wrath, my native Ætna ! who dost lift  
Thy spiry pillar of dark smoke so high,  
Through the red heaven of sunset ! sleep'st thou  
still,

With all thy founts of fire, while spoilers tread  
The glowing vales beneath ?

[*PROCIDA enters, disguised.*]

Ha ! who art thou,

Unbidden guest, that with so mute a step  
Dost steal upon me ?

*Pro.* One o'er whom hath passed  
All that can change man's aspect ! Yet not  
long

Shalt thou find safety in forgetfulness.

I — ne, to breathe whose name is perilous,

Unless thy wealth could bribe the winds to  
lence.

— Know'st thou *this*, lady ?

[*He shows a ring*]

*Vit.* Righteous Heaven ! the pledge  
Amidst his people from the scaffold thrown  
By him who perished, and whose kingly blood  
E'en yet is unatoned. My heart beats high —  
— O, welcome, welcome ! thou art Procida,  
Th' Avenger, the Deliverer !

*Pro.* Call me so,  
When my great task is done. Yet who can tell  
If the returned *be* welcome ? Many a heart  
Is changed since last we met.

*Vit.* Why dost thou gaze,  
With such a still and solemn earnestness,  
Upon my altered mien ?

*Pro.* That I may read  
If to the widowed love of Conradin,  
Or the proud Eribert's triumphant bride,  
I now intrust my fate.

*Vit.* Thou, Procida !  
That *thou* shouldst wrong me thus ! — prolong  
thy gaze

Till it hath found an answer.

*Pro.* 'Tis enough.  
I find it in thy cheek, whose rapid change  
Is from death's hue to fever's ; in the wild  
Unsettled brightness of thy proud dark eye,  
And in thy wasted form. Ay, 'tis a deep  
And solemn joy, thus in thy looks to trace,  
Instead of youth's gay bloom, the characters  
Of noble suffering : on thy brow the same  
Commanding spirit holds its native state,  
Which could not stoop to vileness. Yet the  
voice

Of Fame hath told afar, that thou shouldst wed  
This tyrant Eribert.

*Vit.* And told it not  
A tale of insolent love repelled with scorn —  
Of stern commands and fearful menaces  
Met with indignant courage ? Procida !  
It was but now that haughtily I braved  
His sovereign's mandate, which decrees my  
hand,

With its fair appanage of wide domains  
And wealthy vassals, a most fitting boon,  
To recompense his crimes. — I smiled — ay  
smiled —

In proud security ; for the high of heart  
Have still a pathway to escape disgrace.  
Though it be dark and lone.

*Pro.* Thou shalt not need  
To tread its shadowy mazes. Trust my words  
I tell thee that a spirit is abroad

Which will not slumber, till its path be traced  
By deeds of fearful fame. Vittoria, live!  
It is most meet that thou *shouldst* live, to see  
The mighty expiation! for thy heart  
(Forgive me that I wronged its faith!) hath  
nursed

A high, majestic grief, whose seal is set  
Deep on thy marble brow.

*Vit.* Then thou *canst* tell,

By gazing on the withered rose, that there  
Time, or the blight, hath worked! Ay, this is in  
Thy vision's scope! but O, the things unseen,  
Untold, undreamt of, which like shadows pass  
Hourly o'er that mysterious world, a mind  
To ruin struck by grief! Yet doth my soul,  
Far 'midst its darkness, nurse one soaring hope,  
Wherein is bright vitality. 'Tis to see  
His blood avenged, and his fair heritage,  
My beautiful native land, in glory risen,  
Like a warrior from his slumbers!

*Pro.* Hear'st thou not

With what a deep and ominous moan the voice  
Of our great mountain swells? There will be  
soon

A fearful burst! Vittoria! brood no more  
In silence o'er thy sorrows, but go forth  
Amidst thy vassals, (yet be secret still,)  
And let thy breath give nurture to the spark  
Thou'lt find already kindled I move on  
In shadow, yet awakening in my path  
That which shall startle nations. Fare thee well.

*Vit.* When shall we meet again?—Are we  
not those

Whom most he loved on earth? and think'st thou  
not

That love e'en yet shall bring his spirit near,  
While thus we hold communion?

*Pro.* Yes, I feel

Its breathing influence whilst I look on thee,  
Who wert its light in life. Yet will we not  
Make womanish tears our offering on his tomb;  
He shall have nobler tribute!—I must hence,  
But thou shalt soon hear more. Await the time.

[*Exeunt separately.*]

### SCENE III.—*The Sea Shore.*

RAIMOND DI PROCIDA, CONSTANCE.

*Con.* There is a shadow far within your eye,  
Which hath of late been deepening. You were  
wont,

Upon the clearness of your open brow,  
To wear a brighter spirit, shedding round  
Joy like our southern sun. It is not well,  
If some dark thought be gathering o'er your soul,

To hide it from affection. Why is this?  
My Raimond, why is this?

*Raim.* O, from the dreams  
Of youth, sweet Constance, hath not manhood  
still

A wild and stormy waking? They depart—  
Light after light, our glorious visions fade,  
The vaguely beautiful! till earth, unveiled,  
Lies pale around; and life's realities  
Press on the soul, from its unfathomed depth  
Rousing the fiery feelings, and proud thoughts,  
In all their fearful strength! 'Tis ever thus,  
And doubly so with me; for I awoke  
With high aspirings, making it a curse  
To breathe where noble minds are bowed, ■  
here.

—To breathe!—It is not breath!

*Con.* I know thy grief,

—And is't not mine?—for those devoted men,  
Doomed with their life to expiate some wild  
word,

Born of the social hour. O, I have knelt,  
E'en at my brother's feet, with fruitless tears,  
Imploring him to spare. His heart is shut  
Against my voice; yet will I not forsake  
The cause of mercy.

*Raim.* Waste not thou thy prayers,  
O gentle love! for them. There's little need  
For pity, though the galling chain be worn  
By some few slaves the less. Let them de-  
part!

There is ■ world beyond th' oppressor's reach,  
And thither lies their way.

*Con.* Alas! I see

That some new wrong hath pierced you to the  
soul.

*Raim.* Pardon, beloved Constance, if my  
words,

From feelings hourly stung, have caught, per-  
chance,

A tone of bitterness. O, when thine eyes,  
With their sweet, eloquent thoughtfulness, are  
fixed

Thus tenderly on mine, I should forget  
All else in their soft beams: and yet I came  
To tell thee—

*Con.* What?—what wouldst thou say? O,  
speak!

Thou wouldst not leave me!

*Raim.* I have cast a cloud,  
The shadow of dark thoughts and ruined for-  
tunes,  
O'er thy bright spirit. Haply, were I gone,  
Thou wouldst resume thyself, and dwell *once*  
more



In the clear, sunny light of youth and joy,  
E'en as before we met — before we loved !

*Con.* This is but mockery. Well thou know'st  
thy love

Hath given me nobler being ; made my heart  
A home for all the deep sublimities  
Of strong affection ; and I would not change  
Th' exalted life I draw from that pure source,  
With all its checkered hues of hope and fear,  
E'en for the brightest calm. Thou most unkind !  
Have I deserved this ?

*Raim.* O, thou hast deserved  
A love less fatal to thy peace than mine.  
Think not 'tis mockery ! But I cannot rest  
To be the scorned and trampled thing I am  
In this degraded land. Its very skies,  
That smile as if but festivals were held  
Beneath their cloudless azure, weigh me down  
With a dull sense of bondage, and I pine  
For freedom's chartered air. I would go forth  
To seek my noble father ; he hath been  
Too long a lonely exile, and his name  
Seems fading in the dim obscurity  
Which gathers round my fortunes.

*Con.* Must we part ?  
And is it come to this ? O, I have still  
Deemed it enough of joy with thee to share  
E'en grief itself. And now ! But this is vain.  
Alas ! too deep, too fond is woman's love !  
Too full of hope, she casts on troubled waves  
The treasures of her soul !

*Raim.* O, speak not thus !  
Thy gentle and desponding tones fall cold  
Upon my inmost heart. I leave thee but  
To be more worthy of a love like thine ;  
For I have dreamt of fame ! A few short years,  
And we may yet be blest.

*Con.* A few short years !  
Less time may well suffice for death and fate  
To work all change on earth ; to break the ties  
Which early love had formed ; and to bow down  
Th' elastic spirit ; and to blight each flower  
Strewn in life's crowded path ! But be it so !  
Be it enough to know that happiness  
Meets thee on other shores.

*Raim.* Where'er I roam,  
Thou shalt be with my soul ! Thy soft, low  
voice

Shall rise upon remembrance, like a strain  
Of music heard in boyhood, bringing back  
Life's morning freshness. O that there should be  
Things which we love with such deep tenderness,  
But, through that love, to learn how much of  
woe

Dwells in one 'hour like this ! Yet weep thou not !

We shall meet soon ; and many days, dear love,  
Ere I depart.

*Con.* Then there's a respite still.  
Days ! — not a day but in its course may bring  
Some strange vicissitude to turn aside  
Th' impending blow we shrink from. Fare thee  
well. [*Returning*  
— O Raimond ! this is not our last farewell !  
Thou wouldst not so deceive me ?

*Raim.* Doubt me not,  
Gentlest and best beloved ! we meet again.

[*Exit* CONSTANCE.

*Raim.* (*after a pause.*) When shall I breathe  
in freedom, and give scope  
To those untamable and burning thoughts,  
And restless aspirations, which consume  
My heart i' th' land of bondage ? O, with you,  
Ye everlasting images of power  
And of infinity ! thou blue rolling deep !  
And you, ye stars ! whose beams are characters  
Wherewith the oracles of fate are traced —  
With you my soul finds room, and casts aside  
The weight that doth oppress her. But my  
thoughts

Are wandering far ; there should be one to share  
This awful and majestic solitude  
Of sea and heaven with me.

[*PROCIDA enters unobserved.*

It is the hour

He named, and yet he comes not.

*Pro.* (*coming forward.*) He is here.

*Raim.* Now, thou mysterious stranger — thou  
whose glance

Doth fix itself on memory, and pursue  
Thought like a spirit, haunting its lone hours  
Reveal thyself : what art thou ?

*Pro.* One whose life  
Hath been a troubled stream, and made its way  
Through rocks and darkness, and a thousand  
storms,

With still a mighty aim. But now the shades  
Of eve are gathering round me, and I come  
To this, my native land, that I may rest  
Beneath its vines in peace.

*Raim.* Seek'st thou for peace ?  
This is no land of peace : unless that deep  
And voiceless terror, which doth freeze men's  
thoughts

Back to their source, and mantle its pale mien  
With a dull, hollow semblance of repose,  
May so be called.

*Pro.* There are such calms full oft  
Preceding earthquakes. But I have not been  
So vainly schooled by fortune, and inured  
To shape my course on peril's dizzy brink

That it should irk my spirit to put on  
Such guise of hushed submissiveness as best  
Must suit the troubled aspect of the times.

*Raim.* Why, then, thou'rt welcome, stranger,  
to the land

Where most disguise is needful. He were bold  
Who now should wear his thoughts upon his  
brow

Beneath Sicilian skies. The brother's eye  
Doth search distrustfully the brother's face;  
And friends, whose undivided lives have drawn  
From the same past their long remembrances,  
Now meet in terror, or no more — lest hearts,  
Full to o'erflowing, in their social hour  
Should pour out some rash word, which roving  
winds

Might whisper to our conquerors. This it is  
To wear a foreign yoke.

*Pro.* It matters not

To him who holds the mastery o'er his spirit,  
And can suppress its workings, till endurance  
Becomes as nature. We can tame ourselves  
To all extremes, and there is that in life  
To which we cling with most tenacious grasp,  
Even when its lofty aims are all reduced  
To the poor common privilege of breathing.  
— Why dost thou turn away?

*Raim.* What wouldst thou with me?

I deemed thee, by th' ascendant soul which lived  
And made its throne on thy commanding brow,  
One of a sovereign nature, which would scorn  
So to abase its high capacities  
For aught on earth. But thou art like the rest.  
What wouldst thou with me?

*Pro.* I would counsel thee.

Thou must do that which men — ay, valiant  
men —

Hourly submit to do; in the proud court,  
And in the stately camp, and at the board  
Of midnight revellers, whose flushed mirth is all  
A strife, won hardly. Where is he whose heart  
Lies bare, through all its foldings, to the gaze  
Of mortal eye? If vengeance wait the foe,  
Or fate th' oppressor, 'tis in depths concealed  
Beneath a smiling surface. — Youth, I say,  
Keep thy soul down! Put on a mask! — 'tis  
worn

Alike by power and weakness, and the smooth  
And specious intercourse of life requires  
Its aid in every scene.

*Raim.* Away, dissembler!

Life hath its high and its ignoble tasks,  
Fitted to every nature. Will the free  
And royal eagle stoop to learn the arts  
By which the serpent wins his spell-bound prey?

It is because I *will* not clothe myself  
In a vile garb of coward semblances,  
That now, e'en now, I struggle with my heart,  
To bid what most I love a long farewell,  
And seek my country on some distant shore,  
Where such things are unknown!

*Pro.* (*exultingly.*) Why, this is joy:  
After a long conflict with the doubts and fears,  
And the poor subtleties, of meaner minds,  
To meet a spirit, whose bold elastic wing  
Oppression hath not crushed. High-hearted  
youth,

Thy father, should his footsteps e'er again  
Visit these shores —

*Raim.* My father! what of him?  
Speak! was he known to thee?

*Pro.* In distant lands

With him I've traversed many a wild, and looked  
On many a danger; and the thought that thou  
Wert smiling then in peace, a happy boy,  
Oft through the storm hath cheered him.

*Raim.* Dost thou deem  
That still he lives? O, if it be in chains  
In woe, in poverty's obscurest cell,  
Say but he lives — and I will track his steps  
E'en to earth's verge!

*Pro.* It may be that he lives,  
Though long his name hath ceased to be a word  
Familiar in man's dwellings. But its sound  
May yet be heard! Raimond di Proci di,  
Rememberest thou thy father?

*Raim.* From my mind  
His form hath faded long, for years have passed  
Since he went forth to exile: but a vague,  
Yet powerful image of deep majesty,  
Still dimly gathering round each thought of him,  
Doth claim instinctive reverence; and my love  
For his inspiring name hath long become  
Part of my being.

*Pro.* Raimond! doth no voice  
Speak to thy soul, and tell thee whose the arms  
That would enfold thee now? My son! my son!

*Raim.* Father! O God! — my father! Now  
I know

Why my heart woke before thee!

*Pro.* O, this hour  
Makes hope reality; for thou art all  
My dreams had pictured thee!

*Raim.* Yet why so long  
E'en as a stranger hast thou crossed my paths,  
One nameless and unknown? — and yet I felt  
Each pulse within me thrilling to thy voice.

*Pro.* Because I would not link thy fate with  
mine,  
Till I could hail the dayspring of that hope

Which now is gathering round us. Listen, youth!  
 Thou hast told me of a subdued, and scorned,  
 And trampled land, whose very soul is bowed  
 And fashioned to her chains: but I tell thee  
 Of a most generous and devoted land,  
 A land of kindling energies; a land  
 Of glorious recollections! — proudly true  
 To the high memory of her ancient kings,  
 And rising, in majestic scorn, to cast  
 Her alien bondage off!

*Raim.* And where is this?

*Pro.* Here, in our isle, our own fair Sicily!  
 Her spirit is awake, and moving on,  
 In its deep silence mightier, to regain  
 Her place amongst the nations; and the hour  
 Of that tremendous effort is at hand.

*Raim.* Can it be thus indeed? Thou pour'st  
 new life

Through all my burning veins! I am as one  
 Awakening from a chill and deathlike sleep  
 To the full glorious day.

*Pro.* Thou shalt hear more!

Thou shalt hear things which would, which will,  
 arouse

The proud free spirits of our ancestors  
 E'en from their marble rest. Yet mark me well!  
 Be secret! — for along my destined path  
 I yet must darkly move. Now, follow me,  
 And join a band of men, in whose high hearts  
 There lies a nation's strength.

*Raim.* My noble father!

Thy words have given me all for which I pined —  
 An aim, a hope, a purpose! And the blood  
 Doth rush in warmer currents through my veins,  
 As a bright fountain from its icy bonds  
 By the quick sunstroke freed.

*Pro.* Ay, this is well!

Such natures burst men's chains! — Now fol-  
 low me. [Exeunt.]

## ACT II.

### SCENE I. — Apartment in a Palace.

ERIBERT, CONSTANCE.

*Con.* Will you not hear me? O that they  
 who need

Hourly forgiveness — they who do but live  
 While mercy's voice, beyond th' eternal stars,  
 Wins the great Judge to listen, should be thus,  
 In their vain exercise of pageant power,  
 Hard and relentless! Gentle brother! yet  
 Tis in your choice to imitate that heaven,  
 Whose noblest joy is pardon.

*Eri.* 'Tis too late.

You have a soft and moving voice, which pleads  
 With eloquent melody — but they must die.

*Con.* What! — die! — for words? — for breath  
 which leaves no trace

To sully the pure air wherewith it blends,  
 And is, being uttered, gone? Why, 'twere enough.  
 For such a venial fault to be deprived  
 One little day of man's free heritage,  
 Heaven's warm and sunny light! O, if you  
 deem

That evil harbors in their souls, at least  
 Delay the stroke, till guilt, made manifest,  
 Shall bid stern justice wake.

*Eri.* I am not one

Of those weak spirits that timorously keep watch  
 For fair occasions, thence to borrow hues  
 Of virtue for their deeds. My school hath been  
 Where power sits crowned and armed. And.  
 mark me, sister!

To a distrustful nature it might seem  
 Strange, that your lips thus earnestly should  
 plead

For these Sicilian rebels. O'er my being  
 Suspicion holds no power. And yet, take note  
 I have said, and they must die.

*Con.* Have you no fear?

*Eri.* Of what? — that heaven should fall?

*Con.* No! — But that earth

Should arm in madness. Brother! I have seen  
 Dark eyes bent on you, e'en 'midst festal throngs  
 With such deep hatred settled in their glance,  
 My heart hath died within me.

*Eri.* Am I then

To pause, and doubt, and shrink, because a girl,  
 A dreaming girl, hath trembled at a look?

*Con.* O, looks are no illusions, when the soul,  
 Which may not speak in words, can find no way  
 But theirs to liberty! Have not these men  
 Brave sons or noble brothers?

*Eri.* Yes! whose name

It rests with me to make a word of fear —  
 A sound forbidden 'midst the haunts of men.

*Con.* But not forgotten! Ah! beware, beware!  
 — Nay, look not sternly on me. There is one  
 Of that devoted band, who yet will need  
 Years to be ripe for death. He is a youth,  
 A very boy, on whose unshaded cheek  
 The springtime glow is lingering. 'Twas but now  
 His mother left me, with a timid hope  
 Just dawning in her breast: and I — I dared  
 To foster its faint spark. You smile! — O, then  
 He will be saved!

*Eri.* Nay, I but smiled to think

What a fond fool is Hope! She may be taught  
 To deem that the great sun will change his course



To work her pleasure, or the tomb give back  
Its inmates to her arms. In sooth, 'tis strange !  
Yet, with your pitying heart, you should not thus  
Have mocked the boy's sad mother : I have said —  
You should not thus have *mocked* her ! — Now,  
farewell ! [Exit ERIBERT.]

Con. O brother ! hard of heart ! — for deeds  
like these

There must be fearful chastening, if on high  
Justice doth hold her state. And I must tell  
Yon desolate mother that her fair young son  
Is thus to perish ! Haply the dread tale  
May slay *her* too — for Heaven is merciful.  
— 'Twill be a bitter task ! [Exit CONSTANCE.]

SCENE II. — *A ruined Tower surrounded by woods.*

PROCIDA, VITTORIA.

Pro. Thy vassals are prepared, then ?

Vit. Yes ; they wait

Thy summons to their task.

Pro. Keep the flame bright,  
But hidden till this hour. Wouldst thou dare,  
lady,

To join our councils at the night's mid watch,  
In the lone cavern by the rock-hewn cross ?

Vit. What should I shrink from ?

Pro. O, the forest paths  
Are dim and wild, e'en when the sunshine streams  
Through their high arches ; but when powerful  
night

Comes, with her cloudy phantoms, and her pale  
Uncertain moonbeams, and the hollow sounds  
Of her mysterious winds, their aspect *then*  
Is of another and more fearful world —  
A realm of indistinct and shadowy forms,  
Waking strange thoughts almost too much for  
this —

Our frail terrestrial nature.

Vit. Well I know

All this, and more. Such scenes have been  
th' abodes

Where through the silence of my soul have passed  
Voices and visions from the sphere of those  
That have to die no more ! Nay, doubt it not !  
If such unearthly intercourse hath e'er  
Been granted to our nature, 'tis to hearts  
Whose love is with the dead. They, they alone,  
Unmaddened could sustain the fearful joy  
And glory of its trances ! At the hour  
Which makes guilt tremulous, and peoples earth  
And air with infinite viewless multitudes,  
I will be with thee, Procida.

Pro. Thy presence  
Will kindle nobler thoughts, and, in the souls

Of suffering and indignant men, arouse  
That which may strengthen our majestic cause  
With yet a deeper power. Know'st thou the  
spot ?

Vit. Full well. There is no scene so wild  
and lone,

In these dim woods, but I have visited  
Its tangled shades.

Pro. At midnight, then, we meet.

[Exit PROCIDA.]

Vit. Why should I fear ? Thou wilt be with  
me — thou,

Th' immortal dream and shadow of my soul,  
Spirit of him I love ! that meet'st me still  
In loneliness and silence ; in the noon  
Of the wild night, and in the forest depths,  
Known but to me ; for whom thou giv'st the  
winds

And sighing leaves ■ cadence of thy voice,  
Till my heart faints with that o'erthrilling joy !  
— Thou wilt be with me there, and lend my lips  
Words, fiery words, to flush dark cheeks with  
shame

That thou art unavenged ! [Exit VITTORIA.]

SCENE III. — *A Chapel, with a monument on which  
is laid a sword. — Moonlight.*

PROCIDA, RAIMOND, MONTALBA.

Mon. And know you not my story ?

Pro. In the lands

Where I have been a wanderer, your deep  
wrongs

Were numbered with our country's ; but their  
tale

Came only in faint echoes to mine ear.  
I would fain hear it now.

Mon. Hark ! while you spoke,  
There was a voice-like murmur in the breeze,  
Which even like death came o'er me. 'Twas ■  
night

Like this, of clouds contending with the moon,  
A night of sweeping winds, of rustling leaves,  
And swift wild shadows floating o'er the earth,  
Clothed with a phantom life, when, after years  
Of battle and captivity, I spurred  
My good steed homewards. O, what lovely  
dreams

Rose on my spirit ! There were tears and smiles,  
But all of joy ! And there were bounding  
steps,

And clinging arms, whose passionate clasp of love  
Doth twine so fondly round the warrior's neck  
When his plumed helm is doffed. — Hence  
feeble thoughts !

—I am sterner now, yet once such dreams were mine!

*Raim.* And were they realized?

*Mon.* Youth! ask me not,

But listen! I drew near my own fair home —  
There was no light along its walls, no sound  
Of bugle pealing from the watchtower's height  
At my approach, although my trampling steed  
Made the earth ring, yet the wide gates were  
thrown

All open. Then my heart misgave me first,  
And on the threshold of my silent hall  
I paused a moment, and the wind swept by  
With the same deep and dirge-like tone which  
pierced

My soul e'en now! I called — my struggling  
voice

Gave utterance to my wife's, my children's names.  
They answered not. I roused my failing strength,  
And wildly rushed within. — And they were  
there.

*Raim.* And was all well?

*Mon.* Ay, well! — for death is well:

And they were all at rest! I see them yet,  
Pale in their innocent beauty, which had failed  
To stay the assassin's arm!

*Raim.* O righteous Heaven!

Who had done this?

*Mon.* Who!

*Pro.* Canst thou question *who*?

Whom hath the earth to perpetrate such  
deeds,

In the cold-blooded revelry of crime,  
But those whose yoke is on us?

*Raim.* Man of woe!

What words hath pity for despair like thine?

*Mon.* Pity! — fond youth! — My soul dis-  
dains the grief

Which doth unbosom its deep secrecies  
To ask a vain companionship of tears,  
And so to be relieved!

*Pro.* For woes like these

There is no sympathy but vengeance.

*Mon.* None!

Therefore I brought you hither, that your  
hearts

Might catch the spirit of the scene! Look round!  
We are in th' awful presence of the dead;  
Within yon tomb *they* sleep whose gentle blood  
Weighs down the murderer's soul. *They* sleep!  
— but I

Am wakeful o'er their dust! — I laid my  
sword,

Without its sheath, on their sepulchral stone,  
As on an altar; and the eternal stars,

And heaven, and night, bore witness to my  
vow,

No more to wield it save in one great cause —  
The vengeance of the grave! And now the hour  
Of that atonement comes!

[*He takes the sword from the tomb.*]

*Raim.* My spirit burns!

And my full heart almost to bursting swells.

— O for the day of battle!

*Pro.* Raimond, they

Whose souls are dark with guiltless blood ~~may~~  
die,

— But not in battle.

*Raim.* How, my father?

*Pro.* No!

Look on that sepulchre, and it will teach  
Another lesson. But the appointed hour  
Advances. Thou wilt join our chosen band,  
Noble Montalba?

*Mon.* Leave me for a time,

That I may calm my soul by intercourse  
With the still dead, before I mix with men  
And with their passions. I have nursed ~~it~~  
years,

In silence and in solitude, the flame  
Which doth consume me; and it is not used  
Thus to be looked or breathed on. Procida!  
I would be tranquil — or appear so — ere  
I join your brave confederates. Through my  
heart

There struck a pang — but it will soon have  
passed.

*Pro.* Remember — in the cavern by the cross.  
Now follow me, my son.

[*Exeunt PROCIDA and RAIMOND.*]

*Mon.* (after a pause, leaning on the tomb.)

Said he, "*My son*"? Now, why should this  
man's life

Go down in hope, thus resting on ~~a~~ son,  
And I be desolate? How strange a sound  
Was that — "*my son*"! I had a boy, who  
might

Have worn as free a soul upon his brow  
As doth this youth. Why should the thought  
of him

Thus haunt me! When I tread the peopled  
ways

Of life again, I shall be passed each hour  
By fathers with their children, and I must  
Learn calmly to look on. Methinks 'twere now  
A gloomy consolation to behold

All men bereft as I am! But away,  
Vain thoughts! — One task is left for blighted  
hearts,

And it shall be fulfilled. [*Exit MONTALBA.*]

SCENE IV. — *Entrance of a Cave, surrounded by rocks and forests. A rude Cross seen among the rocks.*

PROCIDA, RAIMOND.

*Pro.* And is it thus, beneath the solemn skies  
Of midnight, and in solitary caves,  
Where the wild forest creatures make their lair —  
Is't thus the chiefs of Sicily must hold  
The councils of their country?

*Raim.* Why, such scenes

In their primeval majesty, beheld  
Thus by faint starlight and the partial glare  
Of the red-streaming lava, will inspire  
Far deeper thoughts than pillared halls, wherein  
Statesmen hold weary vigils. Are we not  
O'ershadowed by that *Ætna*, which of old  
With its dread prophecies hath struck dismay  
Through tyrants' hearts, and bade them seek a  
home

In other climes! Hark! from its depths, e'en  
now,  
What hollow moans are sent!

*Enter MONTALBA, GUIDO, and other Sicilians.*

*Pro.* Welcome, my brave associates! We can  
share

The wolf's wild freedom here! Th' oppressor's  
haunt

Is not 'midst rocks and caves. Are we all met?

*Sicilians.* All, all!

*Pro.* The torchlight, swayed by every gust,  
But dimly shows your features. — Where is he  
Who from his battles had returned to breathe  
Once more without a corselet, and to meet  
The voices, and the footsteps, and the smiles  
Blent with his dreams of home? Of that dark  
tale

The rest is known to vengeance! Art thou here,  
With thy deep wrongs and resolute despair,  
Childless Montalba?

*Mon. (advancing.)* He is at thy side.  
Call on that desolate father in the hour  
When his revenge is nigh.

*Pro.* Thou, too, come forth,  
From thine own halls an exile! Dost thou make  
The mountain fastnesses thy dwelling still,  
While hostile banners o'er thy rampart walls  
Wave their proud blazonry?

*1st Sicilian.* Even so. I stood  
Last night before my own ancestral towers  
An unknown outcast, while the tempest beat  
On my bare head. What reeked it? There  
was joy

Within, and revelry; the festive lamps

Were streaming from each turret, and gay songs  
I th' stranger's tongue made mirth. They lit-  
tle deemed

Who heard their melodies! But there are  
thoughts

Best nurtured in the wild; there are dread  
vows

Known to the mountain echoes. Procida!  
Call on the outcast, when revenge is nigh.

*Pro.* I knew a young Sicilian — one whose  
heart

Should be all fire. On that most guilty day  
When, with our martyred Conradin, the flower  
Of the land's knighthood perished; he of whom  
I speak, a weeping boy, whose innocent tears  
Melted a thousand hearts that dared not aid,  
Stood by the scaffold with extended arms,  
Calling upon his father, whose last look  
Turned full on him its parting agony.

The father's blood gushed o'er him! and the  
boy

Then dried his tears, and with a kindling eye,  
And a proud flush on his young cheek, looked  
up

To the bright heaven. — Doth he remember still  
That bitter hour?

*2d Sicilian.* He bears a sheathless sword!  
— Call on the orphan when revenge is nigh.

*Pro.* Our band shows gallantly — but there  
are men

Who should be with us now, had they not dared  
In some wild moment of festivity

To give their full hearts way, and breathe a wish  
For freedom! — and some traitor — it might be  
A breeze perchance — bore the forbidden sound  
To Eriber: so they must die — unless  
Fate (who at times is wayward) should select  
Some other victim first! But have they not  
Brothers or sons among us?

*Gui.* Look on me!

I have a brother — a young high-souled boy,  
And beautiful as a sculptor's dream, with brow  
That wears, amidst its dark rich curls, the stamp  
Of inborn nobleness. In truth, he is  
A glorious creature! But his doom is sealed  
With theirs of whom ye spoke; and I have  
knelt —

Ay, scorn me not! 'twas for his life — I knelt  
E'en at the viceroy's feet, and he put on  
That heartless laugh of cold malignity  
We know so well, and spurned me. But the  
stain

Of shame like this takes blood to wash it off,  
And thus it shall be cancelled! Call on me  
When the stern moment of revenge is nigh.



*Pro.* I call upon thee *now*! The land's high  
soul

Is roused, and moving onward, like a breeze  
Or a swift sunbeam, kindling nature's hues  
To deeper life before it. In his chains,  
The peasant dreams of freedom! — Ay, 'tis thus  
Oppression fans th' imperishable flame  
With most unconscious hands. No praise be  
hers

For what she blindly works! When slavery's  
cup

O'erflows its bounds, the creeping poison, meant  
To dull our senses, through each burning vein  
Pours fever, lending a delirious strength  
To burst man's fetters. And they *shall* be  
burst!

I have hoped when hope seemed frenzy; but  
a power

Abides in human will, when bent with strong  
Unswerving energy on one great aim,  
To make and rule its fortunes! I have been  
A wanderer in the fulness of my years,  
A restless pilgrim of the earth and seas,  
Gathering the generous thoughts of other lands  
To aid our holy cause. And aid is near:

But we must give the signal. Now, before  
The majesty of yon pure heaven, whose eye  
Is on our hearts — whose righteous arm be-  
friends

The arm that strikes for freedom — speak!  
decree

The fate of our oppressors.

*Mon.* Let them fall

When dreaming least of peril! — when the  
heart,

Basking in sunny pleasure, doth forget  
That hate may smile, but sleeps not. Hide the  
sword

With a thick veil of myrtle; and in halls  
Of banqueting, where the full wine cup shines  
Red in the festal torchlight, meet we there,  
And bid them welcome to the feast of death.

*Pro.* Thy voice is low and broken, and thy  
words

Scarce meet our ears.

*Mon.* Why, then I must repeat  
Their import. Let th' avenging sword burst  
forth

In some free festal hour — and woe to him  
Who first shall spare!

*Raim.* Must innocence and guilt  
Perish alike?

*Mon.* Who talks of innocence?  
When hath *their* hand been stayed for inno-  
cence?

Let them all perish! — Heaven will choose its  
own.

Why should *their* children live? The earth  
quake whelms

Its undistinguished thousands, making graves  
Of peopled cities in its path — and this  
Is Heaven's dread justice — ay, and it is well!  
Why then should *we* be tender, when the skies  
Deal thus with man? What if the infant bleed?  
Is there not power to hush the mother's pangs?  
What if the youthful bride perchance should  
fall

In her triumphant beauty? Should we pause?  
As if death were not mercy to the pangs  
Which make our lives the records of our woes?  
Let them all perish! And if one be found  
Amidst our band to stay th' avenging steel  
For pity, or remorse, or boyish love,  
Then be his doom as theirs! [*A pause*

Why gaze ye thus?

Brethren, what means your silence?

*Sicilians.* Be it so!

If one among us stay th' avenging steel  
For love or pity, be his doom as theirs!  
Pledge we our faith to this!

*Raim.* (*Rushing forward indignantly.*) Our  
faith to this!

No! I but *dreamt* I heard it! Can it be?  
My countrymen, my father! — is it thus  
That freedom should be won? Awake! —  
awake

To loftier thoughts! Lift up exultingly,  
On the crowned heights and to the sweeping  
winds,

Your glorious banner! Let your trumpet's blast  
Make the tombs thrill with echoes! Call  
aloud,

Proclaim from all your hills, the land shall bear  
The stranger's yoke no longer! What is he  
Who carries on his practised lip a smile,  
Beneath his vest a dagger, which but waits  
Till the heart bounds with joy to still its beat-  
ings?

That which our nature's instinct doth recoil  
from,

And our blood curdle at — ay, yours and mine —  
A murderer! Heard ye? Shall that name  
with ours

Go down to after days? O friends! a cause  
Like that for which we rise hath made bright  
names

Of th' elder time as rallying words to men --  
Sounds full of might and immortality!  
And shall not ours be such?

*Mon.* Fond dreamer, peace!

Fame! What is fame? Will our unconscious  
dust

Start into thrilling rapture from the grave  
At the vain breath of praise? I tell thee, youth,  
Our souls are parched with agonizing thirst,  
Which must be quenched, though death were  
in the draught;

We must have vengeance, for our foes have left  
No other joy unblighted.

*Pro.* O my son!

The time is past for such high dreams as thine.  
Thou know'st not whom we deal with: knight-  
ly faith

And chivalrous honor are but things whereon  
They cast disdainful pity. We must meet  
Falsehood with wiles, and insult with revenge.  
And, for our names — whate'er the deeds by  
which

We burst our bondage — is it not enough  
That in the chronicle of days to come,  
We, through ■ bright "Forever," shall be called  
The men who saved their country?

*Raim.* Many a land

Hath bowed beneath the yoke, and then arisen  
As a strong lion rending silken bonds,  
And on the open field, before high Heaven,  
Won such majestic vengeance as hath made  
Its name a power on earth. Ay, nations own  
It is enough of glory to be called  
The children of the mighty, who redeemed  
Their native soil — but not by means like these.

*Mon.* I have no children. Of Montalba's blood  
Not one red drop doth circle through the  
veins

Of aught that breathes! Why, what have I  
to do

With far futurity? My spirit lives  
But in the past. Away! when thou dost stand  
On this fair earth as doth a blasted tree  
Which the warm sun revives not, *then* return,  
Strong in thy desolation: but till then,  
Thou art not for our purpose; we have need  
Of more unshrinking hearts.

*Raim.* Montalba! know

I shrink from crime alone. O, if my voice  
Might yet have power among you, I would say,  
Associates, leaders, *be* avenged! but yet  
As knights, as warriors!

*Mon.* Peace! have we not borne  
Th' indelible taint of contumely and chains?  
We are *not* knights and warriors. Our bright  
crests

Have been defiled and trampled to the earth.  
Boy! we are slaves — and our revenge shall be  
Deep ■ a slave's disgrace.

*Raim.* Why, then, farewell:

I leave you to your counsels. He that still  
Would hold his lofty nature undebased,  
And his name pure, were but a loiterer here.

*Pro.* And is it thus indeed? — dost *thou* for  
sake

Our cause, my son?

*Raim.* O father! what proud hopes  
This hour hath blighted! Yet, whate'er betide  
It is a noble privilege to look up  
Fearless in heaven's bright face — and this is  
mine,

And shall be still.

[*Exit RAIMOND.*]

*Pro.* He's gone! Why, let it be!

I trust our Sicily hath many a son  
Valiant as mine. Associates! 'tis decreed  
Our foes shall perish. We have but to name  
The hour, the scene, the signal.

*Mon.* It should be

In the full city, when some festival  
Hath gathered throngs, and lulled infatuate  
hearts

To brief security. Hark! is there not  
A sound of hurrying footsteps on the breeze?  
We are betrayed. — Who art thou?

VITTORIA enters.

*Pro.* One alone

Should be thus daring. Lady, lift the veil  
That shades thy noble brow.

[*She raises her veil — the Sicilians draw  
back with respect.*]

*Sicilians.* Th' affianced bride

Of our lost king!

*Pro.* And more, Montalba; know

Within this form there dwells a soul as high  
As warriors in their battles e'er have proved,  
Or patriots on the scaffold.

*Vit.* Valiant men!

I come to ask your aid. You see me, one  
Whose widowed youth hath all been consecrate  
To a proud sorrow, and whose life is held  
In token and memorial of the dead.

Say, is it meet that, lingering thus on earth  
But to behold one great atonement made,  
And keep one name from fading in men's hearts,  
A tyrant's will should force me to profane  
Heaven's altar with unhallowed vows, and live  
Stung by the keen, unutterable scorn  
Of my own bosom; live — another's bride?

*Sicilians.* Never! O, never! Fear not, noble  
lady!

Worthy of Conradin!

*Vit.* Yet hear me still —

*His* bride, that Eribert's, who notes our tears

With his insulting eye of cold derision,  
And, could he pierce the depths where feeling  
works,

Would number e'en our agonies as crimes.  
Say, is this meet?

*Gui.* We deemed these nuptials, lady,  
Thy willing choice; but 'tis a joy to find  
Thou'rt noble still. Fear not; by all our wrongs,  
This shall not be.

*Pro.* Vittoria, thou art come  
To ask our aid — but we have need of thine.  
Know, the completion of our high designs  
Requires — a festival; and it must be  
Thy bridal!

*Vit.* Procida!

*Pro.* Nay, start not thus.  
'Tis no hard task to bind your raven hair  
With festal garlands, and to bid the song  
Rise, and the wine cup mantle. No — nor yet  
To meet your suitor at the glittering shrine,  
Where death, not love, awaits him!

*Vit.* Can my soul  
Dissemble thus?

*Pro.* We have no other means  
Of winning our great birthright back from those  
Who have usurped it, than so lulling them  
Into vain confidence, that they may deem  
All wrongs forgot; and this may be best done  
By what I ask of thee.

*Mon.* Then we will mix  
With the flushed revellers, making their gay feast  
The harvest of the grave.

*Vit.* A bridal day!  
— Must it be so? Then, chiefs of Sicily,  
I bid you to my nuptials! but be there  
With your bright swords unsheathed — for thus  
alone

My guests should be adorned.

*Pro.* And let thy banquet  
Be soon announced; for there are noble men  
Sentenced to die, for whom we fain would pur-  
chase

Relieve with other blood.

*Vit.* Be it then the day  
Preceding that appointed for their doom.

*Gui.* My brother! thou shalt live! Oppres-  
sion boasts

No gift of prophecy! — It but remains  
To name our signal, chiefs!

*Mon.* The Vesper bell!

*Pro.* Even so — the Vesper bell, whose deep-  
toned peal

Is heard o'er land and wave. Part of our band,  
Wearing the guise of antic revelry,  
Shall enter, as in some fantastic pageant,

The halls of Eribert; and at the hour  
Devoted to the sword's tremendous task,  
I follow with the rest. The Vesper bell!  
That sound shall wake th' avenger; for 'tis come  
The time when power is in a voice, a breath,  
To burst the spell which bound us. But the  
night

Is waning, with her stars, which one by one  
Warn us to part. Friends, to your homes! —  
your homes?

That name is yet to win. Away! prepare  
For our next meeting in Palermo's walls.  
The Vesper bell! Remember!

*Sicilians.* Fear us not.

The Vesper bell! [Exeunt omnes]

### ACT III.

#### SCENE I. — Apartment in a Palace

ERIBERT, VITTORIA.

*Vit.* Speak not of love — it is a word with deep,  
Strange magic in its melancholy sound,  
To summon up the dead; and they should rest,  
At such an hour, forgotten. There are things  
We must throw from us, when the heart would  
gather

Strength to fulfil its settled purposes;  
Therefore, no more of love! But if to robe  
This form in bridal ornaments — to smile  
(I can smile yet) at thy gay feast, and stand  
At th' altar by thy side; — if this be deemed  
Enough, it shall be done.

*Eri.* My fortune's star  
Doth rule th' ascendant still! (*Apart.*) — If  
of love,

Then pardon, lady, that I speak of joy,  
And with exulting heart —

*Vit.* There is no joy!  
— Who shall look through the far futurity,  
And, as the shadowy visions of events  
Develop on his gaze, 'midst their dim throng,  
Dare, with oracular mien, to point, and say,  
"This will bring happiness"? Who shall do  
this?

Who! thou and I, and all! There's One, who sits  
In His own bright tranquillity enthroned,  
High o'er all storms, and looking far beyond  
Their thickest clouds! but we, from whose dull  
eyes

A grain of dust hides the great sun — e'en we  
Usurp his attributes, and talk, as seers,  
Of future joy and grief!

*Eri.* Thy words are strange.  
Yet will I hope that peace at length shall settle



Upon thy troubled heart, and add soft grace  
To thy majestic beauty. Fair Vittoria!  
O, if my cares —

*Vit.* I know a day shall come  
Of peace to all. Even from my darkened spirit  
Soon shall each restless wish be exorcised,  
Which haunts it now, and I shall then lie down  
Serenely to repose. Of this no more.  
have a boon to ask.

*Eri.* Command my power,  
And deem it thus most honored.

*Vit.* Have I then  
Soared such an eagle pitch as to command  
The mighty Eriber? — And yet 'tis meet;  
For I bethink me now I should have worn  
A crown upon this forehead. Generous lord!  
Since thus you give me freedom, know, there is  
An hour I have loved from childhood, and a  
sound

Whose tones, o'er earth and ocean sweetly bear-  
ing

A sense of deep repose, have lulled me oft  
To peace — which is forgetfulness; I mean  
The Vesper bell. I pray you, let it be  
The summons to our bridal. Hear you not?  
To our fair bridal!

*Eri.* Lady, let your will  
Appoint each circumstance. I am too blessed,  
Proving my homage thus.

*Vit.* Why, then, 'tis mine  
To rule the glorious fortunes of the day,  
And I may be content. Yet much remains  
For thought to brood on, and I would be left  
Alone with my resolves. Kind Eriber!  
(Whom I command so absolutely,) now  
Part we a few brief hours; and doubt not, when  
I'm at thy side once more, but I shall stand  
There — to the last!

*Eri.* Your smiles are troubled, lady —  
May they ere long be brighter! Time will seem  
Slow till the Vesper bell.

*Vit.* 'Tis lovers' phrase  
To say — Time lags, and therefore meet for  
you;

But with an equal pace the hours move on,  
Whether they bear on their swift, silent wing  
Pleasure or — fate.

*Eri.* Be not so full of thought  
On such a day. Behold, the skies themselves  
Look on my joy with a triumphant smile  
Unshadowed by a cloud.

*Vit.* 'Tis very meet  
That Heaven (which loves the just) should wear  
a smile

in honor of his fortunes. Now, my lord,

Forgive me if I say farewell until  
Th' appointed hour.

*Eri.* Lady, a brief farewell.

[*Exeunt separately*]

## SCENE II. — *The Sea Shore.*

PROCIDA, RAIMOND.

*Pro.* And dost thou still refuse to share the  
glory

Of this, our daring enterprise?

*Raim.* O father!

I too have dreamt of glory, and the word  
Hath to my soul been as a trumpet's voice,  
Making my nature sleepless. But the deeds  
Whereby 'twas won — the high exploits, whose  
tale

Bids the heart burn, were of another cast  
Than such as thou requirest.

*Pro.* Every deed

Hath sanctity, if bearing for its aim  
The freedom of our country; and the sword  
Alike is honored in the patriot's hand,  
Searching, 'midst warrior hosts, the heart which  
gave

Oppression birth, or flashing through the gloom  
Of the still chamber, o'er its troubled couch,  
At dead of night.

*Raim.* (*turning away.*) There is no path but one  
For noble natures.

*Pro.* Wouldst thou ask the man  
Who to the earth hath dashed a nation's  
chains,  
Rent as with heaven's own lightning, by what  
means

The glorious end was won? Go, swell th' ac-  
claim!

Bid the deliverer, hail! and if his path,  
To that most bright and sovereign destiny,  
Hath led o'er trampled thousands, be it called  
A stern necessity, but not a crime!

*Raim.* Father! my soul yet kindles at the  
thought

Of nobler lessons, in my boyhood learned,  
E'en from thy voice. The high remembrances  
Of other days are stirring in the heart  
Where thou didst plant them; and they speak  
of men

Who needed no vain sophistry to gild  
Acts that would bear heaven's light — and such  
be mine!

O father! is it yet too late to draw  
The praise and blessing of all valiant hearts  
On our most righteous cause?

*Pro.* What wouldst thou do?

*Raim.* I would go forth, and rouse th' indignant land  
To generous combat. Why should freedom strike

Mantled with darkness? Is there not more strength

E'en in the waving of her single arm  
Than hosts can wield against her? *I* would rouse  
That spirit whose fire doth press resistless on  
To its proud sphere — the stormy field of fight!

*Pro.* Ay! and give time and warning to the foe  
To gather all his might! It is too late.

There is a work to be this eve begun  
When rings the Vesper bell; and, long before  
To-morrow's sun hath reached i' th' noonday  
heaven

His throne of burning glory, every sound  
Of the Provençal tongue within our walls,  
As by one thunderstroke — (you are pale, my  
son) —

Shall be forever silenced!

*Raim.* What! such sounds  
As falter on the lip of infancy,  
In its imperfect utterance? or are breathed  
By the fond mother as she lulls her babe?  
Or in sweet hymns, upon the twilight air  
Poured by the timid maid? Must all alike  
Be stilled in death? and wouldst thou tell my  
heart.

There is no crime in *this*!

*Pro.* Since thou dost feel  
Such horror of our purpose, in thy power  
Are means that might avert it.

*Raim.* Speak! O, speak!

*Pro.* How would those rescued thousands  
bless thy name  
Shouldst thou betray us!

*Raim.* Father! I can bear —  
Ay, proudly woo — the keenest questioning  
Of thy soul-gifted eye, which almost seems  
To claim a part of Heaven's dread royalty.  
— The power that searches thought.

*Pro.* (after a pause.) Thou hast a brow  
Clear as the day — and yet I doubt thee, Raimond!

Whether it be that I have learned distrust  
From a long look through man's deep-folded  
heart;

Whether my paths have been so seldom crossed  
By honor and fair mercy, that they seem  
But beautiful deceptions, meeting thus  
My unaccustomed gaze: howe'er it be —

I doubt thee! See thou waver not — take heed.  
Time lifts the veil from all things!

[Exit PROCIDA.]

*Raim.* And 'tis thus

Youth fades from off our spirit; and the robes  
Of beauty and of majesty, wherewith  
We clothed our idols, drop! O, bitter day!

When, at the crushing of our glorious world,  
We start, and find men thus! Yet be it so!

Is not my soul still powerful in *itself*

To realize its dreams? Ay, shrinking not  
From the pure eye of heaven, my brow may well  
Undaunted meet my father's. But, away!

*Thou* shalt be saved, sweet Constance! — Love  
is yet

Mightier than vengeance. [Exit RAIMOND.]

### SCENE III. — Gardens of a Palace.

CONSTANCE alone.

*Con.* There was a time when my thoughts  
wandered not

Beyond these fairy scenes! — when but to catch  
The languid fragrance of the southern breeze  
From the rich flowering citrons, or to rest,  
Dreaming of some wild legend, in the shade  
Of the dark laurel foliage, was enough  
Of happiness. How have these calm delights  
Fled from before one passion, as the dews,  
The delicate gems of morning, are exhaled  
By the great sun!

[RAIMOND enters.]

Raimond! O, now thou'rt come —  
I read it in thy look — to say farewell  
For the last time — the last!

*Raim.* No, best beloved!  
I come to tell thee there is now no power  
To part us but in death.

*Con.* I have dreamt of joy,  
But never aught like this. Speak yet again!  
Say we shall part no more!

*Raim.* No more — if love  
Can strive with darker spirits; and he is strong  
In his immortal nature! All is changed  
Since last we met. My father — keep the tale  
Secret from all, and most of all, my Constance,  
From Eribert — my father is returned:  
I leave thee not.

*Con.* Thy father! blessed sound!  
Good angels be his guard! O, if he knew  
How my soul clings to thine, he could not hate  
Even a Provençal maid! Thy father! — now  
Thy soul will be at peace, and I shall see  
The sunny happiness of earlier days  
Look from thy brow once more! But how is  
this?

Thine eye reflects not the glad soul of mine;  
And in thy look is that which ill befits  
A tale of joy.

*Raim.* A dream is on my soul.

I see a slumberer, crowned with flowers, and smiling

As in delighted visions, on the brink  
Of a dread chasm; and this strange fantasy  
Hath cast so deep a shadow o'er my thoughts,  
I cannot but be sad.

*Con.* Why, let me sing

One of the sweet wild strains you love so well,  
And this will banish it.

*Raim.* It may not be.

O gentle Constance! go not forth to-day:  
Such dreams are ominous.

*Con.* Have you then forgot

My brother's nuptial feast? I must be one  
Of the gay train attending to the shrine  
His stately bride. In sooth, my step of joy  
Will print earth lightly now. What fear'st  
thou, love?

Look all around! the blue transparent skies,  
And sunbeams pouring a more buoyant life  
Through each glad thrilling vein, will brightly  
chase

All thought of evil. Why, the very air  
Breathes of delight! Through all its glowing  
realms

Doth music blend with fragrance; and e'en here  
The city's voice of jubilee is heard,  
Till each light leaf seems trembling unto sounds  
Of human joy!

*Raim.* There lie far deeper things —

Things that may darken thought for life, beneath  
That city's festive semblance. I have passed  
Through the glad multitudes, and I have marked  
A stern intelligence in meeting eyes,  
Which deemed their flash unnoticed, and a  
quick,

Suspicious vigilance, too intent to clothe  
Its mien with carelessness; and now and then,  
A hurrying start, a whisper, or a hand  
Pointing by stealth to some one, singled out  
Amidst the reckless throng. O'er all is spread  
A mantling flush of revelry, which may hide  
Much from unpractised eyes; but lighter signs  
Have been prophetic oft.

*Con.* I tremble! — Raimond!  
What may these things portend?

*Raim.* It was a day  
Of festival like this; the city sent  
Up through her sunny firmament a voice  
Joyous as now; when, scarcely heralded  
By one deep moan, forth from his cavernous  
depths  
The earthquake burst; and the wide splendid  
scene

Became one chaos of all fearful things,  
Till the brain whirled, partaking the sick motion  
Of rocking palaces.

*Con.* And then didst thou,  
My noble Raimond! through the dreadful paths  
Laid open by destruction, past the chasms,  
Whose fathomless clefts, a moment's work, had  
given

One burial unto thousands, rush to save  
Thy trembling Constance! she who lives to  
bless

Thy generous love, that still the breath of heaven  
Wafts gladness to her soul!

*Raim.* Heaven! — Heaven is just!

And being so, must guard thee, sweet one! still.  
Trust none beside. O, the omnipotent skies  
Make their wrath manifest, but insidious man  
Doth compass those he hates with secret snares,  
Wherein lies fate. Know, danger walks abroad,  
Masked as a reveller. Constance! O, by all  
Our tried affection, all the vows which bind  
Our hearts together, meet me in these bowers;  
Here, I adjure thee, meet me, when the bell  
Doth sound for vesper prayer!

*Con.* And know'st thou not  
'Twill be the bridal hour?

*Raim.* It will not, love!

That hour will bring no bridal! Nought of this  
To human ear; but speed thou hither — fly,  
When evening brings that signal. Dost thou  
heed?

This is no meeting by a lover sought  
To breathe the fond tales, and make the twilight  
groves

And stars attest his vows; deem thou not so,  
Therefore denying it! I tell thee, Constance!  
If thou wouldst save me from such fierce despair  
As falls on man, beholding all he loves  
Perish before him, while his strength can but  
Strive with his agony — thou'lt meet me then.  
Look on me, love! — I am not oft so moved —  
Thou'lt meet me?

*Con.* O, what mean thy words? If then  
My steps are free, — I will. Be thou but  
calm.

*Raim.* Be calm! — there is a cold and sullen  
calm,

And, were my wild fears made realities,  
It might be mine; but, in this dread suspense —  
This conflict of all terrible fantasies,  
There is no calm. Yet fear thou not, dear  
love!

I will watch o'er thee still. And now, farewell  
Until that hour!

*Con.* My Raimond, fare thee well. [*Exeunt.*



SCENE IV. — *Room in the Citadel of Palermo.*

ALBERTI, DE COUCI.

*De Cou.* Saidst thou, this night ?

*Alb.* This very night — and lo !

E'en now the sun declines.

*De Cou.* What ! are they armed ?

*Alb.* All armed, and strong in vengeance and despair.

*De Cou.* Doubtful and strange the tale ! Why was not this revealed before ?

*Alb.* Mistrust me not, my lord !

That stern and jealous Procida hath kept  
O'er all my steps (as though he did suspect  
The purposes, which oft his eye hath sought  
To read in mine) a watch so vigilant  
I knew not how to warn thee, though for this  
Alone I mingled with his bands — to learn  
Their projects and their strength. Thou know'st  
my faith

To Anjou's house full well.

*De Cou.* How may we now  
Avert the gathering storm ! The viceroy  
holds

His bridal feast, and all is revelry.  
'Twas a true-boding heaviness of heart  
Which kept me from these nuptials.

*Alb.* Thou thyself

Mayst yet escape, and haply of thy bands  
Rescue a part, ere long to wreak full vengeance  
Upon these rebels. 'Tis too late to dream  
Of saving Eribert. E'en shouldst thou rush  
Before him with the tidings, in his pride  
And confidence of soul, he would but laugh  
Thy tale to scorn.

*De Cou.* He must not die unwarned,  
Though it be all in vain. But thou, Alberti,  
Rejoin thy comrades, lest thine absence wake  
Suspicion in their hearts. Thou hast done well,  
And shalt not pass unguerdoned, should I live  
Through the deep horrors of th' approaching  
night.

*Alb.* Noble De Couci, trust me still. Anjou  
Commands no heart more faithful than Alberti's.

[*Exit ALBERTI.*]

*De Cou.* The grovelling slave ! — And yet he  
spoke too true !

For Eribert, in blind, elated joy,  
Will scorn the warning voice. The day wanes  
fast,

And through the city, recklessly dispersed,  
Unarmed and unprepared, my soldiers revel,  
E'en on the brink of fate. I must away.

[*Exit DE COUCI.*]

SCENE V. — *A Banqueting Hall. — Provençal Nobles assembled.*

*1st Noble.* Joy be to this fair meeting ! Who  
hath seen

The viceroy's bride ?

*2d Noble.* I saw her as she passed  
The gazing throngs assembled in the city.  
'Tis said she hath not left for years, till now,  
Her castle's wood-girt solitude. 'Twill gall  
These proud Sicilians that her wide domains  
Should be the conqueror's guerdon.

*3d Noble.* 'Twas their boast  
With what fond faith she worshipped still the  
name

Of the boy Conradin. How will the slaves  
Brook this new triumph of their lords ?

*2d Noble.* In sooth,  
It stings them to the quick. In the full streets  
They mix with our Provençals, and assume  
A guise of mirth, but it sits hardly on them  
'Twere worth a thousand festivals to see  
With what a bitter and unnatural effort  
They strive to smile.

*1st Noble.* Is this Vittoria fair ?

*2d Noble.* Of a most noble mien ; but yet her  
beauty

Is wild and awful, and her large, dark eye,  
In its unsettled glances, hath strange power,  
From which thou'lt shrink as I did.

*1st Noble.* Hush ! they come.

*Enter ERIBERT, VITTORIA, CONSTANCE, and others.*

*Eri.* Welcome, my noble friends ! — there  
must not lower

One clouded brow to-day in Sicily !  
— Behold my bride !

*Nobles.* Receive our homage, lady !

*Vit.* I bid all welcome. May the feast we offer  
Prove worthy of such guests !

*Eri.* Look on her, friends !  
And say if that majestic brow is not  
Meet for a diadem.

*Vit.* 'Tis well, my lord !  
When memory's pictures fade — 'tis kindly done  
To brighten their dimmed hues !

*1st Noble, (apart.)* Marked you her glance ?

*2d Noble, (apart.)* What eloquent scorn was  
there ! Yet he, th' elate  
Of heart, perceives it not.

*Eri.* Now to the feast !  
Constance, you look not joyous. I have said  
That all should smile to-day.

*Con.* Forgive me, brother :

The heart is wayward, and its garb of pomp  
At times oppresses it.

*Eri.* Why, how is this?

*Con.* Voices of woe, and prayers of agony,  
Unto my soul have risen, and left sad sounds  
There echoing still. Yet would I fain be gay,  
Since 'tis your wish. In truth, I should have been  
A village maid.

*Eri.* But being as you are,  
Not thus ignobly free, command your looks  
(They may be taught obedience) to reflect  
The aspect of the time.

*Vit.* And know, fair maid!  
That, if in this unskilled, you stand alone  
Amidst our court of pleasure.

*Eri.* To the feast!  
Now let the red wine foam! — There should be  
mirth  
When conquerors revel! Lords of this fair isle!  
Your good swords' heritage, crown each bowl,  
and pledge

The present and the future! for they both  
Look brightly on us. Dost thou smile, my bride?

*Vit.* Yes, Eriber! — thy prophecies of joy  
Have taught e'en me to smile.

*Eri.* 'Tis well. To-day  
I have won a fair and almost royal bride;  
To-morrow let the bright sun speed his course,  
To waft me happiness! — my proudest foes  
Must die; and then my slumbers shall be laid  
On rose leaves, with no envious fold to mar  
The luxury of its visions! — Fair Vittoria,  
Your looks are troubled!

*Vit.* It is strange — but oft,  
'Midst festal songs and garlands, o'er my soul  
Death comes, with some dull image! As you  
spoke

Of those whose blood is claimed, I thought for  
them

Who, in a darkness thicker than the night  
E'er wove with all her clouds, have pined so long,  
How blessed were the stroke which makes them  
things

'Tis that invisible world, wherein, we trust,  
There is at least no bondage! But should we,  
From such a scene as this, where all earth's joys  
Contend for mastery, and the very sense  
Of life is rapture — should we pass, I say,  
At once from such excitements to the void  
And silent gloom of that which doth await us.  
Were it not dreadful?

*Eri.* Banish such dark thoughts!  
They ill beseech the hour.

*Vit.* There is no hour  
Of this mysterious world, in joy or woe,

But they beseech it well! Why, what a slight,  
Impalpable bound is that, th' unseen, which  
severs

Being from death! And who can tell how near  
Its misty brink he stands?

*1st Noble, (aside.)* What mean her words?

*2d Noble.* There's some dark mystery here.

*Eri.* No more of this!

Pour the bright juice which Ætna's glowing vines  
Yield to the conquerors! And let music's voice  
Dispel these ominous dreams! — Wake, harp and  
song!

Swell out your triumph!

*A Messenger enters, bearing a letter.*

*Mes.* Pardon, my good lord!  
But this demands —

*Eri.* What means thy breathless haste,  
And that ill-boding mien? Away! such looks  
Befit not hours like these.

*Mes.* The Lord De Couci  
Bade me bear this, and say, 'tis fraught with  
tidings  
Of life and death.

*Vit. (hurriedly.)* Is this a time for aught  
But revelry? My lord, these dull intrusions  
Mar the bright spirit of the festal scene.

*Eri. (to the Messenger.)* Hence! Tell the Lord  
De Couci, we will talk  
Of life and death to-morrow. [*Exit Messenger.*]

Let there be  
Around me none but joyous looks to-day,  
And strains whose very echoes wake to mirth!

*A band of the Conspirators enter, to the sound of  
music, disguised as shepherds, bacchanals, &c.*

*Eri.* What forms are these? What means  
this antic triumph?

*Vit.* 'Tis but a rustic pageant, by my vassals  
Prepared to grace our bridal. Will you not  
Hear their wild music? Our Sicilian vales  
Have many a sweet and mirthful melody,  
To which the glad heart bounds. Breathe ye  
some strain

Meet for the time, ye sons of Sicily!

*One of the Masquers sings.*

The festal eve, o'er earth and sky,  
In her sunset robe looks bright,  
And the purple hills of Sicily  
With their vineyards laugh in light;  
From the marble cities of her plains  
Glad voices mingling swell;  
— But with yet more loud and lofty strains  
They shall hail the Vesper bell!

O, sweet its tones when the summer breeze  
 Their cadence wafts afar,  
 To float o'er the blue Sicilian seas,  
 As they gleam to the first pale star!  
 The shepherd greets them on his height,  
 The hermit in his cell;  
 — But a deeper voice shall breathe to-night,  
 In the sound of the Vesper bell!

[*The bell rings.*]

*Eri.* It is the hour! Hark, hark! — my bride,  
 our summons!

The altar is prepared and crowned with flowers,  
 That wait —

*Vit.* The victim!

[*A tumult heard without.*]

PROCIDA and MONTALBA enter, with others, armed.

*Pro.* Strike! the hour is come!

*Vit.* Welcome, avengers! welcome! Now,  
 be strong!

[*The Conspirators throw off their disguise, and  
 rush with their swords drawn upon the Provençals.  
 ERIBERT is wounded, and falls.*]

*Pro.* Now hath fate reached thee, in thy mid  
 career,

Thou reveller in a nation's agonies!

[*The Provençals are driven off, pursued by the  
 Sicilians.*]

*Con.* (*supporting ERIBERT.*) My brother! O,  
 my brother!

*Eri.* Have I stood

A leader in the battle fields of kings,  
 To perish thus at last? Ay, by these pangs,  
 And this strange chill, that heavily doth creep,  
 Like a slow poison, through my curdling veins,  
 This should be — death! In sooth, a dull ex-  
 change

For the gay bridal feast!

*Voices.* (*without.*) Remember Conradin! — spare  
 none! — spare none!

*Vit.* (*throwing off her bridal wreath and orna-  
 ments.*) This is proud freedom! Now my  
 soul may cast,

In generous scorn, her mantle of dissembling  
 To earth forever! And it is such joy,  
 As if a captive from his dull cold cell  
 Might soar at once, on chartered wing, to range  
 The realms of starred infinity! Away!  
 Vain mockery of a bridal wreath! The hour  
 For which stern patience ne'er kept watch in vain  
 Is come; and I may give my bursting heart  
 Full and indignant scope. Now, Eribert!  
 Believe in retribution! What! proud man!

Prince, ruler, conqueror! didst thou deem  
 Heaven slept?

“Or that the unseen, immortal ministers,  
 Ranging the world to note e'en purposed crime  
 In burning characters, had laid aside  
 Their everlasting attributes for thee?”

O, blind security! He in whose dread hand  
 The lightnings vibrate, holds them back, until  
 The trampler of this goodly earth hath reached  
 His pyramid height of power; that so his fall  
 May with more fearful oracles make pale  
 Man's crowned oppressors!

*Con.* O, reproach him not!

His soul is trembling on the dizzy brink  
 Of that dim world where passion may not enter.  
 Leave him in peace.

*Voices.* (*without.*) Anjou! Anjou! — De Couci,  
 to the rescue!

*Eri.* (*half raising himself.*) My brave Pro-  
 vençals! do ye combat still?

And I your chief am here! Now, now I fear  
 That death indeed is bitter.

*Vit.* Fare thee well!

Thine eyes so oft with their insulting smile  
 Have looked on man's last pangs, thou shouldst by  
 this

Be perfect how to die! [*Exit VITTORIA.*]

RAIMOND enters.

*Raim.* Away, my Constance!

Now is the time for flight. Our slaughter-  
 bands

Are scattered far and wide. A little while  
 And thou shalt be in safety. Know'st thou not  
 That low sweet vale, where dwells the holy man  
 Anselmo? — he whose hermitage is reared  
 'Mid some old temple's ruins? Round the spot  
 His name hath spread so pure and deep a charm,  
 'Tis hallowed as a sanctuary wherein  
 Thou shalt securely bide, till this wild storm  
 Have spent its fury. Haste!

*Con.* I will not fly!

While in his heart there is one throb of life,  
 One spark in his dim eyes, I will not leave  
 The brother of my youth to perish thus,  
 Without one kindly bosom to sustain  
 His dying head.

*Eri.* The clouds are darkening round.  
 There are strange voices ringing in mine ear  
 That summon me — to what? But I have been  
 Used to command! — Away! I will not die,  
 But on the field — [*He dies*]

*Con.* (*kneeling by him.*) O Heaven! be merciful  
 As thou art just! — for he is now where nought  
 But mercy can avail him. — It is past!



GUIDO enters with his sword drawn.

*Gui.* (to RAIMOND.) I've sought thee long —  
why art thou lingering here?  
Haste, follow me! Suspicion with thy name  
Joins that word — *Traitor!*

*Raim.* Traitor! — Guido?

*Gui.* Yes!

Hast thou not heard that, with his men-at-arms,  
After vain conflict with a people's wrath,  
De Couci hath escaped? And there are those  
Who murmur that from *thee* the warning came  
Which saved him from our vengeance. But  
e'en yet,

In the red current of Provençal blood,  
That doubt may be effaced. Draw thy good  
sword,  
And follow me!

*Raim.* And thou couldst doubt me, Guido!  
'Tis come to this! — Away! mistrust me still.  
I will not stain my sword with deeds like thine.  
Thou know'st me not!

*Gui.* Raimond di Procida! —

If thou art he whom once I deemed so noble —  
Call me thy friend no more! [*Exit GUIDO.*]

*Raim.* (after a pause.) Rise, dearest, rise!  
Thy duty's task hath nobly been fulfilled,  
E'en in the face of death; but all is o'er,  
And this is now no place where nature's tears  
In quiet sanctity may freely flow.  
— Hark! the wild sounds that wait on fearful  
deeds

Are swelling on the winds, as the deep roar  
Of fast-advancing billows; and for *thee*  
I shame not thus to tremble. — Speed! O, speed!  
[*Exeunt.*]

#### ACT IV

##### SCENE I. — A Street in Palermo.

PROCIDA enters.

*Pro.* How strange and deep a stillness loads  
the air,  
As with the power of midnight! Ay, where  
death  
Hath passed, there should be silence. But this  
hush  
Of nature's heart, this breathlessness of all things,  
Doth press on thought too heavily, and the sky,  
With its dark robe of purple thunder clouds,  
Brooding in sullen masses o'er my spirit,  
Weighs like an omen! Wherefore should this be?  
Is not our task achieved — the mighty work  
Of our deliverance! Yes; I should be joyous:  
But this our feeble nature, with its quick

Instinctive superstitions, will drag down  
Th' ascending soul. And I have fearful boding  
That treachery lurks amongst us. — Raimond  
Raimond!  
O, guilt ne'er made a mien like his its garb!  
It cannot be!

MONTALBA, GUIDO, and other Sicilians enter.

*Pro.* Welcome! we meet in joy!

Now may we bear ourselves erect, resuming  
The kingly port of freemen! Who shall dare,  
After this proof of slavery's dread recoil,  
To weave us chains again? Ye have done well.

*Mon.* We have done well. There needs no  
choral song,

No shouting multitudes, to blazon forth  
Our stern exploits. The *silence* of our foes  
Doth vouch enough, and they are laid to rest,  
Deep as the sword could make it. Yet our task  
Is still but half achieved, since with his bands  
De Couci hath escaped, and doubtless leads  
Their footsteps to Messina, where our foes  
Will gather all their strength. Determined hearts  
And deeds to startle earth are yet required  
To make the mighty sacrifice complete.  
Where is thy son?

*Pro.* I know not. Once last night  
He crossed my path, and with one stroke beat  
down

A sword just raised to smite me, and restored  
My own, which in that deadly strife had been  
Wrenched from my grasp; but when I would  
have pressed him

To my exulting bosom, he drew back,  
And with a sad, and yet a scornful smile,  
Full of strange meaning, left me. Since that hour  
I have not seen him. Wherefore didst thou ask?

*Mon.* It matters not. We have deep things  
to speak of.

Know'st thou that we have traitors in our coun-  
cils?

*Pro.* I know some voice in secret must have  
warned

De Couci, or his scattered bands had ne'er  
So soon been marshalled, and in close array  
Led hence as from the field. Hast thou heard  
aught

That may develop this?

*Mon.* The guards we set

To watch the city gates have seized, this morn,  
One whose quick fearful glance and hurried step  
Betrayed his guilty purpose. Mark! he bore  
(Amidst the tumult, deeming that his flight  
Might all unnoticed pass) these scrolls to him —  
The fugitive Provençal. Read and judge!

*Pro.* Where is this messenger?

*Mon.* Where *should* he be?

They slew him in their wrath.

*Pro.* Unwisely done!

Give me the scrolls.

[*He reads.*

Now, if there be such things  
As may to death add sharpness, yet delay  
The pang which gives release; if there be power  
In execration to call down the fires  
Of yon avenging heaven, whose rapid shafts  
But for such guilt were sinless; be they heaped  
Upon the traitor's head! — Scorn make his name  
Her mark forever!

*Mon.* In our passionate blindness,  
We send forth curses, whose deep stings recoil  
Oft on ourselves.

*Pro.* Whate'er fate hath of ruin  
Fall on his house! What! to resign again  
That freedom for whose sake our souls have  
now

Ingrained themselves in blood! Why, who is he  
That hath devised this treachery? To the scroll  
Why fixed he not his name, so stamping it  
With an immortal infamy, whose brand  
Might warn men from him? Who should be  
so vile?

Alberti? — In his eye is that which ever  
Shrinks from encountering mine! — But no!  
his race

Is of our noblest. O, he could not shame  
That high descent! Urbino? — Conti? — No!  
They are too deeply pledged. There's one name  
more!

— I cannot utter it! Now shall I read  
Each face with cold suspicion, which doth blot  
From man's high mien its native royalty,  
And seal his noble forehead with the impress  
Of its own vile imaginings! Speak your  
thoughts,

Montalba! Guido! — Who should this man be?

*Mon.* Why, what Sicilian youth unsheathed  
last night

His sword to aid our foes, and turned its edge  
Against his country's chiefs? — He that did *this*  
May well be deemed for guiltier treason ripe.

*Pro.* And who is he?

*Mon.* Nay, ask thy son.

*Pro.* My son!

What should *he* know of such a recreant heart?  
Speak, Guido! thou'rt his friend!

*Gui.* I would not wear  
The brand of such a name!

*Pro.* How? what means this?

A flash of light breaks in upon my soul!  
Is it to blast me? Yet the fearful doubt

Hath crept in darkness through my thoughts  
before,

And been flung from them. Silence! — Speak  
not yet!

I would be calm, and meet the thunderburst  
With a strong heart.

[*A pause.*

Now, what have I to hear  
Your tidings!

*Gui.* Briefly, 'twas your son did thus!  
He hath disgraced your name.

*Pro.* My son did thus!  
Are thy words oracles, that I should search  
Their hidden meaning out? What did my son?  
I have forgot the tale. Repeat it, quick!

*Gui.* 'Twill burst upon thee all too soon.  
While we

Were busy at the dark and solemn rites  
Of retribution; while we bathed the earth  
In red libations, which will consecrate  
The soil they mingled with to freedom's step  
Through the long march of ages; 'twas his task  
To shield from danger a Provençal maid,  
Sister of him whose cold oppression stung  
Our hearts to madness.

*Mon.* What! should she be spared  
To keep that name from perishing on earth?  
— I crossed them in their path, and raised my  
sword

To smite her in her champion's arms. We fought  
The boy disarmed me! And I live to tell  
My shame, and wreak my vengeance!

*Gui.* Who but he  
Could warn De Couci, or devise the guilt  
These scrolls reveal! Hath not the traitor still  
Sought, with his fair and specious eloquence,  
To win us from our purpose? All things seem  
Leagued to unmask him.

*Mon.* Know you not there came,  
E'en in the banquet's hour, from this De Couci  
One, bearing unto Eribert the tidings  
Of all our purposed deeds? And have we not  
Proof, as the noonday clear, that Raimond loves  
The sister of that tyrant?

*Pro.* There was one  
Who mourned for being childless! Let him now  
Feast o'er his children's graves, and I will join  
The revelry!

*Mon.* (*apart.*) You shall be childless too!

*Pro.* Was't you, Montalba! — Now rejoice,  
say!

There is no name so near you that its stains  
Should call the fevered and indignant blood  
To your dark cheek! But I will dash to earth  
The weight that presses on my heart, and then  
Be glad as thou art.

*Mon.* What means this, my lord?  
Who hath seen gladness on Montalba's mien?

*Pro.* Why, should not all be glad who have  
no sons

To tarnish their bright name?

*Mon.* I am not used

To bear with mockery.

*Pro.* Friend! By yon high heaven,  
I mock thee not! 'Tis a proud fate to live  
Alone and unallied. Why, what's alone?  
A word whose sense is — *free!* — Ay, free from all  
The venom'd stings implanted in the heart  
By those it loves. O, I could laugh to think  
O' th' joy that riots in baronial halls,  
When the word comes — "A son is born!" —  
A son!

They should say thus — "He that shall knit  
your brow

To furrows, not of years — and bid your eye  
Quail its proud glance to tell the earth its  
shame,

Is born, and so rejoice!" Then might we feast,  
And know the cause! Were it not excellent?

*Mon.* This is all idle. There are deeds to do:  
Arouse thee, Procida!

*Pro.* Why, am I not  
Calm as immortal justice! She can strike,  
And yet be passionless — and thus will I.  
I know thy meaning. Deeds to do! — 'tis well.  
They shall be done ere thought on. Go ye forth:  
There is a youth who calls himself my son.  
His name is Raimond — in his eye is light  
That shows like truth — but be not ye deceived!  
Bear him in chains before us. We will sit  
To-day in judgment, and the skies shall see  
The strength which girds our nature. Will not  
this

Be glorious, brave Montalba? Linger not,  
Ye tardy messengers! for there are things  
Which ask the speed of storms.

[*Exeunt GUIDO and others.*

Is not this well?

*Mon.* 'Tis noble. Keep thy spirit to this proud  
height —

(*Aside.*) And then be desolate like me. My woes  
Will at the thought grow light.

*Pro.* What now remains  
To be prepared? There should be solemn pomp  
To grace a day like this. Ay, breaking hearts  
Require a drapery to conceal their throbs  
From cold inquiring eyes; and it must be  
Ample and rich, that so their gaze may not  
Explore what lies beneath. [*Exit PROCIDA.*

*Mon.* Now this is well!

— I hate this Procida; for he hath won

In all our councils that ascendancy  
And mastery o'er bold hearts, which should  
have been

Mine by a thousand claims. Had *he* the strength  
Of wrongs like mine? No! for that name —  
his country —

*He* strikes; *my* vengeance hath a deeper fount:  
But there's dark joy in this! — And fate hath  
barred

My soul from every other. [*Exit MONTALBA.*

SCENE II. — *A Hermitage surrounded by the Ruins  
of an Ancient Temple.*

CONSTANCE, ANSELMO.

*Con.* 'Tis strange he comes not! Is not this  
the still

And sultry hour of noon? He should have been  
Here by the daybreak. Was there not a voice!  
— "No! 'tis the shrill cicada, with glad life  
Peopling these marble ruins, as it sports  
Amidst them in the sun." Hark! yet again!  
No! no! Forgive me, father! that I bring  
Earth's restless griefs and passions, to disturb  
The stillness of thy holy solitude:  
My heart is full of care.

*Ans.* There is no place  
So hallowed as to be unvisited  
By mortal cares. Nay, whither should we go  
With our deep griefs and passions, but to scenes  
Lonely and still, where He that made our hearts  
Will speak to them in whispers? I have known  
Affliction too, my daughter.

*Con.* Hark! his step!  
I know it well — he comes — my Raimond,  
welcome!

VITTORIA enters. CONSTANCE shrinks back on per-  
ceiving her.

O Heaven! that aspect tells a fearful tale.

*Vit.* (not observing her.) There is a cloud of  
horror on my soul;

And on thy words, Anselmo, peace doth wait,  
Even as an echo, following the sweet close  
Of some divine and solemn harmony:  
Therefore I sought thee now. O, speak to me  
Of holy things and names, in whose deep sound  
Is power to bid the tempests of the heart  
Sink, like a storm rebuked.

*Ans.* What recent grief

Darkens thy spirit thus?

*Vit.* I said not grief.

We should rejoice to-day, but joy is not  
That which it hath been. In the flowers which  
wreathe



Its mantling cup, there is a scent unknown,  
Fraught with a strange delirium. All things now  
Have changed their nature: still, I say, rejoice!  
There is a cause, Anselmo! We are free—  
Free and avenged! Yet on my soul there hangs  
A darkness, heavy as th' oppressive gloom  
Of midnight fantasies. Ay, for this, too,  
There is a cause.

*Ans.* How say'st thou, we are free?  
There may have raged, within Palermo's walls,  
Some brief wild tumult; but too well I know  
They call the stranger lord.

*Vit.* Who calls the *dead*  
Conqueror or lord? Hush! breathe it not aloud;  
The wild winds must not hear it! Yet again,  
I tell thee we are free!

*Ans.* Thine eye hath looked  
On fearful deeds, for still their shadows hang  
O'er its dark orb. Speak! I adjure thee: say,  
How hath this work been wrought?

*Vit.* Peace! ask me not!  
Why shouldst thou hear a tale to send thy blood  
Back on its fount? We cannot wake them now!  
The storm is in my soul, but *they* are all  
At rest!—Ay, sweetly may the slaughtered babe  
By its dead mother sleep; and warlike men,  
Who 'midst the slain have slumbered oft before,  
Making their shield their pillow, may repose  
Well, now their toils are done.—Is't not enough?

*Con.* Merciful Heaven! have such things  
been? And yet  
There is no shade come o'er the laughing sky!  
I am an outcast now.

*Ans.* O Thou whose ways  
Clouds mantle fearfully! of all the blind  
But terrible ministers that work thy wrath,  
How much is *man* the fiercest! Others know  
Their limits—yes! the earthquakes, and the  
storms,

And the volcanoes!—he alone o'erleaps  
The bounds of retribution! Couldst thou gaze,  
Vittoria! with thy woman's heart and eye,  
On such dread scenes unmoved?

*Vit.* Was it for *me*  
To stay th' avenging sword? No, though it  
pierced  
My very soul! Hark! hark! what thrilling  
shrieks

Ring through the air around me! Canst thou not  
Bid them be hushed? O, look not on me thus?

*Ans.* Lady! thy thoughts lend sternness to  
the looks  
Which are but sad! Have all then perished? *all*?  
Was there no mercy?

*Vit.* Mercy! it hath been

A word forbidden as th' unhallowed names  
Of evil powers. Yet one there was who dared  
To own the guilt of pity, and to aid  
The victims!—but in vain. Of him no more!  
He is a traitor, and a traitor's death  
Will be his meed.

*Con.* (*coming forward.*) O Heaven!—his  
name, his name!  
Is it—it cannot be!

*Vit.* (*starting.*) Thou here, pale girl!  
I deemed thee with the dead! How hast thou  
'scaped

The snare? Who saved thee, last of all thy race!  
Was it not he of whom I spake e'en now,  
Raimond di Procida?

*Con.* It is enough:  
Now the storm breaks upon me, and I sink.  
Must he too die?

*Vit.* Is it e'en so? Why, then,  
Live on—thou hast the arrow at thy heart!  
"Fix not on me thy sad reproachful eyes—"  
I mean not to betray thee. Thou mayst live!  
Why should Death bring thee his oblivious  
balms!

He visits but the happy. Didst thou ask  
If Raimond too must die? It is as sure  
As that his blood is on *thy* head, for thou  
Didst win him to this treason.

*Con.* When did men  
Call mercy *treason*? Take my life, but save  
My noble Raimond!

*Vit.* Maiden! he must die.  
E'en now the youth before his judges stands;  
And they are men who to the voice of prayer  
Are as the rock is to the murmured sigh  
Of summer waves!—ay, though a father sit  
On their tribunal. Bend thou not to me.  
What wouldst thou?

*Con.* Mercy!—O, wert thou to plead  
But with a look, e'en yet he might be saved!  
If thou hast ever loved—

*Vit.* If I have loved?  
It is *that* love forbids me to relent.  
I am what it hath made me. O'er my soul  
Lightning hath passed and seared it. Could I  
weep,

I then might pity—but it will not be.

*Con.* O, thou wilt yet relent! for woman's  
heart  
Was formed to suffer and to melt.

*Vit.* Away!  
Why should I pity thee? Thou wilt but prove  
What I have known before—and yet I live!  
Nature is strong, and it may all be borne—  
The sick impatient yearning of the heart

For that which is not ; and the weary sense  
Of the dull void, wherewith our homes have been  
Circled by death ; yes, all things may be borne !  
All, save remorse. But I will *not* bow down  
My spirit to that dark power ; there *was* no  
guilt ! —

Anselmo ! wherefore didst thou talk of guilt ?

*Ans.* Ay, thus doth sensitive conscience  
quicken thought,  
Lending reproachful voices to a breeze,  
Keen lightning to a look.

*Vit.* Leave me in peace !

Is't not enough that I should have a sense  
Of things thou canst not see, all wild and dark,  
And of unearthly whispers, haunting me  
With dread suggestions, but that *thy* cold words,  
Old man, should gall me, too ? Must all conspire  
Against me ? — O thou beautiful spirit ! wot  
To shine upon my dreams with looks of love,  
Where art *thou* vanished ? Was it not the thought  
Of thee which urged me to the fearful task,  
And wilt thou now forsake me ? I must seek  
The shadowy woods again, for there, perchance,  
Still may thy voice be in my twilight paths ;  
— Here I but meet despair ! [*Exit VITTORIA.*]

*Ans.* (to CONSTANCE.) Despair not *thou*,  
My daughter ! He that purifies the heart  
With grief will lend it strength.

*Con.* (endeavoring to rouse herself.) Did she  
not say

That some one was to die ?

*Ans.* I tell thee not

Thy pangs are vain — for nature will have way.  
Earth must have tears : yet in a heart like thine,  
Faith may not yield its place.

*Con.* Have I not heard

Some fearful tale ? — Who said that there should  
rest

Blood on my soul ? What blood ? I never bore  
Hatred, kind father ! unto aught that breathes :  
Raimond doth know it well. Raimond ! —  
High Heaven !

It bursts upon me now ! And he must die !  
For my sake — e'en for mine !

*Ans.* Her words were strange,  
And her proud mind seemed half to frenzy  
wrought ;

— Perchance this may not be.

*Con.* It *must* not be.

Why do I linger here ? [*She rises to depart.*]

*Ans.* Where wouldst thou go ?

*Con.* To give their stern and unrelenting hearts  
A victim in his stead.

*Ans.* Stay ! wouldst thou rush  
On certain death ?

*Con.* I may not falter now.

— Is not the life of woman all bound up  
In her affections ? What hath *she* to do  
In this bleak world alone ? It may be well  
For *man* on his triumphal course to move,  
Uncumbered by soft bonds ; but *we* were born  
For love and grief.

*Ans.* Thou fair and gentle thing,  
Unused to meet a glance which doth not speak  
Of tenderness or homage ! how shouldst *thou*  
Bear the hard aspect of unpitying men,  
Or face the King of Terrors ?

*Con.* There is strength  
Deep-bedded in our hearts, of which we reck  
But little, till the shafts of heaven have pierced  
Its fragile dwelling. Must not earth be rent  
Before her gems are found ? — O, now I feel  
Worthy the generous love which hath not  
shunned

To look on death for me ! My heart hath given  
Birth to as deep a courage, and a faith  
As high in its devotion. [*Exit CONSTANCE*]

*Ans.* She is gone !  
Is it to perish ? — God of mercy ! lend  
Power to my voice, that so its prayer may save  
This pure and lofty creature ! I will follow —  
But her young footstep and heroic heart  
Will bear her to destruction, faster far  
Than I can track her path. [*Exit ANSELMO*]

### SCENE III. — *Hall of a public Building.*

PROCIDA, MONTALBA, GUIDO, and others, seated ■  
on a Tribunal.

*Pro.* The morn lowered darkly ; but the sun  
hath now,  
With fierce and angry splendor, through the  
clouds

Burst forth, as if impatient to behold  
This our high triumph. — Lead the prisoner in

RAIMOND is brought in, fettered and guarded.

Why, what a bright and fearless brow is here !  
— Is this man guilty ? — Look on him, Montalba

*Mon.* Be firm. Should justice falter at a look

*Pro.* No, thou say'st well. Her eyes are fil-  
leted,

Or should be so. Thou, that dost call thyself —  
But no ! I will not breathe a traitor's name —  
Speak ! thou art arraigned of treason.

*Raim.* I arraign  
You, before whom I stand, of darker guilt,  
In the bright face of heaven ; and your own  
hearts

Give echo to the charge. Your very looks

Have ta'en the stamp of crime, and seem to shrink,

With a perturbed and haggard wildness, back  
From the too-searching light. Why, what hath wrought

This change on noble brows? There is a voice  
With a deep answer, rising from the blood  
Your hands have coldly shed! Ye are of those  
From whom just men recoil with curdling veins,  
All thrilled by life's abhorrent consciousness,  
And sensitive feeling of a *murderer's* presence.

- Away! come down from your tribunal seat,  
r'us off your robes of state, and let your mien  
Be pale and humbled; for ye bear about you  
That which repugnant earth doth sicken at,  
More than the pestilence. That I should live  
To see my father shrink!

*Pro.* Montalba, speak!

There's something chokes my voice — but fear  
me not.

*Mon.* If we must plead to vindicate our acts,  
Be it when thou hast made thine own look clear,  
Most eloquent youth! What answer canst thou  
make

To this our charge of treason?

*Raim.* I will plead

That cause before a mightier judgment throne,  
Where mercy is not guilt. But here I feel  
foo buoyantly the glory and the joy  
Of my free spirit's whiteness; for e'en now  
Th' embodied hideousness of crime doth seem  
Before me glaring out. Why, I saw *thee*,  
Thy foot upon an aged warrior's breast,  
l'rampling out nature's last convulsive heav-  
ings.

And thou, *thy* sword — O valiant chief! — is  
yet

Red from the noble stroke which pierced at  
once

A mother and the babe, whose little life  
Was from her bosom drawn! — Immortal deeds  
For bards to hymn!

*Gui.* (*aside.*) I look upon his mien,  
And waver. Can it be? My boyish heart  
Deemed him so noble once! Away, weak  
thoughts!

Why should I shrink, as if the guilt were *mine*,  
From his proud glance?

*Pro.* O thou dissembler! thou,  
So skilled to clothe with virtue's generous flush  
The hollow cheek of cold hypocrisy,  
That, with thy guilt made manifest, I can scarce  
Believe thee guilty! — look on me, and say,  
Whose was the secret warning voice, that saved  
De Couci with his bands, to join our foes,

And forge new fetters for th' indignant land?  
Whose was *this* treachery? [*Shows him papers*

Who hath promised here  
(Belike t' appease the manés of the dead)

At midnight to unfold Palermo's gates,  
And welcome in the foe? Who hath done *this*  
But thou — a tyrant's friend?

*Raim.* Who hath done this?

Father! — if I may call thee by that name —  
Look, with thy piercing eye, on those whose  
smiles

Were masks that hid their daggers. *There*,  
perchance,

May lurk what loves not light too strong. For  
me,

I know but this — there needs no deep research  
To prove the truth that murderers may be trai-  
tors,

Even to each other.

*Pro.* (*to MONTALBA.*) His unaltering cheek  
Still vividly doth hold its natural hue,  
And his eye quails not! Is this innocence?

*Mon.* No! 'tis th' unshrinking hardihood of  
crime.

— Thou bear'st a gallant mien. But where is  
she

Whom thou hast bartered fame and life to save,  
The fair Provençal maid? What! know'st thou  
not

That this alone were guilt, to death allied?

Was't not our law that he who spared a foe

(And is she not of that detested race?)

Should henceforth be amongst us *as a foe*?

— Where hast thou borne her? speak!

*Raim.* That Heaven, whose eye  
Burns up thy soul with its far-searching glance,  
Is with her: she is safe.

*Pro.* And by that word  
Thy doom is sealed. O God! that I had died  
Before this bitter hour, in the full strength  
And glory of my heart!

CONSTANCE enters, and rushes to RAIMOND.

*Con.* O, art thou found?

— But yet, to find thee thus! Chains, chains  
for thee.

My brave, my noble love! Off with these bonds;  
Let him be free as air: for I am come  
To be your victim now.

*Raim.* Death has no pang  
More keen than this. O, wherefore art thou  
here?

I could have died so calmly, deeming thee  
Saved, and at peace.

*Con.* At peace! — And thou hast thought



Thus poorly of my love! But woman's breast  
Hath strength to suffer too. Thy father sits  
On this tribunal; Raimond, which is he!

*Raim.* My father! who hath lulled thy gentle heart

With that false hope? Beloved! gaze around—  
See if thine eye can trace a father's soul  
In the dark looks bent on us.

[CONSTANCE, after earnestly examining the countenances of the Judges, falls at the feet of PROCIDA.]

*Con.* Thou art he!

Nay, turn thou not away! for I beheld  
Thy proud lip quiver, and a watery mist  
Pass o'er thy troubled eye; and then I knew  
Thou wert his father! Spare him! take my life!

In truth, a worthless sacrifice for his,  
But yet mine all. O, he hath still to run  
A long bright race of glory.

*Raim.* Constance, peace!

I look upon thee, and my failing heart  
Is as a broken reed.

*Con.* (still addressing PROCIDA.) O, yet relent!  
If 'twas his crime to rescue me — behold  
I come to be th' atonement! Let him live  
To crown thine age with honor. In thy heart  
There's a deep conflict; but great Nature pleads  
With an o'ermastering voice, and thou wilt yield!

—Thou art his father!

*Pro.* (after a pause.) Maiden, thou'rt deceived!

I am as calm as that dead pause of nature  
Ere the full thunder bursts. A judge is not  
Father or friend. Who calls this man my son?  
— My son! Ay! thus his mother proudly  
smiled —

But she was noble! Traitors stand alone,  
Loosed from all ties. Why should I trifle thus?  
— Bear her away!

*Raim.* (starting forward.) And whither?

*Mon.* Unto death.

Why should she live, when all her race have  
perished?

*Con.* (sinking into the arms of RAIMOND.)

Raimond, farewell! O, when thy star hath  
risen

To its bright noon, forget not, best beloved!  
I died for thee.

*Raim.* High Heaven! thou seest these things,  
And yet endur'st them! Shalt thou die for me,  
Purest and loveliest being: — but our fate  
May not divide us long. Her cheek is cold —

Her deep blue eyes are closed: should this be  
death?

— If thus, there yet were mercy! Father  
father!

Is thy heart human?

*Pro.* Bear her hence, I say!

Why must my soul be torn?

*ANSELMO enters, holding a Crucifix.*

*Ans.* Now, by this sign

Of Heaven's prevailing love! ye shall not harm  
One ringlet of her head. How! is there not  
Enough of blood upon your burdened souls?  
Will not the visions of your midnight couch  
Be wild and dark enough, but ye must heap  
Crime upon crime? Be ye content: your  
dreams.

Your councils, and your banquetings, will yet  
Be haunted by the voice which doth not sleep,  
E'en though this maid be spared! Constance,  
look up!

Thou shalt not die.

*Raim.* O, death e'en now hath veiled  
The light of her soft beauty. Wake, my love!  
Wake at my voice!

*Pro.* Anselmo, lead her hence,  
And let her live, but never meet my sight.  
— Begone! my heart will burst.

*Raim.* One last embrace!  
— Again life's rose is opening on her cheek;  
Yet must we part. So love is crushed on earth!  
But there are brighter worlds! — Farewell,  
farewell!

[He gives her to the care of ANSELMO

*Con.* (slowly recovering.) There was a voice  
which called me. Am I not  
A spirit freed from earth? Have I not passed  
The bitterness of death?

*Ans.* O, haste away!

*Con.* Yes! Raimond calls me. He too is re-  
leased  
From his cold bondage. We are free at last,  
And all is well. Away!

[She is led out by ANSELMO

*Raim.* The pang is o'er,  
And I have but to die.

*Mon.* Now, Procida,  
Comes thy great task. Wake! summon to thine  
aid

All thy deep soul's commanding energies;  
For thou — a chief among us — must pronounce  
The sentence of thy son. It rests with thee.

*Pro.* Ha! ha! Men's hearts should be of  
softer mould  
Than in the elder time. Fathers could doom

Their children *then* with an unfaltering voice,  
And we must tremble thus! Is it not said  
That nature grows degenerate, earth being now  
So full of days?

*Mon.* Rouse up thy mighty heart.

*Pro.* Ay, thou say'st right. There yet are  
souls which tower

As landmarks to mankind. Well, what's the task?

— There is a man to be condemned, you say?

Is he then guilty?

*All.* Thus we deem of him,  
With one accord.

*Pro.* And hath he nought to plead?

*Raim.* Nought but a soul unstained.

*Pro.* Why, that is little.

Stains on the soul are but as conscience deems  
them,

And conscience may be seared. But for this  
sentence!

— Was't not the penalty imposed on man,  
E'en from creation's dawn, that he must die?

— It was: thus making guilt a sacrifice  
Unto eternal justice; and we but  
Obey Heaven's mandate when we cast dark souls  
To th' elements from among us. Be it so!  
Such be *his* doom! I have said. Ay, now my  
heart

Is girt with adamant, whose cold weight doth  
press

its gaspings down. Off! let me breathe in  
freedom!

— Mountains are on my breast! [*He sinks back.*]

*Mon.* Guards, bear the prisoner  
Back to his dungeon.

*Raim.* Father! O, look up;  
Thou art my father still!

*Gwi.* (*leaving the tribunal, throws himself on the  
neck of RAIMOND.*) O Raimond, Raimond!  
If it should be that I have wronged thee, say  
Thou dost forgive me!

*Raim.* Friend of my young days,  
So may all-pitying Heaven! [*RAIMOND is led out.*]

*Pro.* Whose voice was that?  
Where is he?—gone? Now I may breathe  
once more  
In the free air of heaven. Let us away.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Prison dimly lighted.*

RAIMOND sleeping. PROCIDA enters.

*Pro.* (*gazing upon him earnestly.*) Can he  
Then sleep? Th' overshadowing night hath  
wrapped

Earth at her stated hours; the stars have set  
Their burning watch, and all things hold their  
course

Of wakefulness and rest; yet hath not sleep  
Sat on mine eyelids since — but this avails not!  
And thus *he* slumbers! "Why, this mien doth  
seem

As if its soul were but one lofty thought  
Of an immortal destiny!" His brow  
Is calm as waves whereon the midnight heavens  
Are imaged silently. Wake, Raimond! wake!  
Thy rest is deep.

*Raim.* (*starting up.*) My father! Wherefore  
here?

I am prepared to die, yet would I not  
Fall by *thy* hand.

*Pro.* 'Twas not for *this* I came.

*Raim.* Then wherefore? and upon thy lofty  
brow

Why burns the troubled flush?

*Pro.* Perchance 'tis shame.

Yes, it may well be shame! — for I have striven  
With nature's feebleness, and been o'erpowered  
— Howe'er it be, 'tis not for *thee* to gaze,  
Noting it thus. Rise, let me loose thy chains.  
Arise, and follow me; but let thy step  
Fall without sound on earth. I have prepared  
The means for thy escape.

*Raim.* What! *thou!* the austere,  
The inflexible Procida! hast *thou* done this,  
Deeming me guilty still!

*Pro.* Upbraid me not!  
It is even so. There have been nobler deeds  
By Roman fathers done — but I am weak.  
Therefore, again I say, arise! and haste,  
For the night wanes. Thy fugitive course  
must be

To realms beyond the deep; so let us part  
In silence, and forever.

*Raim.* Let him fly  
Who holds no deep asylum in his breast  
Wherein to shelter from the scoffs of men;  
— I can sleep calmly here.

*Pro.* Art thou in love  
With death and infamy, that so thy choice  
Is made, lost boy! when freedom courts thy  
grasp?

*Raim.* Father! to set th' irrevocable seal  
Upon that shame wherewith ye have branded me  
There needs but flight. What should I fear from  
this,

My native land? — A blighted name, to rise  
And part me, with its dark remembrances,  
Forever from the sunshine! O'er my soul  
Bright shadowings of a nobler destiny

Float in dim beauty through the gloom ; but here  
On earth my hopes are closed.

*Pro.* Thy hopes are closed !

And what were they to mine ? — Thou wilt not  
fly !

Why, let all traitors flock to thee, and learn  
How proudly guilt can talk ! Let fathers rear  
Their offspring henceforth as the free, wild birds  
Foster their young : when these can mount alone,  
Dissolving nature's bonds, why should it not  
Be so with us ?

*Raim.* O father ! now I feel

What high prerogatives belong to Death.  
He hath a deep though voiceless eloquence,  
To which I leave my cause. "His solemn veil  
Doth with mysterious beauty clothe our virtues,  
And, in its vast, oblivious folds, forever  
Give shelter to our faults." When I am gone,  
The mists of passion which have dimmed my  
name

Will melt like daydreams ; and my memory then  
Will be — not what it should have been — for I  
Must pass without my fame — but yet unstained  
As a clear morning dewdrop. O, the grave  
Hath rights inviolate as a sanctuary's,  
And they should be my own !

*Pro.* Now, by just Heaven,

I will not thus be tortured ! — Were my heart  
But of thy guilt or innocence assured,  
I could be calm again. "But in this wild  
Suspense — this conflict and vicissitude  
Of opposite feelings and convictions — What !  
Hath it been mine to temper and to bend  
All spirits to my purpose ? have I raised  
With a severe and passionless energy,  
From the dread mingling of their elements,  
Storms which have rocked the earth ? — and  
shall I now

Thus fluctuate as a feeble reed, the scorn  
And plaything of the winds ?" Look on me, boy !  
Guilt never dared to meet these eyes, and keep  
Its heart's dark secret close. — O pitying Heaven !  
Speak to my soul with some dread oracle,  
And tell me which is truth.

*Raim.* I will not plead.

I will not call th' Omnipotent to attest  
My innocence. No, father ! in thy heart  
I know my birthright shall be soon restored ;  
Therefore I look to death, and bid thee speed  
The great absolver.

*Pro.* O my son ! my son !

We will not part in wrath. The sternest hearts,  
Within their proud and guarded fastnesses,  
Hide something still round which their tendrils  
cling

With a close-grasp, unknown to those who dress  
Their love in smiles. And such wert thou to me !  
The all which taught me that my soul was cast  
In nature's mould. And I must now hold on  
My desolate course alone ! Why, be it thus !  
He that doth guide a nation's star should dwell  
High o'er the clouds, in regal solitude,  
Sufficient to himself.

*Raim.* Yet, on the summit,  
When with her bright wings glory shadows thee,  
Forget not him who coldly sleeps beneath,  
Yet might have soared as high.

*Pro.* No, fear thou not !

Thou'lt be remembered long. The canker worn  
O' th' heart is ne'er forgotten.

*Raim.* "O ! not thus —

I would not *thus* be thought of."

*Pro.* Let me deem

Again that thou art base ! — for thy bright looks,  
Thy glorious mien of fearlessness and truth,  
Then would not haunt me as th' avenging powers  
Followed the parricide. Farewell, farewell !  
I have no tears. O, thus thy mother looked,  
When with a sad, yet half-triumphant smile,  
All radiant with deep meaning, from her death  
bed

She gave thee to my arms.

*Raim.* Now death has lost

His sting, since thou believ'st me innocent !

*Pro.* (*wildly.*) Thou innocent ! — Am I thy  
murderer, then ?

Away ! I tell thee thou hast made my name  
A scorn to men ! No ! I will *not* forgive thee ;  
A traitor ! What ! the blood of Procida  
Filling a traitor's veins ? Let the earth drink it.  
Thou wouldst receive our foes ! — but they shall  
meet

From thy perfidious lips a welcome cold  
As death can make it. Go, prepare thy soul !

*Raim.* Father ! yet hear me !

*Pro.* No ! thou'rt skilled to make  
E'en shame look fair. Why should I linger thus ?

[*Going to leave the prison, he turns back for  
a moment.*]

If there be aught — if aught — for which thou  
need'st

Forgiveness — not of me, but that dread Power  
From whom no heart is veiled — delay thou not  
Thy prayer — time hurries on.

*Raim.* I am prepared.

*Pro.* 'Tis well.

[*Exit PROCIDA.*]

*Raim.* Men talk of torture ! — Can they wreak  
Upon the sensitive and shrinking frame  
Half the mind bears — and lives ? My spirit feels



Bewildered; on its powers this twilight gloom  
Hangs like a weight of earth. — It should be  
morn;

Why, then, perchance, a beam of heaven's bright  
sun

Hath pierced, ere now, the grating of my dun-  
geon,

Telling of hope and mercy!

[*Exit into an inner cell.*]

SCENE II. — *A Street of Palermo.*

*Many Citizens assembled.*

1st *Cit.* The morning breaks; his time is al-  
most come:

Will he be led this way?

2d *Cit.* Ay, so 'tis said,  
To die before that gate through which he purposed  
The foe should enter in!

3d *Cit.* 'Twas a vile plot!  
And yet I would my hands were pure as his  
From the deep stain of blood. Didst hear the  
sounds

I' the air last night?

2d *Cit.* Since the great work of slaughter,  
Who hath not heard them duly at those hours  
Which should be silent?

3d *Cit.* O, the fearful mingling,  
The terrible mimicry of human voices,  
In every sound which to the heart doth speak  
Of woe and death!

2d *Cit.* Ay, there was woman's shrill  
And piercing cry; and the low, feeble wail  
Of dying infants; and the half-suppressed,  
Deep groan of man in his last agonies!  
And, now and then, there swelled upon the  
breeze

Strange, savage bursts of laughter, wilder far  
Than all the rest.

1st *Cit.* Of our own fate, perchance,  
These awful midnight wailings may be deemed  
An ominous prophecy. Should France regain  
Her power among us, doubt not, we shall have  
Stern reckoners to account with. — Hark!

[*The sound of trumpets heard at a distance.*]

2d *Cit.* 'Twas but  
A rushing of the breeze.

3d *Cit.* E'en now, 'tis said,  
The hostile bands approach.

[*The sound is heard gradually drawing nearer.*]

2d *Cit.* Again! that sound  
Was no illusion. Nearer yet it swells —  
They come, they come!

*PROCIDA enters.*

*Pro.* The foe is at your gates;  
But hearts and hands prepared shall meet his  
onset.

Why are ye loitering here?

*Cit.* My lord, we came —

*Pro.* Think ye I know not wherefore? — 'twas  
to see

A fellow-being die! Ay, 'tis a sight  
Man loves to look on; and the tenderest hearts  
Recoil, and yet withdraw not from the scene.  
For *this* ye came. What! is our nature fierce,  
Or is there that in mortal agony  
From which the soul, exulting in its strength,  
Doth learn immortal lessons? Hence, and arm!  
Ere the night dews descend, ye will have seen  
Enough of death — for this must be a day  
Of battle! 'Tis the hour which troubled souls  
Delight in, for its rushing storms are wings  
Which bear them up! Arm! arm! 'tis for  
your homes,

And all that lends them loveliness — Away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. — *Prison of RAIMOND.*

RAIMOND, ANSELMO.

*Raim.* And Constance then is safe! Heave,  
bless thee, father!

Good angels bear such comfort.

*Ans.* I have found  
A safe asylum for thine honored love,  
Where she may dwell until serener days,  
With St. Rosalia's gentlest daughters — those  
Whose hallowed office is to tend the bed  
Of pain and death, and soothe the parting soul  
With their soft hymns: and therefore are they  
called

"Sisters of Mercy."

*Raim.* O, that name, my Constance!  
Befits thee well. E'en in our happiest days,  
There was a depth of tender pensiveness  
Far in thine eyes' dark azure, speaking ever  
Of pity and mild grief. Is she at peace?

*Ans.* Alas! what should I say?

*Raim.* Why did I ask,  
Knowing the deep and full devotedness  
Of her young heart's affections? O, the thought  
Of my untimely fate will haunt her dreams,  
Which should have been so tranquil! — and  
her soul,

Whose strength was but the lofty gift of love,  
Even unto death will sicken.

*Ans.* All that faith

Can yield of comfort shall assuage her woes ;  
And still, whate'er betide, the light of heaven  
Rests on her gentle heart. But thou, my son !  
Is thy young spirit mastered, and prepared  
For nature's fearful and mysterious change ?

*Raim.* Ay, father ! of my brief remaining task  
The least part is to die ! And yet the cup  
Of life still mantled brightly to my lips,  
Crowned with that sparkling bubble, whose  
proud name

Is — glory ! O, my soul, from boyhood's morn,  
Hath nursed such mighty dreams ! It was my  
hope

To leave ■ name, whose echo from th' abyss  
Of time should rise, and float upon the winds  
Into the far hereafter ; there to be  
A trumpet sound, a voice from the deep tomb,  
Murmuring — Awake ! — Arise ! But this is  
past !

Erewhile, and it had seemed enough of shame  
To sleep *forgotten* in the dust ; but now —  
O God ! — th' undying record of my grave  
Will be — Here sleeps a traitor ! — One whose  
crime

Was — to deem brave men might find nobler  
weapons

Than the cold murderer's dagger !

*Ans.* O my son !

Subdue these troubled thoughts ! Thou wouldst  
not change

Thy lot for theirs, o'er whose dark dreams will  
hang

Th' avenging shadows, which the bloodstained  
soul

Doth conjure from the dead !

*Raim.* Thou'rt right. I would not.

Yet 'tis a weary task to school the heart,

Ere years or griefs have tamed its fiery spirit

Into that still and passive fortitude,

Which is but learned from suffering. Would  
the hour

To hush these passionate throbbings were at  
hand !

*Ans.* It will not be to-day. Hast thou not  
heard

— But no — the rush, the trampling, and the stir  
Of this great city, arming in her haste,  
Pierce not these dungeon depths. The foe hath  
reached

Our gates, and all Palermo's youth, and all  
Her warrior men, are marshalled, and gone forth,  
In that high hope which makes realities,  
To the red field. Thy father leads them on.

*Raim.* (*starting up*) They are gone forth !  
my father leads them on !

All — all Palermo's youth ! No ! *one* is left,  
Shut out from glory's race ! They are gone  
forth !

Ay, now the soul of battle is abroad —  
It burns upon the air ! The joyous winds  
Are tossing warrior plumes, the proud white  
foam

Of battle's roaring billows ! On my sight  
The vision bursts — it maddens ! 'tis the flash,  
The lightning shock of lances, and the cloud  
Of rushing arrows, and the broad full blaze  
Of helmets in the sun ! The very steed  
With his majestic rider glorying shares  
The hour's stern joy, and waves his floating mane  
As a triumphant banner ! Such things are  
Even now — and I am here !

*Ans.* Alas ! be calm !

To the same grave ye press — thou that dost  
pine

Beneath a weight of chains, and they that rule  
The fortunes of the fight.

*Raim.* Ay ! Thou canst feel

The calm thou wouldst impart ; for unto thee  
All men alike, the warrior and the slave,  
Seem, as thou say'st, but pilgrims, pressing on  
To the same bourn. Yet call it not the same :  
Their graves who fall in this day's fight will be  
As altars to their country, visited

By fathers with their children, bearing wreaths,  
And chanting hymns in honor of the dead :  
Will mine be such ?

*VITTORIA rushes in wildly, as if pursued.*

*Vit.* Anselmo ! art thou found ?

Haste, haste, or all is lost ! Perchance thy voice,  
Whereby they deem Heaven speaks, thy lifted  
cross,

And prophet mien, may stay the fugitives,  
Or shame them back to die.

*Ans.* The fugitives !

What words are these ? The sons of Sicily  
Fly not before the foe !

*Vit.* That I should say

It is too true !

*Ans.* And thou — thou bleedest, lady !

*Vit.* Peace ! heed not me when Sicily is lost !  
I stood upon the walls, and watched our bands,  
As, with their ancient royal banner spread,  
Onward they marched. The combat was be-  
gun,

The fiery impulse given, and valiant men  
Had sealed their freedom with their blood —  
when, lo !

That false Alberti led his recreant vassals  
To join th' invader's host.

*Raim.* His country's curse  
Rest on the slave forever!

*Vit.* Then distrust,  
E'en of their noble leaders, and dismay,  
That swift contagion, on Palermo's bands  
Came like a deadly blight. They fled! — O  
shame!

E'en now they fly! Ay, through the city gates  
They rush, as if all Ætna's burning streams  
Pursued their wingéd steps!

*Raim.* Thou hast not named  
Their chief — Di Procida — *he* doth not fly!

*Vit.* No! like a kingly lion in the toils,  
Daring the hunters yet, he proudly strives:  
But all in vain! The few that breast the storm,  
With Guido and Montalba by his side,  
Fight but for graves upon the battle field.

*Raim.* And I am *here*! Shall there be power,  
O God!

In the roused energies of fierce despair,  
To burst my heart — and not to rend my chains?  
O for one moment of the thunderbolt  
To set the strong man free!

*Vit.* (*after gazing upon him earnestly.*) Why,  
'twere a deed

Worthy the fame and blessing of all time,  
To loose thy bonds, thou son of Procida!  
Thou art no traitor! — from thy kindled brow  
Looks out thy lofty soul! Arise! go forth!  
And rouse the noble heart of Sicily  
Unto high deeds again. Anselmo, haste;  
Unbind him! Let my spirit still prevail,  
Ere I depart — for the strong hand of death  
Is on me now. [*She sinks back against a pillar.*]

*Ans.* O Heaven! the lifeblood streams  
Fast from thy heart — thy troubled eyes grow  
dim.

Who hath done this?

*Vit.* Before the gates I stood,  
And in the name of him, the loved and lost,  
With whom I soon shall be, all vainly strove  
To stay the shameful flight. Then from the  
foe,

Fraught with my summons to his viewless home,  
Came the fleet shaft which pierced me.

*Ans.* Yet, O yet,  
It may not be too late. Help, help!

*Vit.* (*to Raimond.*) Away!  
Bright is the hour which brings thee liberty!

*Attendants enter.*

Haste, be those fetters riven! Unbar the gates,  
And set the captive free!

*The Attendants seem to hesitate.* Know ye not  
*her*

Who should have worn your country's dia-  
dem?

*Att.* O lady! we obey.

[*They take off RAIMOND'S chains. He springs  
up exultingly.*]

*Raim.* Is this no dream?

Mount, eagle! thou art free! Shall I then die  
Not 'midst the mockery of insulting crowds,  
But on the field of banners, where the brave  
Are striving for an immortality?

It is e'en so! Now for bright arms of proof,  
A helm, a keen-edged falchion, and e'en yet  
My father may be saved!

*Vit.* Away, be strong!

And let thy battle word, to rule the storm,  
Be — *Conradin.* [*He rushes out.*]

O for one hour of life,  
To hear that name blent with th' exulting shout  
Of victory! It will not be! A mightier power  
Doth summon me away.

*Ans.* To purer worlds  
Raise thy last thoughts in hope.

*Vit.* Yes! *he* is there,  
All glorious in his beauty! — Conradin!  
Death parted us, and death shall reunite!  
He will not stay — it is all darkness now!  
Night gathers o'er my spirit. [*She dies*]

*Ans.* She is gone!  
It is an awful hour which stills the heart  
That beat so proudly once. Have mercy, Heaven!  
[*He kneels beside her*]

SCENE IV. — *Before the Gates of Palermo.*

*Sicilians flying tumultuously towards the Gates.*

*Voices, (without.)* Montjoy! Montjoy! St.  
Denis for Anjou!

*Provençals, on!*

*Sicilians.* Fly, fly, or all is lost!

*RAIMOND appears in the gateway armed, and car-  
rying a banner.*

*Raim.* Back, back, I say! ye men of Sicily!  
All is not lost! O, shame! A few brave hearts  
In such a cause, ere now, have set their breasts  
Against the rush of thousands, and sustained,  
And made the shock recoil. Ay, man, free man,  
Still to be called so, hath achieved such deeds  
As heaven and earth have marvelled at; and  
souls,

Whose spark yet slumbers with the days to come,  
Shall burn to hear, transmitting brightly thus  
Freedom from race to race! Back! or prepare  
Amidst your hearths, your bowers, your very  
shrines,



To bleed and die in vain! Turn! — follow me!  
 "Conradin, Conradin!" — for Sicily  
 His spirit fights! Remember "Conradin!"

[*They begin to rally round him.*]

Ay, this is well! — Now, follow me, and charge!

[*The Provençals rush in, but are repulsed by the Sicilians. — Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. — *Part of the Field of Battle.*

MONTALBA enters wounded, and supported by RAIMOND, whose face is concealed by his helmet.

Raim. Here rest thee, warrior.

Mon. Rest! ay, death is rest,

And such will soon be mine. But, thanks to thee,  
 I shall not die a captive. Brave Sicilian!  
 These lips are all unused to soothing words,  
 Or I should bless the valor which hath won,  
 For my last hour, the proud free solitude  
 Wherewith my soul would gird itself. Thy  
 name?

Raim. 'Twill be no music to thine ear, Mont-  
 alba.

Faze — read it thus!

[*He lifts the visor of his helmet.*]

Mon. Raimond di Procida!

Raim. Thou hast pursued me with a bitter  
 hate:

But fare thee well Heaven's peace be with  
 thy soul!

I must away. One glorious effort more,  
 And this proud field is won. [*Exit RAIMOND.*]

Mon. Am I thus humbled?

How my heart sinks within me! But 'tis Death  
 (And he can tame the mightiest) hath subdued  
 My towering nature thus. Yet is he welcome!  
 That youth — 'twas in his pride he rescued me!  
 I was his deadliest foe, and thus he proved  
 His fearless scorn. Ha! ha! but he shall fail  
 To melt me into womanish feebleness.

There I still baffle him — the grave shall seal  
 My lips forever — mortal shall not hear

Montalba say — "*Forgive!*" [*He dies.*]

SCENE VI. — *Another part of the Field.*

PROCIDA, GUIDO, and other Sicilians.

Pro. The day is ours; but he, the brave un-  
 known,

Who turned the tide of battle — he whose path  
 Was victory — who hath seen him?

ALBERTI is brought in wounded and fettered.

Alb. Procida!

Pro. Besilent, traitor! Bear him from my  
 sight,

Unto your deepest dungeons

Alb. In the grave

A nearer home awaits me. Yet one word  
 Ere my voice fail — thy son —

Pro. Speak, speak!

Alb. Thy son

Knows not a thought of guilt. That traitorous  
 plot

Was mine alone.

[*He is led away.*]

Pro. Attest it, earth and heaven!

My son is guiltless! Hear it, Sicily!

The blood of Procida is noble still!

My son! He lives, he lives! His voice shall speak  
 Forgiveness to his sire! His name shall cast  
 Its brightness o'er my soul!

Gui. O day of joy!

The brother of my heart is worthy still  
 The lofty name he bears!

ANSELMO enters.

Pro. Anselmo, welcome!

In a glad hour we meet; for know, my son  
 Is guiltless.

Ans. And victorious! By his arm  
 All hath been rescued.

Pro. How! — the unknown —

Ans. Was he!

Thy noble Raimond! — by Vittoria's hand  
 Freed from his bondage, in that awful hour  
 When all was flight and terror.

Pro. Now my cup

Of joy too brightly mantles! Let me press  
 My warrior to a father's heart — and die;  
 For life hath nought beyond. Why comes he  
 not?

Anselmo, lead me to my valiant boy!

Ans. Temper this proud delight.

Pro. What means that look?

He hath not fallen?

Ans. He lives.

Pro. Away, away!

Bid the wide city with triumphal pomp  
 Prepare to greet her victor. Let this hour  
 Atone for all his wrongs! [*Exeunt*]

SCENE VII. — *Garden of a Convent.*

RAIMOND is led in wounded, leaning on Attendants.

Raim. Bear me to no dull couch, but let  
 me die

In the bright face of nature! Lift my helm  
 That I may look on heaven.

1st Att. (*to 2d Attendant.*) Lay him to rest  
 On this green sunny bank, and I will call  
 Some holy sister to his aid; but thou

Return unto the field, for high-born men  
There need the peasant's aid.

[Exit 2d Attendant.

(To Raim.) Here gentle hands  
Shall tend thee, warrior; for, in these retreats,  
They dwell, whose vows devote them to the care  
Of all that suffer. Mayst thou live to bless them!

[Exit 1st Attendant.

Raim. Thus have I wished to die! 'Twas a  
proud strife!

My father blessed th' unknown who rescued him,  
(Blessed him, alas! because unknown;) and  
Guido,

Beside him bravely struggling, called aloud,  
"Noble Sicilian, on!" O, had they deemed  
'Twas I who led that rescue, they had spurned  
Mine aid, though 'twas deliverance; and their  
looks

Had fallen like blights upon me. There is one,  
Whose eye ne'er turned on mine but its blue light  
Grew softer, trembling through the dewy mist  
Raised by deep tenderness! O, might the soul,  
Set in that eye, shine on me ere I perish!

Is't not her voice?

CONSTANCE enters sneaking to a Nun, who turns  
into another path.

Con. O, happy they, kind sister!  
Whom thus ye tend; for it is theirs to fall  
With brave men side by side, when the roused  
heart

Beats proudly to the last! There are high souls  
Whose hope was such a death, and 'tis denied!

[She approaches RAIMOND.

Young warrior, is there aught — Thou here,  
my Raimond

Thou here — and thus! O, is this joy or woe?

Raim. Joy, be it joy! my own, my blessed love!  
E'en on the grave's dim verge. Yes! it is joy!  
My Constance! victors have been crowned, ere  
now,

With the green shining laurel, when their brows  
Wore death's own impress — and it may be thus,  
E'en yet, with me! They freed me, when the foe  
Had half prevailed, and I have proudly earned,  
With my heart's dearest blood, the meed to die  
Within thine arms.

Con. O, speak not thus — to die!  
These wounds may yet be closed.

[She attempts to bind his wounds.

Look on me, love!

Why, there is more than life in thy glad mien —  
'Tis full of hope! and from thy kindled eye  
Breaks e'en unwonted light, whose ardent ray  
Seems born to be immortal!

Raim. 'Tis e'en so!

The parting soul doth gather all her fires  
Around her; all her glorious hopes, and dreams,  
And burning aspirations, to illumine  
The shadowy dimness of th' untrodden path  
Which lies before her; and encircled thus,  
A while she sits in dying eyes, and thence  
Sends forth her bright farewell. Thy gentle cares  
Are vain, and yet I bless them

Con. Say not vain;

'The dying look not thus. We shall not part!

Raim. I have seen Death ere now, and known  
him wear

Full many a changeful aspect.

Con. O, but none

Radiant as thine, my warrior! Thou wilt live!  
Look round thee! all is sunshine. Is not this  
A smiling world?

Raim. Ay, gentlest love! a world  
Of joyous beauty and magnificence,  
Almost too fair to leave! Yet must we tame  
Our ardent hearts to this! O, weep thou not:  
There is no home for liberty, or love,  
Beneath these festal skies! Be not deceived;  
My way lies far beyond! I shall be soon  
That viewless thing, which, with its mortal  
weeds

Casting off meaner passions, yet, we trust,  
Forgets not how to love!

Con. And must this be?

Heaven, thou art merciful! — O, bid our souls  
Depart together!

Raim. Constance! there is strength  
Within thy gentle heart, which hath been proved  
Nobly, for me: arouse it once again!  
Thy grief unmans me — and I fain would meet  
That which approaches, as a brave man yields  
With proud submission to a mightier foe.  
— It is upon me now!

Con. I will be calm.

Let thy head rest upon my bosom, Raimond,  
And I will so suppress its quick deep sobs,  
They shall but rock thee to thy rest. There is  
A world (ay, let us seek it!) where no blight  
Falls on the beautiful rose of youth, and there  
I shall be with thee soon!

PROCIDA and ANSELMO enter. PROCIDA, on see-  
ing RAIMOND, starts back

Ans. Lift up thy head,

Brave youth, exultingly! for lo! thine hour  
Of glory comes! O, doth it come too late?  
E'en now the false Alberti hath confessed  
That guilty plot, for which thy life was doomed  
To be th' atonement.

*Raim.* 'Tis enough! Rejoice,  
Rejoice, my Constance! for I leave a name  
O'er which thou mayst weep proudly!

[*He sinks back.*  
To thy breast

Fold me yet closer, for an icy dart  
Hath touched my veins.

*Con.* And must thou leave me, Raimond?  
Alas! thine eye grows dim; its wandering  
glance  
Is full of dreams.

*Raim.* Haste, haste, and tell my father  
I was no traitor!

*Pro. (rushing forward.)* To thy father's heart  
Return, forgiving all thy wrongs — return!  
Speak to me, Raimond! — thou wert ever kind,  
And brave, and gentle! Say that all the past  
Shall be forgiven! That word from none but  
thee

My lips e'er asked. — Speak to me once, my boy,  
My pride, my hope! And it is with thee thus?  
Look on me yet! — O, must this woe be borne?

*Raim.* Off with this weight of chains! it is  
not meet

For a crowned conqueror! — hark! the trum-  
pet's voice!

[*A sound of triumphant music is heard grad-  
ually approaching.*

Is't not a thrilling call? What drowsy spell  
Benumbs me thus? — Hence! I am free again!  
Now swells your festal strains — the field is  
won!

Sing to me glorious dreams. [*He dies.*

*Ans.* The strife is past;  
There fled a noble spirit!

*Con.* Hush! he sleeps —  
Disturb him not!

*Ans.* Alas! this is no sleep  
From which the eye doth radiantly uncloze:  
Bow down thy soul, for earthly hope is o'er!

[*The music continues approaching. GUIDO  
enters with Citizens and Soldiers.*

*Jui.* The shrines are decked, the festive  
torches blaze —

Where is our brave deliverer? We are come  
To crown Palermo's victor!

*Ans.* Ye come too late.  
The voice of human praise doth send no echo  
Into the world of spirits. [*The music ceases.*

*Pro. (after a pause.)* Is this dust  
I look on — Raimond? 'Tis but a sleep! — a  
smile

On his pale cheek sits proudly. Raimond, wake!

O God! and this was his triumphant day!  
My son, my injured son!

*Con. (starting.)* Art thou his father!  
I know thee now. — Hence! with thy dark stern  
eye,

And thy cold heart! Thou canst not wake him  
now!

Away! he will not answer but to me —  
For none like me hath loved him! He is mine  
Ye shall not rend him from me.

*Pro.* O, he knew  
Thy love, poor maid! Shrink from me now no  
more!

He knew thy heart — but who shall tell him now  
The depth, th' intenseness, and the agony,  
Of my suppressed affection? I have learned  
All his high worth in time to deck his grave.  
Is there not power in the strong spirit's woe  
To force an answer from the viewless world  
Of the departed? Raimond! — speak! — for-  
give!

Raimond! my victor, my deliverer! hear!  
— Why, what a world is this! Truth ever  
bursts

On the dark soul too late: and glory crowns  
Th' unconscious dead. There comes an hour to  
break

The mightiest hearts! — My son! my son! is  
this

A day of triumph! Ay, for thee alone!  
[*He throws himself upon the body of RAIMOND.*

*Curtain falls.*

#### ANNOTATIONS ON THE "VESPERS OF PALERMO."

"*The Vespers of Palermo* was the earliest of the dramatic productions of our author. The period in which the scene is laid is sufficiently known from the title of the play. The whole is full of life and action. The same high strain of moral propriety marks this piece as all others of her writings. The hero is an enthusiast for glory, for liberty, and for virtue: and on his courage, his forbearance, the integrity of his love, making the firmness of his patriotism appear doubtful, rests the interest of the plot. It is worthy of remark, that some of its best parts have already found their way into an excellent selection of pieces for schools, and thus contribute to give lessons of morality to those who are most susceptible of the interest of tragedy.

"It may not be so generally remembered, that the same historical event was made the subject of a French tragedy, about the same time that the English one was written, and by a poet now of great popularity in France. We hesitate not to give the preference to Mrs. Hemans, for invention and interest, accurate delineation of character, and adherence to probability. Both the tragedies are written in a style of finished elegance." — PROFESSOR NOATON, in *North American Review*, 1827.

It was in 1821, as mentioned in the prefatory note, that Mrs. Hemans composed *The Vespers of Palermo*, and that the



MS. was handed over to the Managing Committee of Covent Garden. Two years elapsed before her doubts regarding its fate were removed, and the result was as follows. In giving it here, let the reader remember, meanwhile, that we are carried forward, for the space of time mentioned, beyond the pale of our literary chronology.

"After innumerable delays, uncertainties, and anxieties," writes her sister, "the fate of the tragedy, so long in abeyance, was now drawing to a crisis. Every thing connected with its approaching representation was calculated to raise the highest hopes of success. 'All is going on,' writes Mrs. Hemans on the 27th November, 'as well as I could possibly desire. Only a short time will yet elapse before the ordeal is over. I received a message yesterday from Mr. Kemble, informing me of the unanimous opinion of the greenroom conclave in favor of the piece, and exhorting me to 'be of good courage.' Murray has given me two hundred guineas for the copyright of the 'tragedy, drama, poem, composition, or book,' as it is called in the articles which I signed yesterday. The managers made exceptions to the name of *Prociida* — why or wherefore I know not; and out of several others which I proposed to them, *The Vespers of Palermo* has been finally chosen."

"Under these apparently favorable auspices, the piece was produced at Covent Garden on the night of December 12, 1823, the principal characters being taken by Mr. Young, Mr. C. Kemble, Mr. Yates, Mrs. Bartley, and Miss F. H. Kelly. Two days had to elapse before the news of its reception could reach St. Asaph. Not only Mrs. Hemans's own family, but all her more immediate friends and neighbors, were wrought up to a pitch of intense expectation. Various newspapers were ordered expressly for the occasion, and the post office was besieged at twelve o'clock at night, by some of the more zealous of her friends, eager to be the first heralds of the triumph so undoubtingly anticipated. The boys had worked themselves up into an uncontrollable state of excitement, and were all lying awake 'to hear about mamma's play;' and perhaps her bitterest moment of mortification was, when she went up to their bedsides, which she nerved herself to do almost immediately, to announce that all their bright visions were dashed to the ground, and that the performance had ended in all but a failure. The reports in the newspapers were strangely contradictory, and, in some instances, exceedingly illiberal: but all which were written in any thing like an unbiased tone concurred entirely with the private accounts, not merely of partial friends, but of perfectly unprejudiced observers, in attributing this most unexpected result to the inefficiency of the actress who personated Constance, and who absolutely seemed to be under the influence of some infatuating spell, calling down hisses, and even laughter, on scenes the most pathetic and affecting, and, to crown all, *dying gratuitously* at the close of the piece. The acting of Young and Kemble in the two *Prociida* was universally pronounced to have been beyond all praise, and their sustained exertions showed a determination to do all possible justice to the author. It was admitted that, at the fall of the curtain, applause decidedly predominated: still the marks of disapprobation were too strong to be disregarded by the managers, who immediately decided upon withdrawing the piece, till another actress should have fitted herself to undertake the part of Constance, when they fully resolved to reproduce it. Mrs. Hemans herself was very far from wishing that this fresh experiment should be made. 'Mr. Kemble,' writes she to a friend, 'will not hear of *The Vespers* being driven off the stage. It is to be reproduced as soon as Miss Foote, who is now unwell, shall be sufficiently recovered to learn her

part; but I cannot tell you how I shrink, after the fiery ordeal through which I have passed, from such another trial. Mr. Kemble attributes the failure, without the slightest hesitation, to what he delicately calls "a singularity of intonation in one of the actresses." I have also heard from Mr. Milman, Mr. J. S. Coleridge, and several others, with whom there is but one opinion as to the cause of the disaster."

"Few would, perhaps, have borne so unexpected a reverse with feelings so completely untinged with bitterness, or with greater readiness to turn for consolation to the kindness and sympathy which poured in upon her from every side. It would be doing her injustice to withhold her letter to Mr. Milman, written in the first moments of disappointment.

'Bronwylfa, Dec. 16, 1823.

"MY DEAR SIR: It is difficult to part with the hopes of three years without some painful feelings; but your kind letter has been of more service to me than I can attempt to describe. I will not say that it revives my hopes of success, because I think it better that I should fix my mind to prevent those hopes from gaining any ascendancy; but it sets in so clear a light the causes of failure, that my disappointment has been greatly softened by its perusal. The many friends from whom I have heard on this occasion express but one opinion. As to Miss Kelly's acting, and its fatal effect on the fortunes of the piece, I cannot help thinking that it will be impossible to counteract the unfavorable impression which this must have produced, and I almost wish, as far as relates to my own private feelings, that the attempt may not be made. I shall not, however, interfere in any way on the subject. I have not heard from Mr. Kemble; but I have written both to him and to Mr. Young, to express my grateful sense of their splendid exertions in support of the piece. As a female, I cannot help feeling rather depressed by the extreme severity with which I have been treated in the morning papers. I know not why this should be, for I am sure I should not have attached the slightest value to their praise; but I suppose it is only a proper chastisement for my temerity — for a female who shrinks from such things has certainly no business to write tragedies.

"For your support and assistance, as well as that of my other friends, I cannot be too grateful; nor can I ever consider any transaction of my life unfortunate, which has given me the privilege of calling you a friend, and afforded me the recollection of so much long-tried kindness. — Ever believe me, my dear sir, most faithfully, your obliged

"F. HEMANS."

"Notwithstanding the determination of the managers again to bring forward *The Vespers*, a sort of fatality seemed to attend upon it, and some fresh obstacle was continually arising to prevent the luckless Constance from obtaining an efficient representative on the London stage. Under these circumstances, Mr. Kemble at length confessed that he could not recommend the reproduction of the piece; and Mrs. Hemans acquiesced in the decision, with feelings which partook rather of relief than of disappointment. She never ceased to speak in the warmest terms of Mr. Kemble's liberal and gentlemanly conduct, both before and after the appearance of the piece, and of his surpassing exertions at the time of its representation.

"It was with no small degree of surprise that, in the course of the following February, she learned, through the medium of a letter from Mrs. Joanna Baillie,<sup>1</sup> that the

1 Though Mrs. Hemans had never the advantage of being personally known to this gifted and excellent lady, the occasions

tragedy was shortly to be represented at the Edinburgh theatre — Mrs. Henry Siddons undertaking the part of Constance. The play was brought out on the 5th of April, and the following particulars of its reception, transmitted by one of the zealous friends who had been instrumental in this arrangement, will prove how well their kindly intentions were fulfilled: —

“The tragedy went off in a style which exceeded our most sanguine expectations, and was announced for repetition on Wednesday, amidst thunders of applause. The actors seem to have done wonders, and every one appeared to strain every nerve, as if all depended on his own exertions. Vandenhoff was the elder, and Calcraft the younger Procida. The first recognition between father and son was acted by them to such perfection, that one of the most hearty and unanimous plaudits followed that ever was heard.

“Every reappearance of the gentle Constance won the spectators more and more. The scene in the judgment hall carried off the audience into perfect illusion, and handkerchiefs were out in every quarter. Mrs. Siddons’s searching the faces of the judges, which she did in a wild manner, as if to find Raimond’s father was to save him, was perfect. She flew round the circle — went, as if distracted, close up to judge after judge — paused before Procida, and fell prostrate at his feet. The effect was magical, and was manifested by three repeated bursts of applause.”

“A neatly-turned and witty epilogue, surmised, though

interchange of letters which, from this time forward, was kept up between them, was regarded as one of the most valuable privileges she possessed. It was always delightful to her when she could love the character, as well as admire the talents, of a celebrated author; and never, surely, was there an example better fitted to call forth the willing tribute of veneration, both towards the woman and the poetess. In one of her letters to Mrs. Baillie, Mrs. Hemans thus apologized for indulging in a strain of egotism, which the

not declared, to be the production of Sir Walter Scott, was recited by Mrs. H. Siddons. When deference to a female was there laid claim to, loud bursts of applause ensued; but when generosity to a stranger was bespoken, the house absolutely rang with huzzas.

“‘I knew how much you would rejoice,’ wrote Mrs Hemans to a warm-hearted friend, ‘in the issue of my Edinburgh trial; it has, indeed, been most gratifying, and I think amongst the pleasantest of its results I may reckon a letter from Sir Walter Scott, of which it has put me in possession. I had written to thank him for the kindness he had shown with regard to the play, and hardly expected an answer; but it came, and you would be delighted with its frank and unaffected kindliness. He acknowledges the epilogue, “stuffed,” as he says it was, “with parish jokes and bad puns;” and courteously says, that his country folks have done more credit to themselves than to me, by their reception of *The Vespers*.’

“To another uncompromising champion she wrote: — ‘I must beg you will “bear our faculties meekly:” you really seem to be rather in an intoxicated state; and if we indulge ourselves in this way, I am afraid we shall have something to sober us. I dare say I must expect some sharp criticism from Edinburgh ere all this is over; but any thing which deserves the name of criticism I can bear. I believe I could point out more faults in *The Vespers* myself than any one has done yet.’ — *Memoir*, pp. 69-76.

nature of their acquaintance might scarcely seem to justify: “The kindly warmth of heart which seems to breathe over all your writings, and the power of early association over my mind, make me feel, whenever I address you, as if I were writing to a friend.”

It would have been very dear to her could she have foreseen how graciously that “kindly warmth of heart” would be extended to those of her children, who are more fortunate than herself in enjoying the personal intercourse she would have prized so highly.

## STANZAS TO THE MEMORY OF GEORGE THE THIRD.

“Among many nations was there no king like him.” — NERE-MIAH.

“Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?” — SAMUEL.

ANOTHER warning sound! The funeral bell,  
Startling the cities of the isle once more  
With measured tones of melancholy swell,  
Strikes on th’ awakened heart from shore to shore.

He, at whose coming monarchs sink to dust,  
The chambers of our palaces hath trod;  
And the long-suffering spirit of the just,  
Pure from its ruins, hath returned to God!  
Yet may not England o’er her father weep:  
Thoughts to her bosom crowd, too many and too deep.

Vain voice of Reason, hush! — they yet must flow,  
The unrestrained, involuntary tears;  
A thousand feelings sanctify the woe,  
Roused by the glorious shades of vanished years.

Tell us no more ’tis not the time for grief,  
Now that the exile of the soul is past,  
And Death, blessed messenger of Heaven’s relief,  
Hath borne the wanderer to his rest at last;  
For him eternity hath tenfold day:  
We feel, we know, ’tis thus — yet nature will have way.

What though amidst us, like a blasted oak,  
Saddening the scene where once it nobly reigned,  
A dread memorial of the lightning stroke,  
Stamped with its fiery record, he remained;

Around that shattered tree still fondly clung  
 Th' undying tendrils of our love, which drew  
 Fresh nurture from its deep decay, and sprung  
 Luxuriant thence, to Glory's ruin true;  
 While England hung her trophies on the stem,  
 That desolately stood, unconscious e'en of THEM.

Of *them* unconscious! O, mysterious doom!

Who shall unfold the counsels of the skies?  
 His was the voice which roused, — from the  
 tomb,

The realm's high soul to loftiest energies!  
 His was the spirit o'er the isles which threw  
 The mantle of its fortitude; and wrought  
 In every bosom, powerful to renew  
 Each dying spark of pure and generous  
 thought;

The star of tempests! beaming on the mast,<sup>1</sup>  
 The seaman's torch of Hope, 'midst perils deep-  
 ening fast.

Then from th' unslumbering influence of his  
 worth,

Strength, as of inspiration, filled the land;  
 A young but quenchless flame went brightly  
 forth,

Kindled by him — who saw it not expand!  
 Such was the will of Heaven. The gifted seer,  
 Who with his God had communed, face to  
 face,

And from the house of bondage and of fear,  
 In faith victorious, led the Chosen Race;  
 He, through the desert and the waste their  
 guide,  
 Saw dimly from afar the promised land — and  
 died.

O full of days and virtues! on thy head  
 Centred the woes of many a bitter lot;  
 Fathers have sorrowed o'er their beauteous  
 dead,

Eyes, quenched in night, the sunbeam have  
 forgot;  
 Minds have striven buoyantly with evil years,  
 And sunk beneath their gathering weight at  
 length;

But Pain for thee had filled a cup of tears,  
 Where every anguish mingled all its strength;  
 By thy lost child we saw thee weeping stand,  
 And shadows deep around fell from th' Eter-  
 nal's hand.

<sup>1</sup> The glittering meteor, like a star, which often appears  
 about a ship during tempests; if seen upon the mainmast, it  
 is considered by the sailors as an omen of good weather. —  
 See DAMPIER'S *Voyages*.

Then came the noon of glory, which thy dreams  
 Perchance of yore had faintly prophesied;  
 But what to *thee* the splendor of its beams?

The ice-rock glows not 'midst the summer's  
 pride!

Nations leaped up to joy — as streams that burst,  
 At the warm touch of spring, their frozen  
 chain,

And o'er the plains, whose verdure once they  
 nursed,

Roll in exulting melody again;

And bright o'er earth the long majestic line  
 Of England's triumphs swept, to rouse all hearts  
 — but thine.

O, what a dazzling vision, by the veil

That o'er thy spirit hung, was shut from  
 thee,

When sceptred chieftains thronged with palms  
 to hail

The crowning isle, th' anointed of the sea!  
 Within thy palaces the lords of earth

Met to rejoice — rich pageants glittered by,  
 And stately revels imaged, in their mirth,

The old magnificence of chivalry.  
 They reached not thee — amidst them, yet alone,  
 Stillness and gloom begirt one dim and shadowy  
 throne.

Yet there was mercy still! If joy no more  
 Within that blasted circle might intrude,  
 Earth had no grief, whose footstep might pass  
 o'er

The silent limits of its solitude!  
 If all unheard the bridal song awoke  
 Our hearts' full echoes, as it swelled on high —  
 Alike unheard the sudden dirge, that broke  
 On the glad strain with dread solemnity!  
 If the land's rose unheeded wore its bloom,  
 Alike unfelt the storm that swept it to the  
 tomb.

And she who, tried through all the stormy past  
 Severely, deeply proved, in many an hour —  
 Watched o'er thee, firm and faithful to the last  
 Sustained, inspired, by strong affection's  
 power;

If to thy soul her voice no music bore —  
 If thy closed eye and wandering spirit caught  
 No light from looks that fondly would explore  
 Thy mien, for traces of responsive thought;  
 O, thou wert spared the pang that would have  
 thrilled

Thine inmost heart, when death that anxious  
 bosom stilled.



Thy loved ones fell around thee. Manhood's  
prime,

Youth with its glory — in its fulness, age —  
All, at the gates of their eternal clime,  
Lay down, and closed their mortal pilgrim-  
age ;

The land wore ashes for its perished flowers,  
The grave's imperial harvest. Thou, mean-  
while,  
Didst walk unconscious through thy royal tow-  
ers.

The one that wept not in the tearful isle !  
As a tired warrior, on his battle plain,  
Breathes deep in dreams amidst the mourners  
and the slain.

And who can tell what visions might be thine ?  
The stream of thought, though broken, still  
was pure !

Still o'er that wave the stars of heaven might  
shine

Where earthly image would no more endure !  
Though many a step, of once familiar sound,  
Came as a stranger's o'er thy closing ear,  
And voices breathed forgotten tones around,  
Which that paternal heart once thrilled to  
hear :

The mind hath senses of its own, and powers  
To people boundless worlds, in its most wander-  
ing hours.

Nor might the phantoms to thy spirit known  
Be dark or wild, creations of remorse ;  
Unstained by thee, the blameless past had thrown  
No fearful shadows o'er the future's course :  
For thee no cloud, from memory's dread abyss,  
Might shape such forms as haunt the tyrant's  
eye ;

And, closing up each avenue of bliss,  
Murmur their summons to "despair and die."  
No ! e'en though joy depart, though reason  
cease,  
Still virtue's ruined home is redolent of peace.

They might be with thee still — the loved, the  
tried,  
The fair, the lost — they might be with thee  
still !

More softly seen, in radiance purified  
From each dim vapor of terrestrial ill.  
Long after earth received them, and the note  
Of the last requiem o'er their dust was poured,  
As passing sunbeams o'er thy soul might float  
Those forms, from us withdraw — to thee  
restored !

Spirits of holiness, in light revealed,  
To commune with a mind whose source of tear  
was sealed.

Came they with tidings from the worlds above,  
Those viewless regions where the weary rest !  
Severed from earth, estranged from mortal love,  
Was thy mysterious converse with the blest ?  
Or shone their visionary presence bright  
With human beauty ? — did their smiles renew  
Those days of sacred and serene delight,  
When fairest beings in thy pathway grew ?  
O, Heaven hath balm for every wound it makes,  
Healing the broken heart ; it smites, but ne'er  
forsakes.

These may be fantasies — and this alone,  
Of all we picture in our dreams, is sure ;  
That rest, made perfect, is at length thine own,  
Rest, in thy God immortally secure !  
Enough for tranquil faith ; released from all  
The woes that graved Heaven's lessons on thy  
brow,

No cloud to dim, no fetter to intrall,  
Haply thine eye is on thy people now ;  
Whose love around thee still its offerings shed,  
Though vainly sweet, as flowers, grief's tribute  
to the dead.

But if th' ascending, disembodied mind,  
Borne on the wings of morning to the skies,  
May cast one glance of tenderness behind  
On scenes once hallowed by its mortal ties,  
How much hast thou to gaze on ! All that lay  
By the dark mantle of thy soul concealed —  
The might, the majesty, the proud array  
Of England's march o'er many a noble field —  
All spread beneath thee, in a blaze of light,  
Shine like some glorious land viewed from  
Alpine height.

Away, presumptuous thought ! Departed saint  
To thy freed vision what can earth display  
Of pomp, of royalty, that is not faint,  
Seen from the birthplace of celestial day  
O, pale and weak the sun's reflected rays,  
E'en in their fervor of meridian heat,  
To him who in the sanctuary may gaze  
On the bright cloud that fills the mercy seat  
And thou mayst view, from thy divine abode,  
The dust of empires flit before a breath of God.

And yet we mourn thee ! Yes, thy place is void  
Within our hearts ! there veiled thine image  
dwelt,

But cherished still; and o'er that tie destroyed,  
Though faith rejoice, fond nature still must  
melt.

Beneath the long-loved sceptre of thy sway  
Thousands were born who now in dust repose;  
And many a head, with years and sorrows gray,  
Wore youth's bright tresses when thy star  
arose;

And many a glorious mind, since that fair dawn,  
Hath filled our sphere with light, now to its  
source withdrawn.

Earthquakes have rocked the nations; things  
revered,

Th' ancestral fabrics of the world, went down  
In ruins, from whose stones Ambition reared  
His lonely pyramid of dread renown.

But when the fires that long had slumbered, pent  
Deep in men's bosoms, with volcanic force,  
Bursting their prison house, each bulwark rent,  
And swept each holy barrier from their  
course,

Firm and unmoved, amidst that lava flood,  
Still, by thine arm upheld, our ancient land-  
marks stood.

Be they eternal! — be thy children found  
Still to their country's altars true like thee!  
And while "the name of Briton" is a sound  
Of rallying music to the brave and free,  
With the high feelings at the word which  
swell,

To make the breast a shrine for Freedom's  
flame,  
Be mingled thoughts of him who loved so  
well,

Who left so pure, its heritage of fame!  
Let earth with trophies guard the conqueror's  
dust,  
Heaven in our souls embalms the memory of the  
just.

All else shall pass away! — the thrones of kings,  
The very traces of their tombs, depart;  
But number not with perishable things  
The holy records Virtue leaves the heart,  
Heirlooms from race to race! And O, in days  
When, by the yet unborn, thy deeds are blest,  
When our sons learn "as household words" thy  
praise,  
Still on thine offspring may thy spirit rest!

And many a name of that imperial line,  
Father and patriot! blend, in England's songs,  
with thine!

["The last poem is to the memory of his late Majesty: unlike courtly themes in general, this is one of the deepest and most lasting interest. Buried as the king had long been in mental and visual darkness, and dead to the common joys of the world, his death, perhaps, did not occasion the shock, or the piercing sorrow, which we have felt on some other public losses; but the heart must be cold indeed that could, on reflection, regard the whole fortune and fate of that venerable, gallant, tender-hearted, and pious man, without more than common sympathy. There was something in his character so truly national—his very errors were of so amiable a kind, his excellences bore so high a stamp, his nature was so genuine and unsophisticated, he stood in his splendid court, amidst his large and fine family, so true a husband, so good a father, so safe an example—he so thoroughly understood the feelings, and so duly appreciated the virtues, even the uncourtly virtues of his subjects—and, with all this, the sorrows from Heaven rained down upon his head in so 'pitiless and pelting a storm:' all these—his high qualities and unparalleled sufferings—form such a subject for poetry, as nothing, we should imagine, but its difficulty and the expectation attending it, would prevent from being seized upon by the greatest poets of the day. We will not say that Mrs. Hemans has filled the whole canvas as it might have been filled, but unquestionably her poem is beyond all comparison with any which we have seen on the subject; it is full of fine and pathetic passages, and it leads us up through all the dismal colorings of the foreground to that bright and consoling prospect which should close every Christian's reflections on such a matter. An analysis of so short a poem is wholly unnecessary, and we have already transgressed our limits; we will, therefore, give but one extract of that soothing nature alluded to, and release our readers:—

'Yet there was mercy still! If joy no more,' etc.

"It is time to close this article.<sup>1</sup> Our readers will have seen, and we do not deny, that we have been much interested by our subject. Who or what Mrs. Hemans is, we know not: we have been told that, like a poet of antiquity,

'— Tristia vite  
Solatur cantu, —'

If it be so, (and the most sensible hearts are not uncommonly nor unnaturally the most bitterly wounded,) she seems, from the tenor of her writings, to bear about her a higher and surer balsam than the praises of men, or even the 'sacred muse' herself can impart. Still there is a pleasure, an innocent and an honest pleasure, even to a wounded spirit, in fame fairly earned; and such fame as may wait upon our decision, we freely and conscientiously bestow. In our opinion, all her poems are elegant and pure in thought and language: her later poems are of higher promise; they are vigorous, picturesque, and pathetic." — *Quarterly Review*, vol. xxiv.]

1 This critique, from the pen of the venerable and distinguished editor, William Gifford, Esq., comprehended strictures on "The Restoration of the Works of Art to Italy," "Tales and Historic Scenes in Verse," "Translations from Camoens," etc., "The Scap-tic," and "Stanzas to the Memory of the late King."

TALES AND HISTORIC SCENES.

SECOND SERIES.

[After the first collection of her Tales and Historic Scenes, it is pretty evident that Mrs. Hemans contemplated a second series, although her design was never so extensively carried out as to induce the publication of another volume under the same title. But, as the compositions ■■■ refer to all belong to this period of our author's literary progress, we have ventured not only so to class, but ■■ to christen them, as Malachi Malgrowther would say, "for uniformity's sake."]

THE MAREMMA.

["NELLO DELLA PIETRA had espoused a lady of noble family at Sienna, named Madonna Pia. Her beauty was the admiration of Tuscany, and excited in the heart of her husband a jealousy, which, exasperated by false reports and groundless suspicions, at length drove him to the desperate resolution of Othello. It is difficult to decide whether the lady was quite innocent, but so Dante represents her. Her husband brought her into the Maremma, which then, as now, was a district destructive of health. He never told his unfortunate wife the reason of her banishment to so dangerous a country. He did not deign to utter complaint or accusation. He lived with her alone, in cold silence, without answering her questions, or listening to her remonstrances. He patiently waited till the pestilential air should destroy the health of this young lady. In a few months she died. Some chronicles, indeed, tell us that Nello used the dagger to hasten her death. It is certain that he survived her, plunged in sadness and perpetual silence. Dante had, in this incident, all the materials of an ample and very poetical narrative. But he bestows on it only four verses. He meets in Purgatory three spirits. One was a captain who fell fighting on the same side with him in the battle of Campaldino; the second, ■ gentleman assassinated by the treachery of the House of Este; the third was ■ woman unknown to the poet, and who, after the others had spoken, turned towards him with these words:—

'Recorditi di me; che son la Pia,  
Sienna mi fe, disfecemi Maremma,  
Salvi colui che inanellata pria  
Disposando m'avea con la sua gemma.'"  
PURGATORIO, cant. v.

— *Edinburgh Review*, No. lvii.]

THERE are bright scenes beneath Italian skies,  
Where glowing suns their purest light diffuse,  
Uncultured flowers in wild profusion rise,  
And Nature lavishes her warmest hues;  
But trust thou not her smile, her balmy breath—  
Away! her charms are but the pomp of Death!

He in the vine-clad bowers, unseen, is dwelling,  
Where the cool shade its freshness round thee  
throws;

His voice, in every perfumed zephyr swelling,  
With gentlest whisper lures thee to repose;  
And the soft sounds that through the foliage  
sigh

But woo thee still to slumber and to die.

Mysterious danger lurks, a siren there,  
Not robed in terrors, or announced in gloom,  
But stealing o'er thee in the scented air,  
And veiled in flowers, that smile to deck thy  
tomb;

How may we deem, amidst their deep array,  
That heaven and earth but flatter to betray?

Sunshine, and bloom, and verdure! Can it be  
That these but charm us with destructive wiles!  
Where shall we turn, O Nature, if in *thee*  
Danger is masked in beauty—death in smiles!  
O, still the Circe of that fatal shore,  
Where she, the Sun's bright daughter, dwelt of  
yore!

There, year by year, that secret peril spreads,  
Disguised in loveliness, its baleful reign,  
And viewless blights o'er many a landscape  
sheds,

Gay with the riches of the south, in vain;  
O'er fairy bowers and palaces of state  
Passing unseen, to leave them desolate.

And pillared halls, whose airy colonnades  
Were formed to echo music's choral tone,  
Are silent now, amidst deserted shades,  
Peopled by sculpture's graceful forms alone.  
And fountains dash unheard, by lone alcoves,  
Neglected temples, and forsaken groves.

And there, where marble nymphs, in beauty  
gleaming,

'Midst the deep shades of plane and cypress rise  
By wave or grot might Fancy linger, dreaming  
Of old Arcadia's woodland deities.

Wild visions!—there no sylvan powers con  
vene:

Death reigns the genius of th' Elysian scene.

Ye, too, illustrious hills of Rome! that bear  
Traces of mightier beings on your brow,  
O'er you that subtle spirit of the air  
Extends the desert of his empire now;



Broods o'er the wrecks of altar, fane, and dome,  
And makes the Cæsars' ruined halls his home.

Youth, valor, beauty, oft have felt his power,  
His crowned and chosen victims: o'er their lot  
Hath fond affection wept — each blighted flower  
A turn was loved and mourned, and is forgot.  
But one who perished left a tale of woe,  
Meet for ■ deep a sigh ■ pity can bestow.

A voice of music, from Sienna's walls,  
Is floating joyous on the summer air;  
And there are banquets in her stately halls,  
And graceful revels of the gay and fair,  
And brilliant wreaths the altar have arrayed,  
Where meet her noblest youth and loveliest  
maid.

To that young bride each grace hath Nature  
given  
Which glows on Art's divinest dream: her eye  
Hath a pure sunbeam of her native heaven —  
Her cheek a tinge of morning's richest dye;  
Fair as that daughter of the south, whose  
form  
Still breathes and charms, in Vinci's colors  
warm.<sup>1</sup>

But is she blest? — for sometimes o'er her smile  
A soft sweet shade of pensiveness is cast;  
And in her liquid glance there seems a while  
To dwell some thought whose soul is with the  
past;  
Yet soon it flies — a cloud that leaves no trace,  
On the sky's azure, of its dwelling-place.

Perchance, at times, within her heart may rise  
Remembrance of some early love or woe,  
Faded, yet scarce forgotten — in her eyes  
Wakening the half-formed tear that may not  
flow,  
Yet radiant seems her lot as aught on earth,  
Where still some pining thought comes darkly  
o'er our mirth.

The world before her smiles — its changeful gaze  
She hath not proved as yet; her path seems gay  
With flowers and sunshine, and the voice of  
praise

Is still the joyous herald of her way;  
And beauty's light around her dwells, to throw  
O'er every scene its own resplendent glow.

<sup>1</sup> An allusion to Leonardo da Vinci's picture of his wife, Mona Lisa, supposed to be the most perfect imitation of nature ever exhibited in painting

Such is the young Bianca — graced with all  
That nature, fortune, youth, at once can give;  
Pure in their loveliness, her looks recall  
Such dreams ■ ne'er life's early bloom survive;  
And when she speaks, each thrilling tone is  
fraught  
With sweetness, born of high and heavenly  
thought.

And he to whom are breathed her vows of faith  
Is brave and noble — child of high descent,  
He hath stood fearless in the ranks of death,  
'Mid slaughtered heaps, the warrior's monu-  
ment;  
And proudly marshalled his carroccio's<sup>2</sup> way  
Amidst the wildest wreck of war's array.

And his the chivalrous commanding mien,  
Where high-born grandeur blends with courtly  
grace;  
Yet may a lightning glance at times be seen,  
Of fiery passions, darting o'er his face,  
And fierce the spirit kindling in his eye —  
But e'en while yet we gaze, its quick wild flashes  
die.

And calmly can Pietra smile, concealing,  
As if forgotten, vengeance, hate, remorse;  
And veil the workings of each darker feeling,  
Deep in his soul concentrating its force;  
But yet he loves — O, who hath loved, nor known  
Affection's power exalt the bosom all its own

The days roll on — and still Bianca's lot  
Seems as a path of Eden. Thou mightst deem  
That grief, the mighty chastener, had forgot  
To wake her soul from life's enchanted dream;  
And, if her brow a moment's sadness wear,  
It sheds but grace more intellectual there.

A few short years, and all is changed; her fate  
Seems with some deep mysterious cloud o'ercast.  
Have jealous doubts transformed to wrath and  
hate

The love whose glow expression's power sur-  
passed?

Lo! on Pietra's brow a sullen gloom  
Is gathering day by day, prophetic of her doom

O, can he meet that eye, of light serene,  
Whence the pure spirit looks in radiance forth.  
And view that bright intelligence of mien  
Formed to express but thoughts of loftiest worth

■ A sort of consecrated war chariot

Yet deem that vice within that heart can reign ?  
— How shall he e'er confide in aught on earth  
again ?

In silence oft, with strange vindictive gaze,  
Transient, yet filled with meaning, stern and  
wild,

Her features, calm in beauty, he surveys,  
Then turns away, and fixes on her child  
So dark a glance ■ thrills a mother's mind  
With some vague fear scarce owned, and unde-  
fined.

There stands a lonely dwelling, by the wave  
Of the blue deep which bathes Italia's shore,  
Far from all sounds, but rippling seas that lave  
Gray rocks with foliage richly shadowed o'er,  
And sighing winds, that murmur through the  
wood,  
Fringing the beach of that Hesperian flood.

Fair is that house of solitude — and fair  
The green Maremma, far around it spread,  
A sun-bright waste of beauty ; yet an air  
Of brooding sadness o'er the scene is shed,  
No human footstep tracks the lone domain,  
The desert of luxuriance glows in vain.

And silent are the marble halls that rise  
'Mid founts, and cypress walks, and olive groves :  
All sleep in sunshine 'neath cerulean skies,  
And still around the sea breeze lightly roves ;  
Yet every trace of man reveals alone,  
That there life once hath flourished — and is  
gone.

There, till around them slowly, softly stealing,  
The summer air, deceit in every sigh,  
Came fraught with death, its power no sign re-  
vealing.

Thy sires, Pietra, dwelt in days gone by ;  
And strains of mirth and melody have flowed  
Where stands, all voiceless now, the still abode.

And thither doth her lord remorseless bear  
Bianca with her child. His altered eye  
And brow ■ stern and fearful calmness wear,  
While his dark spirit seals their doom — to die ;  
And the deep bodings of his victim's heart  
Tell her from fruitless hope at once to part.

It is the summer's glorious prime — and blending  
its blue transparence with the skies, the deep,  
Each tint of heaven upon its breast descending,  
Scarce murmurs as it heaves in glassy sleep,

And on its wave reflects, more softly bright,  
That lovely shore of solitude and light.

Fragrance in each warm southern gale is breath-  
ing,

Decked with young flowers the rich Maremma  
glows,

Neglected vines the trees are wildly wreathing,  
And the fresh myrtle in exuberance blows,  
And, far around, a deep and sunny bloom  
Mantles the scene, as garlands robe the tomb.

Yes ! 'tis *thy* tomb, Bianca ! fairest flower !  
The voice that calls thee speaks in every gale,  
Which, o'er thee breathing with insidious power,  
Bids the young roses of thy cheek turn pale ;  
And fatal in its softness, day by day,  
Steals from that eye some trembling spark  
away.

But sink not yet ; for there are darker woes,  
Daughter of Beauty ! in thy spring morn fad-  
ing —

Sufferings more keen for thee reserved, than those  
Of lingering death, which thus thine eye are  
shading !

Nerve then thy heart to meet that bitter lot !  
'Tis agony — but soon to be forgot !

What deeper pangs maternal hearts can wring,  
Than hourly to behold the spoiler's breath,  
Shedding, as mildews on the bloom of spring,  
O'er Infancy's fair cheek the blight of death ?  
To gaze and shrink, as gathering shades o'er cast  
The pale smooth brow, yet watch it to the  
last !

Such pangs were thine, young mother ! Thou  
didst bend

O'er thy fair boy, and raise his drooping head ;  
And faint and hopeless, far from every friend,  
Keep thy sad midnight vigils near his bed,  
And watch his patient, supplicating eye  
Fixed upon thee — on thee ! — who couldst no  
aid supply !

There was no voice to cheer thy lonely woe  
Through those dark hours : to thee the wind's  
low sigh,

And the faint murmur of the ocean's flow,  
Came like some spirit whispering — “ He must  
die ! ”

And thou didst vainly clas him to the breast  
His young and sunny smile so oft with hope  
had blest.

"Tis past — that fearful trial! — he is gone!  
 But thou, sad mourner! hast not long to weep;  
 The hour of nature's chartered peace comes on,  
 And thou shalt share thine infant's holy sleep.  
 A few short sufferings yet — and death shall be  
 As a bright messenger from heaven to thee.

But ask not — hope not — one relenting thought  
 From him who doomed thee thus to waste away,  
 Whose heart, with sullen, speechless vengeance  
 Fraught,

Broods in dark triumph o'er thy slow decay;  
 And coldly, sternly, silently can trace  
 The gradual withering of each youthful grace.

And yet the day of vain remorse shall come,  
 When thou, bright victim! on his dreams shalt  
 Rise

As an accusing angel — and thy tomb,  
 A martyr's shrine, be hallowed in his eyes!  
 Then shall thine innocence his bosom wring,  
 More than thy fancied guilt with jealous pangs  
 Could sting.

Lift thy meek eyes to heaven — for all on earth,  
 Young sufferer! fades before thee. Thou art  
 Lone:

Hope, Fortune, Love, smiled brightly on thy  
 Birth,

Thine hour of death is all Affliction's own!  
 It is our task to suffer — and our fate  
 To learn that mighty lesson, soon or late.

The season's glory fades — the vintage lay  
 Through joyous Italy resounds no more;  
 But mortal loveliness hath passed away,  
 Fairer than aught in summer's glowing store.  
 Beauty and youth are gone — behold them such  
 As death hath made them with his blighting  
 Touch!

The summer's breath came o'er them — and they  
 Died!

Softly it came to give luxuriance birth,  
 Called forth young nature in her festal pride,  
 But bore to them their summons from the earth!  
 Again shall blow that mild, delicious breeze,  
 And wake to life and light all flowers — but these.

No sculptured urn, nor verse thy virtues telling,  
 O lost and loveliest one! adorns thy grave;  
 But o'er that humble cypress-shaded dwelling  
 The dewdrops glisten and the wild flowers  
 Wave —

Emblems more meet, in transient light and  
 Bloom,  
 For thee, who thus didst pass in brightness to  
 The tomb!

## A TALE OF THE SECRET TRIBUNAL

[The Secret Tribunal,<sup>1</sup> which attained such formidable power towards the close of the fourteenth century, is mentioned in history as an institution publicly known so early as in the year 1211. Its members, who were called Free Judges, were unknown to the people, and were bound by a tremendous oath, to deliver up their dearest friends and relatives, without exception, if they had committed any offence cognizable by the tribunal. They were also under an obligation to relate all they knew concerning the affair, to cite the accused, and, in case of his condemnation, to pursue and put him to death wherever he might be met with. The proceedings of this tribunal were carried on at night, and with the greatest mystery; and though it was usual to summon a culprit three times before sentence was passed, yet persons obnoxious to it were sometimes accused and condemned without any citation. After condemnation, it was almost impossible for any one to escape the vengeance of the Free Judges, for their commands set thousands of assassins in motion, who had sworn not to spare the life of their nearest relation, if required to sacrifice it, but to execute the decrees of the Order with the most devoted obedience, even should they consider the object of their pursuit as the most innocent of men. Almost all persons of rank and fortune sought admission into the society; there were Free Judges even amongst the magistrates of the imperial cities, and every prince had some of their Order in his council. When a member of this tribunal was not of himself strong enough to seize and put to death a criminal, he was not to lose sight of him until he met with a sufficient number of his comrades for the purpose, and these were obliged, upon his making certain signs, to lend him immediate assistance, without asking any questions. It was usual to hang up the person condemned, with a willow branch, to the first tree; but if circumstances obliged them to despatch him with a poniard, they left it in his body, that it might be known he had not been assassinated, but executed by a Free Judge. All the transactions of the *Sagrs* or *Seers* (as they called themselves) were enveloped in mystery, and it is even now unknown by what signs they revealed themselves to each other. At length their power became so extensive and redoubtable, that the Princes of the Empire found it necessary to unite their exertions for its suppression, in which they were at length successful.

The following account of this extraordinary association is given by Madame de Staël: — "Des juges mystérieux, inconnus l'un à l'autre, toujours masqués, et se rassemblant pendant la nuit, punissoient dans le silence, et gravoient seulement sur le poignard qu'ils enfonçoient dans le sein du coupable ce mot terrible: TRIBUNAL SECRET. Ils prévenoient le condamné, en faisant crier trois fois sous les fenêtres de sa maison, Malheur, Malheur, Malheur! Alors l'infortuné savoit que par-tout, dans l'étranger, dans son concitoyen, dans son parent même, il pouvoit trouver son meurtrier. La solitude, la foule, les villes, les campagnes, tout étoit rempli par la présence invisible de cette conscience armée qui poursuivoit les criminels. On conçoit comment

<sup>1</sup> See the works of Baron Bock and Professor Kramer.



cette terrible institution pouvoit être nécessaire, dans un temps où chaque homme étoit fort contre tous, au lieu que tous doivent être forts contre chacun. Il falloit que la justice surprit le criminel avant qu'il pût s'en défendre; mais cette punition qui planoit dans les airs comme une ombre vengeresse, cette sentence mortelle qui pouvoit receler le sein même d'un ami, frappoit d'une invincible terreur." — *L'Allemagne*, vol. ii.]

NIGHT veiled the mountains of the vine,  
And storms had roused the foaming Rhine,  
And, mingling with the pinewood's roar,  
Its billows hoarsely chafed the shore,  
While glen and cavern to their moans  
Gave answer with a thousand tones:  
Then, as the voice of storms appalled  
The peasant of the Odenwald,<sup>1</sup>  
Shuddering he deemed, that, far on high,  
'Twas the wild huntsman rushing by,  
Riding the blast with phantom speed,  
With cry of hound and tramp of steed,  
While his fierce train, as on they flew,  
Their horns in savage chorus blew,  
Till rock, and tower, and convent round,  
Rang to the shrill unearthly sound.

Vain dreams! far other footsteps traced  
The forest paths, in secret haste;  
Far other sounds were on the night,  
Though lost amidst the tempest's might,  
That filled the echoing earth and sky  
With its own awful harmony.  
There stood a lone and ruined fane,  
Far in the Odenwald's domain,  
'Midst wood and rock, a deep recess  
Of still and shadowy loneliness.  
Long grass its pavement had o'ergrown,  
The wild flower waved o'er the altar stone,  
The night wind rocked the tottering pile,  
As it swept along the roofless aisle,  
For the forest boughs and the stormy sky  
Were all that minster's canopy.

Many a broken image lay  
In the mossy mantle of decay,  
And partial light the moonbeams darted  
O'er trophies of the long departed;  
For there the chiefs of other days,  
The mighty, slumbered, with their praise;  
'Twas long since aught but the dews of heaven  
A tribute to their bier had given,  
Long since a sound but the moaning blast  
Above their voiceless home had passed.

— So slept the proud, and with them all  
The records of their fame and fall;  
Helmet and shield, and sculptured crest,  
Adorned the dwelling of their rest,  
And emblems of the Holy Land  
Were carved by some forgotten hand.  
But the helm was broke, the shield defaced,  
And the crest through weeds might scarce be  
traced;  
And the scattered leaves of the northern  
pine  
Half hid the palm of Palestine.  
So slept the glorious — lowly laid,  
As the peasant in his native shade;  
Some hermit's tale, some shepherd's rhyme,  
All that high deeds could win from time!

What footsteps move, with measured tread,  
Amid those chambers of the dead?  
What silent, shadowy beings glide  
Low tombs and mouldering shrines beside,  
Peopling the wild and solemn scene  
With forms well suited to its mien?  
Wanderer, away! let none intrude  
On their mysterious solitude!  
Lo! these are they, that awful band,  
The secret Watchers of the land,  
They that, unknown and uncontrolled,  
Their dark and dread tribunal hold.  
They meet not in the monarch's dome,  
They meet not in the chieftain's home;  
But where, unbounded o'er their heads,  
All heaven magnificently spreads,  
And from its depths of cloudless blue  
The eternal stars their deeds may view!  
Where'er the flowers of the mountain sod  
By roving foot are seldom trod;  
Where'er the pathless forest waves,  
Or the ivy clothes forsaken graves;  
Where'er wild legends mark a spot  
By mortals shunned, but unforget,  
There, circled by the shades of night,  
They judge of crimes that shrink from light!  
And guilt, that deems its secret known  
To the One unslumbering eye alone,  
Yet hears their name with a sudden start,  
As an icy touch had chilled its heart,  
For the shadow of th' avenger's hand  
Rests dark and heavy on the land.

There rose a voice from the ruin's gloom,  
And woke the echoes of the tomb,  
As if the noble hearts beneath  
Sent forth deep answers to its breath.

<sup>1</sup> The Odenwald, a forest district near the Rhine, adjoining the territories of Darmstadt.

"When the midnight stars are burning,  
 And the dead to earth returning;  
 When the spirits of the blest  
 Rise upon the good man's rest;  
 When each whisper of the gale  
 Bids the cheek of guilt turn pale;  
 In the shadow of the hour  
 That o'er the soul hath deepest power,  
 Why thus meet we, but to call  
 For judgment on the criminal?  
 Why, but the doom of guilt to seal,  
 And point th' avenger's holy steel?  
 A fearful oath has bound our souls,  
 A fearful power our arm controls!  
 There is an ear awake on high  
 E'en to thought's whispers ere they die;  
 There is an eye whose beam pervades  
 All depths, all deserts, and all shades:  
 That ear hath heard our awful vow,  
 That searching eye is on us now!  
 Let him whose heart is unprofaned,  
 Whose hand no blameless blood hath stained —  
 Let him, whose thoughts no record keep  
 Of crimes in silence buried deep,  
 Here, in the face of Heaven, accuse  
 The guilty whom its wrath pursues!"

"Twas hushed — that voice of thrilling  
 sound!

And a dead silence reigned around.  
 Then stood forth one, whose dim-seen form  
 Towered like a phantom in the storm!  
 Gathering his mantle, as a cloud,  
 With its dark folds his face to shroud,  
 Through pillared arches on he passed,  
 With stately step, and paused at last,  
 Where, on the altar's mouldering stone,  
 The fitful moonbeam brightly shone;  
 Then on the fearful stillness broke  
 Low, solemn tones, as thus he spoke: —

"Before that eye whose glance pervades  
 All depths, all deserts, and all shades;  
 Heard by that ear awake on high  
 E'en to thought's whispers ere they die —  
 With all a mortal's awe I stand,  
 Yet with pure heart and stainless hand.  
 To heaven I lift that hand, and call  
 For judgment on the criminal;  
 The earth is dyed with bloodshed's hues —  
 It cries for vengeance. I accuse!"

"Name thou the guilty! say for whom  
 Thou claim'st th' inevitable doom!"

"Albert of Lindheim — to the skies  
 The voice of blood against him cries;  
 A brother's blood — his hand is dyed  
 With the deep stain of fratricide.  
 One hour, one moment, hath revealed  
 What years in darkness had concealed,  
 But all in vain — the gulf of time  
 Refused to close upon his crime;  
 And guilt that slept on flowers shall  
 know

The earthquake was but hushed below!  
 — Here, where amidst the noble dead,  
 Awed by their fame, he dare not tread;  
 Where, left by him to dark decay,  
 Their trophies moulder fast away,  
 Around us and beneath us lie  
 The relics of his ancestry —  
 The chiefs of Lindheim's ancient race,  
 Each in his last, low dwelling-place.  
 But one is absent — o'er his grave  
 The palmy shades of Syria wave,  
 Far distant from his native Rhine,  
 He died, unmourned, in Palestine!  
 The Pilgrim sought the Holy Land,  
 To perish by a brother's hand!  
 Peace to his soul! though o'er his bed  
 No dirge be poured, no tear be shed,  
 Though all he loved his name forget,  
 They live who shall avenge him yet!"

"Accuser! how to thee alone  
 Became the fearful secret known?"

"There is an hour when vain remorse  
 First wakes in her eternal force;  
 When pardon may not be retrieved,  
 When conscience will not be deceived.  
 He that beheld the victim bleed,  
 Beheld, and aided in the deed —  
 When earthly fears had lost their power  
 Revealed the tale in such an hour,  
 Unfolding, with his latest breath,  
 All that gave keener pangs to death."

"By Him, th' All-seeing and Unseen,  
 Who is forever, and hath been,  
 And by th' Atoner's cross adored,  
 And by th' avenger's holy sword,  
 By truth eternal and divine,  
 Accuser! wilt thou swear to thine?"  
 — "The cross upon my heart is pressed,  
 I hold the dagger to my breast;  
 If false the tale whose truth I swear,  
 Be mine the murderer's doom to bear!"

Then sternly rose the dread reply —  
 "His days are numbered — he must die !  
 There is no shadow of the night  
 So deep as to conceal his flight ;  
 Earth doth not hold so lone a waste  
 But there his footsteps shall be traced ;  
 Devotion hath no shrine so blest  
 That there in safety he may rest.  
 Where'er he treads, let Vengeance there  
 Around him spread her secret snare !  
 In the busy haunts of men,  
 In the still and shadowy glen,  
 When the social board is crowned,  
 When the wine cup sparkles round ;  
 When his couch of sleep is pressed,  
 And a dream his spirit's guest ;  
 When his bosom knows no fear,  
 Let the dagger still be near,  
 Till, sudden as the lightning's dart,  
 Silent and swift it reach his heart !  
 One warning voice, one fearful word,  
 Ere morn beneath his towers be heard,  
 Then vainly may the guilty fly,  
 Unseen, unaided, — he must die !  
 Let those he loves prepare his tomb,  
 Let friendship lure him to his doom !  
 Perish his deeds, his name, his race,  
 Without a record or a trace !  
 Away ! be watchful, swift, and free,  
 To wreak th' invisible's decree.  
 'Tis passed — th' avenger claims his prey :  
 On to the chase of death — away !"

And all was still. The sweeping blast  
 Caught not a whisper as it passed ;  
 The shadowy forms were seen no more,  
 The tombs deserted as before ;  
 And the wide forest waved immense  
 In dark and lone magnificence.  
 In Lindheim's towers the feast had closed ;  
 The song was hushed, the bard reposed ;  
 Sleep settled on the weary guest,  
 And the castle's lord retired to rest.  
 To rest ! The captive doomed to die  
 May slumber, when his hour is nigh ;  
 The seaman, when the billows foam,  
 Rocked on the mast, may dream of home ;  
 The warrior, on the battle's eve,  
 May win from care a short reprieve  
 But earth and heaven alike deny  
 Their peace to guilt's o'erwearied eye ;  
 And night, that brings to grief a calm,  
 To toil a pause, to pain a balm,  
 Hath spells terrific in her course,  
 Dread sounds and shadows, for remorse —

Voices, that long from earth had fled,  
 And steps and echoes from the dead ;  
 And many a dream whose forms arise  
 Like a darker world's realities !  
 Call them not vain illusions — born  
 But for the wise and brave to scorn !  
 Heaven, that the penal doom defers,  
 Hath yet its thousand ministers,  
 To scourge the heart, unseen, unknown,  
 In shade, in silence, and alone,  
 Concentrating in one brief hour  
 Ages of retribution's power !  
 — If thou wouldst know the lot of those,  
 Whose souls are dark with guilty woes,  
 Ah ! seek them not where pleasure's throng  
 Are listening to the voice of song ;  
 Seek them not where the banquet glows,  
 And the red vineyard's nectar flows :  
 There, mirth may flush the hollow cheek,  
 The eye of feverish joy may speak,  
 And smiles, the ready mask of pride,  
 The canker worm within may hide.  
 Heed not those signs ! they but delude ;  
 Follow, and mark their solitude !

The song is hushed, the feast is done,  
 And Lindheim's lord remains alone —  
 Alone in silence and unrest,  
 With the dread secret of his breast ;  
 Alone with anguish and with fear,  
 — There needs not an avenger here !  
 Behold him ! — Why that sudden start ?  
 Thou hear'st the beating of thy heart !  
 Thou hear'st the night wind's hollow sigh,  
 Thou hear'st the rustling tapestry !  
 No sound but these may near thee be ;  
 Sleep ! all things earthly sleep — but thee.

No ! there are murmurs on the air,  
 And a voice is heard that cries — "Despair !"  
 And he who trembles fain would deem  
 'Twas the whisper of a waking dream.  
 Was it but this ? Again, 'tis there :  
 Again is heard — "Despair ! Despair !"  
 'Tis past — its tones have slowly died  
 In echoes on the mountain side ;  
 Heard but by him, they rose, they fell.  
 He knew their fearful meaning well,  
 And shrinking from the midnight gloom,  
 As from the shadow of the tomb,  
 Yet shuddering, turned in pale dismay,  
 When broke the dawn's first kindling ray,  
 And sought, amidst the forest wild,  
 Some shade where sunbeam never smiled



Yes! hide thee, guilt! The laughing morn  
 Wakes in a heaven of splendor born!  
 The storms that shook the mountain crest  
 Have sought their viewless world of rest.  
 High from his cliffs, with ardent gaze,  
 Soars the young eagle in the blaze,  
 Exulting, as he wings his way,  
 To revel in the fount of day;  
 And brightly past his banks of vine,  
 In glory, flows the monarch Rhine;  
 And joyous peals the vintage song  
 His wild luxuriant shores along,  
 As peasant bands, from rock and dell,  
 Their strains of choral transport swell;  
 And cliffs of bold fantastic forms,  
 Aspiring to the realm of storms,  
 And woods around, and waves below,  
 Catch the red Orient's deepening glow,  
 That lends each tower, and convent spire,  
 A tinge of its ethereal fire.

Swell high the song of festal hours!  
 Deck ye the shrine with living flowers!  
 Let music o'er the waters breathe!  
 Let beauty twine the bridal wreath!  
 While she, whose blue eye laughs in light,  
 Whose cheek with love's own hue is bright,  
 The fair-haired maid of Lindheim's hall,  
 Wakes to her nuptial festival.  
 O, who hath seen, in dreams that soar  
 To worlds the soul would fain explore,  
 When, for her own blest country pining,  
 Its beauty o'er her thought is shining,  
 Some form of heaven, whose cloudless eye  
 Was all one beam of ecstasy!  
 Whose glorious brow no traces wore  
 Of guilt, or sorrow known before!  
 Whose smile, undimmed by aught of earth,  
 A sunbeam of immortal birth,  
 Spoke of bright realms, far distant lying,  
 Where love and joy are both undying!  
 E'en thus — a vision of delight,  
 A beam to gladden mortal sight,  
 A flower whose head no storm had bowed,  
 Whose leaves ne'er drooped beneath a cloud, —  
 Thus, by the world unstained, untried,  
 Seemed that beloved and lovely bride;  
 A being all too soft and fair  
 One breath of earthly woe to bear!  
 Yet lives there many a lofty mind,  
 In light and fragile form enshrined;  
 And oft smooth cheek and smiling eye  
 Hide strength to suffer and to die!  
 Judge not of woman's heart in hours  
 'Tis srew her path with summer flowers,

When joy's full cup is mantling high,  
 When flattery's blandishments are nigh;  
 Judge her not then! within her breast  
 Are energies unseen, that rest!  
 They wait their call — and grief alone  
 May make the soul's deep secrets known.  
 Yes! let her smile 'midst pleasure's train,  
 Leading the reckless and the vain!  
 Firm on the scaffold she hath stood,  
 Besprinkled with the martyr's blood;  
 Her voice the patriot's heart hath steeled,  
 Her spirit glowed on battle field;  
 Her courage freed from dungeon's gloom  
 The captive brooding o'er his doom;  
 Her faith the fallen monarch saved,  
 Her love the tyrant's fury braved;  
 No scene of danger or despair,  
 But she hath won her triumph there!

Away! nor cloud the festal morn  
 With thoughts of boding sadness born!  
 Far other, lovelier dreams are thine,  
 Fair daughter of a noble line!  
 Young Ella! from thy tower, whose height  
 Hath caught the flush of Eastern light,  
 Watching, while soft the morning air  
 Parts on thy brow the sunny hair,  
 Yon bark, that o'er the calm blue tide  
 Bears thy loved warrior to his bride —  
 Him, whose high deeds romantic praise  
 Hath hallowed with a thousand lays.

He came — that youthful chief — he came  
 That favored lord of love and fame!  
 His step was hurried — as if one  
 Who seeks a voice within to shun;  
 His cheek was varying, and expressed  
 The conflict of a troubled breast,  
 His eye was anxious — doubt, and dread,  
 And a stern grief, might there be read:  
 Yet all that marked his altered mien  
 Seemed struggling to be still unseen.  
 — With shrinking heart, with nameless  
 fear,

Young Ella met the brow austere,  
 And the wild look, which seemed to fly  
 The timid welcome of her eye.  
 Was that a lover's gaze, which chilled  
 The soul, its awful sadness thrilled?  
 A lover's brow, so darkly fraught  
 With all the heaviest gloom of thought?  
 She trembled — ne'er to grief inured,  
 By its dread lessons ne'er matured,  
 Unused to meet a glance of less  
 Than all a parent's tenderness,

Shuddering she felt, through every sense,  
The deathlike faintness of suspense.

High o'er the windings of the flood,  
On Lindheim's terraced rocks they stood,  
Whence the free sight afar might stray  
O'er that imperial river's way,  
Which, rushing from its Alpine source,  
Makes one long triumph of its course,  
Rolling in tranquil grandeur by,  
'Midst Nature's noblest pageantry.  
But they, o'er that majestic scene,  
With clouded brow and anxious mien,  
In silence gazed! — for Ella's heart  
Feared its own terrors to impart;  
And he, who vainly strove to hide  
His pangs, with all a warrior's pride,  
Seemed gathering courage to unfold  
Some fearful tale, that must be told.

At length his mien, his voice, obtained  
A calm, that seemed by conflicts gained,  
As thus he spoke — "Yes! gaze while  
On the bright scenes that round thee smile;  
For, if thy love be firm and true,  
Soon must thou bid their charms adieu!  
A fate hangs o'er us, whose decree  
Must bear me far from them or thee;  
Our path is one of snares and fear;  
I lose thee, if I linger here.  
Droop not, beloved! thy home shall rise  
As fair, beneath far-distant skies;  
As fondly tenderness and truth  
Shall cherish there thy rose of youth.  
But speak! and, when yon hallowed shrine  
Hath heard the vows which make thee mine,  
Say, wilt thou fly with me, no more  
To tread thine own loved mountain shore,  
But share and soothe, repining not,  
The bitterness of exile's lot?"

"Ulric! thou know'st how dearly loved  
The scenes where first my childhood roved;  
The woods, the rocks, that tower supreme  
Above our own majestic stream,  
The halls where first my heart beat high  
To the proud songs of chivalry.  
All, all are dear — yet *these* are ties  
Affection well may sacrifice;  
Loved though they be, where'er thou art,  
*There* is the country of my heart!  
Yet is there one, who, reft of me,  
Were lonely as a blasted tree;  
One, who still hoped my hand should close  
His eyes, in Nature's last repose;

Eve gathers round him — on his brow  
Already rests the wintry snow;  
His form is bent, his features wear  
The deepening lines of age and care;  
His faded eye hath lost its fire;  
Thou wouldst not tear me from my sire?  
Yet tell me all — thy woes impart,  
My Ulric! to a faithful heart,  
Which sooner far — O, doubt not this —  
Would share *thy* pangs, than others' bliss!"

"Ella, what wouldst thou? — 'tis a tale  
Will make that cheek as marble pale!  
Yet what avails it to conceal  
All thou too soon must know and feel?  
It must, it must be told — prepare,  
And nerve that gentle heart to bear.  
But I — O, was it then for *me*  
The herald of thy woes to be?  
Thy soul's bright calmness to destroy,  
And wake thee first from dreams of joy?  
Forgive! — I would not ruder tone  
Should make the fearful tidings known,  
I would not that un pitying eyes  
Should coldly watch thine agonies!  
Better 'twere mine — that task severe,  
To cloud thy breast with grief and fear.

"Hast thou not heard, in legends old,  
Wild tales that turn the lifeblood cold,  
Of those who meet in cave or glen,  
Far from the busy walks of men;  
Those who mysterious vigils keep,  
When earth is wrapped in shades and sleep,  
To judge of crimes, like Him on high,  
In stillness and in secrecy?  
Th' unknown avengers, whose decree  
'Tis fruitless to resist or flee?  
Whose name hath cast a spell of power  
O'er peasant's cot and chieftain's tower?  
Thy sire — O Ella! hope is fled!  
Think of him, mourn him, as the dead!  
Their sentence, theirs, hath sealed his doom  
And thou mayst weep as o'er his tomb!  
Yes, weep! — relieve thy heart oppressed,  
Pour forth thy sorrows on my breast!  
Thy cheek is cold — thy tearless eye  
Seems fixed in frozen vacancy.  
O, gaze not thus! — thy silence break:  
Speak! if 'tis but in anguish, speak!"

She spoke at length, in accents low,  
Of wild and half-indignant woe:  
— "*He* doomed to perish! *he* decreed  
By their avenging arm to bleed!

He, the renowned in holy fight,  
 The Paynim's scourge, the Christian's might !  
 Ulric ! what mean'st thou ? — not a thought  
 Of that high mind with guilt is fraught !  
 Say, for which glorious trophy won,  
 Which deed of martial prowess done,  
 Which battle field, in days gone by,  
 Gained by his valor, must he die ?  
 Away ! 'tis not *his* lofty name  
 Their sentence hath consigned to shame —  
 'Tis not his life they seek. Recall  
 Thy words, or say he shall not fall !”

Then sprung forth tears, whose blest relief  
 Gave pleading softness to her grief :  
 “ And wilt thou not, by all the ties  
 Of our affianced love,” she cries,  
 “ By all my soul hath fixed on thee,  
 Of cherished hope for years to be,  
 Wilt *thou* not aid him ? wilt not thou  
 Shield his gray head from danger now ?  
 And didst thou not, in childhood's morn,  
 That saw our young affection born,  
 Hang round his neck, and climb his knee,  
 Sharing his parent smile with me ?  
 Kind, gentle Ulric ! best beloved !  
 Now be thy faith in danger proved !  
 Though snares and terrors round him wait,  
*Thou* wilt not leave him to his fate !  
 Turn not away in cold disdain !  
 — Shall thine own Ella plead in vain ?  
 How art thou changed ! and must I bear  
 That frown, that stern, averted air ?  
 What mean they ? ”

“ Maiden, need'st thou ask ?

These features wear no specious mask.  
 Doth sorrow mark this brow and eye  
 With characters of mystery ?  
 This — *this* is anguish ! Can it be ?  
 And plead'st thou for thy sire to *me* ?  
 Know, though thy prayers a death pang give,  
 He must not meet my sight — and live !  
 Well mayst thou shudder ! Of the band  
 Who watch in secret o'er the land,  
 Whose thousand swords 'tis vain to shun,  
 Th' unknown, th' unslumbering — I am one !  
*My* arm defend him ! What were *then*  
 Each vow that binds the souls of men,  
 Sworn on the cross, and deeply sealed  
 By rites that may not be revealed ?  
 — A breeze's breath, an echo's tone,  
 A passing sound, forgot when gone !  
 Nay, shrink not from me — I would fly,  
 That he by other hands may die !

What ! think'st thou I would live to trace  
 Abhorrence in that angel face ?  
 Beside thee should the lover stand,  
 The father's lifeblood on his brand ?  
 No ! I have bade my home adieu,  
 For other scenes mine eyes must view.  
 Look on me, love ! Now all is known,  
 O Ella ! must I fly alone ? ”

But she was changed. Scarce heaved her  
 breath

She stood like one prepared for death,  
 And wept no more ; then, casting down  
 From her fair brows the nuptial crown,  
 As joy's last vision from her heart,  
 Cried, with sad firmness, “ We must part !  
 'Tis past ! These bridal flowers, so frail  
 They may not brook one stormy gale,  
 Survive — too dear as still thou art —  
 Each hope they imaged ; we must part !  
 One struggle yet — and all is o'er :  
 We love — and may we meet no more !  
 O, little know'st thou of the power  
 Affection lends in danger's hour,  
 To deem that fate should thus divide  
 My footsteps from a father's side !  
 Speed thou to other shores — I go  
 To share his wanderings and his woe.  
 Where'er his path of thorns may lead,  
 Whate'er his doom, by Heaven decreed,  
 If there be guardian powers above  
 To nerve the heart of filial love,  
 If courage may be won by prayer,  
 Or strength by duty — I can bear !  
 Farewell ! — though in that sound be years  
 Of blighted hopes and fruitless tears,  
 Though the soul vibrate to its knell  
 Of joys departed — yet farewell ! ”

Was *this* the maid who seemed, erewhile,  
 Born but to meet life's vernal smile ?  
 A being, almost on the wing,  
 As an embodied breeze of spring ?  
 A child of beauty and of bliss,  
 Sent from some purer sphere to this —  
 Not, in her exile, to sustain  
 The trial of one earthly pain ;  
 But, as a sunbeam, on to move,  
 Wakening all hearts to joy and love ?  
 That airy form, with footsteps free,  
 And radiant glance — could this be she ?  
 From her fair cheek the rose was gone,  
 Her eye's blue sparkle thence had flown,  
 Of all its vivid glow bereft,  
 Each playful charm her lip had left.



But what were these ? on that young face,  
 Far nobler beauty filled their place !  
 'Twas not the pride that scorns to bend,  
 Though all the bolts of heaven descend ;  
 Not the fierce grandeur of despair,  
 That half exults its fate to dare ;  
 Nor that wild energy which leads  
 Th' enthusiast to fanatic deeds :  
*Her* mien, by sorrow unsubdued,  
 Was fixed in silent fortitude ;  
 Not in its haughty strength elate,  
 But calmly, mournfully sedate.  
 'Twas strange, yet lovely to behold  
 That spirit in so fair a mould,  
 As if a rose tree's tender form,  
 Unbent, unbroke, should meet the storm.

One look she cast, where firmness strove  
 With the deep pangs of parting love ;  
 One tear a moment in her eye  
 Dimmed the pure light of constancy ;  
 And pressing, as to still her heart,  
 She turned in silence to depart.  
 But Ulric, as to frenzy wrought,  
 Then started from his trance of thought :

"Stay thee ! O, stay ! — It must not be —  
 All, all were well resigned for thee !  
 Stay ! till my soul each vow disown,  
 But those which make me thine alone !  
 If there be guilt — there is no shrine  
 More holy than that heart of thine :  
*There* be my crime absolved — I take  
 The cup of shame for thy dear sake.  
 Of *shame* ! — O no ! to virtue true,  
 Where *thou* art, there is glory too !  
 Go now ! and to thy sire impart,  
 He hath a shield in Ulric's heart,  
 And thou a home ! Remain, or flee,  
 In life, in death — I follow thee !"

"There shall not rest one cloud of shame.  
 O Ulric ! on thy lofty name ;  
 There shall not one accusing word  
 Against thy spotless faith be heard !  
 Thy path is where the brave rush on,  
 Thy course must be where palms are won :  
 Where banners wave, and falchions glare,  
 Son of the mighty ! be thou there !  
 Think on the glorious names that shine  
 Along thy sire's majestic line ;  
 O, last of that illustrious race !  
 Thou wert not born to meet disgrace !  
 Well, well I know each grief, each pain,  
 Thy spirit nobly could sustain :

E'en I unshrinking see them near,  
 And what hast thou to do with fear ?  
 But when have warriors calmly borne  
 The cold and bitter smile of scorn ?  
 'Tis not for thee ! thy soul hath force  
 To cope with all things — but remorse ;  
 And this my brightest thought shall be,  
 Thou hast not braved its pangs for me.  
 Go ! break thou not one solemn vow ;  
 Closed be the fearful conflict now ;  
 Go ! but forget not how my heart  
 Still at thy name will proudly start,  
 When chieftains hear, and minstrels tell,  
 Thy deeds of glory. Fare thee well !"  
 — And thus they parted. Why recall  
 The scene of anguish known to all ?  
 The burst of tears, the blush of pride,  
 That fain those fruitless tears would hide ;  
 The lingering look, the last embrace,  
 O, what avails it to retrace ?  
 They parted — in that bitter word  
 A thousand tones of grief are heard,  
 Whose deeply-seated echoes rest  
 In the fair cells of every breast.  
 Who hath not known, who shall not **know**,  
 That keen yet most familiar woe ?  
 Where'er affection's home is found,  
 It meets her on the holy ground ;  
 The cloud of every summer hour,  
 The canker worm of every flower.  
 Who but hath proved, or yet shall prove,  
 That mortal agony of love ?

The autumn moon slept bright and still  
 On fading wood and purple hill ;  
 The vintager had hushed his lay,  
 The fisher shunned the blaze of day,  
 And silence, o'er each green recess,  
 Brooded in misty sultriness.  
 But soon a low and measured sound  
 Broke on the deep repose around ;  
 From Lindheim's tower a glancing oar  
 Bade the stream ripple to the shore.  
 Sweet was that sound of waves which parted  
 The fond, the true, the noble-hearted ;  
 And smoothly seemed the bark to glide,  
 And brightly flowed the reckless tide,  
 Though, mingling with its current, fell  
 The last warm tears of love's farewell.

#### PART II.

Sweet is the gloom of forest shades.  
 Their pillared walks and dim arcades,  
 With all the thousand flowers that blow,  
 A waste of loveliness, below.

To him whose soul the world would fly,  
 For nature's lonely majesty :  
 To bard, when rapt in mighty themes,  
 To lover, lost in fairy dreams,  
 To hermit, whose prophetic thought  
 By fits a gleam of heaven hath caught,  
 And, in the visions of his rest,  
 Held bright communion with the blest :  
 'Tis sweet, but solemn ! There alike  
 Silence and sound with awe can strike.  
 The deep Æolian murmur made  
 By sighing breeze and rustling shade,  
 And caverned fountain gushing nigh,  
 And wild bee's plaintive lullaby :  
 Or the dead stillness of the bowers,  
 When dark the summer tempest lowers ;  
 When silent nature seems to wait  
 The gathering thunder's voice of fate ;  
 When the aspen scarcely waves in air,  
 And the clouds collect for the lightning's glare —  
 Each, each alike is awful there,  
 And thrills the soul with feelings high,  
 As some majestic harmony.

But she, the maid, whose footsteps traced  
 Each green retreat in breathless haste —  
 Young Ella — lingered not to hear  
 The woodnotes, lost on mourner's ear.  
 The shivering leaf, the breeze's play,  
 The fountain's gush, the wild bird's lay —  
 These charm not now ; her sire she sought,  
 With trembling frame, with anxious thought,  
 And, starting if a forest deer  
 But moved the rustling branches near,  
 First felt that innocence may fear.

She reached a lone and shadowy dell,  
 Where the free sunbeam never fell ;  
 'Twas twilight there at summer noon,  
 Deep night beneath the harvest moon,  
 And scarce might one bright star be seen  
 Gleaning the tangled boughs between ;  
 For many a giant rock around  
 Dark in terrific grandeur frowned,  
 And the ancient oaks, that waved on high  
 Shut out each glimpse of the blessed sky.  
 There the cold spring, in its shadowy cave,  
 Ne'er to heaven's beam one sparkle gave,  
 And the wild flower, on its brink that grew,  
 Caught not from day one glowing hue.

'Twas said, some fearful deed untold  
 Had stained that scene in days of old ;  
 Tradition o'er the haunt had thrown  
 A shade yet deeper than its own ;

And still, amidst th' umbrageous gloom,  
 Perchance above some victim's tomb,  
 O'ergrown with ivy and with moss,  
 There stood a rudely-sculptured Cross,  
 Which, haply, silent record bore  
 Of guilt and penitence of yore.

Who by that holy sign was kneeling,  
 With brow unuttered pangs revealing,  
 Hands clasped convulsively in prayer,  
 And lifted eyes and streaming hair,  
 And cheek, all pale as marble mould,  
 Seen by the moonbeam's radiance cold ?  
 Was it some image of despair  
 Still fixed that stamp of woe to bear ?  
 — O, ne'er could Art her forms have wrought  
 To speak such agonies of thought !  
 Those deathlike features gave to view  
 A mortal's pangs too deep and true !  
 Starting he rose, with frenzied eye,  
 As Ella's hurried step drew nigh ;  
 He turned, with aspect darkly wild,  
 Trembling he stood — before his child !  
 On, with a burst of tears, she sprung,  
 And to her father's bosom clung.

"Away ! what seek'st thou here ?" —  
 cried ;

"Art thou not now thine Ulric's bride ?  
 Hence, leave me — leave me to await,  
 In solitude, the storm of Fate ;  
 Thou know'st not what my doom may be,  
 Ere evening comes in peace to thee."

"My father ! shall the joyous throng  
 Swell high for me the bridal song ?  
 Shall the gay nuptial board be spread,  
 The festal garland bind my head,  
 And thou in grief, in peril, roam,  
 And make the wilderness thy home ?  
 No ! I am here with thee to share  
 All suffering mortal strength may bear ;  
 And, O, whate'er thy foes decree,  
 In life, in death, in chains, or free —  
 Well, well I feel, in thee secure ;  
 Thy heart and hand alike are pure !"

Then was there meaning in his look,  
 Which deep that trusting spirit shook ;  
 So wildly did each glance express  
 The strife of shame and bitterness, —  
 As thus he spoke : "Fond dreams, O, hence !  
 Is this the mien of Innocence ?  
 This furrowed brow, this restless eye —  
 Read thou this fearful tale, and fly !

Is it enough? or must I seek  
 For words, the tale of guilt to speak?  
 Then be it so — I will not doom  
 Thy youth to wither in its bloom;  
 I will not see thy tender frame  
 Bowed to the earth with fear and shame.  
 No! though I teach thee to abhor  
 The sire so fondly loved before;  
 Though the dread effort rend my breast,  
 Yet shalt thou leave me and be blest!  
 O, bitter penance! thou wilt turn  
 Away in horror and in scorn;  
 Thy looks, that still through all the past  
 Affection's gentlest beams have cast,  
 As lightning on my heart will fall,  
 And I must mark and bear it all!  
 Yet though of life's best ties bereaved,  
 Thou shalt not, must not, be deceived!

"I linger — let me speed the tale  
 Ere voice, and thought, and memory fail.  
 Why should I falter thus to tell  
 What Heaven so long hath known too well?  
 Yes! though from mortal sight concealed,  
 There hath a brother's blood appealed!  
 He died — 'twas not where banners wave,  
 And war steeds trample on the brave;  
 He died — it was in Holy Land —  
 Yet fell he not by Paynim hand;  
 He sleeps not with his sires at rest,  
 With trophied shield and knightly crest;  
 Unknown his grave to kindred eyes,  
 — But I can tell thee where he lies!  
 It was a wild and savage spot,  
 But once beheld — and ne'er forgot!  
 I see it now — that haunted scene  
 My spirit's dwelling still hath been;  
 And he is there — I see him laid  
 Beneath that palm tree's lonely shade.  
 The fountain wave that sparkles nigh  
 Bears witness with its crimson dye!  
 I see th' accusing glance he raised,  
 Ere that dim eye by death was glazed;  
 — Ne'er will that parting look forgive!  
 I still behold it — and I live!  
 I live! from hope, from mercy driven,  
 A mark for all the shafts of heaven!

"Yet had I wrongs. By fraud he won  
 My birthright; and my child, my son,  
 Heir to high name, high fortune born,  
 Was doomed to penury and scorn,  
 An alien 'midst his father's halls,  
 An exile from his native walls.

Could I bear this? The rankling thought,  
 Deep, dark, within my bosom wrought;  
 Some serpent, kindling hate and guile,  
 Lurked in my infant's rosy smile,  
 And when his accents lisped my name,  
 They woke my inmost heart to flame!  
 I struggled — are there evil powers  
 That claim their own ascendant hours?  
 — O, what should thine unspotted soul  
 Or know or fear of *their* control?  
 Why on the fearful conflict dwell?  
 Vainly I struggled, and I fell —  
 Cast down from every hope of bliss —  
 Too well thou know'st to what abyss!

"'Twas done! — that moment hurried by  
 To darken all eternity.  
 Years rolled away, long evil years,  
 Of woes, of fetters, and of fears;  
 Nor aught but vain remorse I gained  
 By the deep guilt my soul which stained.  
 For, long a captive in the lands  
 Where Arabs tread their burning sands,  
 The haunted midnight of the mind  
 Was round me while in chains I pined,  
 By all forgotten, save by one  
 Dread presence — which I could not shun.  
 — How oft, when o'er the silent waste  
 Nor path nor landmark might be traced,  
 When slumbering by the watchfire's ray,  
 The Wanderers of the Desert lay,  
 And stars, as o'er an ocean shone,  
 Vigil I kept — but not alone!  
 That form, that image from the dead,  
 Still walked the wild with soundless tread.  
 I've seen it in the fiery blast,  
 I've seen it where the sand storms passed;  
 Beside the Desert's fount it stood,  
 Tinging the clear cold wave with blood;  
 And e'en when viewless, by the fear  
 Curdling my veins, I knew 'twas near!  
 — *Was* near! — I feel th' unearthly thrill;  
 Its power is on my spirit still!  
 A mystic influence, undefined,  
 The spell, the shadow of my mind!

"Wilt thou yet linger? Time speeds on,  
 One last farewell, and then begone!  
 Unclasp the hands that shade thy brow,  
 And let me read thine aspect *now*!  
 No! stay thee yet, and learn the meed  
 Heaven's justice to my crime decreed.  
 Slow came the day that broke my chain,  
 But I at length was free again;



And freedom brings a burst of joy  
 E'en guilt itself can scarce destroy.  
 I thought upon my own fair towers,  
 My native Rhine's gay vineyard bowers,  
 And in a father's visions, pressed  
 Thee and thy brother to my breast.  
 — 'Twas but in visions. Canst thou yet  
 Recall the moment when we met?  
 Thy step to greet me lightly sprung,  
 Thy arms around me fondly clung;  
 Scarce aught than infant seraph less  
 Seemed thy pure childhood's loveliness.  
 But he was gone — that son for whom  
 I rushed on guilt's eternal doom;  
 He for whose sake alone were given  
 My peace on earth, my hope in heaven —  
 He met me not. A ruthless band,  
 Whose name with terror filled the land,  
 Fierce outlaws of the wood and wild,  
 Had reft the father of his child.  
 Foes to my race, the hate they nursed  
 Full on that cherished scion burst.  
 Unknown his fate. — No parent nigh,  
 My boy! my first born! didst thou die?  
 Or did they spare thee for a life  
 Of shame, of rapine, and of strife?  
 Liv'st thou, unfriended, unallied,  
 A wanderer lost, without a guide?  
 O, to thy fate's mysterious gloom  
 Blest were the darkness of the tomb!

“ Ella! 'tis done — my guilty heart  
 Before thee all unveiled — depart!  
 Few pangs 'twill cost thee now to fly  
 From one so stained, so lost as I;  
 Yet peace to thine untainted breast,  
 E'en though it hate me! — be thou blest!  
 Farewell! thou shalt not linger here —  
 E'en now th' avenger may be near:  
 Where'er I turn, the foe, the snare,  
 The dagger, may be ambushed there;  
 One hour — and haply all is o'er,  
 And we must meet on earth no more.  
 No, nor beyond! — to those pure skies  
 Where thou shalt be, I may not rise;  
 Heaven's will forever parts our lot.  
 Yet, O, my child! abhor me not!  
 Speak once! to soothe this broken heart,  
 Speak to me once! and then depart!”

But still — as if each pulse were dead,  
 Mute — as the power of speech were fled,  
 Pale — as if lifeblood ceased to warm  
 The marble beauty of her form;

On the dark rock she leaned her head,  
 That seemed as there 'twere riveted,  
 And dropped the hands till then which pressed  
 Her burning brow or throbbing breast.  
 There beamed no teardrop in her eye,  
 And from her lip there breathed no sigh,  
 And on her brow no trace there dwelt  
 That told she suffered or she felt.  
 All that once glowed, or smiled, or beamed,  
 Now fixed, and quenched, and frozen seemed  
 And long her sire, in wild dismay,  
 Deemed her pure spirit passed away.

But life returned. O'er that cold frame  
 One deep convulsive shudder came;  
 And a faint light her eye relumed,  
 And sad resolve her mien assumed.  
 But there was horror in the gaze,  
 Which yet to his she dared not raise;  
 And her sad accents, wild and low,  
 As rising from a depth of woe,  
 At first with hurried trembling broke,  
 But gathered firmness as she spoke.  
 — “ I leave thee not — whate'er betide,  
 My footsteps shall not quit thy side;  
 Pangs keen as death my soul may thrill,  
 But yet thou art my father still!  
 And, O, if stained by guilty deed,  
 For some kind spirit, tenfold need,  
 To speak of Heaven's absolving love,  
 And waft desponding thought above.  
 Is there not power in mercy's wave  
 The blood stain from thy soul to lave?  
 Is there not balm to heal despair,  
 In tears, in penitence, in prayer?  
 My father! kneel at His pure shrine  
 Who died to expiate guilt like thine,  
 Weep — and my tears with thine shall blend  
 Pray — while my prayers with thine ascend,  
 And, as our mingling sorrows rise,  
 Heaven will relent, though earth despise!”

“ My child, my child! these bursting tears  
 The first mine eyes have shed for years,  
 Though deepest conflicts they express,  
 Yet flow not all in bitterness!  
 O, thou hast bid a withered heart  
 From desolation's slumber start;  
 Thy voice of pity and of love  
 Seems o'er its icy depths to move  
 E'en as a breeze of health, which brings  
 Life, hope, and healing, on its wings.  
 And there is mercy yet! I feel  
 Its influence o'er my spirit steel;

How welcome were each pang below,  
 If guilt might be atoned by woe!  
 Think'st thou I yet may be forgiven?  
 Shall prayers unclothe the gate of heaven?  
 O, if it yet avail to plead,  
 If judgment be not yet decreed,  
 Our hearts shall blend their suppliant cry,  
 Till pardon shall be sealed on high!  
 Yet, yet I shrink! — Will Mercy shed  
 Her dews upon this fallen head?  
 — Kneel, Ella, kneel! till full and free  
 Descend forgiveness, won by thee!"

They knelt — before the Cross, that sign  
 Of love eternal and divine;  
 That symbol, which so long hath stood  
 A rock of strength on time's dark flood,  
 Clasped by despairing hands, and laved  
 By the warm tears of nations saved.  
 In one deep prayer their spirits blent,  
 The guilty and the innocent;  
 Youth, pure as if from heaven its birth,  
 Age, soiled with every stain of earth,  
 Knelt, offering up one heart, one cry,  
 One sacrifice of agony.  
 — O, blest, though bitter be their source —  
 Though dark the fountain of remorse,  
 Blessed are the tears which pour from  
 thence,  
 Th' atoning stream of penitence!  
 And let not pity check the tide  
 By which the heart is purified;  
 Let not vain comfort turn its course,  
 Or timid love repress its force!  
 Go! bind the flood, whose waves expand,  
 To bear luxuriance o'er the land;  
 Forbid the life-restoring rains  
 To fall on Afric's burning plains;  
 Close up the fount that gushed to cheer  
 The pilgrim o'er the waste who trod;  
 But check thou not one holy tear  
 Which Penitence devotes to God!

Through scenes so lone the wild deer ne'er  
 Was roused by huntsman's bugle there —  
 So rude that scarce might human eye  
 Sustain their dread sublimity —  
 So awful that the timid swain,  
 Nurtured amidst their dark domain,  
 Had peopled with unearthly forms  
 Their mists, their forests, and their storms —  
 She, whose blue eye of laughing light  
 Once made each festal scene more bright;  
 Whose voice in song of joy was sweetest,  
 Whose step in dance of mirth was fleetest,

By torrent wave and mountain brow,  
 Is wandering as an outcast now,  
 To share with Lindheim's fallen chief  
 His shame, his terror, and his grief.

Hast thou not marked the ruin's flower,  
 That blooms in solitary grace,  
 And, faithful to its mouldering tower,  
 Waves in the banner's place?  
 From those gray haunts renown hath passed,  
 Time wins his heritage at last;  
 The day of glory hath gone by,  
 With all its pomp and minstrelsy:  
 Yet still the flower of golden hues  
 There loves its fragrance to diffuse,  
 To fallen and forsaken things  
 With constancy unaltered clings,  
 And, smiling o'er the wreck of state,  
 With beauty clothes the desolate.  
 — E'en such was she, the fair-haired maid  
 In all her light of youth arrayed,  
 Forsaking every joy below  
 To soothe a guilty parent's woe,  
 And clinging thus, in beauty's prime,  
 To the dark ruin made by crime.  
 O, ne'er did Heaven's propitious eyes  
 Smile on a purer sacrifice;  
 Ne'er did young love, at duty's shrine,  
 More nobly brighter hopes resign!  
 O'er her own pangs she brooded not,  
 Nor sank beneath her bitter lot;  
 No! that pure spirit's lofty worth  
 Still rose more buoyantly from earth,  
 And drew from an eternal source  
 Its gentle, yet triumphant force;  
 Roused by affliction's chastening might  
 To energies more calmly bright,  
 Like the wild harp of airy sigh,  
 Woke by the storm to harmony!  
 He that in mountain holds hath sought  
 A refuge for unconquered thought,  
 A chartered home, where Freedom's child  
 Might rear her altars in the wild,  
 And fix her quenchless torch on high,  
 A beacon for Eternity;  
 Or they, whose martyr spirits wage  
 Proud war with Persecution's rage,  
 And to the deserts bear the faith  
 That bids them smile on chains and death:  
 Well may *they* draw, from all around,  
 Of grandeur clothed in form and sound,  
 From the deep power of earth and sky,  
 Wild nature's might of majesty,  
 Strong energies, immortal fires,  
 High hopes, magnificent desires!

But dark, terrific, and austere  
 To him doth nature's mien appear,  
 Who 'midst her wilds would seek repose  
 From guilty pangs and vengeful foes !  
 For him the wind hath music dread,  
 A dirge-like voice that mourns the dead ;  
 The forest's whisper breathes a tone  
 Appalling, as from worlds unknown ;  
 The mystic gloom of wood and cave  
 Is filled with shadows of the grave ;  
 In noon's deep calm the sunbeams dart  
 A blaze that seems to search his heart ;  
 The pure, eternal stars of night  
 Upbraid him with their silent light ;  
 And the dread spirit, which pervades  
 And hallows earth's most lonely shades,  
 In every scene, in every hour,  
 Surrounds him with chastising power —  
 With nameless fear his soul to thrill,  
 Heard, felt, acknowledged, present still !

'Twas the chilly close of an autumn day,  
 And the leaves fell thick o'er the wanderers' way !  
 The rustling pines, with a hollow sound,  
 Foretold the tempest gathering round ;  
 And the skirts of the western clouds were spread  
 With a tinge of wild and stormy red,  
 That seemed, through the twilight forest bowers,  
 Like the glare of a city's blazing towers.  
 But they, who far from cities fled,  
 And shrunk from the print of human tread,  
 Had reached a desert scene unknown,  
 So strangely wild, so deeply lone,  
 That a nameless feeling, unconfessed  
 And undefined, their souls oppressed.  
 Rocks piled on rocks, around them hurled,  
 Lay like the ruins of a world,  
 Left by an earthquake's final throes  
 In deep and desolate repose —  
 Things of eternity, whose forms  
 Bore record of ten thousand storms !  
 While, rearing its colossal crest,  
 In sullen grandeur o'er the rest,  
 One, like a pillar, vast and rude,  
 Stood monarch of the solitude.  
 Perchance by Roman conqueror's hand  
 Th' enduring monument was planned ;  
 Or Odin's sons, in days gone by,  
 Had shaped its rough immensity,  
 To rear, 'midst mountain, rock, and wood,  
 A temple meet for rites of blood.  
 But they were gone, who might have told  
 That secret of the times of old ;  
 And there in silent scorn it frowned  
 O'er all its vast coevals round.

Darkly those giant masses lowered,  
 Countless and motionless they towered ;  
 No wild flower o'er their summits hung,  
 No fountain from their caverns sprung ;  
 Yet ever on the wanderers' ear  
 Murmured a sound of waters near,  
 With music deep of lulling falls,  
 And louder gush, at intervals.  
 Unknown its source — nor spring nor stream  
 Caught the red sunset's lingering gleam,  
 But ceaseless, from its hidden caves,  
 Arose that mystic voice of waves.<sup>1</sup>  
 Yet bosomed 'midst that savage scene,  
 One chosen spot of gentler mien  
 Gave promise to the pilgrim's eye  
 Of shelter from the tempest night.  
 Glad sight ! the ivied cross it bore,  
 The sculptured saint that crowned its door  
 Less welcome now were monarch's dome,  
 Than that low cell, some hermit's home.  
 Thither the outcasts bent their way,  
 By the last lingering gleam of day ;  
 When from a caverned rock, which cast  
 Deep shadows o'er them as they passed,  
 A form, a warrior form of might,  
 As from earth's bosom, sprang to sight  
 His port was lofty — yet the heart  
 Shrunk from him with recoiling start,  
 His mien was youthful — yet his face  
 Had nought of youth's ingenuous grace ;  
 Nor chivalrous nor tender thought  
 Its traces on his brow had wrought ;

<sup>1</sup> The original of the scene here described is presented by the mountain called the Feldberg, in the Bergstrasse : —  
 " Des masses énormes de rochers, entassées l'une sur l'autre depuis le sommet de la montagne jusqu'à son pied, viennent y présenter un aspect superbe qu'aucune description ne saurait rendre. Ce furent, dit-on, des géants, qui en livrant un combat du haut des montagnes, lancèrent les uns sur les autres ces énormes masses de rochers. On arrive, avec beaucoup de peine, jusqu'au sommet du Feldberg, en suivant un sentier qui passe à côté de cette chaîne de rochers. On entend continuellement un bruit sourd, qui paraît venir d'un ruisseau au dessous des rochers ; mais on ne peut descendre, en se glissant à travers les ouvertures qui s'y trouvent, on ne découvrira jamais le ruisseau. La colonne, dite Riesensäule, se trouve un peu plus haut qu'à la moitié de la montagne, c'est un bloc de granit taillé, d'une longueur de 30 pieds et d'un diamètre de 4 pieds. Il y a plus de probabilité de croire que les anciens Germains voulaient faire de ce bloc une colonne pour l'ériger en l'honneur de leur dieu Odin, que de prétendre, comme le font plusieurs auteurs, que les Romains aient eu le dessein de la transporter dans leur capitale. On voit un peu plus haut un autre bloc d'une forme presque carrée, qu'on appelle Riesenaltar, (autel du géant,) qui, à en juger par sa grosseur et sa forme, était destiné à servir de piédestal à la colonne susdite." — *Manuel pour les Voyageurs sur le Rhin.*



Yet dwelt no fierceness in his eye,  
 But calm and cold severity,  
 A spirit haughtily austere,  
 Stranger to pity as to fear.  
 It seemed as pride had thrown a veil  
 O'er that dark brow and visage pale,  
 Leaving the searcher nought to guess,  
 All was so fixed and passionless.

He spoke — and they who heard the tone  
 Felt, deeply felt, all hope was flown.  
 "I've sought thee far in forest bowers,  
 I've sought thee long in peopled towers,  
 I've borne th' dagger of th' UNKNOWN  
 Through scenes explored by me alone;  
 My search is closed — nor toils nor fears  
 Repel the servant of the Seers;  
 We meet — 'tis vain to strive or fly:  
 Albert of Lindheim, thou must die!"

Then with clasped hands the fair-haired  
 maid  
 Sank at his feet, and wildly prayed: —  
 "Stay, stay thee! sheathe that lifted steel!  
 O, thou art human, and canst feel!  
 Hear me! if e'er 'twas thine to prove  
 The blessing of a parent's love;  
 By thine own father's hoary hair,  
 By her who gave thee being, spare!  
 Did they not, o'er thy infant years,  
 Keep watch, in sleepless hopes and fears!  
 Young warrior! thou wilt heed my prayers,  
 As thou wouldst hope for grace to theirs!"

But cold th' Avenger's look remained,  
 His brow its rigid calm maintained:  
 "Maiden! 'tis vain — my bosom ne'er  
 Was conscious of a parent's care;  
 The nurture of my infant years  
 Froze in my soul the source of tears;  
 'Tis not for me to pause or melt,  
 Or feel as happier hearts have felt.  
 Away! the hour of fate goes by:  
 Thy prayers are fruitless — he must die!"

"Rise, Ella! rise!" with steadfast brow  
 The father spoke — unshrinking now,  
 As if from Heaven a martyr's strength  
 Had settled on his soul at length:  
 "Kneel thou no more, my noble child,  
 Thou by no taint of guilt defiled;  
 Kneel not to man! — for mortal prayer,  
 O, when did mortal vengeance spare?  
 Since hope of earthly aid is flown,  
 Lift thy pure hands to Heaven alone,

And know, to calm thy suffering heart,  
 My spirit is resigned to part,  
 Trusting in Him who reads and knows  
 This guilty breast, with all its woes.  
 Rise! I would bless thee once again,  
 Be still, be firm — for all is vain!"

And she *was* still. She heard him not —  
 Her prayers were hushed, her pangs forgot;  
 All thought, all memory passed away,  
 Silent and motionless she lay,  
 In a brief death, a blest suspense  
 Alike of agony and sense.  
 She saw not when the dagger gleamed  
 In the last red light from the west that  
 streamed;  
 She marked not when the lifeblood's flow  
 Came rushing to the mortal blow;  
 While, unresisting, sank her sire,  
 Yet gathered firmness to expire,  
 Mingling a warrior's courage high  
 With a penitent's humility.  
 And o'er him there th' Avenger stood,  
 And watched the victim's ebbing blood,  
 Still calm, as if his faithful hand  
 Had but obeyed some just command,  
 Some power whose stern, yet righteous will  
 He deemed it virtue to fulfil,  
 And triumphed, when the palm was won,  
 For duty's task austere done.

But a feeling dread and undefined,  
 A mystic presage of the mind,  
 With strange and sudden impulse ran  
 Chill through the heart of the dying man;  
 And his thoughts found voice, and his bosom  
 breath,  
 And it seemed as fear suspended death,  
 And nature from her terrors drew  
 Fresh energy and vigor new.

"Thou saidst thy lonely bosom ne'er  
 Was conscious of a parent's care;  
 Thou saidst thy lot, in childhood's years,  
 Froze in thy soul the source of tears:  
 The time will come, when thou, with me,  
 The judgment throne of God wilt see —  
 O, by thy hopes of mercy then,  
 By His blest love who died for men,  
 By each dread rite, and shrine, and vow,  
 Avenger! I adjure thee now!  
 To him who bleeds beneath thy steel,  
 Thy lineage and thy name reveal.  
 And haste thee! for his closing ear  
 Hath little more on earth to hear —

Haste ! for the spirit, almost flown,  
Is lingering for thy words alone."

Then first a shade, resembling fear,  
Passed o'er th' Avenger's mien austere ;  
A nameless awe his features crossed,  
Soon in their haughty coldness lost.

'What wouldst thou? Ask the rock and wild,  
And bid them tell thee of their child !  
Ask the rude winds, and angry skies,  
Whose tempests were his lullabies !  
His chambers were the cave and wood,  
His fosterers men of wrath and blood ;  
Outcasts alike of earth and heaven,  
By wrongs to desperation driven !  
Who, in their pupil, now could trace  
The features of a nobler race ?  
Yet such was mine ! — if one who cast  
A look of anguish o'er the past,  
Bore faithful record on the day  
When penitent in death he lay.  
But still deep shades my prospects veil ;  
He died — and told but half the tale.  
With him it sleeps — I only know  
Enough for stern and silent woe,  
For vain ambition's deep regret,  
For hopes deceived, deceiving yet,  
For dreams of pride, that vainly tell  
How high a lot had suited well  
The heir of some illustrious line,  
Heroes and chieftains of the Rhine !"

Then swift through Albert's bosom passed  
One pang, the keenest and the last,  
Ere with his spirit fled the fears,  
The sorrows, and the pangs of years ;  
And, while his gray hairs swept the dust,  
Faltering he murmured, "Heaven is just !  
For thee that deed of guilt was done,  
By thee avenged, my son ! my son !"  
— The day was closed — the moonbeam shed  
Light on the living and the dead,  
And as through rolling clouds it broke,  
Young Ella from her trance awoke —  
Awoke to bear, to feel, to know  
E'en more than all an orphan's woe.  
O, ne'er did moonbeam's light serene  
With beauty clothe a sadder scene !  
There, cold in death, the father slept —  
There, pale in woe, the daughter wept !  
Yes ! *she* might weep — but one stood nigh,  
With horror in his tearless eye,  
That eye which ne'er again shall close  
In the deep quiet of repose ;

No more on earth beholding aught  
Save one dread vision, stamped on thought.  
But, lost in grief, the Orphan Maid  
His deeper woe had scarce surveyed,  
Till his wild voice revealed a tale  
Which seemed to bid the heavens turn pale !  
He called her, "Sister !" and the word  
In anguish breathed, in terror heard,  
Revealed enough : all else were weak —  
That sound a thousand pangs could speak.  
He knelt beside that breathless clay,  
Which, fixed in utter stillness, lay —  
Knelt till his soul imbibed each trace,  
Each line of that unconscious face ;  
Knelt, till his eye could bear no more  
Those marble features to explore ;  
Then, starting, turning, as to shun  
The image thus by Memory won,  
A wild farewell to her he bade,  
Who by the dead in silence prayed,  
And, frenzied by his bitter doom,  
Fled thence — to find all earth a tomb

Days passed away — and Rhine's fair shore  
In the light of summer smiled once more ;  
The vines were purpling on the hill,  
And the cornfields waved in the sunshine still.  
There came a bark up the noble stream,  
With pennons that shed a golden gleam,  
With the flash of arms, and the voice of song,  
Gliding triumphantly along ;  
For warrior forms were glittering there,  
Whose plumes waved light in the whispering  
air ;

And as the tones of oar and wave  
Their measured cadence mingling gave,  
'Twas thus th' exulting chorus rose,  
While many an echo swelled the close : —

"From the fields where dead and dying  
On their battle bier are lying,  
Where the blood unstanched is gushing,  
Where the steed unchecked is rushing,  
Trampling o'er the noble-hearted,  
Ere the spirit yet be parted,  
Where each breath of heaven is swaying  
Knightly plumes and banners playing,  
And the clarion's music swelling  
Calls the vulture from his dwelling ;  
He comes, with trophies worthy of his line,  
The son of heroes, Ulric of the Rhine !  
To his own fair woods, enclosing  
Vales in sunny peace reposing,  
Where his native stream is laving  
Banks, with golden harvests waving,

And the summer light is sleeping  
On the grape, through tendrils peeping ;  
To the halls where harps are ringing,  
Bards the praise of warriors singing,  
Graceful footsteps bounding fleetly,  
Joyous voices mingling sweetly ;  
Where the cheek of mirth is glowing,  
And the wine cup brightly flowing,  
He comes, with trophies worthy of his line,  
The son of heroes, Ulric of the Rhine ! ”

He came — he sought his Ella's bowers,  
He traversed Lindheim's lonely towers ;  
But voice and footstep thence had fled,  
As from the dwellings of the dead,  
And the sounds of human joy and woe  
Gave place to the moan of the wave below.  
The banner still the rampart crowned,  
But the tall rank grass waved thick around ;  
Still hung the arms of a race gone by  
In the blazoned walls of their ancestry,  
But they caught no more, at fall of night,  
The wavering flash of the torch's light,  
And they sent their echoes forth no more  
To the Minnesinger's <sup>1</sup> tuneful lore.  
For the hands that touched the harp were gone,  
And the hearts were cold that loved its tone ;  
And the soul of the chord lay mute and still,  
Save when the wild wind bade it thrill,  
And woke from its depths a dreamlike moan,  
For life, and power, and beauty gone.

The warrior turned from that silent scene,  
Where a voice of woe had welcome been ;  
And his heart was heavy with boding thought,  
As the forest paths alone he sought.  
He reached a convent's fane, that stood  
Deep bosomed in luxuriant wood ;  
Still, solemn, fair — it seemed a spot  
Where earthly care might be all forgot,  
And sounds and dreams of heaven alone  
To musing spirit might be known.

And sweet e'en then were the sounds that  
rose  
On the holy and profound repose.  
O, they came o'er the warrior's breast  
Like a 'glorious anthem of the blest ;  
And fear and sorrow died away  
Before the full majestic lay.  
He entered the secluded fane,  
Which sent forth that inspiring strain ;

He gazed — the hallowed pile's array  
Was that of some high festal day ;  
Wreathes of all hues its pillars bound,  
Flowers of all scents were strewed around ;  
The rose exhaled its fragrant sigh,  
Blest on the altar to smile and die ;  
And a fragrant cloud from the censer's breath  
Half hid the sacred pomp beneath ;  
And still the peal of choral song  
Swelled the resounding isles along ;  
Wakening, in its triumphant flow,  
Deep echoes from the graves below.

Why, from its woodland birthplace torn,  
Doth summer's rose that scene adorn ?  
Why breathes th' incense to the sky ?  
Why swells th' exulting harmony ?  
— And seest thou not yon form, so light  
It seems half floating on the sight,  
As if the whisper of a gale,  
That did but wave its snowy veil,  
Might bear it from the earth afar,  
A lovely but receding star ?  
Know that devotion's shrine e'en now  
Receives that youthful vestal's vow —  
For this, high hymns, sweet odors rise,  
A jubilee of sacrifice !  
Mark yet a moment ! from her brow  
Yon priest shall lift the veil of snow,  
Ere yet a darker mantle hide  
The charms to Heaven thus sanctified :  
Stay thee ! and catch their parting gleam,  
That ne'er shall fade from memory's dream.  
A moment ! O, to Ulric's soul,  
Poised between hope and fear's control,  
What slow, unmeasured hours went by,  
Ere yet suspense grew certain !  
It came at length. Once more that face  
Revealed to man its mournful grace :  
A sunbeam on its features fell,  
As if to bear the world's farewell ;  
And doubt was o'er. His heart grew chill ;  
'Twas she — though changed — 'twas Ella still  
Though now her once rejoicing mien  
Was deeply, mournfully serene ;  
Though clouds her eye's blue lustre shaded,  
And the young cheek beneath had faded,  
Well, well he knew the form which cast  
Light on his soul through all the past !  
'Twas with him on the battle plain,  
'Twas with him on the stormy main :  
'Twas in his visions, when the shield  
Pillowed his head on tented field :  
'Twas a bright beam that led him on  
Where'er ■ triumph might be won —

<sup>1</sup> Minnesingers, (bards of love,) the appellation of the German minstrels in the Middle Ages.



In danger as in glory nigh,  
An angel guide to victory !

She caught his pale bewildered gaze  
Of grief half lost in fixed amaze.  
Was it some vain illusion, wrought  
By frenzy of impassioned thought ?  
Some phantom, such as grief hath power  
To summon in her wandering hour ?  
No ! it was he ! the lost, the mourned —  
Too deeply loved, too late returned !  
— A fevered blush, ■ sudden start,  
Spoke the last weakness of her heart ;  
'Twas vanquished soon — the hectic red  
A moment flushed her cheek, and fled.  
Once more serene — her steadfast eye  
Looked up as to Eternity ;  
Then gazed on Ulric with an air  
That said, The home of Love is *there* !

Yes ! *there* alone it smiled for him  
Whose eye before that look grew dim.  
Not long 'twas his e'en *thus* to view  
The beauty of its calm adieu ;  
Soon o'er those features, brightly pale,  
Was cast th' impenetrable veil ;  
And, if one human sigh were given  
By the pure bosom vowed to Heaven,  
'Twas lost, as many a murmured sound  
Of grief, "not loud, but deep," is drowned,  
In hymns of joy, which proudly rise  
To tell the calm untroubled skies  
That earth hath banished care and woe,  
And man holds festivals below !

### THE CARAVAN IN THE DESERTS.

CALL it not loneliness to dwell  
In woodland shade or hermit dell,  
Or the deep forest to explore,  
Or wander Alpine regions o'er ;  
For nature there all joyous reigns,  
And fills with life her wild domains :—  
A bird's light wing may break the air,  
A wave, ■ leaf, may murmur there ;  
A bee the mountain flowers may seek,  
A chamois bound from peak to peak ;  
An eagle, rushing to the sky,  
Wake the deep echoes with his cry ;  
And still some sound, thy heart to cheer,  
Some voice though not of man is near.  
But he, whose weary step hath traced  
Mysterious Afric's awful waste —

Whose eye Arabia's wilds hath viewed,  
Can tell thee what is solitude !  
It is to traverse lifeless plains,  
Where everlasting stillness reigns,  
And billowy sands and dazzling sky  
Seem boundless as infinity !  
It is to sink, with speechless dread,  
In scenes unmeet for mortal tread,  
Severed from earthly being's trace,  
Alone amidst eternal space !

'Tis noon — and fearfully profound,  
Silence is on the desert round ;  
Alone she reigns, above, beneath,  
With all the attributes of death !  
No bird the blazing heaven may dare,  
No insect bide the scorching air ;  
The ostrich, though of sunborn race,  
Seeks a more sheltered dwelling-place ;  
The lion slumbers in his lair,  
The serpent shuns the noontide glare.  
But slowly wind the patient train  
Of camels o'er the blasted plain,  
Where they and man may brave alone  
The terrors of the burning zone.  
— Faint not, O pilgrims ! though on high,  
As a volcano, flame the sky ;  
Shrink not, though as a furnace glow  
The dark-red seas of sand below ;  
Though not a shadow, save your own,  
Across the dread expanse is thrown.  
Mark ! where your feverish lips to lave,  
Wide spreads the fresh transparent wave !  
Urge your tired camels on, and take  
Your rest beside yon glistening lake ;  
Thence, haply, cooler gales may spring,  
And fan your brows with lighter wing  
Lo ! nearer now, its glassy tide  
Reflects the date tree on its side —  
Speed on ! pure draughts, and genial air,  
And verdant shade, await you there.  
O, glimpse of heaven ! to him unknown  
That hath not trod the burning zone !  
Forward they press — they gaze dismayed —  
The waters of the desert fade !  
Melting to vapors that elude  
The eye, the lip, they vainly wooed

What meteor comes ? A purple haze  
Hath half obscured the noontide rays ;<sup>1</sup>  
Onward it moves in swift career,  
A blush upon the atmosphere.

<sup>1</sup> The mirage, or vapor assuming the appearance ■ water.

<sup>2</sup> See the description of the simoom in Bruce's Travels.

Haste, haste! avert th' impending doom,  
 Fall prostrate! tis the dread Simoom!  
 Bow down your faces — till the blast  
 On its red wing of flame hath passed,  
 Far bearing o'er the sandy wave  
 The viewless Angel of the Grave.

It came — 'tis vanished — but hath left  
 The wanderers e'en of hope bereft;  
 The ardent heart, the vigorous frame,  
 Pride, courage, strength, its power could tame.  
 Faint with despondence, worn with toil,  
 They sink upon the burning soil,  
 Resigned, amidst those realms of gloom,  
 To find their death bed and their doom.<sup>1</sup>

But onward still! — yon distant spot  
 Of verdure can deceive you not;  
 Yon palms, which tremulously seemed  
 Reflected as the waters gleamed,  
 Along th' horizon's verge displayed,  
 Still rear their slender colonnade —  
 A landmark, guiding o'er the plain  
 The Caravan's exhausted train.  
 Fair is that little Isle of Bliss,  
 The desert's emerald oasis!  
 A rainbow on the torrent's wave,  
 A gem imbosomed in the grave,  
 A sunbeam on a stormy day  
 Its beauty's image might convey!  
 Beauty, in horror's lap that sleeps,  
 While silence round her vigil keeps.

Rest, weary pilgrims! calmly laid  
 To slumber in th' acacia shade:  
 Rest, where the shrubs your camels bruise  
 Their aromatic breath diffuse;  
 Where softer light the sunbeams pour  
 Through the tall palm and sycamore;  
 And the rich date luxuriant spreads  
 Its pendent clusters o'er your heads.  
 Nature once more, to seal your eyes,  
 Murmurs her sweetest lullabies;  
 Again each heart the music hails  
 Of rustling leaves and sighing gales:  
 And O, to Afric's child how dear  
 The voice of fountains gushing near!  
 Sweet be your slumbers! and your dreams  
 Of waving groves and rippling streams!  
 Far be the serpent's venom'd coil  
 From the brief respite won by toil;

Far be the awful shades of those  
 Who deep beneath the sands repose —  
 The hosts, to whom the desert's breath  
 Bore swift and stern the call of death  
 Sleep! nor may scorching blast invade  
 The freshness of th' acacia shade,  
 But gales of heaven your spirits bless,  
 With life's best balm — Forgetfulness!  
 Till night from many an urn diffuse  
 The treasures of her world of dews.

The day hath closed — the moon on high  
 Walks in her cloudless majesty.  
 A thousand stars to Afric's heaven  
 Serene magnificence have given —  
 Pure beacons of the sky, whose flame  
 Shines forth eternally the same.  
 Blest be their beams, whose holy light  
 Shall guide the camel's footsteps right,  
 And lead, as with a track divine,  
 The pilgrim to his prophet's shrine!  
 — Rise! bid your Isle of Palms adieu!  
 Again your lonely march pursue,  
 While airs of night are freshly blowing,  
 And heavens with softer beauty glowing.

'Tis silence all: the solemn scene  
 Wears, at each step, a ruder mien;  
 For giant rocks, at distance piled,  
 Cast their deep shadows o'er the wild.  
 Darkly they rise — what eye hath viewed  
 The caverns of their solitude?  
 Away! within those awful cells  
 The savage lord of Afric dwells!  
 Heard ye his voice? — the lion's roar  
 Swells as when billows break on shore.  
 Well may the camel shake with fear,  
 And the steed pant — his foe is near.  
 Haste! light the torch, bid watchfires  
 throw

Far o'er the waste a ruddy glow;  
 Keep vigil — guard the bright array  
 Of flames that scare him from his prey;  
 Within their magic circle press,  
 O wanderers of the wilderness!  
 Heap high the pile, and by its blaze  
 Tell the wild tales of elder days, —  
 Arabia's wondrous lore, that dwells  
 On warrior deeds and wizard spells;  
 Enchanted domes, 'mid scenes like these,  
 Rising to vanish with the breeze;  
 Gardens, whose fruits are gems, that shed  
 Their light where mortal may not tread;  
 And spirits, o'er whose pearly halls  
 Th' eternal billow heaves and falls.

<sup>1</sup> The extreme languor and despondence produced by the simoom, even when its effects are not fatal, have been described by many travellers.

— With charms like these, of mystic power,  
Watchers ! beguile the midnight hour.

Slowly that hour hath rolled away,  
And star by star withdraws its ray.  
Dark children of the sun ! again  
Your own rich Orient hails his reign.  
He comes, but veiled — with sanguine glare  
Tinging the mists that load the air ;  
Sounds of dismay, and signs of flame,  
Th' approaching hurricane proclaim.  
"Tis death's red banner streams on high —  
Fly to the rocks for shelter ! — fly !  
Lo ! darkening o'er the fiery skies,  
The pillars of the desert rise !  
On, in terrific grandeur, wheeling,  
A giant host, the heavens concealing,  
They move, like mighty genii forms,  
Towering immense 'midst clouds and storms.  
Who shall escape ! — with awful force  
The whirlwind bears them on their course ;  
They join, they rush resistless on —  
The landmarks of the plain are gone ;  
The steps, the forms, from earth effaced,  
Of those who trod the burning waste !  
All whelmed, all hushed ! — none left to bear  
Sad record how they perished there !  
No stone their tale of death shall tell —  
The desert guards its mysteries well ;  
And o'er th' unfathomed, sandy deep,  
Where low their nameless relics sleep,  
Oft shall the future pilgrim tread,  
Nor know his steps are on the dead.

### MARIUS AMONGST THE RUINS OF CARTHAGE.

[“ Marius, during the time of his exile, seeking refuge in Africa, had landed at Carthage, when an officer, sent by the Roman governor of Africa, came and thus addressed him : —  
‘ Marius, I come from the Prætor Sextilius, to tell you that he forbids you to set foot in Africa. If you obey not, he will support the Senate's decree, and treat you as a public enemy.’ Marius, upon hearing this, was struck dumb with grief and indignation. He uttered not a word for some time, but regarded the officer with a menacing aspect. At length the officer inquired what answer he should carry to the governor. ‘ Go and tell him,’ said the unfortunate man, with a sigh, ‘ that thou hast seen the exiled Marius sitting on the ruins of Carthage.’ ” — PLUTARCH.]

'Twas noon, and Afric's dazzling sun on high  
With fierce resplendence filled th' unclouded sky ;  
No zephyr waved the palm's majestic head,  
And smooth alike the seas and deserts spread ;  
While desolate, beneath a blaze of light,  
Silent and lonely, as at dead of nig' t,

The wreck of Carthage lay. Her prostrate fanes  
Had strewed their precious marble o'er the  
plains :

Dark weeds and grass the column had o'ergrown  
The lizard basked upon the altar stone ;  
Whelmed by the ruins of their own abodes,  
Had sunk the forms of heroes and of gods ;  
While near — dread offspring of the burning  
day ! —  
Coiled 'midst forsaken halls the serpent lay.

There came an exile, long by fate pursued,  
To shelter in that awful solitude.  
Well did that wanderer's high yet faded mien  
Suit the sad grandeur of the desert scene : —  
Shadowed, not veiled, by locks of wintry snow,  
Pride sat, still mighty, on his furrowed brow ;  
Time had not quenched the terrors of his eye,  
Nor tamed his glance of fierce ascendancy ;  
While the deep meaning of his features told  
Ages of thought had o'er his spirit rolled,  
Nor dimmed the fire that might not be controlled  
And still did power invest his stately form,  
Shattered, but yet unconquered, by the storm.  
— But slow his step — and where, not yet o'er  
thrown,

Still towered a pillar 'midst the waste alone,  
Faint with long toil, his weary limbs he laid,  
To slumber in its solitary shade.  
He slept — and darkly, on his brief repose.  
Th' indignant genius of the scene arose.  
Clouds robed his dim, unearthly form, and spread  
Mysterious gloom around his crownless head,  
Crownless, but regal still. With stern disdain,  
The kingly shadow seemed to lift his chain,  
Gazed on the palm, his ancient sceptre torn,  
And his eye kindled with immortal scorn !

“ And sleep'st thou, Roman ? ” cried his voice  
austere ;

“ Shall son of Latium find a refuge *here* ?  
Awake ! arise ! to speed the hour of Fate,  
When Rome shall fall, as Carthage desolate .  
Go ! with her children's flower, the free, the  
brave,  
People the silent chambers of the grave !  
So shall the course of ages yet to be  
More swiftly waft the day avenging me !

“ Yes, from the awful gulf of years to come,  
I hear a voice that prophesies her doom ;  
I see the trophies of her pride decay,  
And her long line of triumphs pass away,  
Lost in the depths of time — while sinks the star  
That led her march of heroes from afar !



Lo ! from the frozen forests of the North  
 The sons of slaughter pour in myriads forth !  
 Who shall awake the mighty ? — will thy woe,  
 City of thrones ! disturb the realms below ?  
 Call on the dead to hear thee ! let thy cries  
 Summon their shadowy legions to arise !  
 Array the ghosts of conquerors on thy walls !  
 — Barbarians revel in their ancient halls,  
 And their lost children bend the subject knee,  
 Midst the proud tombs and trophies of the  
 free.

Bird of the sun ! dread eagle ! born on high,  
 A creature of the empyreal — thou, whose eye  
 Was lightning to the earth — whose pinion waved  
 In haughty triumph o'er a world enslaved ;  
 Sink from thy heavens ! for glory's noon is o'er,  
 And rushing storms shall bear thee on no more !  
 Closed is thy regal course — thy crest is torn,  
 And thy plume banished from the realms of  
 morn.

The shaft hath reached thee ! — rest with chiefs  
 and kings,

Who conquered in the shadow of thy wings ;  
 Sleep ! while thy foes exult around their prey,  
 And share thy glorious heritage of day !  
 But darker years shall mingle with the past,  
 And deeper vengeance shall be mine at last.  
 O'er the seven hills I see destruction spread,  
 And Empire's widow veils with dust her head.  
 Her gods forsake each desolated shrine,  
 Her temples moulder to the earth, like mine :  
 'Midst fallen palaces she sits alone,  
 Calling heroic shades from ages gone,  
 Or bids the nations 'midst her deserts wait  
 To learn the fearful oracles of Fate !

“ Still sleep'st thou, Roman ? Son of Victory,  
 rise !

Wake to obey th' avenging Destinies !  
 Shed by thy mandate, soon thy country's blood  
 Shall swell and darken Tiber's yellow flood !  
 My children's manes call — awake ! prepare  
 The feast they claim ! — exult in Rome's de-  
 spair !

Be thine ear closed against her suppliant cries,  
 Bid thy soul triumph in her agonies ;  
 Let carnage revel e'en her shrines among,  
 Spare not the valiant, pity not the young !  
 Haste ! o'er her hills the sword's libation shed,  
 And wreak the curse of Carthage on her head ! ”

The vision flies — a mortal step is near,  
 Whose echoes vibrate on the slumberer's ear ;  
 He starts, he wakes to woe — before him stands  
 Th' unwelcome messenger of harsh commands,

Whose faltering accents tell the exiled chief  
 To seek on other shores ■ home for grief.  
 — Silent the wanderer sat — but on his cheek  
 The burning glow far more than words might  
 speak ;

And from the kindling of his eye there broke  
 Language where all th' indignant soul awoke,  
 Till his deep thought found voice : then, calmly  
 stern,

And sovereign in despair, he cried, “ Return.  
 Tell him who sent thee hither, thou hast seen  
 Marius, the exile, rest where Carthage once hath  
 been ! ”

## A TALE OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

### A FRAGMENT.

THE moonbeam, quivering o'er the wave,  
 Sleeps in pale gold on wood and hill,  
 The wild wind slumbers in its cave,  
 And heaven is cloudless — earth is still !  
 The pile that crowns yon savage height  
 With battlements of Gothic might,  
 Rises in softer pomp arrayed,  
 Its massy towers half lost in shade,  
 Half touched with mellowing light !  
 The rays of night, the tints of time,  
 Soft mingling on its dark-gray stone,  
 O'er its rude strength and mien sublime,  
 A placid smile have thrown.  
 And far beyond, where wild and high,  
 Bounding the pale-blue summer sky,  
 A mountain vista meets the eye.  
 Its dark, luxuriant woods assume  
 A pencilled shade, a softer gloom :  
 Its jutting cliffs have caught the light,  
 Its torrents glitter through the night,  
 While every cave and deep recess  
 Frowns in more shadowy awfulness.  
 Scarce moving on the glassy deep  
 Yon gallant vessel seems to sleep ;  
 But darting from its side,  
 How swiftly does its boat design  
 A slender, silvery, waving line  
 Of radiance o'er the tide !  
 No sound is on the summer seas,  
 But the low dashing of the oar,  
 And faintly sighs the midnight breeze  
 Through woods that fringe the rocky shore.  
 That boat has reached the silent bay —  
 The dashing oar has ceased to play ;  
 The breeze has murmured and has died  
 In forest shades, on ocean's tide.

No step, no tone, no breath of sound  
Disturbs the loneliness profound;  
And midnight spreads o'er earth and main

A calm so holy and so deep,  
That voice of mortal were profane  
To break on nature's sleep!  
It is the hour for thought to soar  
High o'er the cloud of earthly woes;  
For rapt devotion to adore —

For passion to repose;  
And virtue to forget her tears,  
In visions of sublimer spheres!  
For O, those transient gleams of heaven,  
To calmer, purer spirits given,  
Children of hallowed peace, are known  
In solitude and shade alone!  
Like flowers that shun the blaze of noon,  
To blow beneath the midnight moon,  
The gairish world they will not bless,  
But only live in loneliness!

Hark! did some note of plaintive swell

Melt on the stillness of the air?

Or was it fancy's powerful spell

That woke such sweetness there?

For wild and distant it arose,  
Like sounds that bless the bard's repose,  
When in lone wood, or mossy cave,  
He dreams beside some fountain wave,  
And fairy worlds delight the eyes  
Wearied with life's realities.

Was it illusion? Yet again

Rises and falls th' enchanted strain,

Mellow, and sweet, and faint —

As if some spirit's touch had given  
The soul of sound to harp of heaven

To soothe a dying saint!

Is it the mermaid's distant shell,

Warbling beneath the moonlit wave?

-- Such witching tones might lure full well

The seaman to his grave!

Sure from no mortal touch ye rise,

Wild, soft, aerial melodies!

— Is it the song of woodland fay

From sparry grot, or haunted bower?

Hark! floating on, the magic lay

Draws near yon ivied tower!

Now nearer still, the listening ear

May catch sweet harp notes, faint yet clear!

And accents low, as if in fear,

Thus murmur, half suppressed: --

"Awake! the moon is bright on high,

The sea is calm, the bark is nigh,

The world is hushed to rest!"

Then sinks the voice — the strain is o'er,  
Its last low cadence dies along the shore.

Fair Bertha hears th' expected song,  
Swift from her tower she glides along;  
No echo to her tread awakes,  
Her fairy step no slumber breaks;  
And, in that hour of silence deep,  
While all around the dews of sleep  
O'erpower each sense, each eyelid steep,  
Quick throbs her heart with hope and fear,  
Her dark eye glistens with a tear.  
Half wavering now, the varying cheek  
And sudden pause her doubts bespeak,  
The lip now flushed, now pale as death,  
The trembling frame, the fluttering breath!  
O, in that moment, o'er her soul  
What struggling passions claim control!  
Fear, duty, love, in conflict high,  
By turns have won th' ascendancy;  
And as, all tremulously bright,  
Streams o'er her face the beam of night,  
What thousand mixed emotions play  
O'er that fair face, and melt away,  
Like forms whose quick succession gleams  
O'er fancy's rainbow-tinted dreams;  
Like the swift-glancing lights that rise  
'Midst the wild cloud of stormy skies.

And traverse ocean o'er;

So that in full, impassioned eye  
The changeful meanings rise and die,

Just seen — and then no more!

But O, too short that pause. Again

Thrills to her heart that witching strain: —

"Awake! the midnight moon is bright;

Awake! the moments wing their flight;

Haste! or they speed in vain!" —

O call of Love! thy potent spell

O'er that weak heart prevails too well;

The "still small voice" is heard no more

That pleaded duty's cause before,

And fear is hushed, and doubt is gone,

And pride forgot, and reason flown!

Her cheek, whose color came and fled,

Resumes its warmest, brightest red,

Her step its quick elastic tread,

Her eye its beaming smile!

Through lonely court and silent hall

Flits her light shadow o'er the wall;

And still that low, harmonious call

Melts on her ear the while!

Though love's quick ear alone could tell

The words its accents faintly swell: —

"Awake! while yet the lingering night

And stars and seas befriend our flight:

O, haste, while all is well ! " —  
 The halls, the courts, the gates are past,  
 She gains the moonlit beach at last.  
 Who waits to guide her trembling feet ?  
 Who flies the fugitive to greet ?  
 He, to her youthful heart endeared  
 By all it e'er had hoped and feared,  
 Twined with each wish, with every thought  
 Each daydream fancy e'er had wrought,  
 Whose tints portray with flattering skill  
 What brighter worlds alone fulfil !  
 — Alas ! that aught so fair should fly  
 Thy blighting wand, Reality !

A chieftain's mien her Osbert bore,  
 A pilgrim's lowly robes he wore —  
 Disguise that vainly strove to hide  
 Bearing and glance of martial pride :  
 For he in many a battle scene,  
 On many a rampart breach had been ;  
 Had sternly smiled at danger nigh,  
 Had seen the valiant bleed and die,  
 And proudly reared on hostile tower,  
 'Midst falchion clash and arrowy shower,  
 Britannia's banner high !  
 And though some ancient feud had taught  
 His Bertha's sire to loathe his name,  
 More noble warrior never fought  
 For glory's prize or England's fame.  
 And well his dark, commanding eye,  
 And form and step of stately grace,  
 Accorded with achievements high,  
 Soul of emprise and chivalry,  
 Bright name, and generous race !  
 His cheek, imbrown'd by many a sun,  
 Tells a proud tale of glory won,  
 Of vigil, march, and combat rude,  
 Valor, and toil, and fortitude !  
 E'en while youth's earliest blushes threw  
 Warm o'er that cheek their vivid hue,  
 His gallant soul, his stripling form,  
 Had braved the battle's rudest storm ;  
 When England's conquering archers stood,  
 And dyed thy plain, Poitiers ! with blood,  
 When shivered axe, and cloven shield,  
 And shattered helmet, strewed the field,  
 And France around her king in vain  
 Had marshalled valor's noblest train —  
 In that dread strife his lightning eye  
 Had flashed with transport keen and high,  
 And 'midst the battle's wildest tide,  
 Throbb'd his young heart with hope and pride.

Alike that fearless heart could brave  
 Death on the war field or the wave ;

Alike in tournament or fight,  
 That ardent spirit found delight !  
 Yet oft, 'midst hostile scenes afar,  
 Bright o'er his soul a vision came,  
 Rising like some benignant star  
 On stormy seas or plains of war.  
 To soothe, with hopes more dear than fame,  
 The heart that throbb'd to Bertha's name !  
 And 'midst the wildest rage of fight,  
 And in the deepest calm of night,  
 To her his thoughts would wing their flight  
 With fond devotion warm ;  
 Oft would those glowing thoughts portray  
 Some home from tumults far away,  
 Graced with that angel form !  
 And now his spirit fondly deems  
 Fulfilled its loveliest, dearest dreams !

Who, with pale cheek, and locks of snow,  
 In minstrel garb attends the chief ?  
 The moonbeam on his thoughtful brow  
 Reveals a shade of grief.  
 Sorrow and time have touched his face  
 With mournful yet majestic grace,  
 Soft as the melancholy smile  
 Of sunset on some ruined pile !  
 — It is the bard, whose song had power  
 To lure the maiden from her tower —  
 The bard, whose wild inspiring lays,  
 E'en in gay childhood's earliest days,  
 First woke, in Osbert's kindling breast,  
 The flame that will not be repressed,  
 The pulse that throbs for praise !  
 Those lays had banished from his eye  
 The bright soft tears of infancy,  
 Had soothed the boy to calm repose,  
 Had hushed his bosom's earliest woes ;  
 And when the light of thought awoke,  
 When first young reason's dayspring broke,  
 More powerful still, they bade arise  
 His spirit's burning energies !  
 Then the bright dream of glory warmed,  
 Then the loud-pealing war song charmed,  
 The legends of each martial line,  
 The battle tales of Palestine :  
 And oft, since then, his deeds had proved  
 Themes of the lofty lays he loved !  
 Now, at triumphant love's command,  
 Since Osbert leaves his native land,  
 Forsaking glory's high career  
 For her than glory far more dear ;  
 Since hope's gay dream and meteor ray  
 To distant regions point his way,  
 That there Affection's hands may dress  
 A fairy bower for happiness ;



That fond devoted bard, though now  
 Time's wintry garland wreathes his brow,  
 Though quenched the sunbeam of his eye,  
 And fled his spirit's buoyancy,  
 And strength and enterprise are past,  
 Still follows constant to the last !  
 Though his sole wish was but to die  
 Midst the calm scenes of days gone by,  
 And all that hallows and endears  
 The memory of departed years —  
 Sorrow, and joy, and time, have twined  
 To those loved scenes his pensive mind ;  
 Ah ! what can tear the links apart  
 That bind his chieftain to his heart ?  
 What smile but *his* with joy can light  
 The eye obscured by age's night ?  
 Last of a loved and honored line,  
 Last tie to earth in life's decline,  
 'Till death its lingering spark shall dim,  
 That faithful eye must gaze on him !

Silent and swift, with footstep light,  
 Haste on those fugitives of night.  
 They reach the boat — the rapid oar  
 Soon wafts them from the wooded shore :  
 The bark is gained ! A gallant few,  
 Vassals of Osbert, form its crew ;  
 The pennant, in the moonlight beam,  
 With soft suffusion glows :  
 From the white sail a silvery gleam  
 Falls on the wave's repose ;  
 Long shadows undulating play, —  
 From mast and streamer, o'er the bay ;  
 But still so hushed the summer air,  
 They tremble, 'midst that scene so fair,  
 Lest morn's first beam behold them there.  
 — Wake, viewless wanderer ! breeze of night !  
 From river wave, or mountain height,  
 Or dew-bright couch of moss and flowers,  
 By haunted spring in forest bowers ;  
 Or dost thou lurk in pearly cell,  
 In amber grot where mermaids dwell,  
 And caverned gems their lustre throw  
 O'er the red sea flowers' vivid glow !  
 Where treasures, not for mortal gaze,  
 In solitary splendor blaze,  
 And sounds, ne'er heard by mortal ear,  
 Swell through the deep's unfathomed sphere ?  
 What grove of that mysterious world  
 Holds thy light wing in slumber furled ?  
 Awake ! o'er glittering seas to rove :  
 Awake ! to guide the bark of love !  
 Swift fly the midnight hours, and soon  
 Shall fade the bright propitious moon ;  
 Soon shall the waning stars grow pale,

E'en now — but lo ! the rustling sail  
 Swells to the new-sprung ocean gale !  
 The bark glides on — their fears are o'er ;  
 Recedes the bold romantic shore,

Its features mingling fast.  
 Gaze, Bertha ! gaze : thy lingering eye  
 May still each lovely scene descrie

Of years forever past !  
 There wave the woods, beneath whose shade  
 With bounding step thy childhood played,  
 'Midst ferny glades and mossy lawns,  
 Free as their native birds and fawns ;  
 Listening the sylvan sounds that float  
 On each low breeze, 'midst dells remote —  
 The ringdove's deep melodious moan,  
 The rustling deer in thickets lone ;  
 The wild bee's hum, the aspen's sigh,  
 The wood stream's plaintive harmony.  
 Dear scenes of many a sportive hour,  
 There thy own mountains darkly tower !  
 'Midst their gray rocks no glen so rude  
 But thou hast loved its solitude !  
 No path so wild but thou hast known,  
 And traced its rugged course alone !  
 The earliest wreath that bound thy hair  
 Was twined of glowing heath flowers there.  
 There in the dayspring of thy years,  
 Undimmed by passions or by tears,  
 Oft, while thy bright, enraptured eye  
 Wandered o'er ocean, earth, or sky,  
 While the wild breeze, that round thee  
 blew,

Tinged thy warm cheek with richer hue.  
 Pure as the skies that o'er thy head  
 Their clear and cloudless azure spread,  
 Pure as that gale whose light wing drew  
 Its freshness from the mountain dew,  
 Glowed thy young heart with feelings high,  
 A heaven of hallowed ecstasy !  
 Such days were thine ! ere love had drawn  
 A cloud o'er that celestial dawn !  
 As the clear dews in morning's beam  
 With soft reflected coloring stream,  
 Catch every tint of Eastern gem,  
 To form the rose's diadem,  
 But vanish when the noontide hour  
 Glows fiercely on the shrinking flower —  
 Thus in thy soul each calm delight,  
 Like morn's first dewdrops, pure and bright,  
 Fled swift from passion's blighting fire  
 Or lingered only to expire !  
 Spring on thy native hills again  
 Shall bid neglected wild flowers rise,  
 And call forth, in each grassy glen,  
 Her brightest emerald dyes !



That hour, whate'er our future lot,  
That first fond grief, is ne'er forgot !

Such was the pang of Bertha's heart,  
The thought, that bade the teardrop start ;  
And Osbert by her side  
Heard the deep sigh, whose bursting swell  
Nature's fond struggle told too well ;  
And days of future bliss portrayed,  
And love's own eloquence essayed,

To soothe his plighted bride !  
Of bright Arcadian scenes he tells,  
In that sweet land to which they fly ;  
The vine-clad rocks, the fragrant dells,  
Of blooming Italy.

For he had roved a pilgrim there,  
And gazed on many a spot so fair  
It seemed like some enchanted grove,  
Where only peace, and joy, and love,  
Those exiles of the world, might rove,

And breathe its heavenly air ;  
And, all unmixed with ruder tone,  
Their " wood notes wild " be heard alone !  
Far from the frown of stern control,  
That vainly would subdue the soul,  
There shall their long-affianced hands  
Be joined in consecrated bands.  
And in some rich, romantic vale,

Circled with heights of Alpine snow,  
Where citron woods enrich the gale,  
And scented shrubs their balm exhale,  
And flowering myrtles blow ;

And 'midst the mulberry boughs on high  
Weaves the wild vine her tapestry ;  
On some bright streamlet's emerald isle,  
Where cedars wave in graceful pride,  
Bosomed in groves, their home shall rise,  
A sheltered bower of paradise !  
Thus would the lover soothe to rest  
With tales of hope her anxious breast ;  
Nor vain that dear enchanting lore  
Her soul's bright visions to restore,  
And bid gay phantoms of delight  
Float in soft coloring o'er her sight.

— O Youth ! sweet May morn, fled so soon,  
Far brighter than life's loveliest noon,  
How oft thy spirit's buoyant power  
Will triumph e'en in sorrow's hour,  
Prevailing o'er regret !

As rears its head th' elastic flower,  
Though the dark tempest's recent shower  
Hang on its petals yet !

Ah ! not so soon can hope's gay smile  
The aged bard to joy beguile ;

Those silent years that steal away  
The cheek's warm rose, the eye's bright ray.  
Win from the mind a nobler prize,  
E'en all its buoyant energies !

For him the April days are past,  
When grief was but a fleeting cloud ;  
No transient shade will sorrow cast,

When age the spirit's might has bowed !  
And, as he sees the land grow dim,  
That native land now lost to him,  
Fixed are his eyes, and clasped his hands,  
And long in speechless grief he stands :

So desolately calm his air,  
He seems an image wrought to bear  
The stamp of deep, though hushed despair.  
Motion and life no sign bespeaks,  
Save that the night breeze, o'er his cheeks,  
Just waves his silvery hair !

Nought else could teach the eye to know  
He was no sculptured form of woe !  
Long gazing o'er the darkening flood,  
Pale in that silent grief he stood,  
Till the cold moon was waning fast,

And many a lovely star had died,  
And the gray heavens deep shadows cast

Far o'er the slumbering-tide ;  
And, robed in one dark solemn hue,  
Arose the distant shore to view.  
Then, starting from his trance of woe,  
Tears, long suppressed, in freedom flow,  
While thus his wild and plaintive strain  
Blends with the murmur of the main

#### THE BARD'S FAREWELL.

" Thou setting moon ! when next thy rays  
Are trembling on the shadowy deep,  
The land, now fading from thy gaze,  
These eyes in vain shall weep ;  
And wander o'er the lonely sea,  
And fix their tearful glance on thee —  
On thee ! whose light so softly gleams  
Through the green oaks that fringe my native  
streams.

" But 'midst those ancient groves no more  
Shall I thy quivering lustre hail ;  
Its plaintive strain my harp must pour  
To swell a foreign gale.  
The rocks, the woods, whose echoes woke  
When its full tones their stillness broke,  
Deserted now, shall hear alone [moan  
The brook's wild voice, the wind's mysterious

" And O, ye fair, forsaken halls,  
Left by your lord to slow decay,



Soon shall the trophies on your walls  
 Be mouldering fast away !  
 There shall no choral songs resound,  
 There shall no festal board be crowned ;  
 But ivy wreath the silent gate,  
 And all be hushed, and cold, and desolate.

“ No banner from the stately tower  
 Shall spread its blazoned folds on high ;  
 There the wild brier and summer flower,  
 Unmarked, shall wave and die.  
 Home of the mighty ! thou art lone,  
 The noonday of thy pride is gone,  
 And, 'midst thy solitude profound,  
 A step shall echo like unearthly sound !

“ From thy cold hearths no festal blaze  
 Shall fill the hall with ruddy light,  
 Nor welcome with convivial rays  
 Some pilgrim of the night.  
 But there shall grass luxuriant spread,  
 As o'er the dwellings of the dead ;  
 And the deep swell of every blast  
 Seem a wild dirge for years of grandeur past.

“ And I — my joy of life is fled,  
 My spirit's power, my bosom's glow ;  
 The raven locks that graced my head  
 Wave in a wreath of snow !  
 And where the star of youth arose  
 I deemed life's lingering ray should close,  
 And those loved trees my tomb o'ershade,  
 Beneath whose arching bowers my childhood  
 played.

“ Vain dream ! that tomb in distant earth  
 Shall rise, forsaken and forgot ;  
 And thou, sweet land that gav'st me birth !  
 A grave must yield me not.  
 Yet, haply, he for whom I leave  
 Thy shores, in life's dark winter eve,  
 When cold the hand, and closed the lays,  
 And mute the voice he loved to praise,  
 O'er the hushed harp one tear may shed,  
 And one frail garland o'er the minstrel's bed ! ”

#### BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST.

TwAS night in Babylon : yet many a beam,  
 Of lamps far glittering from her domes on high,  
 Shone, brightly mingling in Euphrates' stream  
 With the clear stars of that Chaldean sky,  
 Whose azure knows no cloud : each whispered sigh

Of the soft night breeze through her terrace  
 bowers  
 Bore deepening tones of joy and melody  
 O'er an illumined wilderness of flowers :  
 And the glad city's voice went up from all her  
 towers.

But prouder mirth was in the kingly hall,  
 Where 'midst adoring slaves, a gorgeous band,  
 High at the stately midnight festival,  
 Belshazzar sat enthroned. There luxury's hand  
 Had showered around all treasures that expand  
 Beneath the burning East ; all gems that pour  
 The sunbeams back ; all sweets of many a land  
 Whose gales waft incense from their spicy shore.  
 — But mortal pride looked on, and still de-  
 manded more.

With richer zest the banquet may be fraught,  
 A loftier theme may swell th' exulting strain !  
 The lord of nations spoke, — and forth were  
 brought  
 The spoils of Salem's devastated fane.  
 Thrice holy vessels ! — pure from earthly stain,  
 And set apart, and sanctified to Him  
 Who deigned within the oracle to reign,  
 Revealed yet shadowed ; making noonday dim,  
 To that most glorious cloud between the cher-  
 ubim.

They came, and louder pealed the voice of song,  
 And pride flashed brighter from the kindling eye ;  
 And He who sleeps not heard th' elated throng.  
 In mirth that plays with thunderbolts, defy  
 The Rock of Zion ! Fill the nectar high,  
 High in the cups of consecrated gold !  
 And crown the bowl with garlands, ere they die,  
 And bid the censers of the temple hold  
 Offerings to Babel's gods, the mighty ones of old

Peace ! — is it but a phantom of the brain,  
 Thus shadowed forth, the senses to appall,  
 Yon fearful vision ? Who shall gaze again  
 To search its cause ? Along the illumined wall,  
 Startling yet riveting the eyes of all,  
 Darkly it moves, — a hand, a human hand,  
 O'er the bright lamps of that resplendent hall,  
 In silence tracing, as a mystic wand,  
 Words all unknown, the tongue of some far  
 distant land !

There are pale cheeks around the regal board,  
 And quivering limbs, and whispers deep and low  
 And fitful starts ! — the wine, in triumph poured,  
 Untasted foams, the song hath ceased to flow,

The waving censer drops to earth — and lo !  
The king of men, the ruler, girt with mirth,  
Trembles before a shadow ! Say not so !

— The child of dust, with guilt's foreboding sight,  
Shrinks from the dread Unknown, th' avenging  
Infinite !

— But haste ye ! — bring Chaldea's gifted seers,  
The men of prescience ! Haply to *their* eyes,  
Which track the future through the rolling  
spheres,

Yon mystic sign may speak in prophecies."  
They come — the readers of the midnight skies,  
They that gave voice to visions — but in vain !  
Still wrapped in clouds the awful secret lies,  
It hath no language 'midst the starry train,  
Earth has no gifted tongue heaven's mysteries  
to explain.

Then stood forth one, a child of other sires,  
And other inspiration ! — one of those  
Who on the willows hung their captive lyres,  
And sat and wept, where Babel's river flows.  
His eye was bright, and yet the pale repose  
Of his pure features half o'erawed the mind ;  
Telling of inward mysteries — joys and woes  
In lone recesses of the soul enshrined ;  
Depths of a being sealed and severed from man-  
kind.

Yes ! — what was earth to him, whose spirit  
passed  
Time's utmost bounds ? on whose unshrinking  
sight

Ten thousand shapes of burning glory cast  
Their full resplendence ? Majesty and might  
Were in his dreams ; for him the veil of light  
Shrouding Heaven's inmost sanctuary and  
throne,

The curtain of th' unutterably bright,  
Was raised ! — to him, in fearful splendor shown,  
Ancient of Days ! e'en Thou mad'st thy dread  
presence known.

He spoke — the shadows of the things to come  
Passed o'er his soul : — " O King, elate in pride !  
God hath sent forth the writing of thy doom —  
The One, the living God, by thee defied !  
He, in whose balance earthly lords are tried,  
Hath weighed, and found thee wanting. 'Tis  
decreed

The conqueror's hands thy kingdom shall divide,  
The stranger to thy throne of power succeed !  
Thy days are full : they come, — the Persian and  
the Mede ! "

There fell a moment's thrilling silence round —  
A breathless pause ! — the hush of hearts that  
beat,

And limbs that quiver. Is there not a sound,  
A gathering cry, a tread of hurrying feet ?  
— 'Twas but some echo in the crowded street,  
Of far-heard revelry ; the shout, the song,  
The measured dance to music wildly sweet,  
That speeds the stars their joyous course along —  
Away ! nor let a dream disturb the festal throng !

Peace yet again ! Hark ! steps in tumult flying,  
Steeds rushing on, as o'er a battle field !  
The shouts of hosts exulting or defying,  
The press of multitudes that strive or yield !  
And the loud startling clash of spear and shield,  
Sudden as earthquake's burst ; and, blent with  
these,  
The last wild shriek of those whose doom is  
sealed

In their full mirth ! — all deepening on the breeze,  
As the long stormy roll of far-advancing seas !

And nearer yet the trumpet's blast is swelling,  
Loud, shrill, and savage, drowning every cry ;  
And, lo ! the spoiler in the regal dwelling,  
Death — bursting on the halls of revelry !  
Ere on their brows one fragile rose leaf die,  
The sword hath raged through joy's devoted  
train ;

Ere one bright star be faded from the sky,  
Red flames, like banners, wave from dome and  
fane ;

Empire is lost and won — Belshazzar with the  
slain.<sup>1</sup>

[Belshazzar's Feast had previously been published in *Collection of Poems from Living Authors*, edited for a benevolent purpose by Mrs. Joanna Baillie. — *Memoir*, p. 68.

" Miss Baillie's volume contained several poems by Mrs. Hemans ; some *jeux d'esprit* by the late Miss Catherine Fanshawe, a woman of rare wit and genius, in whose society Scott greatly delighted ; and, *inter alia*, Mr. William Howison's early ballad of Polydore, which had been originally published, under Scott's auspices, in the *Edinburgh Register* for 1810. — *Lockhart's Life of Scott*, vol. v. p. 287.

It is worthy of remembrance that Sir Walter's own "*Macduff's Cross*," and Southey's lively and eccentric nursery rhymes on the "*Cataract of Lodoar*," first made their appearance in the collection referred to.]

1 As originally written, the following additional *stanza* (afterwards omitted) concluded this poem : —

Fallen is the golden city ! In the dust,  
Spoiled of her crown, dismantled of her state,  
She that hath made the strength of towers her trust  
Weeps by her dead, supremely desolate !  
She that beheld the nations at her gate,

# THE LAST CONSTANTINE.

“Thou strivest nobly,  
When hearts of sterner stuff perhaps had sunk,  
And o'er thy fall, if it be so decreed,  
Good men will mourn, and brave men will shed tears.

Fame I look not for;  
But to sustain, in Heaven's all-seeing eye,  
Before my fellow-men, in mine own sight,  
With graceful virtue and becoming pride,  
The dignity and honor of a man,  
Thus stationed as I am, I will do all  
That man may do.”

MISS BAILLIE'S "Constantine Palæologus."

## I.

THE fires grew pale on Rome's deserted shrines,  
In the dim grot the Pythia's voice had died;  
—Shout for the City of the Constantines,  
The rising city of the billow side,  
The City of the Cross!—great ocean's bride,  
Crowned with her birth she sprung! Long ages  
past,  
And still she looked in glory o'er the tide,  
Which at her feet barbaric riches cast,  
Poured by the burning East all joyously and fast.

## II.

Long ages past!—they left her porphyry halls  
Still trod by kingly footsteps. Gems and gold  
Broidered her mantle, and her castled walls  
Frowned in their strength; yet there were signs  
which told

Thronging in homage, shall be called no more  
Lady of kingdoms! Who shall mourn her fate?  
Her guilt is full, her march of triumph o'er—  
What widowed land shall now her widowhood deplore?

Sit thou in silence! Thou that wert enthroned  
On many waters!—thou, whose augurs read  
The language of the planets, and disowned  
The mighty Name it blazons!—veil thy head,  
Daughter of Babylon! The sword is red  
From thy destroyer's harvest, and the yoke  
Is on thee, O most proud!—for thou hast said,  
“I am, and none beside!” Th' Eternal spoke;  
Thy glory was a spoil, thine idol gods were broke!

But go thou forth, O Israel!—wake! rejoice!  
Be clothed with strength, as in thine ancient day!  
Renew the sound of harps, th' exulting voice,  
The mirth of timbrels!—loose the chain, and say  
God hath redeemed his people!—from decay  
The silent and the trampled shall arise!  
Awake!—put on thy beautiful array,  
O long-forsaken Zion!—to the skies  
Send up on every wind thy choral melodies!

And lift thy head!—Behold thy sons returning,  
Redeemed from exile, ransomed from the chain.  
Light hath revisited the house of mourning;  
She that on Judah's mountains wept in vain,  
Because her children were not, dwells again  
Girt with the lovely! Through thy streets once more,  
City of God! shall pass the bridal train,  
And the bright lamps their festive radiance pour,  
And triumphal hymns thy joy of youth restore!

The days were full. The pure, high faith of old  
Was changed; and on her silken couch of sleep  
She lay, and murmured if a rose leaf's fold  
Disturbed her dreams; and called her slaves to  
keep

Their watch, that no rude sound might reach  
her o'er the deep.

## III.

But there sounds that from the regal dwelling  
Free hearts and fearless only may exclude;  
'Tis not alone the wind at midnight swelling,  
Breaks on the soft repose by luxury wooed!  
There are unbidden footsteps, which intrude  
Where the lamps glitter and the wine cup flows  
And darker hues have stained the marble,  
strewed  
With the fresh myrtle and the short-lived rose;  
And Parian walls have rung to the dread march  
of foes.

## IV.

A voice of multitudes is on the breeze,  
Remote, yet solemn as the night storm's roar  
Through Ida's giant pines! Across the seas  
A murmur comes, like that the deep winds  
bore  
From Tempe's haunted river to the shore  
Of the reed-crowned Eurotas; when, of old,  
Dark Asia sent her battle myriads o'er  
Th' indignant wave, which would not be con-  
trolled,  
But past the Persian's chain in boundless free-  
dom rolled.

## V.

And it is thus again! Swift oars are dashing  
The parted waters, and a light is cast  
On their white foam wreaths, from the sudden  
flashing  
Of Tartar spears, whose ranks are thickening fast.  
There swells a savage trumpet on the blast,  
A music of the deserts, wild and deep,  
Wakening strange echoes, as the shores  
passed  
Where low 'midst Ilion's dust her conquerors  
sleep,  
O'ershadowing with high names each rude se-  
pulchral heap.

## VI.

War from the West!—the snows on Thracian  
hills  
Are loosed by Spring's warm breath; yet o'er  
the lands



Which Hæmus girds, the chainless mountain rills  
 Pour down less swiftly than the Moslem bands,  
 War from the East! —'midst Araby's lone sands,  
 More lonely now the few bright founts may be,  
 While Ismael's bow is bent in warrior hands  
 Against the Golden City of the Sea.<sup>1</sup>

O for a soul to fire thy dust, Thermopylæ!

## VII.

Hear yet again, ye mighty! — Where are they  
 Who, with their green Olympic garlands crowned,  
 Leaped up in proudly beautiful array,  
 As to a banquet gathering, at the sound  
 Of Persia's clarion? Far and joyous round,  
 From the pine forests, and the mountain snows,  
 And the low sylvan valleys, to the bound  
 Of the bright waves, at Freedom's voice they  
 rose!

— Hath it no thrilling tone to break the tomb's  
 repose?

## VIII.

They slumber with their swords! — the olive  
 shades

In vain are whispering their immortal tale!  
 In vain the spirit of the past pervades  
 The soft winds, breathing through each Grecian  
 vale.

Yet must *thou* wake, though all unarmed and  
 pale,

Devoted City! Lo! the Moslem's spear,  
 Red from its vintage, at thy gates; his sail  
 Upon thy waves, his trumpet in thine ear!

— Awake! and summon those who yet, per-  
 chance, may hear!

## IX.

Fe hushed, thou faint and feeble voice of weep-  
 ing!

Lift ye the banner of the Cross on high,  
 And call on chiefs, whose noble sires are sleeping  
 In their proud graves of sainted chivalry,  
 Beneath the palms and cedars, where they sigh  
 To Syrian gales! The sons of each brave line  
 From their baronial halls shall hear your cry,  
 And seize the arms which flashed round Salem's  
 shrine,

And wield for you the swords once waved for  
 Palestine!

<sup>1</sup> The army of Mohammed the Second, at the siege of Constantinople, was thronged with fanatics of all sects and nations, who were not enrolled amongst the regular troops. The sultan himself marched upon the city from Adrianople; but his army must have been principally collected in the Asiatic provinces, which he had previously visited.

## X.

All still, all voiceless! — and the billow's  
 Alone replies! Alike *their* soul is gone  
 Who shared the funeral feast on Cæta's shore,  
 And *theirs* that o'er the field of Ascalon  
 Swelled the crusader's hymn! Then gird thou on  
 Thine armor, Eastern Queen! and meet the hour  
 Which waits thee ere the day's fierce work is  
 done

With a strong heart: so may thy helmet tower  
 Unshivered through the storm, for generous hope  
 is power!

## XI.

But linger not — array thy men of might!  
 The shores, the seas, are peopled with thy foes.  
 Arms through thy cypress groves are gleaming  
 bright,

And the dark huntsmen of the wild repose  
 Beneath the shadowy marble porticoes  
 Of thy proud villas. Nearer and more near  
 Around thy walls the sons of battle close;  
 Each hour, each moment hath its sound of fear,  
 Which the deep grave alone is chartered not to  
 hear!

## XII.

Away! bring wine, bring odors to the shade!  
 Where the tall pine and poplar blend on high!  
 Bring roses, exquisite, but soon to fade!  
 Snatch every brief delight, — since we must  
 die! —

Yet is the hour, degenerate Greeks! gone by,  
 For feast in vine-wreathed bower or pillared  
 hall;

Dim gleams the torch beneath yon fiery sky,  
 And deep and hollow is the tambour's call,  
 And from the startled hand th' untasted cup will  
 fall.

## XIII.

The night — the glorious Oriental night —  
 Hath lost the silence of her purple heaven,  
 With its clear stars! The red artillery's light,  
 Athwart her worlds of tranquil splendor driven,  
 To the still firmament's expanse hath given  
 Its own fierce glare, wherein each cliff and tower  
 Starts wildly forth; and now the air is riven  
 With thunderbursts, and now dull smoke clouds  
 lower,

Veiling the gentle moon, in her most hallowed  
 hour.

■ "Huc vina, et unguenta, et nimum breves  
 Flores amœnæ ferre jube rosæ." — HORACE.

## XIV.

Sounds from the waters, sounds upon the earth,  
 Sounds in the air, of battle! Yet with these  
 A voice is mingling, whose deep tones give birth  
 To faith and courage! From luxurious ease  
 A gallant few have started! O'er the seas,  
 From the Seven Towers,<sup>1</sup> their banner waves its  
 sign;

And Hope is whispering in the joyous breeze,  
 Which plays amidst its folds. That voice was  
*thine*;

Thy soul was on that band, devoted Constantine.

## XV.

Was Rome thy parent? Didst thou catch from  
*her*

The fire that lives in thine undaunted eye?  
 — That city of the throne and sepulchre  
 Hath given proud lessons how to reign and die!  
 Heir of the Cæsars! did that lineage high,  
 Which, as a triumph to the grave, hath passed  
 With its long march of spectred imagery,<sup>2</sup>  
 Th' heroic mantle o'er thy spirit cast?  
 Thou! of an eagle race the noblest and the  
 last!

## XVI.

Vain dreams! Upon that spirit hath descended  
 Light from the Living Fountain, whence each  
 thought

Springs pure and holy! In that eye is blended  
 A spark, with earth's triumphant memories  
 fraught,

And, far within, a deeper meaning, caught  
 From worlds unseen. A hope, ■ lofty trust,  
 Whose resting-place on buoyant wing is sought  
 (Though through its veil seen darkly from the  
 dust)

In realms where Time no more hath power upon  
 the just.

## XVII.

Those were proud days, when on the battle  
 plain,

And in the sun's bright face, and 'midst th' array

<sup>1</sup> The Castle of the Seven Towers is mentioned in the Byzantine history as early as the sixth century of the Christian era, as an edifice which contributed materially to the defence of Constantinople; and it was the principal bulwark of the town, on the coast of the Propontis, in the later periods of the empire. For a description of this building, see *POUQUEVILLE'S Travels*.

<sup>2</sup> An allusion to the Roman custom of carrying in procession, at the funerals of their great men, the images of their ancestors.

Of awe-struck hosts, and circled by the slain,  
 The Roman cast his glittering mail away,<sup>3</sup>  
 And while a silence, as of midnight, lay  
 O'er breathless thousands at his voice who started,  
 Called on the unseen terrific powers that sway  
 The heights, the depths, the shades; then, fear-  
 less hearted,  
 Girt on his robe of death, and for the grave  
 departed!

## XVIII.

But then, around him as the javelins rushed,  
 From earth to heaven swelled up the loud ac-  
 claim;

And, ere his heart's last free libation gushed,  
 With a bright smile, the warrior caught his name  
 Far floating on the winds! And Victory came,  
 And made the hour of that immortal deed  
 A life, in fiery feeling! Valor's aim  
 Had sought no loftier guerdon. Thus to bleed  
 Was to be Rome's high star! — He died — and  
 had his meed.

## XIX.

But praise — and dearer, holier praise be theirs,  
 Who, in the stillness and the solitude  
 Of hearts pressed earthwards by a weight of  
 cares,

Uncheered by Fame's proud hope, th' ethereal  
 food

Of restless energies, and only viewed  
 By Him whose eye, from his eternal throne,  
 Is on the soul's dark places, have subdued  
 And vowed themselves, with strength till then  
 unknown,

To some high martyr task, in secret and alone.

■ The following was the ceremony of consecration with which Decius devoted himself in battle: — He was ordered by Valerius, the Pontifex Maximus, to quit his military habit, and put on the robe he wore in the senate. Valerius then covered his head with a veil, commanded him to put forth his hand under his robe to his chin, and, standing with both feet upon a javelin, to repeat these words: — "O Janus, Jupiter, Mars, Romulus, Bellona! and ye, Lares and Novensiles! all you heroes who dwell in heaven! and all ye gods who rule over us and our enemies — especially ye gods of hell! — I honor you, invoke you, and humbly entreat you to prosper the arms of the Romans, and to transfer all fear and terror from them to their enemies; and I do, for the safety of the Roman people, and their legions, devote myself and with myself the army and auxiliaries of the enemy, to the infernal gods, and the goddess of the earth." Decius then, girding his robe around them, mounted his horse, and rode full speed into the thickest of the enemy's battalions. The Latins were for a while thunderstruck at this spectacle but at length recovering themselves, they discharged ■ shower of darts, under which the consul fell.

## xx.

Theirs be the bright and sacred names, enshrined  
Far in the bosom ! for their deeds belong,  
Not to the gorgeous faith which charmed man-  
kind

With its rich pomp of festival and song,  
Garland, and shrine, and incense-bearing throng;  
But to that Spirit, hallowing, as it tries  
Man's hidden soul in whispers, yet more strong  
Than storm or earthquake's voice ; for *thence*  
arise

All that mysterious world's unseen sublimities.

## xxi.

Well might *thy* name, brave Constantine ! awake  
Such thought, such feeling ! — But the scene  
again

Bursts on my vision, as the daybeams break  
Through the red sulphurous mists : the camp,  
the plain,

The terraced palaces, the dome-capped fane,  
With its bright cross fixed high in crowning  
grace ;

Spears on the ramparts, galleys on the main,  
And, circling all with arms, that turbaned race —  
The sun, the desert, stamped in each dark  
haughty face.

## xxii.

Shout, ye seven hills ! Lo ! Christian pennons  
streaming

Red o'er the waters !<sup>1</sup> Hail, deliverers, hail !  
Along your billowy wake the radiance gleaming,  
Is Hope's own smile ! They crowd the swell-  
ing sail,

On, with the foam, the sunbeam, and the gale,  
Borne, as a victor's car ! The batteries pour  
Their clouds and thunders ; but the rolling  
veil

Of smoke floats up th' exulting winds before !  
— And O, the glorious burst of that bright sea  
and shore !

## xxiii.

The rocks, waves, ramparts, Europe's, Asia's  
coast,

All thronged ! one theatre for kingly war !  
A monarch, girt with his barbaric host,  
Points o'er the beach his flashing cimeter !

<sup>1</sup> See Gibbon's animated description of the arrival of five Christian ships, with men and provisions for the succor of the besieged, not many days before the fall of Constantinople — *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, vol. xii. p. 215.

Dark tribes are tossing javelins from afar,  
Hands waving banners o'er each battlement,  
Decks, with their serried guns, arrayed to bar  
The promised aid : but hark ! a shout is sent  
Up from the noble barks ! — the Moslem line is  
rent !

## xxiv.

On, on through rushing flame and arrowy shower,  
The welcome prows have cleft their rapid way,  
And, with the shadows of the vesper hour,  
Furled their white sails, and anchored in the bay  
Then were the streets with song and torchfire  
gay,

Then the Greek wines flowed mantling in the  
light

Of festal halls ; and there was joy ! — the ray  
Of dying eyes, a moment wildly bright —  
The sunset of the soul, ere lost to mortal sight

## xxv.

For vain that feeble succor ! Day by day  
Th' imperial towers are crumbling, and the sweep  
Of the vast engines, in their ceaseless play,  
Comes powerful, as when Heaven unbinds the  
deep !

— Man's heart is mightier than the castled steep,  
Yet will it sink when earthly hope is fled ;  
Man's thoughts work darkly in such hours, and  
sleep

Flies far ; and in *their* mien, the walls who tread,  
Things by the brave untold may fearfully be  
read !

## xxvi.

It was a sad and solemn task, to hold  
Their midnight watch on that beleaguered wall !  
As the sea wave beneath the bastions rolled,  
A sound of fate was in its rise and fall ;  
The heavy clouds were as an empire's pall,  
The giant shadows of each tower and fane  
Lay like the grave's ; a low mysterious call  
Breathed in the wind, and, from the tented plain,  
A voice of omens rose with each wild martial  
strain.

## xxvii.

For they might catch the Arab chargers neighing,  
The Thracian drum, the Tartar's drowsy song ;  
Might almost hear the soldan's banner swaying,  
The watchword muttered in some eastern tongue.  
Then flashed the gun's terrific light along  
The marble streets, all stillness — not repose ;  
And boding thoughts came o'er them, dark and  
strong ;



For heaven, earth, air, speak auguries to those  
 'Who see their numbered hours fast pressing to  
 the close.

## XXVIII.

But strength is from the Mightiest ! There is one  
 Still in the breach and on the rampart seen,  
 Whose cheek grows paler with each morning sun,  
 And tells in silence how the night hath been  
 In kingly halls ■ vigil : yet serene  
 The ray set deep within his thoughtful eye ;  
 And there is that in his collected mien,  
 To which the hearts of noble men reply  
 With fires, partaking not this frame's mortality !

## XXIX.

Yes ! call it not of lofty minds the fate  
 To pass o'er earth in brightness but alone ;  
 High power was made their birthright, to create  
 A thousand thoughts responsive to their own !  
 A thousand echoes of their spirit's tone  
 Start into life, where'er their path may be,  
 Still following fast ; as when the wind hath blown  
 O'er Indian groves,<sup>1</sup> a wanderer wild and free,  
 Kindling and bearing flames afar from tree to  
 tree !

## XXX.

And it is thus with thee ! thy lot is cast  
 On evil days, thou Cæsar ! — yet the few,  
 That set their generous bosom to the blast  
 Which rocks thy throne — the fearless and the  
 true,

Bear hearts wherein thy glance can still renew  
 The free devotion of the years gone by,  
 When from bright dreams th' ascendant Roman  
 drew

Enduring strength ! States vanish — ages fly —  
 But leave one task unchanged — to suffer and  
 to die !

## XXXI.

These are our nature's heritage. But thou,  
 The crowned with empire ! thou wert called to  
 share

A cup more bitter. On thy fevered brow  
 The semblance of that buoyant hope to wear,

<sup>1</sup> "The summits of the lofty rocks in the Carnatic, particularly about the Ghauts, are sometimes covered with the bamboo tree, which grows in thick clumps, and is of such uncommon aridity that, in the sultry season of the year, the friction occasioned by a strong, dry wind will literally produce sparks of fire, which, frequently setting the woods in ■ blaze, exhibit to the spectator, stationed in a valley surrounded by rocks, a magnificent though imperfect circle of fire."

— Notes to KINDERSLEY'S *Specimens of Hindoo Literature*.

Which long had passed away ; alone to bear  
 The rush and pressure of dark thoughts, that  
 came

As a strong billow in their weight of care,  
 And with all this to smile ! For earth-born  
 frame

These are stern conflicts, yet they pass, unknown  
 to fame !

## XXXII.

Her glance is on the triumph, on the field,  
 On the red scaffold ; and where'er, in sight  
 Of human eyes, the human soul is steeled  
 To deeds that seem as of immortal might,  
 Yet are proud Nature's ! But her meteor light  
 Can pierce no depths, no clouds ; it falls not  
 where

In silence, and in secret, and in night,  
 The noble heart doth wrestle with despair,  
 And rise more strong than death from its un  
 witnessed prayer.

## XXXIII.

Men have been firm in battle ; they have stood  
 With ■ prevailing hope on ravaged plains,  
 And won the birthright of their hearths with  
 blood,

And died rejoicing, 'midst their ancient fanes,  
 That so their children, undefiled with chains,  
 Might worship there in peace. But they that  
 stand

When not ■ beacon o'er the wave remains,  
 Linked but to perish with a ruined land,  
 Where Freedom dies with them — call *these* ■  
 martyr band !

## XXXIV.

But the world heeds them not. Or if, per-  
 chance,

Upon their strife it bend ■ careless eye,  
 It is but as the Roman's stoic glance  
 Fell on that stage, where man's last agony  
 Was made *his* sport, who, knowing *one* must  
 die,

Recked not *which* champion ; but prepared the  
 strain,

And bound the bloody wreath of victory,  
 To greet the conqueror ; while with calm dis-  
 dain,

The vanquished proudly met the doom he met  
 in vain.

## XXXV.

The hour of Fate comes on ! and it is *fraught*  
 With *this* of Liberty, that now the need

Is past to veil the brow of anxious thought,  
 And clothe the heart, which still beneath must  
   bleed,  
 With Hope's fair seeming drapery. We are freed  
 From tasks like these by misery : one alone  
 Is left the brave, and rest shall be thy meed,  
 Prince, watcher, wearied one ! when thou hast  
   shown  
 How brief the cloudy space which parts the  
   grave and throne.

## XXXVI.

The signs are full. They are not in the sky,  
 Nor in the many voices of the air,  
 Nor the swift clouds. No fiery hosts on high  
 Toss their wild spears : no meteor banners glare,  
 No comet fiercely shakes its blazing hair ;  
 And yet the signs are full : too truly seen  
 In the thinned ramparts, in the pale despair  
 Which lends one language to a people's mien,  
 And in the ruined heaps where wall and towers  
   have been !

## XXXVII.

It is a night of beauty : such a night  
 As, from the sparry grot or laurel shade,  
 Or wave in marbled cavern rippling bright,  
 Might woo the nymphs of Grecian fount and  
   glade  
 To sport beneath its moonbeams, which pervade  
 Their forest haunts ; a night to rove alone  
 Where the young leaves by vernal winds are  
   swayed,  
 And the reeds whisper with a dreamy tone  
 Of melody that seems to breathe from worlds  
   unknown ;

## XXXVIII.

A night to call from green Elysium's bowers  
 The shades of elder bards ; a night to hold  
 Unseen communion with th' inspiring powers  
 That made deep groves their dwelling-place of  
   old ;  
 A night for mourners, o'er the hallowed mould,  
 To strew sweet flowers — for revellers to fill  
 And wreath the cup — for sorrows to be told  
 Which love hath cherished long. Vain thoughts !  
   be still !  
 It is a night of fate, stamped with Almighty  
   Will !

## XXXIX.

It *should* come sweeping in the storm, and rend-  
   ing  
 The ancient summits in its dread career !

And with vast billows wrathfully contending.  
 And with dark clouds o'ershadowing every  
   sphere !  
 But He, whose footstep shakes the earth with  
   fear,  
 Passing to lay the sovereign cities low,  
 Alike in His omnipotence is near,  
 When the soft winds o'er spring's green pathway  
   blow,  
 And when His thunders cleave the monarch  
   mountain's brow.

## XL.

The heavens in still magnificence look down  
 On the hushed Bosphorus, whose ocean stream  
 Sleeps with its paler stars : the snowy crown  
 Of far Olympus,<sup>1</sup> in the moonlight gleam,  
 Towers radiantly, as when the Pagan's dream  
 Thronged it with gods, and bent th' adoring  
   knee ;  
 — But that is past — and now the One Supreme  
 Fills not alone *those* haunts, but earth, air, sea,  
 And Time, which presses on to finish his decree.

## XLI.

Olympus, Ida, Delphi ! ye the thrones  
 And temples of a visionary might,  
 Brooding in clouds above your forest zones,  
 And mantling thence the realms beneath with  
   night :  
 Ye have looked down on battles — Fear and  
   Flight,  
 And armed Revenge, all hurrying past below :  
 But there is yet a more appalling sight  
 For earth prepared than e'er, with tranquil brow,  
 Ye gazed on from your world of solitude and  
   snow !

## XLII.

Last night a sound was in the Moslem camp,  
 And Asia's hills reëchoed to a cry  
 Of savage mirth ! Wild horn and war steeds'  
   tramp  
 Blent with the sound of barbarous revelry,  
 The clash of desert spears ! Last night the sky  
 A hue of menace and of wrath put on,  
 Caught from red watchfires, blazing far and high,  
 And countless as the flames in ages gone,  
 Streaming to heaven's bright queen from  
   shadowy Lebanon !

<sup>1</sup> Those who steer their westward course through the middle of the Propontis may at once descry the high lands of Thrace and Bithynia, and never lose sight of the lofty summit of Mount Olympus, covered with eternal snows — *Decline and Fall*, &c., vol. iii. p. 8.

## XLIII.

But all is stillness now. May this be sleep  
Which wraps those Eastern thousands? Yes!  
perchance

Along yon moonli shore and dark-blue deep,  
Bright are their visions with the Houris' glance,  
And they behold the sparkling fountains dance  
Beneath the bowers of paradise that shed  
Rich odors o'er the faithful; but the lance,  
The bow, the spear, now round the slumberers  
spread,  
Ere Fate fulfil such dreams, must rest beside  
the dead.

## XLIV.

May this be sleep, this hush? — A sleepless eye  
Doth hold its vigil 'midst that dusky race!  
One that would scan th' abyss of destiny  
E'en now is gazing on the skies to trace,  
In those bright worlds, the burning isles of  
space,

Fate's mystic pathway: they the while, serene,  
Walk in their beauty; but Mohammed's face  
Kindles beneath their aspect,<sup>1</sup> and his mien,  
All fired with stormy joy, by that soft light is seen.

## XLV.

O, wild presumption of a conqueror's dream,  
To gaze on those pure altar fires, enshrined  
In depths of blue infinitude, and deem  
They shine to guide the spoiler of mankind  
O'er fields of blood! But with the restless  
mind

It hath been ever thus! and they that weep  
For worlds to conquer, o'er the bounds assigned  
To human search, in daring pride would sweep,  
As o'er the trampled dust wherein they soon  
must sleep.

## XLVI.

But ye! that beamed on Fate's tremendous  
night,

When the storm burst o'er golden Babylon;  
And ye, that sparkled with your wonted light  
O'er burning Salem, by the Roman won;  
And ye, that calmly viewed the slaughter done  
In Rome's own streets, when Alaric's trumpet  
blast

Rang through the Capitol. bright spheres!  
roll on!

<sup>1</sup> Mohammed II. was greatly addicted to the study of astrology. His calculations in this science led him to fix upon the morning of the 29th of May as the fortunate hour for a general attack upon the city.

Still bright, though empires fall; and bid man  
cast

His humbled eyes to earth, and commune with  
the past.

## XLVII.

For it hath mighty lessons! from the tomb,  
And from the ruins of the tomb, and where,  
'Midst the wrecked cities in the desert's gloom,  
All tameless creatures make their savage lair,  
Thence comes its voice, that shakes the mid-  
night air,

And calls up clouds to dim the laughing day,  
And thrills the soul; — yet bids us not despair,  
But make one Rock our shelter and our stay,  
Beneath whose shade all else is passing to de-  
cay!

## XLVIII.

The hours move on. I see ■ wavering gleam,  
O'er the hushed waters tremulously fall,  
Poured from the Cæsars' palace; now the  
beam

Of many lamps is brightening in the hall,  
And from its long arcades and pillars tall  
Soft graceful shadows undulating lie  
On the wave's heaving bosom, and recall  
A thought of Venice, with her moonlight sky,  
And festal seas and domes, and fairy pageantry.

## XLIX.

But from that dwelling floats no mirthful sound!  
The swell of flute and Grecian lyre no more,  
Wafting an atmosphere of music round,  
Tells the hushed seaman, gliding past the  
shore,

How monarchs revel there! Its feasts are o'er —  
Why gleam the lights along its colonnade?  
— I see a train of guests in silence pour  
Through its long avenues of terraced shade,  
Whose stately founts and bowers for joy alone  
were made!

## L.

In silence, and in arms! With helm — with  
sword —

These ■ no marriage garments! Yet e'en now  
Thy nuptial feast should grace the regal board,  
Thy Georgian bride should wreath her lovely  
brow

With ■ imperial diadem!<sup>2</sup> — but thou,

<sup>2</sup> Constantine Palæologus was betrothed to a Georgian princess; and the very spring which witnessed the fall of Constantinople had been fixed upon as the time for conveying the imperial bride to that city.



O fated prince! art called, and these with thee,  
To darker scenes; and thou hast learned to bow  
Thine Eastern sceptre to the dread decree,  
And count it joy enough to perish — being free!

## LI.

On through long vestibules, with solemn tread,  
As men, that in some time of fear and woe,  
Bear darkly to their rest the noble dead,  
O'er whom by day their sorrows may not flow,  
The warriors pass; their measured steps are slow,  
And hollow echoes fill the marble halls,  
Whose long-drawn vistas open as they go  
In desolate pomp; and from the pictured walls,  
Sad seems the light itself which on their armor  
falls!

## LII.

And they have reached a gorgeous chamber,  
bright  
With all we dream of splendor; yet ■ gloom  
Seems gathered o'er it to the boding sight,  
A shadow that anticipates the tomb!  
Still from its fretted roof the lamps illumine  
A purple canopy, ■ golden throne;  
But it is empty! — hath the stroke of doom  
Fallen there already? Where is He, the One,  
Born that high seat to fill, supremely and alone?

## LIII.

O, there are times whose pleasure doth efface  
Earth's vain distinctions! When the storm  
beats loud,  
When the strong towers are tottering to their  
base,  
And the streets rock, — who mingle in the  
crowd?  
— Peasant and chief, the lowly and the proud,  
Are in that throng! Yes, life hath many an hour  
Which makes us kindred, by one chastening  
bowed,  
And feeling but, as from the storm we cower,  
What shrinking weakness feels before unbounded  
power!

## LIV.

Yet then that Power, whose dwelling is on high,  
Its loftiest marvels doth reveal, and speak,  
In the deep human heart, more gloriously  
Than in the bursting thunder! Thence the weak,  
They that seemed formed, as flower stems, but  
to break  
With the first wind, have risen to deeds whose  
name  
Still calls up thoughts that mantle to the cheek,

And thrills the pulse! — Ay, strength no pang  
could tame  
Hath looked from woman's eye upon the sword  
and flame!

## LV.

And this is of such hours! — That throne is void,  
And its lord comes uncrowned. Behold him  
stand,  
With a calm brow, where woes have not de-  
stroyed  
The Greek's heroic beauty, 'midst his band,  
The gathered virtue of ■ sinking land —  
Alas! how scanty! Now is cast aside  
All form of princely state; each noble hand  
Is pressed by turns in his: for earthly pride  
There is no room in hearts where earthly hope  
hath died!

## LVI.

A moment's hush — and then he speaks — he  
speaks!  
But not of hope! *that* dream hath long gone by:  
His words are full of memory — as he seeks,  
By the strong names of Rome and Liberty,  
Which yet are living powers that fire the eye,  
And rouse the heart of manhood; and by all  
The sad yet grand remembrances, that lie  
Deep with earth's buried heroes; to recall  
The soul of other years, if but to grace their fall.

## LVII.

His words are full of faith! — and thoughts,  
more high  
Than Rome e'er knew, now fill his glance with  
light;  
Thoughts which give nobler lessons how to die,  
Than e'er were drawn from Nature's haughty  
might!  
And to that eye, with all the spirit bright,  
Have theirs replied in tears, which may not  
shame  
The bravest in such moments! 'Tis a sight  
To make all earthly splendors cold and tame,  
— That generous burst of soul, with its electric  
flame!

## LVIII.

They weep — those champions of the Cross —  
they weep,  
Yet vow themselves to death! Ay, 'midst that  
train  
Are martyrs, privileged in tears to steep  
Their lofty sacrifice! The pang is vain,  
And yet its gush of sorrow shall not stain

A warrior's sword. Those men are strangers  
here :<sup>1</sup>

The homes they never may behold again  
Lie far away, with all things blest and dear,  
On laughing shores, to which their barks no  
more shall steer !

## LIX.

Know'st thou the land where bloom the orange  
bowers ?<sup>2</sup>

Where, through dark foliage, gleam the citron's  
dyes ?

— It is their own. They see their fathers'  
towers

Midst its Hesperian groves in sunlight rise :  
They meet, in soul, the bright Italian eyes  
Which long and vainly shall explore the main  
For their white sails' return : the melodies  
Of that sweet land are floating o'er their brain —  
O, what ■ crowded world one moment may  
contain !

## LX.

Such moments come to thousands ! — few may  
die

Amidst their native shades. The young, the  
brave,

The beautiful, whose gladdening voice and eye  
Made summer in a parent's heart, and gave  
Light to their peopled homes ; o'er land and wave  
Are scattered fast and far, as rose leaves fall  
From the deserted stem. They find a grave  
Far from the shadow of th' ancestral hall ;  
A lonely bed is theirs, whose smiles were hope  
to all !

## LXI.

But life flows on, and bears us with its tide,  
Nor may we, lingering, by the slumberers dwell,  
Though they were those once blooming at our  
side

In youth's gay home ! Away ! what sound's  
deep swell

Comes on the wind ? — It is an empire's knell,  
Slow, sad, majestic, pealing through the night !  
For the last time speaks forth the solemn bell  
Which calls the Christians to their holiest rite,  
With ■ funereal voice of solitary might.

<sup>1</sup> Many of the adherents of Constantine, in his last noble  
stand for the liberties, or rather the honor, of a falling em-  
pire, were foreigners, and chiefly Italians.

<sup>2</sup> This and the next line are an almost literal translation  
from ■ beautiful song of Goethe's : —

“ Kennst du das land, wo die zitronen bluhn  
■ dunkeln laub die gold orangen gluhn ? ” etc.

## LXII.

Again, and yet again ! A startling power  
In sounds like these lives ever ; for they bear,  
Full on remembrance, each eventful hour  
Checkering life's crowded path. They fill the air  
When conquerors pass, and fearful cities wear  
A mien like joy's ; and when your brides are led  
From their paternal homes ; and when the glare  
Of burning streets on midnight's cloud waves red  
And when the silent house receives its guest —  
the dead.<sup>3</sup>

## LXIII.

But to those tones what thrilling soul ■  
given

On that last night of empire ! As a spell  
Whereby the lifeblood to its source is driven,  
On the chilled heart of multitudes they fell.  
Each cadence seemed a prophecy, to tell  
Of sceptres passing from their line away,  
An angel watcher's long and sad farewell,  
The requiem of a faith's departing sway,  
A throne's, ■ nation's dirge, a wail for earth's  
decay.

## LXIV.

Again, and yet again ! — from yon high dome,  
Still the slow peal comes awfully ; and they  
Who never more, to rest in mortal home,  
Shall throw the breastplate off at fall of day,  
Th' imperial band, in close and armed array,  
As men that from the sword must part ■  
more,

Take through the midnight streets their silent  
way,

Within their ancient temple to adore,  
Ere yet its thousand years of Christian pomp  
are o'er.

## LXV.

It is the hour of sleep : yet few the eyes  
O'er which Forgetfulness her balm hath shed  
In the beleaguered city. Stillness lies  
With moonlight, o'er the hills and waters spread,  
But not the less, with signs and sounds of dread,  
The time speeds on. No voice is raised to  
greet

The last brave Constantine ; and yet the tread  
Of many steps is in the echoing street,  
And pressure of pale crowds, scarce conscious  
why they meet.

■ The idea expressed in this stanza is beautifully amplified  
in Schiller's poem, “ Das Lied der Glocke.”

## LXVI.

Their homes are luxury's yet ; why pour they  
thence

With a dim terror in each restless eye?  
Hath the dread car which bears the pestilence,  
In darkness, with its heavy wheels rolled by,  
And rocked their palaces, as if on high  
The whirlwind passed? From couch and joyous  
board

Hath the fierce phantom beckoned them to die!<sup>1</sup>  
— No ! — what are these? — for them ■ cup is  
poured

More dark with wrath : *man* comes — the spoiler  
and the sword.

## LXVII.

Still, as the monarch and his chieftains pass  
Through those pale throngs, the streaming torch-  
light throws

On some wild form, amidst the living mass,  
Hues, deeply red like lava's, which disclose  
What countless shapes are worn by mortal woes !  
Lips bloodless, quivering limbs, hands clasped  
in prayer,

Starts, tremblings, hurryings, tears ; all outward  
shows

Betokening inward agonies, were there :  
Greeks ! Romans ! all but such as image brave  
despair !

## LXVIII.

But high above that scene, in bright repose,  
And beauty borrowing from the torches' gleams  
A mien of life, yet where no lifeblood flows,  
But all instinct with loftier being seems,  
Pale, grand, colossal : lo ! th' embodied dreams  
Of yore ! — Gods, heroes, bards, in marble  
wrought,

Look down, as powers, upon the wild extremes  
Of mortal passion ! Yet 'twas man that caught,  
And in each glorious form enshrined, immortal  
thought !

## LXIX.

Stood ye not thus amidst the streets of Rome ?  
That Rome which witnessed, in her sceptred  
days,

So much of noble death ? When shrine and  
dome,

Midst clouds of incense, rang with choral lays,

As the long triumph passed, with all its blaze  
Of regal spoil, were ye not proudly borne,  
O sovereign forms ! concentrating all the rays  
Of the soul's lightnings ? — did ye not adorn  
The pomp which earth stood still to gaze on, and  
to mourn ?

## LXX.

Hath it been thus ? — Or did ye grace the halls  
Once peopled by the mighty ? Haply there,  
In your still grandeur, from the pillared walls  
Serene ye smiled on banquets of despair,<sup>2</sup>  
Where hopeless courage wrought itself to  
dare

The stroke of its deliverance, 'midst the glow  
Of living wreaths, the sighs of perfumed air,  
The sound of lyres, the flower-crowned goblet's  
flow.

— Behold again ! — high hearts make nobler of-  
ferings now !

## LXXI.

The stately fane is reached — and at its gate  
The warriors pause. On life's tumultuous tide  
A stillness falls, while he whom regal state  
Hath marked from all, to be more sternly tried  
By suffering, speaks — each ruder voice hath  
died,

While his implores forgiveness ! — “ If there be  
One 'midst your throngs, my people ! whom, in  
pride

Or passion, I have wronged, such pardon free  
As mortals hope from Heaven, accord that man  
to me ! ”

## LXXII.

But all is silence ; and a gush of tears  
Alone replies ! He hath not been of those  
Who, feared by many, pine in secret fears  
Of all ; th' environed but by slaves and foes,  
To whom day brings not safety, night repose,  
For they have *heard the voice cry*, “ Sleep ■  
*more ! ”*

Of them he hath not been, nor such ■ close  
Their hearts to misery, till the time is o'er  
When it speaks low, and kneels th' oppressor's  
throne before !

## LXXIII.

He hath been loved. But who may trust the love  
Of a degenerate race ? — in other mould

<sup>1</sup> It is said to be a Greek superstition, that the plague is announced by the heavy rolling of an invisible chariot heard in the streets at midnight, and also by the appearance of a gigantic spectre who summons the devoted person by name.

■ Many instances of such banquets, given and shared by persons resolved upon death, might be adduced from ancient history. That of Vibius Virius, at Capua is amongst ■ most memorable



Are cast the free and lofty hearts that prove  
 Their faith through fiery trials. Yet behold,  
 And call him not forsaken! — thoughts untold  
 Have lent his aspect calmness, and his tread  
 Moves firmly to the shrine. What pomps unfold  
 Within its precincts! Isles and seas have shed  
 Their gorgeous treasures there, around th' imperial dead!

## LXXIV.

'Tis a proud vision — that most regal pile  
 Of ancient days! The lamps are streaming bright  
 From its rich altar, down each pillared isle,  
 Whose vista fades in dimness; but the sight  
 Is lost in splendors, as the wavering light  
 Develops on those walls the thousand dyes  
 Of the veined marbles, which array their height,  
 And from yon dome, the loadstar of all eyes,<sup>1</sup>  
 Pour such an iris glow as emulates the skies.

## LXXV.

But gaze thou not on these; though heaven's  
 own hues  
 In their soft clouds and radiant tracery vie —  
 Though tints of sun-born glory may suffuse  
 Arch, column, rich mosaic — pass thou by  
 The stately tombs where Eastern Cæsars lie  
 Beneath their trophies; pause not here — for  
 know,  
 A deeper source of all sublimity  
 Lives in man's bosom than the world can show  
 In nature or in art — above, around, below.

## LXXVI.

Turn thou to mark (though tears may dim thy  
 gaze)  
 The steel-clad group before yon altar stone;  
 Heed not though gems and gold around it blaze;  
 Those heads unhelmed, those kneeling forms  
 alone,  
 Thus bowed, look glorious here. The light is  
 thrown  
 Full from the shrine on one, a nation's lord,  
 A sufferer! but his task shall soon be done —  
 E'en now, as Faith's mysterious cup is poured,  
 See to that noble brow, peace, not of earth, re-  
 stored!

## LXXVII.

The rite is o'er. The band of brethren part,  
 Once — and *but* once — to meet on earth again!

<sup>1</sup> For ■ minute description of the marbles, jaspers, and porphyries, employed in the construction of St. Sophia, see *The Decline and Fall*, &c., vol. vii. p. 120.

Each, in the strength of ■ collected heart,  
 To dare what man may dare — and know 'tis  
 vain!

The rite is o'er; and thou, majestic fane!  
 The glory is departed from thy brow! —  
 Be clothed with dust! — the Christian's farewell  
 strain  
 Hath died within these walls; thy Cross must  
 bow,  
 Thy kingly tombs be spoiled, the golden shrines  
 laid low!

## LXXVIII.

The streets grow still and lonely — and the star,  
 The last bright lingerer in the path of morn,  
 Gleams faint; and in the very lap of war,  
 As if young Hope with twilight's ray were born,  
 A while the city sleeps; her throngs, o'erworn  
 With fears and watchings, to their homes retire.  
 Nor is the balmy air of dayspring torn  
 With battle sounds; <sup>2</sup> the winds in sighs expire.  
 And quiet broods in mists that veil the sun-  
 beam's fire.

## LXXIX.

The city sleeps! Ay, on the combat's eve,  
 And by the scaffold's brink, and 'midst the  
 swell  
 Of angry seas, hath Nature won reprieve  
 Thus from her cares. The brave have slumbered  
 well,  
 And e'en the fearful, in their dungeon cell,  
 Chained between life and death. Such rest be  
 thine,  
 For conflicts wait thee still! — yet who can tell,  
 In that brief hour, how much of heaven may shine  
 Full on thy spirit's dream! — Sleep, weary Con-  
 stantine!

## LXXX.

Doth the blast rise? — the clouded east is red,  
 As if a storm were gathering; and I hear

<sup>2</sup> The assault of the city took place at daybreak, and the Turks were strictly enjoined to advance in silence, which had also been commanded, on pain of death, during the preceding night. This circumstance is finely alluded to by Miss Baillie, in her tragedy of *Constantine Palæologus*: —

"Silent shall be the march; nor drum, nor trumpet,  
 Nor clash of arms, shall to the watchful foe  
 Our near approach betray: silent and soft  
 As the pard's velvet foot on Libya's sands,  
 Slow stealing with crouched shoulders on her prey."  
 CONSTANTINE PALÆOLOGUS, act iv.

"The march and labor of thousands" must, however, as Gibbon observes, "have inevitably produced a strange confusion of discordant clamors, which reached the ears of the watchmen on the towers."

What seems like heavy raindrops, or the tread,  
The soft and smothered step, of those that fear  
Surprise from ambushed foes. Hark ! yet more  
near

It comes, a many-toned and mingled sound ;  
A rustling as of winds where boughs are sere —  
A rolling as of wheels that shake the ground  
From far — a heavy rush, like seas that burst  
their bound !

## LXXXI.

Wake ! wake ! They come from sea and shore  
ascending  
In hosts your ramparts ! Arm ye for the day !  
Who now may sleep amidst the thunders rend-  
ing,  
Through tower and wall, a path for their array ?  
Hark ! how the trumpet cheers them to the prey,  
With its wild voice, to which the seas reply ;  
And the earth rocks beneath their engines' sway,  
And the far hills repeat their battle cry,  
Till that fierce tumult seems to shake the vaulted  
sky !

## LXXXII.

They fail not now, the generous band, that long  
Have ranged their swords around a falling  
throne ;  
Still in those fearless men the walls are strong,  
Hearts, such as rescue empires, are their own !  
— Shall those high energies be vainly shown ?  
No ! from their towers th' invading tide is  
driven  
Back, like the Red Sea waves, when God had  
blown  
With his strong winds ! The dark-browed ranks  
are riven :<sup>1</sup>  
Shout, warriors of the Cross ! — for victory is  
of Heaven !

## LXXXIII.

Stand firm ! Again the Crescent host is rushing,  
And the waves foam, as on the galleys sweep,  
With all their fires and darts, though blood is  
gushing  
Fast o'er their sides, ■ rivers to the deep.  
Stand firm ! — there yet is hope ; th' ascent is  
steep,  
And from on high no shaft descends in vain.  
— But those that fall swell up the mangled  
heap,

1 "After ■ conflict of two hours, the Greeks still main-  
tained and preserved their advantage," says Gibbon. The  
renewed exertions of the janizaries first turned the fortune  
of the day.

In the red moat, the dying and the slain,  
And o'er that fearful bridge th' assailants mount  
again !

## LXXXIV.

O, the dread mingling, in that awful hour,  
Of all terrific sounds ! — the savage tone  
Of the wild horn, the cannon's peal, the shower  
Of hissing darts, the crash of walls o'erthrown,  
The deep dull tambour's beat — man's voice  
alone  
Is there unheard ! Ye may not catch the cry  
Of trampled thousands — prayer, and shriek,  
and moan,  
All drowned, as that fierce hurricane sweeps by,  
But swell the unheeded sum earth pays for  
victory !

## LXXXV.

War clouds have wrapped the city ! — through  
their dun  
O'erloaded canopy, at times ■ blaze  
As of an angry storm-presaging sun,  
From the Greek fire shoots up !<sup>2</sup> and lightning  
rays  
Flash, from the shock of sabres, through the  
haze,  
And glancing arrows cleave the dusky air !  
— Ay ! *this* is in the compass of our gaze,  
But fearful things unknown, untold, are there —  
Workings of wrath, and death, and anguish, and  
despair !

## LXXXVI.

Woe, shame and woe ! — A chief, ■ warrior  
flies,  
A red-cross champion, bleeding, wild, and  
pale !  
— O God ! that Nature's passing agonies  
Thus, o'er the spark which dies not, should  
prevail !  
Yes ! rend the arrow from thy shattered mail,  
And stanch the blooddrops, Genoa's fallen son !<sup>3</sup>  
Fly swifter yet ! the javelins pour as hail !

2 "A circumstance that distinguishes the siege of Con-  
stantinople is the union of the ancient and modern artillery  
The bullet and the battering-ram were directed against the  
same wall ; nor had the discovery of gunpowder superseded  
the use of the liquid and inextinguishable fire." — *Decline  
and Fall*, &c., vol. xii. p. 213.

3 "The immediate loss of Constantinople may be ascribed  
to the bullet, or arrow, which pierced the gauntlet of John  
Justiniani, (a Genoese chief.) The sight of his blood and  
exquisite pain appalled the courage of the chief, whose arms  
and counsels were the firmest rampart of the city." — *Decline  
and Fall*, &c., vol. xii. p. 229

— But there are tortures which thou canst not  
shun :  
The spirit is *their* prey — thy pangs are but  
begun !

## LXXXVII.

O, happy in their homes, the noble dead !  
The seal is set on their majestic fame ;  
Earth has drunk deep the generous blood they  
shed,  
Fate has no power to dim their stainless name !  
They may not, in one bitter moment, shame  
Long glorious years. From many a lofty stem  
Fall graceful flowers, and eagle hearts grow tame,  
And stars drop, fading from the diadem ;  
But the bright *past* is theirs — there is no change  
for *them* !

## LXXXVIII.

Where art thou, Constantine ? — where death is  
reaping  
His sevenfold harvest ! — where the stormy light,  
Fast as th' artillery's thunderbolts are sweeping,  
Throws meteor bursts o'er battle's noonday  
night !  
Where the towers rock and crumble from their  
height,  
As to the earthquake, and the engines ply  
Like red Vesuvio ; and where human might  
Confronts all this, and still brave hearts beat high,  
While cimeters ring loud on shivering pan-  
oply.

## LXXXIX.

Where art thou, Constantine ? — Where Chris-  
tian blood  
Hath bathed the walls in torrents, and in vain !  
Where faith and valor perish in the flood,  
Whose billows, rising o'er their bosoms, gain  
Dark strength each moment ; where the gallant  
slain  
Around the banner of the Cross lie strewed  
Thick as the vine leaves on th' autumnal plain ;  
Where all, save one high spirit, is subdued,  
And through the breach press on th' o'er-  
whelming multitude.

## XC.

Now is he battling 'midst a host alone,  
As the last cedar stems a while the sway  
Of mountain storms, whose fury hath o'erthrown  
Its forest brethren in their green array !  
And he hath cast his purple robe away,  
With its imperial bearings, that his sword  
An iron ransom from the chain may pay,

And win, what haply fate may yet accord,  
A soldier's death — the all now left an empire's  
lord.

## XCI.

Search for him now where bloodiest lay the files  
Which once were men, the faithful and the  
brave !  
Search for him now where loftiest rise the piles  
Of shattered helmets and shields which could not  
save,  
And crests and banners nevermore to wave  
In the free winds of heaven ! He is of those  
O'er whom the host may rush, the tempest  
rave,  
And the steeds trample, and the spear-men close,  
Yet wake them not ! — so deep their long and  
last repose !


## XCII.

Woe to the vanquished ! — thus it hath been still  
Since Time's first march ! Hark, hark, a peo-  
ple's cry !  
Ay, now the conquerors in the streets fulfil  
Their task of wrath ! In vain the victims fly ;  
Hark ! now each piercing tone of agony  
Blends in the city's shriek ! The lot is cast.  
Slaves ! 'twas your *choice* thus, rather thus, to  
die,  
Than where the warrior's blood flows warm and  
fast,  
And roused and mighty hearts beat proudly to  
the last !

## XCIII.

O, well doth freedom battle ! Men have made,  
E'en 'midst their blazing roofs, a noble stand,  
And on the floors, where once their children  
played,  
And by the hearths, round which their house-  
hold band  
At evening met ; ay, struggling hand to hand,  
Within the very chambers of their sleep,  
There have they taught the spoilers of the land  
In chainless hearts what fiery strength lies deep,  
To guard free homes ! But ye ! — kneel, trem-  
blers ! kneel, and weep !

## XCIV.

'Tis eve — the storm hath died, the valiant rest  
Low on their shields ; the day's fierce work is  
done,  
And bloodstained seas and burning powers attest  
Its fearful deeds. An empire's race is run !  
Sad, 'midst his glory, looks the *parting* 



Upon the captive city. Hark ! a swell  
 (Meet to proclaim barbaric war fields won)  
 Of fierce triumphal sounds, that wildly tell  
 The Soldan comes within the Cæsar's halls to  
 dwell !

## XCV.

Yes ! with the peal of cymbal and of gong,  
 He comes : the Moslem treads those ancient  
 halls !

But all is stillness there, as death had long  
 Been lord alone within those gorgeous walls.  
 And half that silence of the grave appalls  
 The conqueror's heart. Ay ! thus with tri-  
 umph's hour,

Still comes the boding whisper, which recalls  
 A thought of those impervious clouds that lower  
 O'er grandeur's path, a sense of some far  
 mightier Power !

## XCVI.

"The owl upon Afrasiab's towers hath sung  
 Her watch song,<sup>1</sup> and around th' imperial throne  
 The spider weaves his web !" — Still darkly  
 hung,

That verse of omen, as a prophet's tone,  
 O'er his flushed spirit. Years on years have  
 flown

To prove its truth ; kings pile their domes in air,  
 That the coiled snake may bask on sculptured  
 stone,

And nations clear the forest, to prepare  
 For the wild fox and wolf more stately dwell-  
 ings there !

## XCVII.

But thou ! that on thy ramparts proudly dying,  
 As a crowned leader in such hours should die,  
 Upon thy pyre of shivered spears art lying,  
 With the heavens o'er thee for a canopy,  
 And banners for thy shroud ! No tear, no  
 sigh

Shall mingle with thy dirge ; for thou art now  
 Beyond vicissitude ! Lo ! reared on high,  
 The Crescent blazes, while the Cross must bow :  
 But where no change can reach — there, Con-  
 stantine, art thou !

<sup>1</sup> Mohammed II., on entering, after his victory, the palace of the Byzantine emperors, was strongly impressed with the silence and desolation which reigned within its precincts. "A melancholy reflection on the vicissitudes of human greatness forced itself on his mind, and he repeated an elegant distich of Persian poetry : 'The spider has wove his web in the imperial palace, and the owl hath sung her watch song on the towers of Afrasiab.'" — *Decline and Fall*, &c., vol. xii. p. 240.

## XCVIII.

"After life's fitful fever thou sleep'st well !"  
 We may not mourn thee ! Sceptred chiefs, from  
 whom

The earth received her destiny, and fell  
 Before them trembling — to a sterner doom  
 Have oft been called. For them the dungeon's  
 gloom,

With its cold, starless midnight, hath been made  
 More fearful darkness, where, as in a tomb,  
 Without a tomb's repose, the chain hath weighed  
 Their very soul to dust, with each high power  
 decayed.

## XCIX.

Or in the eye of thousands they have stood,  
 To meet the stroke of death ; but not like thee !  
 From bonds and scaffolds hath appealed *their*  
 blood,

But thou didst fall unfettered, armed, and free,  
 And kingly to the last ! And if it be,  
 That from the viewless world, whose marvels  
 none

Return to tell, a spirit's eye can see  
 The things of earth, still mayst thou hail the sun  
 Which o'er thy land shall dawn, when freedom's  
 fight is won !

## C.

And the hour comes, in storm ! A light is  
 glancing  
 Far through the forest god's Arcadian shades !  
 — 'Tis not the moonbeam, tremulously dancing  
 Where lone Alpheus bathes his haunted glades.  
 A murmur, gathering power, the air pervades,  
 Round dark Cithæron and by Delphi's steep ;  
 — 'Tis not the song and lyre of Grecian maids,  
 Nor pastoral reed that lulls the vales to sleep,  
 Nor yet the rustling pines, nor yet the sounding  
 deep !

## CI.

Arms glitter on the mountains, which of old  
 Awoke to freedom's first heroic strain,  
 And by the streams, once crimson, as they rolled  
 The Persian helm and standard to the main ;  
 And the blue waves of Salamis again  
 Thrill to the trumpet ; and the tombs reply,  
 With their ten thousand echoes, from each plain,  
 Far as Platæa's, where the mighty lie,  
 Who crowned so proudly there the bowl of lib-  
 erty !<sup>2</sup>

<sup>2</sup> One of the ceremonies by which the battle of Platæa was annually commemorated was, to crown with wine

## CII.

Bright land, with glory mantled o'er by song !  
Land of the vision-peopled hills, and streams,  
And fountains, whose deserted banks along  
Still the soft air with inspiration teems ;  
Land of the graves, whose dwellers shall be  
themes

To verse forever ; and of ruined shrines,  
That scarce look desolate beneath such beams,  
As bathe in gold thine ancient rocks and pines !  
— When shall thy sons repose in peace beneath  
their vines ?

## CIII.

*Thou wert not made for bonds, nor shame, nor  
fear !*

— Do the hoar oaks and dark-green laurels wave  
O'er Mantinea's earth ? — doth Pindus rear  
His snows, the sunbeam and the storm to brave ?  
And is there yet on Marathon a grave ?  
And doth Eurotas lead his silvery line  
By Sparta's ruins ? And shall man, a slave,  
Bowed to the dust, amid such scenes repine ?  
— If e'er a soil was marked for freedom's step,  
'tis thine !

## CIV.

Wash from that soil the stains with battle show-  
ers.

— Beneath Sophia's dome the Moslem prays,  
The Crescent gleams amidst the olive bowers,  
In the Comneni's halls the Tartar sways ;<sup>1</sup>  
But not for long ! — the spirit of those days,  
When the three hundred made their funeral pile  
Of Asia's dead, is kindling, like the rays  
Of thy rejoicing sun, when first his smile  
Warms the Parnassian rock, and gilds the De-  
lian isle.

## CV.

If then 'tis given thee to arise in might,  
Trampling the scourge, and dashing down the  
chain,

Pure be thy triumphs, as thy name is bright !  
The cross of victory should not know a stain !  
So may that faith once more supremely reign,  
Through which we lift our spirits from the  
dust !

And deem not, e'en when virtue dies in vain,

sup called the *Bowl of Liberty*, which was afterwards poured  
forth in libation.

<sup>1</sup> The Comneni were amongst the most distinguished of  
the families who filled the Byzantine throne in the declining  
years of the Eastern Empire.

She dies forsaken ; but repose our trust  
On Him whose ways are dark, unsearchable —  
but just.

## ANNOTATION ON "THE LAST CONSTANTINE."

[It may seem necessary to mention that "The Last Con-  
stantine" first appeared in a volume (Murray, 1823) along  
with "Belshazzar's Feast," the "Siege of Valencia," and  
some lyrical miscellanies.

"The present publication appears to us (Dr. Morehead in  
*Constable's Magazine*, September, 1823) in every respect  
superior to any thing Mrs. Hemans has yet written ; more  
powerful in particular passages — more interesting in the  
narrative part — as pathetic and delicate in the reflective —  
as elaborately faultless in its versification — as copious in  
imagery. Of the longer poems, 'The Last Constantine' is  
our favorite. . . . The leading features of Con-  
stantine's character seem to be taken from the unequal, but,  
on the whole, admirable play of *Constantine Palæologus*, by  
the gifted rival of our authoress, Joanna Baillie ; and the  
picture of that enduring and Christian courage which, in the  
midst of a ruined city and a fallen state, sustained the last  
of the Cæsars, when all earthly hope and help had failed  
him, is eminently touching and poetical. The following  
stanzas appear to us particularly beautiful : —

'Sounds from the waters, sounds upon the earth,  
Sounds in the air of battle,' etc.

The following stanzas, too, in which the leading idea of  
Constantine's character is still more fully brought out, are  
likewise excellent : —

'It was a sad and solemn task to hold  
Their midnight watch on that beleaguered wall,' etc.

These are splendid passages, justly conceived, admirably  
expressed, full of eloquence and melody ; and the poem con-  
tains many others equally beautiful. As we have already  
hinted, the story might have been better told — or rather,  
there is scarcely any story at all ; but the reader is borne  
down the stream of pensive reflection so gently and so easily  
that he scarcely perceives the want of it"]

## THE LEAGUE OF THE ALPS ;

## OR, THE MEETING ON THE FIELD OF GRUTLI.

[It was in the year 1308 that the Swiss rose against the  
tyranny of the bailiffs appointed over them by Albert of  
Austria. The field called the Grutli, at the foot of the See-  
lisberg, and near the boundaries of Uri and Unterwalden,  
was fixed upon by three spirited yeomen, Walter Furst, (the  
father-in-law of William Tell,) Werner Stauffacher, and  
Erni (or Arnold) Melchthal, as their place of meeting to de-  
liberate on the accomplishment of their projects.

"Hither came Furst and Melchthal along secret paths over  
the heights, and Stauffacher in his boat across the Lake of  
the Four Cantons. On the night preceding the 11th of No-  
vember, 1307, they met here, each with ten associates, men  
of approved worth ; and while, at this solemn hour, they  
were wrapped in the contemplation that on their success  
depended the fate of their whole posterity, Werner, Walter  
and Arnold held up their hands to heaven, and in the name  
of the Almighty, who has created man to an inalienable  
degree of freedom, swore jointly and strenuously to defend  
that freedom. The thirty associates heard the oath with

we, and with uplifted hands attested the same God, and all his saints, that they were firmly bent on offering up their lives for the defence of their injured liberty. They then calmly agreed on their future proceedings, and for the present each returned to his hamlet."—PLANTA'S *History of the Helvetic Confederacy*.

On the first day of the year 1308, they succeeded in throwing off the Austrian yoke, and "it is well attested," says the same author, "that not one drop of blood was shed on this memorable occasion, nor had one proprietor to lament the loss of a claim, ■ privilege, or an inch of land. The Swiss met on the succeeding Sabbath, and once more confirmed by oath their ancient, and (as they fondly named it) their perpetual league.' ]

## I.

TwAS night upon the Alps. The Senn's wild horn,<sup>1</sup>

Like a wind's voice, had poured its last long tone,  
Whose pealing echoes, through the larch woods borne,

To the low cabins of the glens made known  
That welcome steps were nigh. The flocks had gone

By cliff and pine bridge to their place of rest;  
The chamois slumbered, for the chase was done;

His cavern bed of moss the hunter pressed,  
And the rock eagle couched high on his cloudy nest.

## II.

Did the land sleep? The woodman's axe had ceased

Its ringing notes upon the beech and plane;  
The grapes were gathered in; the vintage feast  
Was closed upon the hills, the reaper's strain  
Hushed by the streams; the year was in its wane,  
The night in its mid-watch—it was a time  
E'en marked and hallowed unto slumber's reign;  
But thoughts were stirring, restless and sublime,  
And o'er his white Alps moved the spirit of the clime.

## III.

For there, where snows in crowning glory spread,

High and unmarked by mortal footstep lay;  
And there, where torrents, 'mid the ice caves fed,

Burst in their joy of light and sound away;  
And there, where freedom, as in scornful play,  
Had hung man's dwellings 'midst the realms of air,

O'er cliffs the very birthplace of the day—

<sup>1</sup> Senn, the name given to a herdsman among the Swiss Alps.

O, who would dream that Tyranny could dare  
To lay her withering hand on God's bright  
works e'en there?

## IV.

Yet thus it was. Amidst the fleet streams gushing

To bring down rainbows o'er their sparry cell,  
And the glad heights, through mist and tempest rushing

Up where the sun's red fire glance earliest fell,  
And the fresh pastures where the herd's sweet bell

Recalled such life as Eastern patriarchs led;  
There peasant men their free thoughts might not tell

Save in the hour of shadows and of dread,  
And hollow sounds that wake to Guilt's dull stealthy tread.

## V.

But in a land of happy shepherd homes,  
On its green hills in quiet joy reclining,  
With their bright hearthfires, 'midst the twilight glooms,

From bowery lattice through the fir woods shining—

A land of legends and wild songs, entwining  
Their memory with all memories loved and blest—

In such a land there dwells ■ power, combining  
The strength of many ■ calm but fearless breast;  
And woe to him who breaks the Sabbath of its rest!

## VI.

A sound went up—the wave's dark sleep was broken—

On Uri's lake was heard a midnight oar—  
Of man's brief course ■ troubled moment's token

Th' eternal waters to their barriers bore;  
And then their gloom ■ flashing image  
Of torchfires streaming out o'er crag and wood,  
And the wild falcon's wing was heard to soar  
In startled haste—and by that moonlight flood,  
A band of patriot men on Grutli's verdure stood.

## VII.

They stood in arms, the wolf spear and the bow  
Had waged their war on things of mountain race;

Might not their swift stroke reach ■ mail-clad foe?

— Strong hands in harvest, daring feet in chase,



True hearts in fight, were gathered on that place

Of secret council. Not for fame or spoil  
So met those men in Heaven's majestic face :  
To guard free hearths they rose, the sons of toil,  
The hunter of the rocks, the tiller of the soil.

## VIII.

O'er their low pastoral valleys might the tide  
Of years have flowed, and still, from sire to son,  
Their names and records on the green earth died,  
As cottage lamps, expiring one by one  
In the dim glades, when midnight hath begun  
To hush all sound. But silent on its height,  
The snow mass, full of death, while ages run  
Their course, may slumber, bathed in rosy light,  
Till some rash voice or step disturb its brooding  
might.

## IX.

So were *they* roused. Th' invading step had  
passed  
Their cabin thresholds, and the lowly door,  
Which well had stood against the Fohnwind's  
blast,<sup>1</sup>  
Could bar Oppression from their home no more.  
Why, what had *she* to do where all things wore  
Wild grandeur's impress? In the storm's free  
way,  
How dared *she* lift her pageant crest before  
Th' enduring and magnificent array  
Of sovereign Alps, that winged their eagles with  
the day?

## X.

This might not long be borne: the tameless hills  
Have voices from the cave and cataract swelling,  
Fraught with His name whose awful presence  
fills  
Their deep lone places, and forever telling  
That He hath made man free! and they whose  
dwelling  
Was in those ancient fastnesses, gave ear;  
The weight of sufferance from their hearts re-  
pelling,  
They rose — the forester — the mountaineer —  
O, what hath earth more strong than the good  
peasant spear?

## XI.

Sacred be Grutli's field! Their vigil keeping  
Through many a blue and starry summer night,

<sup>1</sup> Fohnwind, the south-east wind, which frequently lays waste the country before it.

There, while the sons of happier lands were  
sleeping,

Had those brave Switzers met; and in the sight  
Of the just God, who pours forth burning might  
To gird the oppressed, had given their deep  
thoughts way,  
And braced their spirits for the patriot fight,  
With lovely images of homes that lay  
Bowered 'midst the rustling pines, or by the tor-  
rent spray.

## XII.

Now had endurance reached its bounds! They  
came  
With courage set in each bright earnest eye,  
The day, the signal, and the hour to name,  
When they should gather on their hills to die,  
Or shake the glaciers with their joyous cry  
For the land's freedom. 'Twas a scene combin-  
ing  
All glory in itself — the solemn sky,  
The stars, the waves their softened light en-  
shrining,  
And man's high soul supreme o'er mighty Na-  
ture shining.

## XIII.

Calmly they stood, and with collected mien,  
Breathing their souls in voices firm but low —  
As if the spirit of the hour and scene,  
With the woods' whisper and the waves' sweet  
flow,  
Had tempered in their thoughtful hearts the  
glow  
Of all indignant feeling. To the breath  
Of Dorian flute, and lyre note soft and slow,  
E'en thus of old, the Spartan from its sheath  
Drew his devoted sword, and girt himself for  
death.

## XIV.

And three, that seemed as chieftains of the  
band,  
Were gathered in the midst on that lone shore  
By Uri's lake. A father of the land,<sup>2</sup>  
One on his brow the silent record wore  
Of many days, whose shadows had passed o'er  
His path among the hills, and quenched the  
dreams  
Of youth with sorrow. Yet from memory's lore  
Still his life's evening drew its loveliest gleams,  
For he had walked with God, beside the  
tain streams.

<sup>2</sup> Walter Furst, the father-in-law of Tell

## XV.

And his gray hairs, in happier times, might well  
To their last pillow silently have gone,  
As melts ■ wreath of snow. But who shall tell  
How life may task the spirit? He was one  
Who from its morn a freeman's work had done,  
And reaped his harvest, and his vintage pressed,  
Fearless of wrong; and now, at set of sun,  
He bowed not to his years, for on the breast  
Of a still chainless land he deemed it much to  
rest.

## XVI.

But for such holy rest strong hands must toil,  
Strong hearts endure! By that pale elder's  
side,  
Stood one that seemed a monarch of the soil,  
Serene and stately in his manhood's pride —  
Werner,<sup>1</sup> the brave and true! If men have  
died  
Their hearths and shrines inviolate to keep,  
He was a mate for such. The voice that cried  
Within his breast, "Arise!" came still and  
deep  
From his far home, that smiled e'en then in  
moonlight sleep.

## XVII.

It was a home to die for! As it rose  
Through its vine foliage, sending forth a sound  
Of mirthful childhood, o'er the green repose  
And laughing sunshine of the pastures round;  
And he, whose life to that sweet spot was bound,  
Raised unto Heaven a glad yet thoughtful eye,  
And set his free step firmer on the ground,  
When o'er his soul its melodies went by,  
As, through some Alpine pass, a breeze of Italy.

## XVIII.

But who was he that on his hunting spear  
Leaned, with a prouder and more fiery bearing?  
His was ■ brow for tyrant hearts to fear,  
Within the shadow of its dark locks wearing  
That which they may not tame — a soul de-  
claring  
War against earth's oppressors. 'Midst that  
throng  
Of other mould he seemed, and loftier daring,  
One whose blood swept high impulses along,  
One that should pass, and leave ■ name for war-  
like song —

<sup>1</sup> Werner Stauffacher, who had been urged by his wife  
to rouse and unite his countrymen for the deliverance of  
Switzerland

## XIX.

A memory on the mountains! — one to stand,  
When the hills echoed with the deepening  
swell  
Of hostile trumpets, foremost for the land,  
And in some rock defile, or savage dell,  
Array her peasant children to repel  
Th' invader, sending arrows for his chains'  
Ay, one to fold around him, as he fell,  
Her banner with a smile — for through his veins  
The joy of danger flowed, as torrents to the  
plains.

## XX.

There was at times a wildness in the light  
Of his quick flashing eye; ■ something born  
Of the free Alps, and beautifully bright,  
And proud, and tameless, laughing fear to scorn!  
It well might be! — Young Erni's step had  
worn<sup>2</sup>  
The mantling snows on their most regal steep,  
And tracked the lynx above the clouds of  
morn,  
And followed where the flying chamois leaps  
Across the dark-blue rifts, th' unfathomed glacier  
deeps.

## XXI.

He was a creature of the Alpine sky,  
A being whose bright spirit had been fed  
'Midst the crowned heights of joy and liberty,  
And thoughts of power. He knew each path  
which led  
To the rock's treasure caves, whose crystal shed  
Soft light o'er secret fountains. At the tone  
Of his loud horn the Lammer-Geyer<sup>3</sup> had spread  
A startled wing — for oft that peal had blown  
Where the free cataract's voice was wont to sound  
alone.

## XXII.

His step had tracked the waste, his soul had  
stirred  
The ancient solitudes — his voice had told  
Of wrongs to call down Heaven.<sup>4</sup> That tale  
was heard  
In Hasli's dales, and where the shepherds fold  
Their flocks in dark ravine and craggy hold  
On the bleak Oberland; and where the light  
Of day's last footsteps bathes in burning gold

■ Erni — Arnold Melchthal.

■ The Lammer-Geyer, the largest kind of Alpine eagle

<sup>4</sup> The eyes of his aged father had been put out by the  
orders of the Austrian governor.

Great Righi's cliffs ; and where Mount Pilate's  
height

Casts o'er his glassy lake the darkness of his  
might.

## xxiii.

Nor was it heard in vain. There all things press  
High thoughts on man. The fearless hunter  
passed,

And, from the bosom of the wilderness,  
There leaped a spirit and a power to cast  
The weight of bondage down — and bright and  
fast,

As the clear waters, joyously and free,  
Burst from the desert rock, it rushed at last,  
Through the far valleys ; till the patriot three  
Thus with their brethren stood, beside the For-  
est Sea.<sup>1</sup>

## xxiv.

They linked their hands, they pledged their  
stainless faith

In the dread presence of attesting Heaven,  
They bound their hearts to suffering and to death,  
With the severe and solemn transport given  
To bless such vows. How nobly man had striven,  
How man *might* strive, and vainly strive, they  
knew,

And called upon their God, whose arm had riven  
The crest of many a tyrant, since He blew  
The foaming sea wave on, and Egypt's might  
o'erthrew.

## xxv.

They knelt, and rose in strength. The valleys lay  
Still in their dimness, but the peaks which darted  
Into the bright mid air, had caught from day  
A flush of fire, when those true Switzers parted,  
Each to his glen or forest, steadfast hearted,  
And full of hope. Not many suns had worn  
Their setting glory, ere from slumber started  
Ten thousand voices, of the mountains born —  
So far was heard the blast of freedom's echoing  
horn !

<sup>1</sup> Forest Sea — the Lake of the Four Cantons is frequently  
so called

## xxvi.

The ice vaults trembled, when that peal came  
rending

The frozen stillness which around them hung  
From cliff to cliff the avalanche descending  
Gave answer, till the sky's blue hollow rung ;  
And the flame signals through the midnight  
sprung

From the Surennen rocks, like banners streaming  
To the far Seelisberg ; whence light was flung  
On Grutli's field, till all the red lake gleaming  
Shone out, a meteor heaven in its wild splendor  
seeming.

## xxvii.

And the winds tossed each summit's blazing  
crest,

As a host's plumage ; and the giant pines,  
Felled where they waved o'er crag and eagle's  
nest,

Heaped up the flames. The clouds grew fiery  
signs,

As o'er a city's burning towers and shrines,  
Reddening the distance. Wine cups, crowned  
and bright,

In Werner's dwelling flowed ; through leafless  
vines

From Walter's hearth streamed forth the festive  
light,

And Erni's blind old sire gave thanks to Heaven  
that night.

## xxviii.

Then on the silence of the snows there lay  
A Sabbath's quiet sunshine — and its bell  
Filled the hushed air ■ while, with lonely  
sway ;

For the stream's voice was chained by winter's  
spell,

The deep wood sounds had ceased. But rock  
and dell

Rang forth, ere long, when strains of jubilee  
Pealed from the mountain churches, with a swell  
Of praise to Him who stills the raging sea —  
For now the strife was closed, the glorious Alps  
were free !



SONGS OF THE CID.<sup>1</sup>

## THE CID'S DEPARTURE INTO EXILE

With sixty knights in his gallant train,  
Went forth the Campeador of Spain;  
For wild sierras and plains afar,  
He left the lands of his own Bivar.<sup>2</sup>

To march o'er field, and to watch in tent,  
From his home in good Castile he went;  
To the wasting siege and the battle's van,  
For the noble Cid was a banished man!

Through his olive woods the morn breeze played,  
And his native streams wild music made,  
And clear in the sunshine his vineyards lay,  
When for march and combat he took his way.

With a thoughtful spirit his way he took,  
And he turned his steed for a parting look,  
For a parting look at his own fair towers,  
— O, the exile's heart hath weary hours!

The pennons were spread, and the band arrayed,  
But the Cid at the threshold a moment staid —  
It was but a moment — the halls were lone,  
And the gates of his dwelling all open thrown.

There was not a steed in the empty stall,  
Nor a spear nor a cloak on the naked wall,  
Nor a hawk on the perch, nor a seat at the door,  
Nor the sound of a step on the hollow floor.<sup>3</sup>

Then a dim tear swelled to the warrior's eye,  
As the voice of his native groves went by;  
And he said, "My foemen their wish have  
won:

Now the will of God be in all things done!"

But the trumpet blew, with its note of cheer,  
And the winds of the morning swept off the tear,

<sup>1</sup> These ballads are not translations from the Spanish, but founded upon some of the "wild and wonderful" traditions preserved in the romances of that language, and the ancient poem of the Cid.

■ Bivar, the supposed birthplace of the Cid, was a castle about two leagues from Burgos.

■ "Tornaba la cabeza, ■ estabalo catando:  
Vio puertas abiertas, e uzos sin cañados,  
Alcandaras vacias, sin pieles e sin mantos:  
E sin falcones, e sin adtores mudados.  
Sospirò mio Cid." — *Poem of the Cid*.

And the fields of his glory lay distant far,  
— He is gone from the towers of his own Bivar

## THE CID'S DEATH BED.

It was an hour of grief and fear  
Within Valencia's walls,  
When the blue spring heaven lay still and clear  
Above her marble halls.

There were pale cheeks and troubled eyes,  
And steps of hurrying feet,  
Where the Zambra's <sup>4</sup> notes were wont to rise,  
Along the sunny street.

It was an hour of fear and grief  
On bright Valencia's shore,  
For Death was busy with her chief  
The noble Campeador.

The Moor king's barks were on the deep,  
With sounds and signs of war;  
But the Cid was passing to his sleep,  
In the silent Alcazar.

No moan was heard through the towers of state,  
No weeper's aspect seen,  
But by the couch Ximena sate,  
With pale yet steadfast mien.<sup>5</sup>

Stillness was round the leader's bed,  
Warriors stood mournful nigh,  
And banners, o'er his glorious head,  
Were drooping heavily.

And feeble grew the conquering hand,  
And cold the valiant breast;  
He had fought the battles of the land,  
And his hour was come to rest.

What said the Ruler of the field?  
— His voice is faint and low;  
The breeze that creeps o'er his lance and shield  
Hath louder accents now.

<sup>4</sup> The Zambra, ■ Moorish dance. When Valencia was taken by the Cid, many of the Moorish families chose to remain there, and reside under his government.

■ The calm fortitude of Ximena is frequently alluded to in the poem.

"Raise ye no cry, and let no moan  
Be made when I depart;  
The Moor must hear no dirge's tone;  
Be ye of mighty heart!

"Let the cymbal clash and the trumpet  
From your walls ring far and shrill;  
And fear ye not, for the saints of Spain  
Shall grant you victory still.

"And gird my form with mail array,  
And set me on my steed;  
So go ye forth on your funeral way,  
And God shall give you speed.

"Go with the dead in the front of war,  
All armed with sword and helm,<sup>1</sup>  
And march by the camp of King Bucar,  
For the good Castilian realm.

"And let me slumber in the soil  
Which gave my fathers birth;  
I have closed my day of battle toil,  
And my course is done on earth."

— Now wave, ye glorious banners! wave!  
Through the lattice a wind sweeps by,  
And the arms, o'er the death bed of the brave,  
Send forth a hollow sigh.

Now wave, ye banners of many a fight!  
As the fresh wind o'er you sweeps;  
The wind and the banners fall hushed as  
night:  
The Campeador — he sleeps!

Sound the battle horn on the breeze of morn,  
And swell out the trumpet's blast,  
Till the notes prevail o'er the voice of wail,  
For the noble Cid hath passed!

#### THE CID'S FUNERAL PROCESSION.

THE Moor had beleaguered Valencia's towers,  
And lances gleamed up through her citron  
bowers,

<sup>1</sup> "Banderas antiguas, tristes  
De victorias un tiempo amadas,  
Tremolando estan al viento  
Y lloran aunque no hablan," &c.

Herder's translation of these romances (*Der Cid, nach Spanischen Romanzen besungen*) are remarkable for their spirit and scrupulous fidelity.

And the tents of the desert had girt her plain,  
And camels were trampling the vines of Spain;  
For the Cid was gone to rest.

There were men from wilds where the death  
wind sweeps,  
There were spears from hills where the lion sleeps,  
There were bows from sands where the ostrich  
runs,  
For the shrill horn of Afric had called her sons  
To the battles of the West.

The midnight bell, o'er the dim seas heard,  
Like the roar of waters, the air had stirred;  
The stars were shining o'er tower and wave,  
And the camp lay hushed as a wizard's cave;  
But the Christians woke that night.

They reared the Cid on his barded steed,  
Like a warrior mailed for the hour of need,  
And they fixed the sword in the cold right hand  
Which had fought so well for his father's land,  
And the shield from his neck hung bright

There was arming heard in Valencia's halls,  
There was vigil kept on the rampart walls;  
Stars had not faded nor clouds turned red,  
When the knights had girded the noble dead,  
And the burial train moved out.

With a measured pace, as the pace of one,  
Was the still death march of the host begun;  
With a silent step went the cuirassed bands,  
Like a lion's tread on the burning sands;  
And they gave no battle shout.

When the first went forth, it was midnight deep,  
In heaven was the moon, in the camp was sleep;  
When the last through the city's gates had gone,  
O'er tent and rampart the bright day shone,  
With a sunburst from the sea.

There were knights five hundred went armed  
before,  
And Bermudez the Cid's green standard bore;<sup>2</sup>  
To its last fair field, with the break of morn,  
Was the glorious banner in silence borne,  
On the glad wind streaming free.

And the Campeador came stately then,  
Like a leader circled with steel-clad men!

<sup>2</sup> "And while they stood there, they saw the Cid Ruy Diez coming up with three hundred knights; for he had not been in the battle, and they knew his green pennon." — Southey's *Chronicles of the Cid*.

The helmet was down o'er the face of the dead,  
But his steed went proud, by a warrior led,  
For he knew that the Cid was there.

He was there, the Cid, with his own good sword,  
And Ximena following her noble lord ;  
Her eye was solemn, her step was slow,  
But there rose not a sound of war or woe,  
Not ■ whisper on the air.

The halls in Valencia were still and lone,  
The churches were empty, the masses done ;  
There was not a voice through the wide streets  
far,  
Nor ■ footfall heard in the Alcazar,  
— So the burial train moved out.

With a measured pace, as the pace of one,  
Was the still death march of the host begun ;  
With ■ silent step went the cuirassed bands,  
Like a lion's tread on the burning sands ;  
And they gave no battle shout.

But the deep hills pealed with a cry ere long,  
When the Christians burst on the Paynim throng !  
— With a sudden flash of the lance and spear,  
And ■ charge of the war steed in full career,  
It was Alvar Fañez came !<sup>1</sup>

He that was wrapped with no funeral shroud,  
Had passed before like a threatening cloud !  
And the storm rushed down on the tented plain,  
And the Archer Queen,<sup>2</sup> with her bands, lay  
slain ;  
For the Cid upheld his fame.

Then a terror fell on the King Bucar,  
And the Libyan kings who had joined his war ;  
And their hearts grew heavy, and died away,  
And their hands could not wield an assagay,  
For the dreadful things they saw !

For it seemed where Minaya his onset made,  
There were seventy thousand knights arrayed,

■ Alvar Fañez Minaya, one of the Cid's most distinguished warriors.

■ A Moorish Amazon, who, with a band of female warriors, accompanied King Bucar from Africa. Her arrows were ■ unerring, that she obtained the name of the Star of Archers.

"Una Mora muy gallarda,  
Gran maestra en el tirar,  
Con Saetas del Aljava,  
De los arcos de Turquía  
Estrella era nombrada,  
Por la destreza que avia  
■ el herir de la Xara."

All white as the snow on Nevada's steep,  
And they came like the foam of ■ roaring deep  
— 'Twas ■ sight of fear and awe !

And the crested form of a warrior tall,  
With a sword of fire, went before them all ;  
With a sword of fire and ■ banner pale,  
And ■ blood-red cross on his shadowy mail ;  
He rode in the battle's van !

There was fear in the path of his dim white  
horse,  
There was death in the giant warrior's course !  
Where his banner streamed with its ghostly  
light,  
Where his sword blazed out, there was hurrying  
flight —  
For it seemed not the sword of man !

The field and the river grew darkly red,  
As the kings and leaders of Afric fled ;  
There was work for the men of the Cid that day !  
— They were weary at eve, when they ceased  
to slay,  
As reapers whose task is done !

The kings and the leaders of Afric fled !  
The sails of their galleys in haste were spread  
But the sea had its share of the Paynim slain,  
And the bow of the desert was broke in Spain.  
— So the Cid to his grave passed on !

#### THE CID'S RISING.

'Twas the deep mid watch of the silent night,  
And Leon in slumber lay,  
When ■ sound went forth in rushing might,  
Like an army on its way !<sup>3</sup>  
In the stillness of the hour  
When the dreams of sleep have power,  
And men forget the day.

Through the dark and lonely streets it went,  
Till the slumberers woke in dread ; —  
The sound of a passing armament,  
With the charger's stony tread.  
There was heard no trumpet's peal,  
But the heavy tramp of steel,  
As a host's to combat led.

Through the dark and lonely streets it passed,  
And the hollow pavement rang,

<sup>3</sup> See SOUTHEY'S *Chronicle of the Cid*, p. 352.



And the towers, as with a sweeping blast,  
 Rocked to the stormy clang !  
 But the march of the viewless train  
 Went on to ■ royal fane,  
 Where ■ priest his night hymn sang.

There was knocking that shook the marble  
 floor,  
 And ■ voice at the gate, which said —  
 "That the Cid Ruy Diez, the Campeador,  
 Was there in his arms arrayed |

And that with him, from the tomb,  
 Had the Count Gonzalez come  
 With ■ host, uprisen to aid !

"And they came for the buried king that lay  
 At rest in that ancient fane ;  
 For he must be armed on the battle day,  
 With them to deliver Spain !"  
 — Then the march went sounding on,  
 And the Moors by noontide sun  
 Were dust on Tolosa's plain.

## GREEK SONGS.

### THE STORM OF DELPHI.<sup>1</sup>

FAR through the Delphian shades  
 An Eastern trumpet rung !  
 And the startled eagle rushed on high,  
 With ■ sounding flight through the fiery sky ;  
 And banners, o'er the shadowy glades,  
 To the sweeping winds were flung.

Banners, with deep-red gold  
 All waving as a flame,  
 And a fitful glance from the bright spear head  
 On the dim wood paths of the mountain shed,  
 And a peal of Asia's war notes told  
 That in arms the Persian came.

He came with starry gems  
 On his quiver and his crest ;  
 With starry gems, at whose heart the day  
 Of the cloudless Orient burning lay,  
 And they cast ■ gleam on the laurel stems,  
 As onward his thousands pressed.

But ■ gloom fell o'er their way,  
 And a heavy ■■■■ went by !  
 A moan, yet not like the wind's low swell,  
 When its voice grows wild amidst cave and dell,  
 But ■ mortal murmur of dismay,  
 Or a warrior's dying sigh.

A gloom fell o'er their way !  
 'Twas not the shadow cast  
 By the dark pine boughs, as they crossed the blue  
 Of the Grecian heavens with their solemn huc ;

The air was filled with a mightier sway —  
 But on the spearmen passed !

And hollow to their tread  
 Came the echoes of the ground ;  
 And banners drooped, as with dews o'erborne,  
 And the wailing blast of the battle horn  
 Had an altered cadence, dull and dead,  
 Of strange foreboding sound.

But they blew a louder strain,  
 When the steep defiles were passed !  
 And afar the crowned Parnassus rose,  
 To shine through heaven with his radiant snows,  
 And in golden light the Delphian fane  
 Before them stood at last !

In golden light it stood,  
 'Midst the laurels gleaming lone ;  
 For the sun god yet, with a lovely smile,  
 O'er its graceful pillars looked a while,  
 Though the stormy shade on cliff and wood  
 Grew deep round its mountain throne.

And the Persians gave a shout !  
 But the marble walls replied  
 With ■ clash of steel and a sullen roar  
 Like heavy wheels on the ocean shore,  
 And a savage trumpet's note pealed out,  
 Till their hearts for terror died !

On the armor of the god  
 Then a viewless hand was laid ;  
 There were helm and spear, with a clanging din,  
 And corselet brought from the shrine within,  
 From the inmost shrine of the dread abode,  
 And before its front arrayed.

<sup>1</sup> See ■■■■ cited from Herodotus, in MITFORD'S  
 Greece.

And a sudden silence fell

Through the dim and loaded air !

On the wild bird's wing and the myrtle spray,  
And the very founts in their silvery way :

With a weight of sleep came down the spell,  
Till man grew breathless there.

But the pause was broken soon !

'Twas not by song or lyre ;

For the Delphian maids had left their bowers,  
And the hearths were lone in the city's towers,  
But there burst a sound through the misty  
noon —

That battle noon of fire !

It burst from earth and heaven !

It rolled from crag and cloud !

For a moment on the mountain blast  
With a thousand stormy voices passed ;  
And the purple gloom of the sky was riven,  
When the thunder pealed aloud.

And the lightnings in their play

Flashed forth like javelins thrown ;

Like sun darts winged from the silver bow,  
They smote the spear and the turbaned brow ;  
And the bright gems flew from the crests like  
spray,  
And the banners were struck down !

And the massy oak boughs crashed

To the fire bolts from on high,

And the forest lent its billowy roar,  
While the glorious tempest onward bore,  
And lit the streams, as they foamed and dashed,  
With the fierce rain sweeping by.

Then rushed the Delphian men

On the pale and scattered host.

Like the joyous burst of a flashing wave,  
They rushed from the dim Corycian cave ;  
And the singing blast o'er wood and glen  
Rolled on, with the spears they tossed.

There were cries of wild dismay,

There were shouts of warrior glee,

There were savage sounds of the tempest's  
mirth,

That shook the realm of their eagle birth ;  
But the mount of song, when they died away,  
Still rose, with its temple, free !

And the Pæan swelled ere long,

Io Pæan ! from the fane ;

Io Pæan ! for the war array

On the crowned Parnassus riven that day !

— Thou shalt rise as free, thou mount of song  
With thy bounding streams again.

## THE BOWL OF LIBERTY.<sup>1</sup>

BEFORE the fiery sun —

The sun that looks on Greece with cloudless eye,  
In the free air, and on the war field won —  
Our fathers crowned the Bowl of Liberty.

Amidst the tombs they stood,  
The tombs of heroes ! with the solemn skies,  
And the wide plain around, where patriot blood  
Had steeped the soil in hues of sacrifice.

They called the glorious dead,  
In the strong faith which brings the viewless  
nigh,  
And poured rich odors o'er their battle bed,  
And bade them to their rite of Liberty.

They called them from the shades —  
The golden-fruited shades, where minstrels tell  
How softer light th' immortal clime pervades,  
And music floats o'er meads of asphodel.

Then fast the bright-red wine  
Flowed to *their* names who taught the world  
to die,  
And made the land's green turf a living shrine,  
Meet for the wreath and Bowl of Liberty.<sup>2</sup>

So the rejoicing earth  
Took from her vines again the blood she gave,  
And richer flowers to deck the tomb drew birth  
From the free soil, thus hallowed to the brave.

We have the battle fields,  
The tombs, the names, the blue majestic sky,  
We have the founts the purple vintage yields !  
— When shall *we* crown the Bowl of Liberty ?

## THE VOICE OF SCIO.

A voice from Scio's isle —

A voice of song, a voice of old  
Swept far as cloud or billow rolled,  
And earth was hushed the while —

<sup>1</sup> This and the following piece appeared originally in the  
*New Monthly Magazine*.

<sup>2</sup> For an account of this ceremony, anciently performed  
in commemoration of the battle of Plataea see POTTER'S  
*Antiquities of Greece*, vol. i. p. 389

The souls of nations woke !  
Where lies the land whose hills among  
That voice of victory hath not rung,  
As if ■ trumpet spoke ?

To sky, and sea, and shore,  
Of those whose blood on Ilion's plain  
Swept from the rivers to the main,  
A glorious tale it bore.

Still by our sun-bright deep,  
With all the fame that fiery lay  
Threw round them, in its rushing way,  
The sons of battle sleep.

And kings their turf have crowned !  
And pilgrims o'er the foaming wave  
Brought garlands there : so rest the brave,  
Who thus their bard have found !

A voice from Scio's isle,  
A voice as deep hath risen again ;  
As far shall peal its thrilling strain,  
Where'er our sun may smile !

Let not its tones expire !  
Such power to waken earth and heaven,  
And might and vengeance, ne'er was given  
To mortal song or lyre !

Know ye not whence it comes ?  
— From ruined hearths, from burning fanes,  
From kindred blood on yon red plains,  
From desolated homes !

'Tis with us through the night !  
'Tis on our hills, 'tis in our sky —  
Hear it, ye heavens ! when swords flash high  
O'er the mid waves of fight !

#### THE SPARTANS' MARCH.<sup>1</sup>

"The Spartans used not the trumpet in their march into battle, says Thucydides, because they wished not to excite the rage of their warriors. Their charging step was made to the 'Dorian mood of flutes and soft recorders.' The valor of a Spartan was too highly tempered to require a stunning or a rousing impulse. His spirit was like a steed too proud for the spur." — CAMPBELL, *on the Elegiac Poetry of the Greeks.*]

'Twas morn upon the Grecian hills,  
Where peasants dressed the vines ;  
Sunlight was on Cithæron's rills,  
Arcadia's rocks and pines.

And brightly, through his reeds and flowers,  
Eurotas wandered by,  
When a sound arose from Sparta's towers  
Of solemn harmony.

Was it the hunters' choral strain  
To the woodland goddess poured ?  
Did virgin hands in Pallas' fane  
Strike the full-sounding chord ?

But helms were glancing on the stream,  
Spears ranged in close array,  
And shields flung back a glorious beam  
To the morn of a fearful day !

And the mountain echoes of the land  
Swelled through the deep-blue sky ;  
While to soft strains moved forth ■ band  
Of men that moved to die.

They marched not with the trumpet's blast,  
Nor bade the horn peal out ;  
And the laurel groves, as on they passed,  
Rang with no battle shout !

They asked no clarion's voice to fire  
Their souls with an impulse high ;  
But the Dorian reed and the Spartan lyre  
For the sons of liberty !

And still sweet flutes their path around  
Sent forth Æolian breath ;  
They needed not a sterner sound  
To marshal them for death !

So moved they calmly to their field,  
Thence never to return,  
Save bearing back the Spartan shield,  
Or on it proudly borne !

#### THE URN AND SWORD.

THEY sought for treasures in the tomb,  
Where gentler hands were wont to spread  
Fresh boughs and flowers of purple bloom,  
And sunny ringlets, for the dead.<sup>2</sup>

They scattered far the greensward heap,  
Where once those hands the bright wine poured  
— What found they in the home of sleep ? —  
A mouldering urn, a shivered sword !

<sup>1</sup> Originally published in the *Edinburgh Magazine*.

<sup>2</sup> See PORTER'S *Grecian Antiquities*, vol. ii. p. 234.



An urn, which held the dust of one  
Who died when hearths and shrines were free ;  
A sword, whose work was proudly done  
Between our mountains and the sea.

And these are treasures ! — undismayed,  
Still for their suffering land we trust,  
Wherein the past its fame hath laid  
With freedom's sword and valor's dust.

### THE MYRTLE BOUGH.

Still green, along our sunny shore,  
The flowering myrtle waves,  
As when its fragrant boughs of yore  
Were offered on the graves —

The graves wherein our mighty men  
Had rest, unviolated then.

Still green it waves ! as when the heart  
Was sacred through the land ;  
And fearless was the banquet's mirth,  
And free the minstrel's hand ;  
And guests, with shining myrtle crowned,  
Sent the wreathed lyre and wine cup  
round.

Still green ! as when on holy ground  
The tyrant's blood was poured :  
Forget ye not what garlands bound  
The young deliverer's sword !  
Though earth may shroud Harmodius now,  
We still have sword and myrtle bough.

## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

### ON A FLOWER FROM THE FIELD OF GRUTLI.

Whence art thou, flower ? From holy ground,  
Where freedom's foot hath been !  
Yet bugle blast or trumpet sound  
Ne'er shook that solemn scene.

Flower of a noble field ! thy birth  
Was not where spears have crossed,  
And shivered helms have strewn the earth,  
'Midst banners won and lost.

But where the sunny hues and showers  
Unto thy cup were given,  
There met high hearts at midnight hours,  
Pure hands were raised to Heaven ;

And now were pledged that man should roam  
Through every Alpine dell  
Free ■ the wind, the torrent's foam,  
The shaft of William Tell.

And prayer, the full deep flow of prayer,  
Hallowed the pastoral sod ;  
And souls grew strong for battle there,  
Nerved with the peace of God.

Before the Alps and stars they knelt,  
That calm devoted band,

And rose, and made their spirits feel  
Through all the mountain land.

Then welcome, Grutli's free-born flower !  
Even in thy pale decay  
There dwells a breath, ■ tone, ■ power,  
Which all high thoughts obey.

### ON A LEAF FROM THE TOMB OF VIRGIL.

And was thy home, pale, withered thing,  
Beneath the rich blue southern sky ?  
Wert thou a nursling of the spring,  
The winds and suns of glorious Italy ?

Those suns in golden light e'en now  
Look o'er the poet's lovely grave ;  
Those winds are breathing soft, but thou,  
Answering their whisper, there no more wave.

The flowers o'er Posilippo's brow  
May cluster in their purple bloom,  
But on th' o'ershadowing ilex bough,  
Thy breezy place is void by Virgil's tomb

Thy place is void ; O, none on earth,  
This crowded earth, may so remain.

Save that which souls of loftiest birth  
Leave when they part, their brighter home to  
gain.

Another leaf, ere now, hath sprung  
On the green stem which once was thine;  
When shall another strain be sung  
Like his whose dust hath made that spot a  
shrine?

### THE CHIEFTAIN'S SON.

Yes it is ours! — the field is won,  
A dark and evil field!  
Lift from the ground my noble son,  
And bear him homewards on his bloody shield.

Let him not hear your trumpets ring,  
Swell not the battle horn!  
Thoughts far too sad those notes will bring,  
When to the grave my glorious flower is borne!

Speak not of victory! — in the name  
There is too much of woe!  
Hushed be the empty voice of Fame —  
Call me back *his* whose graceful head is low.

Speak not of victory! — from my halls  
The sunny hour is gone!  
The ancient banner on my walls  
Must sink ere long; I had but him — but  
one!

Within the dwelling of my sires  
The hearths will soon be cold,  
With me must die the beacon fires  
That streamed at midnight from the mountain  
hold.

And let them fade, since this must be,  
My lovely and my brave!  
Was thy bright blood poured forth for me?  
And is there but for stately youth a grave?

Speak to me once again, my boy!  
Wilt thou not hear my call?  
Thou wert so full of life and joy,  
I had not dreamt of *this* — that thou couldst  
fall!

Thy mother watches from the steep  
For thy returning plume;  
How shall I tell her that thy sleep  
Is of the silent house, th' untimely tomb?

Thou didst not seem as one to die,  
With all thy young renown!  
— Ye saw his falchion's flash on high,  
In the mid fight, when spears and crests went  
down!

Slow be your march! the field is won!  
A dark and evil field!  
Lift from the ground my noble son,  
And bear him homewards on his bloody shield.

### A FRAGMENT.

Rest on your battle fields, ye brave!  
Let the pines murmur o'er your grave,  
Your dirge be in the moaning wave —  
We call you back no more!

O, there was mourning when ye fell,  
In your own vales a deep-toned knell,  
An agony, a wild farewell —  
But that hath long been o'er.

Rest with your still and solemn fame!  
The hills keep record of your name,  
And never can a touch of shame  
Darken the buried brow.

But we on changeful days are cast,  
When bright names from their place ~~are~~  
fast;  
And ye that with your glory passed,  
We cannot mourn you now.

### ENGLAND'S DEAD.

Son of the Ocean Isle!  
Where sleep your mighty dead?  
Show me what high and stately pile  
Is reared o'er Glory's bed.

Go, stranger! track the deep —  
Free, free the white sail spread!  
Wave may not foam, nor wild wind sweep,  
Where ~~rest~~ not England's dead.

On Egypt's burning plains,  
By the pyramid o'erswayed,  
With fearful power the noonday reigns,  
And the palm trees yield no shade; —

But let the angry sun  
From heaven look fiercely red,  
Unfelt by those whose task is done! —  
There slumber England's dead.

The hurricane hath might  
Along the Indian shore,  
And far by Ganges' banks at night  
Is heard the tiger's roar; —

But let the sound roll on!  
It hath no tone of dread  
For those that from their toils are gone, —  
There slumber England's dead.

Loud rush the torrent floods  
The Western wilds among,  
And free, in green Columbia's woods,  
The hunter's bow is strung; —

But let the floods rush on!  
Let the arrow's flight be sped!  
Why should *they* reckon whose task is done? —  
There slumber England's dead.

The mountain storms rise high  
In the snowy Pyrenees,  
And toss the pine boughs through the sky  
Like rose leaves on the breeze; —

But let the storm rage on!  
Let the fresh wreaths be shed!  
For the Roncesvalles' field is won, —  
There slumber England's dead.

On the frozen deep's repose  
'Tis a dark and dreadful hour,  
When round the ship the ice fields close,  
And the northern night clouds lower; —

But let the ice drift on!  
Let the cold blue desert spread!  
Their course with mast and flag is done, —  
Even there sleep England's dead.

The warlike of the isles,  
The men of field and wave!  
Are not the rocks their funeral piles,  
The seas and shores their grave?

Go, stranger! track the deep —  
Free, free the white sail spread!  
Wave may not foam, nor wild wind sweep,  
Where rest not England's dead.

## THE MEETING OF THE BARDS.

WRITTEN FOR AN EISTEDDVOB, OR MEETING OF WELSH  
BARDS, HELD IN LONDON, MAY 22, 1822.

[The *Gorseddau*, or meetings of the British bards, were anciently ordained to be held in the open air, on some conspicuous situation, whilst the sun was above the horizon; or, according to the expression employed on these occasions, "in the face of the sun, and in the eye of light." The places set apart for this purpose were marked out by a circle of stones, called the circle of federation. The presiding bard stood on a large stone (*Maen Gorsedd*, or the stone of assembly) in the centre. The sheathing of a sword upon this stone was the ceremony which announced the opening of a *Gorsedd*, or meeting. The bards always stood in their uni-colored robes, with their heads and feet uncovered, within the circle of federation. — See OWEN'S *Translation of the Heroic Elegies of Llywarch Hen*.]

WHERE met our bards of old? — the glorious  
throng,

They of the mountain and the battle song?  
They met — O, not in kingly hall or bowèr,  
But where wild Nature girt herself with power:  
They met where streams flashed bright from  
rocky caves;

They met where woods made moan o'er war-  
riors' graves,

And where the torrent's rainbow spray was cast,  
And where dark lakes were heaving to the blast,  
And 'midst th' eternal cliffs, whose strength defied  
The crested Roman, in his hour of pride;

And where the Carnedd,<sup>1</sup> on its lonely hill,  
Bore silent record of the mighty still;

And where the Druid's ancient Cromlech  
frowned,

And the oaks breathed mysterious murmurs  
round.

There thronged th' inspired of yore — on  
plain or height,

In the sun's face, beneath the eye of light,  
And, baring unto heaven each noble head,  
Stood in the circle, where none else might tread.  
Well might their lays be lofty! — soaring thought  
From Nature's presence tenfold grandeur caught,  
Well might bold freedom's soul pervade the  
strains

Which startled eagles from their lone domains,  
And, like a breeze in chainless triumph, went  
Up through the blue resounding firmament.  
Whence came the echoes to those numbers high:  
'Twas from the battle fields of days gone by,

<sup>1</sup> Carnedd, a stone barrow, or cairn.

<sup>2</sup> Cromlech, a Druidical monument or altar. The word means a stone of covenant



And from the tombs of heroes, laid to rest,  
 With their good swords, upon the mountain's  
 breast ;  
 And from the watchtowers on the heights of  
 snow,  
 Severed by cloud and storm from all below ;  
 And the turf mounds,<sup>1</sup> once girt by ruddy spears,  
 And the rock altars of departed years.  
 — Thence deeply mingling with the torrent's  
 roar,  
 The winds a thousand wild responses bore ;  
 And the green land, whose every vale and glen  
 Doth shrine the memory of heroic men,  
 On all her hills awakening to rejoice,  
 Sent forth proud answers to her children's voice.

For us, not ours the festival to hold,  
 'Midst the stone circles hallowed thus of old ;  
 Not where great Nature's majesty and might  
 First broke all glorious on our infant sight ;  
 Not near the tombs, where sleep our free and  
 brave,  
 Not by the mountain llyn,<sup>2</sup> the ocean wave,  
 In these late days we meet — dark Mona's shore,  
 Eryri's<sup>3</sup> cliffs resound with harps no more !

But as the stream, (though time or art may turn  
 The current, bursting from its caverned urn,  
 From Alpine glens or ancient forest bowers,  
 To bathe soft vales of pasture and of flowers,)   
 Alike in rushing strength or sunny sleep,  
 Holds on its course, to mingle with the deep ;  
 Thus, though our paths be changed, still warm  
 and free,  
 Land of the bard ! our spirit flies to thee !  
 To thee our thoughts, our hopes, our hearts  
 belong,  
 Our dreams are haunted by thy voice of song !  
 Nor yield our souls one patriot feeling less  
 To the green memory of thy loveliness,  
 Than theirs, whose harp notes pealed from every  
 height,  
*In the sun's face, beneath the eye of light !*

#### THE VOICE OF SPRING.<sup>4</sup>

I COME, I come ! ye have called me long —  
 I come o'er the mountains with light and song !

<sup>1</sup> The ancient British chiefs frequently harangued their  
 followers from small artificial mounds of turf. — *Pennant.*

<sup>2</sup> Llyn, a lake or pool.

<sup>3</sup> Eryri, Snowdon.

Originally published in the *New Monthly Magazine.*

Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth  
 By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,  
 By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass,  
 By the green leaves opening as I pass.

I have breathed on the South, and the chestnut  
 flowers  
 By thousands have burst from the forest bowers,  
 And the ancient graves and the fallen fanes  
 Are veiled with wreaths on Italian plains ; —  
 But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,  
 To speak of the ruin or the tomb !

I have looked on the hills of the stormy North,  
 And the larch has hung all his tassels forth,  
 The fisher is out on the sunny sea,  
 And the reindeer bounds o'er the pastures free,  
 And the pine has a fringe of softer green,  
 And the moss looks bright where my foot hath  
 been.

I have sent through the wood paths a glowing  
 sigh,  
 And called out each voice of the deep-blue sky ;  
 From the night bird's lay through the starry time,  
 In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,  
 To the swan's wild note by the Iceland lakes,  
 When the dark fir branch into verdure breaks.

From the streams and founts I have loosed the  
 chain,  
 They are sweeping on to the silvery main,  
 They are flashing down from the mountain brows,  
 They are flinging spray o'er the forest boughs,  
 They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,  
 And the earth resounds with the joy of waves !

Come forth, O ye children of gladness ! come !  
 Where the violets lie may be now your home.  
 Ye of the rose lip and dew-bright eye,  
 And the bounding footstep, to meet me fly !  
 With the lyre, and the wreath, and the joyous  
 lay,  
 Come forth to the sunshine — I may not stay

Away from the dwellings of care-worn men,  
 The waters are sparkling in grove and glen !  
 Away from the chamber and sullen hearth,  
 The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth ;  
 Their light stems thrill to the wildwood strains,  
 And youth is abroad in my green domains.

But ye ! — ye are changed since ye met me last !  
 There is something bright from your features  
 passed !



*The Vision of George*





There is that come over your brow and eye  
Which speaks of a world where the flowers must  
die!

-Ye smile! but your smile hath a dimness yet;  
O, what have you looked on since last we met?

Ye are changed, ye are changed! — and I see not  
here

All whom I saw in the vanished year!

There were graceful heads, with their ringlets  
bright,

Which tossed in the breeze with a play of light;  
There were eyes in whose glistening laughter lay  
No faint remembrance of dull decay!

There were steps that flew o'er the cowslip's  
head,

As if for a banquet all earth were spread;

There were voices that rang through the sap-  
phire sky,

And had not a sound of mortality!

Are they gone? is their mirth from the moun-  
tains passed?

Ye have looked on death since ye met me last!

I know whence the shadow comes o'er you  
now —

Ye have strewn the dust on the sunny brow!

Ye have given the lovely to earth's embrace —

She hath taken the fairest of beauty's race,

With their laughing eyes and their festal crown:

They are gone from amongst you in silence  
down!

They are gone from amongst you, the young and  
fair,

Ye have lost the gleam of their shining hair!

But I know of a land where there falls no  
blight —

I shall find them there, with their eyes of light!

Where Death 'midst the blooms of the morn may  
dwell,

I tarry no longer — farewell, farewell!

The summer is coming, on soft winds borne —

Ye may press the grape, ye may bind the  
corn!

For me, I depart to a brighter shore —

Ye are marked by care, ye are mine no more;

I go where the loved who have left you dwell,

And the flowers are not Death's. Fare ye well,  
farewell!

the year 1823; and is thus alluded to in a letter to a friend who had lately suffered a severe and sudden bereavement — “The Voice of Spring” expresses some peculiar feelings of my own. Although my life has yet been unvisited by any affliction so deeply impressive, in all its circumstances, as the one you have been called upon to sustain, yet I cannot but feel every year, with the return of the violet, how much the shadows of my mind have deepened since its last appearance; and to me the spring, with all its joy and beauty, is generally a time of thoughtfulness rather than mirth. I think the most delightful poetry I know upon the subject of this season, is contained in the works of Tieck, a German poet, with whom you are perhaps acquainted; but the feelings he expresses are of a very different character from those I have described to you, seeming all to proceed from an overflowing sense of life and joy.

“This indefinable feeling of languor and depression, produced by the influence of spring, will be well understood by many a gentle heart. Never do the

‘Fond strange yearnings from the soul's deep cell  
Gush for the faces we no more shall see,’

with such uncontrollable power, as when all external nature breathes of life and gladness. Amidst all the bright and joyous things around us, we are haunted with images of death and the grave. The force of contrast, not less strong than that of analogy, is unceasingly reminding us of the great gulf that divides us from those who are now ‘gone down in silence.’ Some unforgotten voice is ever whispering — ‘And I too in Arcadia!’ We remember how we were wont to rejoice in the soft air and pleasant sunshine; and these things can charm us no longer, ‘because they are not.’ The farewell sadness of autumn, on the contrary — its falling leaves, and universal imagery of decay, by bringing more home to us the sense of our own mortality, identifies us more closely with those who are gone before, and the veil of separation becomes, as it were, more transparent. We are impressed with a more pervading conviction that ‘we shall go to them;’ while, in spring, every thing seems mournfully to echo, ‘they will not return to us!’

“These peculiar associations may be traced in many of Mrs. Hemans's writings, deepening with the influence of years and of sorrows, and more particularly developed in the poem called ‘Breathings of Spring.’ And when it is remembered that it was at this season her own earthly course was finished, the following passage from a letter, written in the month of May, some years after the one last quoted, cannot be read without emotion: — ‘Poor A. H. is to be buried to-morrow. With the bright sunshine laughing around, it seems more sad to think of; yet, if I could choose when I would wish to die, it should be in spring — the influence of that season is so strangely depressing to my heart and frame.’” — *Memoir*, pp. 63-86.

“‘The Voice of Spring,’ one of the first of what may be called Mrs. Hemans's fanciful lyrics, which presently became as familiar as the music of some popular composer when brought to our doors by wandering minstrels.” — *CHORLEY'S Memorials*, vol. i. p. 113.

“But it is time Mrs. Hemans's poetry were allowed to speak for itself; in making our extracts from it, we have really been as much puzzled as a child gathering flowers in a lovely garden — now attracted by a rose — straightway allured by a lily — now tempted by a stately tulip — and again unsettled by a breathing violet, or well-attired woodbine. We do think, however, that the ‘Voice of Spring’ is the pride of Mrs. H.'s parterre — the rose of her poetry.” — (A. A. WATTS.) — *Literary Magnet*, 1826.]

[“‘The Voice of Spring,’ perhaps the best known and best loved of all Mrs. Hemans's lyrics, was written early in

ELYSIUM.

["In the Elysium of the ancients, we find none but heroes and persons who had either been fortunate or distinguished on earth; the children, and apparently the slaves and lower classes — that is to say, Poverty, Misfortune, and Innocence — were banished to the infernal regions." — CHATEAUBRIAND, *Génie du Christianisme*.]

Fair wert thou in the dreams  
Of e'der time, thou land of glorious flowers  
And summer winds and low-toned silvery  
streams,

Dim with the shadows of thy laurel bowers,  
Where, as they passed, bright hours  
Left no faint sense of parting, such as clings  
To earthly love, and joy in loveliest things!

Fair wert thou, with the light  
On thy blue hills and sleepy waters cast  
From purple skies ne'er deepening into night,  
Yet soft, as if each moment were their last  
Of glory, fading fast  
Along the mountains! — but *thy* golden day  
Was not as those that warn us of decay.

And ever, through thy shades,  
A swell of deep Æolian sound went by  
From fountain voices in their secret glades,  
And low reed whispers, making sweet reply  
To summer's breezy sigh,  
And young leaves trembling to the wind's light  
breath,  
Which ne'er had touched them with a hue of  
death!

And the transparent sky  
Rang as a dome, all thrilling to the strain  
Of harps that 'midst the woods made harmony,  
Solemn and sweet; yet troubling not the brain  
With dreams and yearnings vain,  
And dim remembrances, that still draw birth  
From the bewildering music of the earth.

And who, with silent tread,  
Moved o'er the plains of waving asphodel?  
Called from the dim procession of the dead,  
Who 'midst the shadowy amaranth bowers  
might dwell,

And listen to the swell  
Of those majestic hymn notes, and inhale  
The spirit wandering in th' immortal gale?

They of the sword, whose praise,  
With the bright wine, at nations' feasts went  
round!

They of the lyre, whose unforgotten lays  
Forth on the winds had sent their mighty sound,  
And in all regions found  
Their echoes 'midst the mountains! — and  
become

In man's deep heart as voices of his home!

They of the daring thought!  
Daring and powerful, yet to dust allied —  
Whose flight through stars, and seas, and depths,  
had sought  
The soul's far birthplace — but without a guide!  
Sages and seers, who died,  
And left the world their high mysterious dreams,  
Born 'midst the olive woods by Grecian streams.

But the most *loved* are they  
Of whom fame speaks not with her clarion voice,  
In regal halls! The shades o'erhang their way;  
The vale, with its deep fountains, is their choice,  
And gentle hearts rejoice  
Around their steps; till silently they die,  
As a stream shrinks from summer's burning eye.

And these — of whose abode,  
'Midst her green valleys, earth retained no trace,  
Save a flower springing from their burial sod,  
A shade of sadness on some kindred face,  
A dim and vacant place  
In some sweet home; — thou hadst no wreaths  
for these,  
Thou sunny land! with all thy deathless trees!

The peasant at his door  
Might sink to die when vintage feasts were  
spread,  
And songs on every wind! From *thy* bright  
shore  
No lovelier vision floated round his head —  
Thou wert for nobler dead!  
He heard the bounding steps which round him  
fell,  
And sighed to bid the festal sun farewell!

The slave, whose very tears  
Were a forbidden luxury, and whose breast  
Kept the mute woes and burning thoughts of  
years,  
As embers in a burial urn compressed;  
He might not be thy guest!  
No gentle breathings from thy distant sky  
Came o'er his path, and whispered "Liberty!"

Calm, on its leaf-strewn bier,  
Unlike a gift of Nature to Decay,

Too rose-like still, too beautiful, too dear,  
The child at rest before the mother lay,  
E'en so to pass away,  
With its bright smile! — Elysium! what wert  
    *thou*  
To her, who wept o'er that young slumberer's  
    brow?

Thou hadst no home, green land!  
For the fair creature from her bosom gone,  
With life's fresh flowers just opening in its hand,  
And all the lovely thoughts and dreams un-  
    known,  
Which in its clear eye shone  
Like spring's first waking! but that light was  
    past —  
Where went the dewdrop swept before the blast?

Not where *thy* soft winds played,  
Not where thy waters lay in glassy sleep!  
Fade with thy bowers, thou Land of Visions,  
    fade!  
From thee no voice came o'er the gloomy deep,  
And bade man cease to weep!  
Fade, with the amaranth plain, the myrtle grove,  
Which could not yield one hope to sorrowing  
    love! <sup>1</sup>

### THE FUNERAL GENIUS,

#### AN ANCIENT STATUE.

“*Debout, couronné de fleurs, les bras élevés et posés sur  
■ tête, et le dos appuyé contre un pin, ce génie semble ex-  
primer par son attitude le repos des morts. Les bas-reliefs  
des tombeaux offrent souvent des figures semblables.*” —  
VISCONTI, *Description des Antiques du Musée Royal.*

Thou shouldst be looked on when the starlight  
    falls  
Through the blue stillness of the summer air,  
Not by the torchfire wavering on the walls —  
It hath too fitful and too wild a glare!  
And thou! — thy rest, the soft, the lovely, seems  
To ask light steps, that will not break its dreams.

<sup>1</sup> The form of this poem was ■ good deal altered by Mrs.  
Hemans some years after its first publication, and, though  
done so perhaps to advantage, one verse was omitted. As  
originally written, the two following stanzas concluded the  
piece: —

For the most loved are they  
Of whom Fame speaks not with her clarion voice  
In regal halls! The shades o'erhang their way;  
The vale, with its deep fountains, is their choice,  
And gentle hearts rejoice  
Around their steps; till silently they die,  
As ■ stream shrinks from summer's burning eye.

Flowers are upon thy brow; for so the dead  
Were crowned of old, with pale spring flowers  
    like these:  
Sleep on thine eye hath sunk; yet softly shed  
As from the wing of some faint southern breeze:  
And the pine boughs o'ershadow thee with gloom,  
Which of the grove seems breathing, not the cry b.

They feared not death, whose calm and gracious  
    thought  
Of the last hour hath settled thus in thee!  
They who thy wreath of pallid roses wrought,  
And laid thy head against the forest tree,  
As that of one, by music's dreamy close,  
On the wood violets lulled to deep repose.

They feared not death! — yet who shall say his  
    touch  
Thus lightly falls on gentle things and fair?  
Doth he bestow, or will he leave so much  
Of tender beauty as thy features wear?  
Thou sleeper of the bower! on whose young eyes  
So still a night, a night of summer, lies!

Had they seen aught like thee? Did some  
    fair boy  
Thus, with his graceful hair, before them rest?  
— His graceful hair, no more to wave in joy,  
But drooping, as with heavy dews oppressed;  
And his eye veiled so softly by its fringe,  
And his lip faded to the white rose tinge?

O, happy, if to them the one dread hour  
Made known its lessons from a brow like thine  
If all their knowledge of the spoiler's power  
Came by a look so tranquilly divine!  
— Let him who *thus* hath seen the lovely part,  
Hold well that image to his thoughtful heart.

But thou, fair slumberer! was there less of woe,  
Or love, or terror, in the days of old,  
That men poured out their gladdening spirit's  
    flow,  
Like sunshine, on the desolate and cold,  
And gave thy semblance to the shadowy king,  
Who for deep souls had then a deeper sting?

In the dark bosom of the earth they laid  
Far more than we — for loftier faith is ours!

And the world knows not then,  
Not then, nor ever, what pure thoughts are fled!  
Yet these are they, who on the souls of men  
Come back, when night her folding veil hath spread,  
The long-remembered dead!  
But not with thee might aught save glory dwell —  
Fade, fade away, thou shore of asphodel!



*Their* gems were lost in ashes — yet they made  
The grave a place of beauty and of flowers,  
With fragrant wreaths, and summer boughs  
arrayed,  
And lovely sculpture gleaming through the  
shade.

Is it for *us* a darker gloom to shed  
O'er its dim precincts? — do we not intrust  
But for a time its chambers with our dead,  
And strew immortal seed upon the dust?  
Why should *we* dwell on that which lies be-  
neath,  
When living light hath touched the brow of  
death?

### THE TOMBS OF PLATÆA.

FROM A PAINTING BY WILLIAMS.

AND there they sleep! — the men who stood  
In arms before th' exulting sun,  
And bathed their spears in Persian blood,  
And taught the earth how freedom might be  
won.

They sleep! — th' Olympic wreaths are dead,  
Th' Athenian lyres are hushed and gone;  
The Dorian voice of song is fled —  
Slumber, ye mighty! slumber deeply on.

They sleep — and seems not all around  
As hallowed unto glory's tomb?  
Silence is on the battle ground,  
The heavens are loaded with a breathless gloom.

And stars are watching on their height,  
But dimly seen through mist and cloud;  
And still and solemn is the light  
Which folds the plain, ■ with ■ glimmering  
shroud.

And thou, pale Night-queen! here thy beams  
Are not as those the shepherd loves,  
Nor look they down on shining streams,  
By Naiads haunted in their laurel groves.

Thou seest no pastoral hamlet sleep,  
In shadowy quiet, 'midst its vines;  
No temple gleaming from the steep,  
Midst the gray olives or the mountain pines:

But o'er ■ dim and boundless waste,  
Thy rays, e'en like ■ tomb lamp's, brood,  
Where man's departed steps are traced  
out by his dust, amidst the solitude.

And be it thus! — What slaves shall tread  
O'er freedom's ancient battle plains?  
Let deserts wrap the glorious dead  
When their bright Land sits weeping o'er her  
chains.

Here, where the Persian clarion rung,  
And where the Spartan sword flashed high,  
And where the pæan strains were sung,  
From year to year swelled on by liberty;

Here should no voice, no sound, be heard,  
Until the bonds of Greece be riven,  
Save of the leader's charging word,  
Or the shrill trumpet, pealing up through  
heaven!

Rest in your silent homes, ye brave!  
No vines festoon your lonely tree,<sup>1</sup>  
No harvest o'er your war field wave,  
Till rushing winds proclaim, The land is free!

### THE VIEW FROM CASTRI.

FROM A PAINTING BY WILLIAMS.

THERE have been bright and glorious pageants  
here,  
Where now gray stones and moss-grown col-  
umns lie;  
There have been words which earth grew pale  
to hear,  
Breathed from the cavern's misty chambers  
nigh:  
There have been voices through the sunny sky,  
And the pine woods, their choral hymn notes  
sending,  
And reeds and lyres, their Dorian melody  
With incense clouds around the temple blending,  
And throngs with laurel boughs before the altar  
bending.

There have been treasures of the seas and isles  
Brought to the Day-god's now forsaken throne  
Thunders have pealed along the rock defiles,  
When the far-echoing battle horn made known  
That foes were on their way! The deep wind's  
moan

Hath chilled th' invader's heart with secret fear  
And from the Sibyl grottoes, wild and lone,

<sup>1</sup> A single tree appears in Mr. Williams's impressive picture.

Storms have gone forth, which, in their fierce career,  
From his bold hand have struck the banner  
and the spear.

The shrine hath sunk ! — but thou unchanged  
art there !

Mount of the voice and vision, robed with  
dreams !

Unchanged — and rising through the radiant air,  
With thy dark waving pines, and flashing  
streams,

And all thy founts of song ! ' Heir bright course  
teems

With inspiration yet ; and each dim haze,  
Or golden cloud which floats around thee, seems  
As with its mantle veiling from our gaze  
The mysteries of the past, the gods of elder  
days !

Away, vain fantasies ! — doth less of power  
Dwell round thy summit, or thy cliffs invest,  
Though, in deep stillness, now the ruin's flower  
Wave o'er the pillars mouldering on thy  
breast ?

— Lift through the free blue heavens thine ar-  
rowy crest !

Let the great rocks their solitude regain !  
No Delphian lyres now break thy noontide rest  
With their full chords : — but silent be the  
strain !

Thou hast ■ mightier voice to speak th' Eter-  
nal's reign ! ■

### THE FESTAL HOUR.

WHEN ■ the lessons given  
That shake the startled earth ? When wakes the  
foe

While the friend sleeps ? When falls the trai-  
tor's blow ?

When are proud sceptres riven,  
High hopes o'erthrown ? — It is when lands re-  
joice,

When cities blaze, and lift th' exulting voice,  
And wave their banners to the kindling heaven !

Fear ye the festal hour !  
When mirth o'erflows, then tremble ! — 'Twas  
■ night  
Of gorgeous revel, wreaths, and dance, and light,

When through the regal bower  
The trumpet pealed ere yet the song was done  
And there were shrieks in golden Babylon,  
And trampling armies, ruthless in their power.

The marble shrines were crowned ;  
Young voices, through the blue Athenian sky,  
And Dorian reeds, made summer melody,  
And censers waved around ;  
And lyres were strung and bright libations  
poured !

When through the streets flashed out th' aven-  
ging sword,  
Fearless and free, the sword with myrtles  
bound ! <sup>2</sup>

Through Rome a triumph passed.  
Rich in her Sun-god's mantling beams went by  
That long array of glorious pageantry,  
With shout and trumpet blast.

An empire's gems their starry splendor shed  
O'er the proud march ; a king in chains was  
led ;

A stately victor, crowned and robed, came last. <sup>3</sup>

And many ■ Dryad's bower  
Had lent the laurels which, in waving play,  
Stirred the warm air, and glistened round his  
way

As a quick-flashing shower.  
— O'er his own porch, meantime, the cypress  
hung,

Through his fair halls a cry of anguish rung —  
Woe for the dead ! — the father's broken flower !

A sound of lyre and song,  
In the still night, went floating o'er the Nile,  
Whose waves, by many an old mysterious pile.  
Swept with that voice along ;  
And lamps were shining o'er the red wine's  
foam

Where a chief revelled in a monarch's dome,  
And fresh rose garlands decked ■ glittering  
throng.

'Twas Antony that bade  
The joyous chords ring out ! But strains arose  
Of wilder omen at the banquet's close !  
Sounds by no mortal made, <sup>4</sup>

■ The sword of Harmodius.

<sup>3</sup> Paulus Æmilius, one of whose sons died a few days  
before, and another shortly after, his triumph on the con-  
quest of Macedon, when Perseus, king of that country, ■  
led in chains.

<sup>4</sup> See the description given by Plutarch, in his life of

<sup>1</sup> This, with the preceding, and several of the following  
pieces, first appeared in the *Edinburgh Magazine*.

Shook Alexandria through her streets that night,  
And passed — and with another sunset's light,  
The kingly Roman on his bier was laid.

Bright 'midst its vineyards lay  
The fair Campanian city,<sup>1</sup> with its towers  
And temples gleaming through dark olive  
bowers,

Clear in the golden day;  
Joy was around it as the glowing sky,  
And crowds had filled its halls of revelry,  
And all the sunny air was music's way.

A cloud came o'er the face  
Of Italy's rich heaven! — its crystal blue  
Was changed, and deepened to a wrathful hue  
Of night, o'ershadowing space  
As with the wings of death! — in all his power  
Vesuvius woke, and hurled the burning shower,  
And who could tell the buried city's place?

Such things have been of yore,  
In the gay regions where the citrons blow,  
And purple summers all their sleepy glow  
On the grape clusters pour;  
And where the palms to spicy winds are waving,  
Along clear seas of melting sapphire, laving,  
As with a flow of light, their southern shore.

Turn we to other climes! —  
Far in the Druid isle a feast was spread,  
Midst the rock altars of the warrior dead;<sup>2</sup>  
And ancient battle rhymes  
Were chanted to the harp; and yellow mead  
Went flowing round, and tales of martial deed  
And lofty songs of Britain's elder time; —

But ere the giant fane  
Cast its broad shadows on the robe of even,  
Hushed were the bards, and in the face of heaven,  
O'er that old burial plain,  
Flashed the keen Saxon dagger! — blood was  
streaming  
Where late the mead cup to the sun was gleam-  
ing,  
And Britain's hearths were heaped that night in  
vain —

Antony, of the supernatural sounds heard in the streets of  
Alexandria, the night before Antony's death.

<sup>1</sup> Herculaneum, of which it is related, that all the in-  
habitants were assembled in the theatres, when the shower  
of ashes which overwhelmed the city descended.

<sup>2</sup> Stonehenge, said by some traditions to have been erect-  
ed to the memory of Ambrosius, an early British king; and  
by others mentioned as a monumental record of the massacre  
of British chiefs here alluded to.

For they returned no more!  
They that went forth at morn, with reckless heart  
In that fierce banquet's mirth to bear their part  
And on the rushy floor,  
And the bright spears and bucklers of the walls.  
The high wood fires were blazing in their halls;  
But not for them — they slept — their feast was  
o'er!

Fear ye the festal hour!  
Ay, tremble when the cup of joy o'erflows!  
Tame down the swelling heart! The bridal rose.  
And the rich myrtle's flower,  
Have veiled the sword! Red wines have spar-  
kled fast  
From venomed goblets, and soft breezes passed  
With fatal perfume through the revel's bower.

Twine the young glowing wreath!  
But pour not all your spirit in the song,  
Which through the sky's deep azure floats along  
Like summer's quickening breath!  
The ground is hollow in the path of mirth:  
O, far too daring seems the joy of earth,  
So darkly pressed and girdled in by death!

["'The Festal Hour' certainly appears to us to be one  
of the noblest, regular, and classical odes in the English  
language — happy in the general idea, and rich in imagery  
and illustration." — DR. MOREHEAD in *Constable's Magazine*  
Sept. 1823.]

### SONG OF THE BATTLE OF MOR- GARTEN.

["In the year 1315, Switzerland was invaded by Duke  
Leopold of Austria, with a formidable army. It is well at-  
tested that this prince repeatedly declared he 'would tram-  
ple the audacious rustics under his feet;' and that he had  
procured a large stock of cordage, for the purpose of bind-  
ing their chiefs, and putting them to death.

"The 15th October, 1315, dawned. The sun darted its  
first rays on the shields and armor of the advancing host;  
and this being the first army ever known to have attempted  
the frontiers of the cantons, the Swiss viewed its long line  
with various emotions. Montfort de Tettmang led the cav-  
alry into the narrow pass, and soon filled the whole space  
between the mountain (Mount Sattel) and the lake. The  
fifty men on the eminence (above Morgarten) raised a sud-  
den shout, and rolled down heaps of rocks and stones among  
the crowded ranks. The confederates on the mountain,  
perceiving the impression made by this attack, rushed down  
in close array, and fell upon the flank of the disordered  
column. With massy clubs they dashed in pieces the armor  
of the enemy, and dealt their blows and thrusts with long  
pikes. The narrowness of the defile admitted of no evolu-  
tions, and a slight frost having injured the road, the horses  
were impeded in all their motions; many leaped into the  
lake; all were startled; and at last the whole column gave  
way, and fell suddenly back on the infantry; and these



last, as the nature of the country did not allow them to open their files, were run over by the fugitives, and many of them trampled to death. A general rout ensued, and Duke Leopold was with much difficulty rescued by a peasant, who led him to Winerthur, where the historian of the times saw him arrive in the evening, pale, sullen, and dismayed." — PLANTA'S *History of the Helvetic Confederacy*.]

THE wine month<sup>1</sup> shone in its golden prime,  
And the red grapes clustering hung,  
But a deeper sound, through the Switzer's clime,  
Than the vintage music, rung!  
A sound through vaulted cave,  
A sound through echoing glen,  
Like the hollow swell of a rushing wave;  
'Twas the tread of steel-girt men.

And a trumpet, pealing wild and far,  
'Midst the ancient rocks was blown,  
Till the Alps replied to that voice of war  
With a thousand of their own.  
And through the forest glooms  
Flashed helmets to the day;  
And the winds were tossing knightly plumes,  
Like the larch boughs in their play.

In Hasli's<sup>2</sup> wilds there was gleaming steel  
As the host of the Austrian passed;  
And the Schreckhorn's<sup>3</sup> rocks with a savage peal  
Made mirth of his clarion's blast.  
Up 'midst the Righi snows  
The stormy march was heard,  
With the charger's tramp, whence fire sparks rose,  
And the leader's gathering word.

But a band, the noblest band of all,  
Through the rude Morgarten strait,  
With blazoned streamers and lances tall,  
Moved onwards in princely state.  
They came with heavy chains  
For the race despised so long —  
But amidst his Alp domains,  
The herdsman's arm is strong.

The sun was reddening the clouds of morn  
When they entered the rock defile,  
And shrill as a joyous hunter's horn  
Their bugles rang the while.  
But on the misty height  
Where the mountain people stood,  
There was stillness as of night  
When storms at distance brood.

There was stillness as of deep, dead night,  
And a pause — but not of fear,  
While the Switzers gazed on the gathering might  
Of the hostile shield and spear.  
On wound those columns bright  
Between the lake and wood,  
But they looked not to the misty height  
Where the mountain people stood.

The pass was filled with their serried power,  
All helmed and mail arrayed,  
And their steps had sounds like a thunder  
shower  
In the rustling forest shade.  
There were prince and crested knight,  
Hemmed in by cliff and flood,  
When a shout arose from the misty height  
Where the mountain people stood.

And the mighty rocks came bounding down  
Their startled foes among,  
With a joyous whirl from the summit thrown —  
O, the herdsman's arm is strong! —  
They came like *lauwine*<sup>4</sup> hurled  
From Alp to Alp in play,  
When the echoes shout through the snowy  
world,  
And the pines are borne away.

The fir woods crashed on the mountain side,  
And the Switzers rushed from high,  
With a sudden charge, on the flower and pride  
Of the Austrian chivalry:  
Like hunters of the deer,  
They stormed the narrow dell;  
And first in the shock, with Uri's spear,  
Was the arm of William Tell.<sup>5</sup>

There was tumult in the crowded strait,  
And a cry of wild dismay;  
And many a warrior met his fate  
From a peasant's hand that day!  
And the Empire's banner then,  
From its place of waving free,  
Went down before the shepherd men,  
The men of the Forest Sea.

With their pikes and massy clubs they brake  
The cuirass and the shield,  
And the war horse dashed to the reddening lake  
From the reapers of the field!

<sup>1</sup> *Wine month*, the German name for October.

<sup>2</sup> *Hasli*, a wild district in the canton of Berne.

<sup>3</sup> *Schreckhorn*, the *peak of terror*, a mountain in the canton of Berne

<sup>4</sup> *Lauwine*, the Swiss name for the *avalanche*.

<sup>5</sup> William Tell's name is particularly mentioned amongst the confederates at Morgarten

The field — but not of sheaves —  
Proud crests and pennons lay,  
Strewn o'er it thick as the birch-wood leaves  
In the autumn tempest's way.

O, the sun in heaven fierce havoc viewed  
When the Austrian turned to fly,  
And the brave, in the trampling multitude,  
Had ■ fearful death to die !  
And the leader of the war  
At eve unhelmed was seen,  
With ■ hurrying step on the wilds afar,  
And a pale and troubled mien.

But the sons of the land which the freeman tills  
Went back from the battle toil,  
To their cabin homes 'midst the deep-green hills,  
All burdened with royal spoil.  
There were songs and festal fires  
On the soaring Alps that night,  
When children sprang to greet their sires  
From the wild Morgarten fight.

### ODE

ON THE DEFEAT OF KING SEBASTIAN OF PORTUGAL,  
AND HIS ARMY, IN AFRICA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH OF HERRERA.

[FERDINAND DE HERRERA, surnamed the Divine, was ■ Spanish poet who lived in the reign of Charles V., and is still considered by the Castilians as one of their classic writers. He aimed at the introduction of a new style into Spanish poetry, and his lyrics are distinguished by the sustained majesty of their language, the frequent recurrence of expressions and images derived apparently from a fervent study of the prophetic books of Scripture, and the lofty tone of national pride maintained throughout, and justified indeed by the nature of the subjects to which some of these productions are devoted. This last characteristic is blended with ■ deep and enthusiastic feeling of religion, which rather exalts than tempers the haughty confidence of the poet in the high destinies of his country. Spain is to him what Judea was to the bards who sang beneath the shadow of her palm trees — the chosen and favored land, whose people, severed from all others by the purity and devotedness of their faith, are peculiarly called to wreak the vengeance of Heaven upon the infidel. This triumphant conviction is powerfully expressed in his magnificent Ode on the Battle of Lepanto.]

The impression of deep solemnity left upon the mind of the Spanish reader, by another of Herrera's lyric compositions, will, it is feared, be very inadequately conveyed through the medium of the following translation.]

"Voz de dolor, y canto de gemido," etc.

A VOICE of woe, a murmur of lament,  
A spirit of deep fear and mingled ire ;  
Let such record the day, the day of wail  
For Lusitania's bitter chastening sent !

She who hath seen her power, her fame expire,  
And mourns them in the dust, discrowned and  
pale,

And let the awful tale  
With grief and horror every realm o'erslade,  
From Afric's burning main  
To the far sea, in other hues arrayed,  
And the red limits of the Orient's reign,  
Whose nations, haughty though subdued, behold  
Christ's glorious banner to the winds unfold.

Alas ! for those that in embattled power,  
And vain array of chariots and of horse,  
O desert Libya ! sought thy fatal coast !  
And trusting not in Him, the eternal source  
Of might and glory, but in earthly force,  
Making the strength of multitudes their boast,  
A flushed and crested host,  
Elate in lofty dreams of victory, trod  
Their path of pride, as o'er a conquered land  
Given for the spoil ; nor raised their eyes to God :  
And Israel's Holy One withdrew his hand,  
Their sole support ; — and heavily and prone  
They fell — the ear, the steed, the rider, all  
o'erthrown !

It came, the hour of wrath, the hour of woe,  
Which to deep solitude and tears consigned  
The peopled realm, the realm of joy and  
mirth.

A gloom was on the heavens, no mantling glow  
Announced the morn — it seemed ■ nature  
pined,  
And boding clouds obscured the sunbeam's birth ;  
While, startling the pale earth,  
Bursting upon the mighty and the proud  
With visitation dread,  
Their crests th' Eternal, in his anger, bowed,  
And raised barbarian nations o'er their head,  
Th' inflexible, the fierce, who seek not gold,  
But vengeance on their foes, relentless, uncon-  
trolled.

Then was the sword let loose, the flaming sword  
Of the strong infidel's ignoble hand,  
Amidst that host, the pride, the flower, the  
crown

Of thy fair knighthood ; and the insatiate horde,  
Not with thy life content, O ruined land !  
Sad Lusitania ! even thy bright renown  
Defaced and trampled down ;  
And scattered, rushing as ■ torrent flood,  
Thy pomp of arms and banners ; — till the sands  
Became a lake of blood — thy noblest blood !  
The plain a mountain of thy slaughtered bands

Strength on thy foes, resistless might was shed ;  
On thy devoted sons — amaze, and shame, and  
dread.

Are *these* the conquerors, *these* the lords of fight,  
The warrior men, th' invincible, the famed,  
Who shook the earth with terror and dismay,  
Whose spoils were empires? — They that in  
their might

The haughty strength of savage nations tamed,  
And gave the spacious Orient realms of day

To desolation's sway,  
Making the cities of imperial name

E'en as the desert place?  
Where now the fearless heart, the soul of flame?  
Thus has their glory closed its dazzling race  
In one brief hour? Is this their valor's doom,  
On distant shores to fall, and find not e'en a  
tomb?

Once were they, in their splendor and their pride,  
As an imperial cedar on the brow  
Of the great Lebanon! It rose, arrayed  
In its rich pomp of foliage, and of wide  
Majestic branches, leaving far below  
All children of the forest. To its shade

The waters tribute paid,  
Fostering its beauty. Birds found shelter there  
Whose flight is of the loftiest through the sky,  
And the wild mountain creatures made their lair  
Beneath; and nations by its canopy

Were shadowed o'er. Supreme it stood, and ne'er  
Had earth beheld a tree so excellently fair.

But all elated, on its verdant stem,  
Confiding solely in its regal height,  
It soared presumptuous, as for empire born;  
And God for this removed its diadem,  
And cast it from its regions of delight,  
Forth to the spoiler, as ■ prey and scorn,

By the deep roots upturn!  
And lo! encumbering the lone hills it lay,  
Shorn of its leaves, dismantled of its state;  
While, pale with fear, men hurried far away,  
Who in its ample shade had found so late  
Their bower of rest; and nature's savage race  
'Midst the great ruin sought their dwelling-place.

But thou, base Libya! thou whose arid sand  
Hath been a kingdom's death bed, where one fate  
Closed her bright life and her majestic fame —  
Though to thy feeble and barbarian hand  
Hath fallen the victory, be not thou elate!  
Boast not thyself, though thine that day of  
shame,

Unworthy of ■ name!  
Know, if the Spaniard in his wrath advance,  
Aroused to vengeance by ■ nation's cry,  
Pierced by his searching lance,  
Soon shalt thou expiate crime with agony,  
And thine affrighted streams to ocean's flood  
An ample tribute bear of Afric's Paynim blood

## SEBASTIAN OF PORTUGAL.

### A DRAMATIC FRAGMENT.

#### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SEBASTIAN.  
GONZALEZ, his friend.

ZAMOR, a young Arab.  
SYLVEIRA.

SCENE I. — *The Sea Shore near Lisbon.*

SEBASTIAN, GONZALEZ, ZAMOR.

Seb. WITH what young life and fragrance in  
its breath

My native air salutes me! From the groves  
Of citron, and the mountains of the vine,  
And thy majestic tide thus foaming on  
In power and freedom o'er its golden sands.  
Fair stream, my Tajo! youth, with all its glow

And pride of feeling, through my soul and frame  
Again seems rushing, as these noble waves  
Past their bright shores flow joyously. Sweet  
land,

My own, my fathers' land, of sunny skies  
And orange bowers! — O, is it not a dream  
That thus I tread thy soil? Or do I wake  
From a dark dream but now! Gonzalez, say  
Doth it not bring the flush of early life  
Back on th' awakening spirit, thus to gaze



On the far-sweeping river, and the shades  
Which, in their undulating motion, speak  
Of gentle winds amidst bright waters born,  
After the fiery skies and dark-red sands  
Of the lone desert? Time and toil must needs  
Have changed *our* mien; but this, our blessed  
land,

Hath gained but richer beauty since we bade  
Her glowing shores farewell. Seems it not thus?  
Thy brow is clouded.

*Gon.* To mine eye the scene  
Wears, amidst all its quiet loveliness,  
A hue of desolation; and the calm,  
The solitude and silence which pervade  
Earth, air, and ocean, seem belonging less  
To peace than sadness! We have proudly stood  
Even on this shore, beside th' Atlantic wave,  
When it hath looked not thus.

*Seb.* Ay, now thy soul  
Is in the past! O, no! it looked not thus  
When the morn smiled upon our thousand sails,  
And the winds blew for Afric. How that hour,  
With all its hues of glory, seems to burst  
Again upon my vision! I behold  
The stately barks, the arming, the array,  
The crests, the banners of my chivalry,  
Swayed by the sea breeze till their motion showed  
Like joyous life! How the proud billows foamed!  
And the oars flashed like lightnings of the deep,  
And the tall spears went glancing to the sun,  
And scattering round quick rays, as if to guide  
The valiant unto fame! Ay, the blue heaven  
Seemed for that noble scene a canopy  
Scarce too majestic, while it rang afar  
To peals of warlike sound! My gallant bands!  
Where are you now?

*Gon.* Bid the wide desert tell  
Where sleep its dead! To mightier hosts than  
them

Hath it lent graves ere now; and on its breast  
Is room for nations yet!

*Seb.* It cannot be  
That all have perished! Many a noble man,  
Made captive on that war field, may have burst  
His bonds like ours. Cloud not this fleeting  
hour,

Which to my soul is as the fountain's draught  
To the parched lip of fever, with a thought  
So darkly sad!

*Gon.* O, never, never cast  
That deep remembrance from you! When once  
more

Your place is 'midst earth's rulers, let it dwell  
Around you, as the shadow of your throne,  
Wherein the land may rest. My king! this hour

(Solemn as that which to the voyager's eye,  
In far and dim perspective, doth unfold  
A new and boundless world) may haply be  
The last in which the courage and the power  
Of truth's high voice may reach you. Who  
may stand

As man to man, as friend to friend, before  
Th' ancestral throne of monarchs? Or perchance  
Toils, such as tame the loftiest to endurance,  
Henceforth may wait us here! But howsoe'er  
This be, the lessons now from sufferings past  
Befit all time, all change. O, by the blood,  
The free, the generous blood of Portugal,  
Shed on the sands of Afric — by the names  
Which, with their centuries of high renown,  
There died, extinct forever — let not those  
Who stood in hope and glory at our side  
Here, on this very sea beach, whence they passed  
To fall, and leave no trophy — let them not  
Be soon, be e'er forgotten! for their fate  
Bears a deep warning in its awfulness,  
Whence power might well learn wisdom!

*Seb.* Thinkst thou, then,  
That years of sufferance and captivity,  
Such as have bowed down eagle hearts ere now,  
And made high energies their spoil, have passed  
So lightly o'er my spirit? It is not thus!  
The things thou wouldst recall are not of those  
To be forgotten! But my heart hath still  
A sense, a bounding pulse for hope and joy,  
And it is joy which whispers in the breeze  
Sent from my own free mountains. Brave Gon-  
zalez!

Thou'rt one to make thy fearless heart a shield  
Unto thy friend, in the dark stormy hour  
When knightly crests are trampled, and proud  
helms

Cleft, and strong breastplates shivered. Thou  
art one

To infuse the soul of gallant fortitude  
Into the captive's bosom, and beguile  
The long slow march beneath the burning noon  
With lofty patience; but for those quick bursts,  
Those buoyant efforts of the soul to cast  
Her weight of care to earth, those brief delights  
Whose source is in a sunbeam, or a sound  
Which stirs the blood, or a young breeze, whose  
wing

Wanders in chainless joy; for things like these  
Thou hast no sympathies! And thou, my Zamor,  
Art wrapped in thought! I welcome thee to this,  
The kingdom of my fathers. Is it not  
A goodly heritage?

*Zam.* The land is fair;  
But he, the archer of the wilderness,

Beholdeth not the palms beneath whose shade  
His tents are scattered, and his camels rest ;  
And therefore is he sad !

*Seb.* Thou must not pine  
With that sick yearning of th' impatient heart,  
Which makes the exile's life one fevered dream  
Of skies, and hills, and voices far away,  
And faces wearing the familiar hues  
Lent by his native sunbeams. I have known  
Too much of this, and would not see another  
Thus daily die. If it be so with thee,  
My gentle Zamor, speak. Rehold, our bark  
Yet, with her white sails catching sunset's glow,  
Lies within signal reach. If it be thus,  
Then fare thee well — farewell, thou brave, and  
true,

And generous friend ! How often is our path  
Crossed by some being whose bright spirit sheds  
A passing gladness o'er it, but whose course  
Leads down another current, nevermore  
To blend with ours ! Yet far within our souls,  
Amidst the rushing of the busy world,  
Dwells many a secret thought, which lingers yet  
Around that image. And e'en so, kind Zamor !  
Shalt thou be long remembered.

*Zam.* By the fame  
Of my brave sire, whose deeds the warrior tribes  
Tell round the desert's watchfire, at the hour  
Of silence, and of coolness, and of stars,  
I will not leave thee ! 'Twas in such an hour  
The dreams of rest were on me, and I lay  
Shrouded in slumber's mantle, as within  
The chambers of the dead. Who saved me then,  
When the pard, soundless as the midnight, stole  
Soft on the sleeper ? Whose keen dart transfixed  
The monarch of the solitudes ? I woke,  
And saw *thy* javelin crimsoned with his blood,  
Thou, my deliverer ! and my heart e'en then  
Called thee its brother.

*Seb.* For that gift of life  
With one of tenfold price, even freedom's self,  
Thou hast repaid me well.

*Zam.* Then bid me not  
Forsake thee ! Though my father's tents may  
rise

At times upon my spirit, yet my home  
Shall be amidst thy mountains, prince ! and thou  
Shall be my chief, until I see thee robed  
With all thy power. When thou canst need no  
more

Thine Arab's faithful heart and vigorous arm,  
From the green regions of the setting sun  
Then shall the wanderer turn his steps, and seek  
His Orient wilds again.

*Seb.* Be near me still,

And ever, O my warrior ! I shall stand  
Again amidst my hosts a mail-clad king,  
Begirt with spears and banners, and the pomp  
And the proud sounds of battle. Be thy place  
Then at my side. When doth a monarch cease  
To need true hearts, bold hands ? Not in the  
field

Of arms, nor on the throne of power, nor yet  
The couch of sleep. Be our friend, we will not  
part.

*Gon.* Be all thy friends thus faithful, for e'en  
yet

They may be fiercely tried.

*Seb.* I doubt them not.

Even now my heart beats high to meet *their*  
welcome.

Let us away !

*Gon.* Yet hear once more, my liege.

The humblest pilgrim, from his distant shrine  
Returning, finds not e'en his peasant home  
Unchanged amidst its vineyards. Some loved  
face,

Which made the sunlight of his lowly board,  
Is touched by sickness ; some familiar voice  
Greets him no more ; and shall not fate and time  
Have done their work, since last we parted hence,  
Upon an empire ? Ay, within those years,  
Hearts from their ancient worship have fallen off,  
And bowed before new stars ; high names have  
sunk

From their supremacy of place, and others  
Gone forth, and made themselves the mighty  
sounds

At which thrones tremble. O, be slow to trust  
E'en those to whom your smiles were wont to  
seem

As light is unto flowers. Search well the depths  
Of bosoms in whose keeping you would shrine  
The secret of your state. Storms pass not by  
Leaving earth's face unchanged.

*Seb.* Whence didst thou learn  
The cold distrust which casts so deep a shadow  
O'er a most noble nature ?

*Gon.* Life hath been  
My stern and only teacher. I have known  
Vicissitudes in all things, but the most  
In human hearts. O, yet while tame down  
That royal spirit, till the hour be come  
When it may burst its bondage ! On thy brow  
The suns of burning climes have set their seal,  
And toil, and years, and perils have not passed  
O'er the bright aspect, and the ardent eye,  
As doth a breeze of summer. Be that change  
The mask beneath whose shelter thou mayst read  
Men's thoughts, and veil thine own.



*Seb.* Am I thus changed  
 From all I was? And yet it needs must be,  
 Since e'en my soul hath caught another hue  
 From its long sufferings. Did I not array  
 The gallant flower of Lusian chivalry,  
 And lead the mighty of the land, to pour  
 Destruction on the Moslem? I return,  
 And as a fearless and a trusted friend,  
 Bring, from the realms of my captivity,  
 An Arab of the desert! — But the sun  
 Hath sunk below th' Atlantic. Let us hence —  
 Gonzalez, fear me not. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. — *A Street in Lisbon illuminated.*

MANY CITIZENS.

*1st Cit.* In sooth our city wears a goodly mien,  
 With her far-blazing fanes, and festive lamps  
 Shining from all her marble palaces,  
 Countless as heaven's fair stars. The humblest  
 lattice  
 Sends forth its radiance. How the sparkling  
 waves

Fling back the light!

*2d Cit.* Ay, 'tis a gallant show;  
 And one which serves, like others, to conceal  
 Things which must not be told.

*3d Cit.* What wouldst thou say?

*2d Cit.* That which may scarce, in perilous  
 times like these,

Be said with safety. Hast thou looked within  
 Those stately palaces? Were they but peopled  
 With the high race of warlike nobles, once  
 Their princely lords, think'st thou, good friend,  
 that now

They would be glittering with this hollow pomp,  
 To greet a conqueror's entrance?

*3d Cit.* Thou say'st well.

None but a land forsaken of its chiefs  
 Had been so lost and won.

*4th Cit.* The lot is cast;

We have but to yield. Hush! for some stran-  
 gers come:

Now, friends, beware.

*1st Cit.* Did the king pass this way  
 At morning, with his train?

*2d Cit.* Ay: saw you not  
 The long and rich procession?

SEBASTIAN enters with GONZALEZ and ZAMOR.

*Seb.* (to *Gon.*) This should be  
 The night of some high festival. E'en thus  
 My royal city to the skies sent up,  
 From her illumined fanes and towers, a voice  
 Of gladness, welcoming our first return

From Afric's coast. Speak thou, Gonzalez! ask  
 The cause of this rejoicing. To my heart  
 Deep feelings rush, so mingling and so fast,  
 My voice perchance might tremble.

*Gon.* Citizen,

What festal night is this, that all y-ur streets  
 Are thronged and glittering thus?

*1st Cit.* Hast thou not heard  
 Of the king's entry, in triumphal pomp,  
 This very morn?

*Gon.* The king! triumphal pomp! —  
 Thy words are dark.

*Seb.* Speak yet again; mine ears  
 Ring with strange sounds. Again!

*1st Cit.* I said, the king,  
 Philip of Spain, and now of Portugal,  
 This morning entered with a conqueror's train  
 Our city's royal palace; and for this  
 We hold our festival.

*Seb.* (in a low voice.) Thou said'st — the king!  
 His name? — I heard it not.

*1st Cit.* Philip of Spain.

*Seb.* Philip of Spain! We slumber till aroused  
 By th' earthquake's bursting shock. Hath there  
 not fallen

A sudden darkness? All things seem to float  
 Obscurely round me. Now 'tis past. The streets  
 Are blazing with strange fire. Go, quench those  
 lamps;

They glare upon me till my very brain  
 Grows dizzy, and doth whirl. How dare ye  
 thus

Light up your shrines for him?

*Gon.* Away, away!

This is no time, no scene —

*Seb.* Philip of Spain!

How name ye this fair land? Why, is it not  
 The free, the chivalrous Portugal? — the land  
 By the proud ransom of heroic blood  
 Won from the Moor of old? Did that red stream  
 Sink to the earth, and leave no fiery current  
 In the veins of noble men, that so its tide,  
 Full swelling at the sound of hostile steps,  
 Might be a kingdom's barrier?

*2d Cit.* That high blood

Which should have been our strength, profusely  
 shed

By the rash King Sebastian, bathed the plains  
 Of fatal Alcazar. Our monarch's guilt  
 Hath brought this ruin down.

*Seb.* Must this be heard,  
 And borne, and unchastised? Man, dar'st thou  
 stand

Before me face to face, and thus arraign  
 Thy sovereign?



*Zam. (aside to Seb.)* Shall I lift the sword, my prince,  
Against thy foes?

*Gon.* Be still — or all is lost.

*2d Cit.* I dare speak that which all men think  
and know.

'Tis to Sebastian, and his waste of life,  
And power, and treasure, that we owe these  
bonds.

*3d Cit.* Talk not of bonds. May our new  
monarch rule

The weary land in peace! But who art thou?  
Whence com'st thou, haughty stranger, that  
these things,  
Known to all nations, should be new to thee?

*Seb. (wildly.)* I come from regions where the  
cities lie

In ruins, not in chains!

[Exit with GONZALEZ and ZAMOR.]

*2d Cit.* He wears the mien  
Of one that hath commanded; yet his looks  
And words were strangely wild.

*1st Cit.* Marked you his fierce  
And haughty gesture, and the flash that broke  
From his dark eye, when King Sebastian's  
name

Became our theme?

*2d Cit.* Trust me, there's more in this  
Than may be lightly said. These are no times  
To breathe men's thoughts i' the open face of  
heaven

And ear of multitudes. They that would speak  
Of monarchs and their deeds should keep within  
Their quiet homes. Come, let us hence; and  
then

We'll commune of this stranger.

SCENE III. — *The Portico of a Palace.*

SEBASTIAN, GONZALEZ, ZAMOR.

*Seb.* Withstand me not! I tell thee that my  
soul,

With all its passionate energies, is roused  
Unto that fearful strength which *must* have way,  
E'en like the elements in their hour of might  
And mastery o'er creation.

*Gon.* But they wait  
That hour in silence. O, be calm a while —  
Thine is not come. My king —

*Seb.* I am no king,  
While in the very palace of my sires,  
Ay, where mine eyes first drank the glorious  
light,  
Where my soul's thrilling echoes first awoke  
To the high sound of earth's immortal names.

Th' usurper lives and reigns. I am no king  
Until I cast him thence.

*Zam.* Shall not thy voice  
Be as a trumpet to th' awak'ning land?  
Will not the bright swords flash like sunbursts  
forth,

When the brave hear their chief?

*Gon.* Peace, Zamor! peace!  
Child of the desert, what hast thou to do  
With the calm hour of counsel?

Monarch, pause.

A kingdom's destiny should not be the sport  
Of passion's reckless winds. There is a time  
When men, in very weariness of heart  
And careless desolation, tamed to yield  
By misery strong as death, will lay their souls  
E'en at the conqueror's feet — as nature sinks.  
After long torture, into cold, and dull,  
And heavy sleep. But comes there not an hour  
Of fierce atonement? Ay, the slumberer wakes  
With gathered strength and vengeance; and the  
sense

And the remembrance of his agonies  
Are in themselves ■ power, whose fearful path  
Is like the path of ocean, when the heavens  
Take off its interdict. Wait, then, the hour  
Of that high impulse.

*Seb.* Is it not the sun  
Whose radiant bursting through th' embattled  
clouds

Doth make it morn? The hour of which thou  
speak'st,

Itself, with all its glory, is the work  
Of some commanding nature, which doth bid  
The sullen shades disperse. Away! — e'en now  
The land's high hearts, the fearless and the true  
Shall know they have a leader. Is not this  
The mansion of mine own, mine earliest, friend  
Sylveira?

*Gon.* Ay, its glittering lamps too well  
Illume the stately vestibule to leave  
Our sight a moment's doubt. He ever loved  
Such pageantries.

*Seb.* His dwelling thus adorned  
On such a night! Yet will I seek him here.  
He must be faithful, and to him the first  
My tale shall be revealed. A sudden chill  
Falls on my heart; and yet I will not wrong  
My friend with dull suspicion. He hath been  
Linked all too closely with mine inmost soul.  
And what have I to lose?

*Gon.* Is their blood nought  
Who without hope will follow where thou lead'st  
E'en unto death?

*Seb.* Was that a brave man's voice?

Warrior and friend ! how long, then, hast thou  
learned

To hold thy blood thus dear ?

*Gon.* Of mine, mine own,  
Think'st thou I spoke ? When all is shed for  
thee

Thou'lt know me better.

*Seb.* (*entering the palace.*) For a while, fare-  
well. [*Exit.*]

*Gon.* Thus princes lead men's hearts. Come,  
follow me ;

And if a home is left me still, brave Zamor !

Where will I bid thee welcome. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. — *A Hall within the Palace.*

SEBASTIAN, SYLVEIRA.

*Sylv.* Whence art thou, stranger ? — what  
wouldst thou with me ?

There is a fiery wildness in thy mien  
Startling and almost fearful.

*Seb.* From the stern,  
And vast, and desolate wilderness, whose lord  
Is the fierce lion, and whose gentlest wind  
Breathes of the tomb, and whose dark children  
make

The bow and spear their law, men bear not back  
That smilingness of aspect, wont to mask  
The secrets of their spirits 'midst the stir  
Of courts and cities. I have looked on scenes  
Boundless, and strange, and terrible ; I have  
known

Sufferings which are not in the shadowy scope  
Of wild imagination ; and these things  
Have stamped me with their impress. Man of  
peace,

Thou look'st on one familiar with th' extremes  
Of grandeur and of misery.

*Sylv.* Stranger, speak  
Thy name and purpose briefly, for the time  
Ill suits these mysteries. I must hence : to-night  
I feast the lords of Spain.

*Seb.* Is that a task  
For King Sebastian's friend ?

*Sylv.* Sebastian's friend !  
That name hath lost its meaning. Will the dead  
Rise from their silent dwellings, to upbraid  
The living for their mirth ? The grave sets  
bounds

Unto all human friendship.

*Seb.* On the plain  
Of Alcazar, full many a stately flower,  
The pride and crown of some high house, was laid  
Low in the dust of Afric ; but of these  
Sebastian was not one.

*Sylv.* I am not skilled  
To deal with men of mystery. Take, then, off  
The strange, dark scrutiny of thine eye from  
mine.

What mean'st thou ? — Speak !

*Seb.* Sebastian died not there. —  
I read no joy in that cold, doubting mien.  
Is not thy name Sylveira ?

*Sylv.* Ay.

*Seb.* Why, then,  
Be glad ! I tell thee that Sebastian lives !  
Think thou on this — he lives ! Should he re-  
turn —

For he may yet return — and find the friend  
In whom he trusted with such perfect trust  
As should be Heaven's alone — mark'st thou my  
words ? —

Should he then find this man, not girt and armed,  
And watching o'er the heritage of his lord,  
But, reckless of high fame and loyal faith,  
Holding luxurious revels with his foes,  
How wouldst thou meet his glance ?

*Sylv.* As I do thine,  
Keen though it be, and proud.

*Seb.* Why, thou dost quail  
Before it ! even as if the burning eye  
Of the broad sun pursued thy shrinking soul  
Through all its depths.

*Sylv.* Away ! he died not there !  
He should have died there, with the chivalry  
And strength and honor of his kingdom, lost  
By his impetuous rashness.

*Seb.* This from thee ?  
Who hath given power to falsehood, that one  
gaze  
At its unmasked and withering mien should  
blight

High souls at once ? I wake. And this from thee ?  
There are whose eyes discern the secret springs  
Which lie beneath the desert, and the gold  
And gems within earth's caverns, far below  
The everlasting hills : but who hath dared  
To dream that Heaven's most awful attribute  
Invested his mortality, and to boast  
That through its inmost folds his glance could  
read

One heart, one human heart ? Why, then, to love  
And trust is but to lend a traitor arms  
Of keenest temper and unerring aim,  
Wherewith to pierce our souls. But thou, be-  
ware !

Sebastian lives !

*Sylv.* If it be so, and thou  
Art of his followers still, then bid him seek  
Far in the wilds, which gave one sepulchre

To his proud hosts, a kingdom and a home,  
For none is left him here.

*Seb.* This is to live  
An age of wisdom in an hour! The man  
Whose empire, as in scorn, o'erpass'd the bounds  
E'en of the infinite deep; whose Orient realms  
Lay bright beneath the morning, while the clouds  
Were brooding in their sunset mantle still,  
O'er his majestic regions of the West;  
This heir of far dominion shall return,  
And, in the very city of his birth,  
Shall find no home! Ay, I *will* tell him this,  
And he will answer that the tale is false,  
False as a traitor's hollow words of love;  
And that the stately dwelling, in whose halls  
We commune now — a friend's, a monarch's gift,  
Unto the chosen of his heart, Sylveira,  
Should yield him still a welcome.

*Sylv.* Fare thee well!  
I may not pause to hear thee, for thy words  
Are full of danger, and of snares, perchance  
Laid by some treacherous foe. But all in vain.  
I mock thy wiles to scorn.

*Seb.* Ha! ha! The snake  
Doth pride himself in his distorted cunning,  
Deeming it wisdom. Nay, thou go'st not thus.  
My heart is bursting, and I *will* be heard.  
What! know'st thou not my spirit was born to  
hold

Dominion over thine? Thou shalt not cast  
Those bonds thus lightly from thee. Stand  
thou there,  
And tremble in the presence of thy lord!

*Sylv.* This is all madness.

*Seb.* Madness! no, I say —  
'Tis Reason starting from her sleep, to feel,  
And see, and know, in all their cold distinctness,  
Things which come o'er her, as a sense of pain  
O' th' sudden wakes the dreamer. Stay thee yet;  
Be still. Thou'rt used to smile and to obey;  
Ay, and to weep. I have seen thy tears flow  
fast,

As from the fulness of a heart o'ercharged  
With loyal love. O, never, nevermore  
Let tears or smiles be trusted! When thy king  
Went forth on his disastrous enterprise,  
Upon thy bed of sickness thou wast laid,  
And he stood o'er thee with the look of one  
Who leaves a dying brother, and his eyes  
Were filled with tears like thine. No: *not* like  
thine:

His bosom knew no falsehood, and he deemed  
Thine clear and stainless as a warrior's shield,  
Wherein high deeds and noble forms alone  
Are brightly imaged forth.

*Sylv.* What now avail  
These recollections?

*Seb.* What! I have seen thee shrink,  
As a murderer from the eye of light, before me  
I have earned (how dearly and how bitterly  
It matters not, but I *have* earned at last)  
Deep knowledge, fearful wisdom. Now, begone!  
Hence to thy guests, and fear not, though ar-  
raigned  
E'en of Sebastian's friendship. Make his scorn  
(For he *will* scorn thee, as a crouching slave  
By all high hearts is scorn'd) thy right, thy  
charter

Unto vile safety. Let the secret voice,  
Whose low upbraidings will not sleep within thee,  
Be as a sign, a token of thy claim  
To all such guerdons as are showered on traitors,  
When noble men are crushed. And fear thou not:  
'Tis but the kingly cedar which the storm  
Hurls from his mountain throne — th' ignoble  
shrub,

Grovelling beneath, may live.

*Sylv.* It is *thy* part  
To tremble for thy life.

*Seb.* They that have looked  
Upon a heart like thine, should know too well  
The worth of life to tremble. Such things make  
Brave men, and reckless. Ay, and they whom  
fate

Would trample should be thus. It is enough —  
Thou mayst depart.

*Sylv.* And thou, if thou dost prize  
Thy safety, speed thee hence. [*Exit SYLVEIRA.*]

*Seb.* (*alone.*) And this is he  
Who was as mine own soul: whose image rose,  
Shadowing my dreams of glory with the thought  
That on the sick man's weary couch he lay,  
Pining to share my battles!

#### CHORUS.

Ye winds that sweep  
The conquered billows of the western deep,  
Or wander where the morn  
'Midst the resplendent Indian heavens is born,  
Waft o'er bright isles and glorious worlds the  
fame  
Of the crowned Spaniard's name:  
Till in each glowing zone  
Its might the nations own,  
And bow to him the vassal knee  
Whose sceptre shadows realms from sea to sea.

*Seb.* Away — away! this is no place for him  
Whose name hath thus resounded, but is now  
A word of desolation. [*Exit.*]



## THE SIEGE OF VALENCIA.

A DRAMATIC POEM.<sup>1</sup>

"Judicio ha dado esta no vista hazanna  
Del valor que en los siglos venideros  
Tendrán los Hijos de la fuerte Espanna,  
Hijos de tal padres herederos.

Hallò sola en Numancia todo quanto  
Debe con justo titulo cantarse  
Y lo que puede dar materia al canto" — CERVANTES, *Numancia*

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ALVAR GONZALEZ, *Governor of Valencia.*  
ALPHONSO, CARLOS, *his Sons.*  
HERNANDEZ, *a Priest.*  
ABDALLAH, *a Moorish Prince, Chief of*  
*the Army besieging Valencia.*

GARCIAS, *a Spanish Knight.*  
ELMINA, *Wife to Gonzalez.*  
XIMENA, *her Daughter.*  
THERESA, *an Attendant*

*Citizens, Soldiers, Attendants, &c.*

SCENE. — *Room in a Palace of Valencia.* — XI.  
MENA *singing to a lute.*

## BALLAD.

"Thou hast not been with a festal throng  
At the pouring of the wine;  
Men bear not from the hall of song  
A mien so dark as thine!

<sup>1</sup> *Advertisement by the Author.* — The history of Spain records two instances of the severe and self-devoting heroism which forms the subject of the following dramatic poem. The first of these occurred at the siege of Tarifa, which was defended, in 1294, for Sancho King of Castile, during the rebellion of his brother Don Juan, by Guzman surnamed the Good.<sup>2</sup> The second is related of Alonso Lopez de Texeda, who, until his garrison had been utterly disabled by pestilence, maintained the city of Zamora for the children of Don Pedro the Cruel, against the forces of Henrique of Trastamara.<sup>3</sup>

Impressive as were the circumstances which distinguished both these memorable sieges, it appeared to the author of the following pages that a deeper interest, as well as a stronger color of nationality, might be imparted to the scenes in which she has feebly attempted "to describe high passions and high actions," by connecting a religious feeling with the patriotism and high-minded loyalty which had thus been proved "faithful unto death," and by surrounding her ideal *dramatis personæ* with recollections derived from the heroic legends of Spanish chivalry. She has, for this reason, employed the agency of imaginary characters, and fixed upon Valencia del Cid as the scene to give them

"A local habitation and a name."

There's blood upon thy shield,  
There's dust upon thy plume,  
Thou hast brought from some disastrous field  
That brow of wrath and gloom!"

"And is there blood upon my shield?  
Maiden, it well may be!  
We have sent the streams from our battle field  
All darkened to the sea!

We have given the founts a stain,  
'Midst their woods of ancient pine;  
And the ground is wet — but not with rain,  
Deep dyed — but not with wine!

"The ground is wet — but not with rain.  
We have been in war array,  
And the noblest blood of Christian Spain  
Hath bathed her soil to-day.

I have seen the strong man die,  
And the stripling meet his fate,  
Where the mountain winds go sounding by  
In the Roncevalles' Strait.

"In the gloomy Roncevalles' Strait  
There are helms and lances cleft;  
And they that moved at morn elate  
On a bed of heath are left!

There's many a fair young face  
Which the war steed hath gone over,  
At many a board there is kept a place  
For those that come no more!"

See Quintana's "Vidas de Espanoles Celebres," p. 53.

<sup>2</sup> See the Preface to Southey's "Chronicle of the Cid."

"Alas! for love, for woman's breast,  
 If woe like this must be!  
 Hast thou seen a youth with an eagle crest,  
 And a white plume waving free?  
 With his proud quick-flashing eye,  
 And his mien of knightly state?  
 Doth he come from where the swords flashed  
 high  
 In the Roncesvalles' Strait?"

"In 'he gloomy Roncesvalles' Strait  
 I saw and marked him well;  
 For nobly on his steed he sate,  
 When the pride of manhood fell!  
 But it is not youth which turns  
 From the field of spears again;  
 For the boy's high heart too wildly burns,  
 Till it rests amidst the slain!"

"Thou canst not say that *he* lies low,  
 The lovely and the brave:  
 O, none could look on his joyous brow,  
 And think upon the grave!  
 Dark, dark perchance the day  
 Hath been with valor's fate:  
 But *he* is on his homeward way  
 From the Roncesvalles' Strait!"

"There is dust upon his joyous brow,  
 And o'er his graceful head;  
 And the war horse will not wake him now,  
 Though it browse his greensward bed!  
 I have seen the stripling die,  
 And the strong man meet his fate  
 Where the mountain winds go sounding by  
 In the Roncesvalles' Strait!"

ELMINA enters.

*Elm.* Your songs are not as those of other  
 days,  
 Mine own Ximena! Where is now the young  
 And buoyant spirit of the morn, which once  
 Breathed in your spring-like melodies, and  
 woke  
 Joy's echo from all hearts?

*Xim.* My mother, this  
 Is not the free air of our mountain wilds;  
 And these are not the halls wherein my voice  
 First poured those gladdening strains.

*Elm.* Alas! thy heart  
 (I see it well) doth sicken for the pure  
 Free-wandering breezes of the joyous hills,  
 Where thy young brothers, o'er the rock and  
 heath,  
 Round in glad boyhood, e'en as torrent streams

Leap brightly from the heights. Had we not  
 been

Within these walls thus suddenly begirt,  
 Thou shouldst have tracked ere now, with step  
 as light,

Their wildwood paths.

*Xim.* I would not but have shared  
 These hours of woe and peril, though the deep  
 And solemn feelings wakening at their voice  
 Claim all the wrought-up spirit to themselves,  
 And will not blend with mirth. The storm  
 doth hush

All floating whispery sounds, all bird notes  
 wild

O' th' summer forest, filling earth and heaven  
 With its own awful music. And 'tis well!  
 Should not a hero's child be trained to hear  
 The trumpet's blast unstartled, and to look  
 In the fixed face of death without dismay?

*Elm.* Woe! woe! that aught so gentle and so  
 young

Should thus be called to stand i' the tempest's  
 path,

And bear the token and the hue of death  
 On a bright soul so soon! I had not shrunk  
 From mine own lot; but thou, my child, shouldst  
 move

As a light breeze of heaven, through summer  
 bowers,

And not o'er foaming billows. We are fallen  
 On dark and evil days!

*Xim.* Ay, days that wake  
 All to their tasks! — Youth may not loiter now  
 In the green walks of spring; and womanhood  
 Is summoned unto conflicts, heretofore  
 The lot of warrior spirits. Strength is born  
 In the deep silence of long-suffering hearts;  
 Not amidst joy.

*Elm.* Hast thou some secret woe  
 That thus thou speak'st?

*Xim.* What sorrow should be mine,  
 Unknown to thee?

*Elm.* Alas! the baleful air,  
 Wherewith the pestilence in darkness walks  
 Through the devoted city, like a blight  
 Amidst the rose tints of thy cheek hath fallen,  
 And wrought an early withering. Thou hast  
 crossed

The paths of death, and ministered to those  
 O'er whom his shadow rested, till thine eye  
 Hath changed its glancing sunbeam for a still,  
 Deep, solemn radiance; and thy brow hath  
 caught

A wild and high expression, which at times  
 Fades into desolate calmness, most unlike

What youth's bright mien should wear. My gentle child !

I look on thee in fear !

*Xim.* Thou hast no cause

To fear for me. When the wild clash of steel,  
And the deep tambour and the heavy step  
Of arméd men, break on our morning dreams —  
When, hour by hour, the noble and the brave  
Are falling round us, and we deem it much  
To give them funeral rites, and call them blest  
If the good sword, in its own stormy hour,  
Hath done its work upon them, ere disease  
Had chilled their fiery blood ; — it is no time  
For the light mien wherewith, in happier hours,  
We trod the woodland mazes, when young  
leaves

Were whispering in the gale. — My father  
comes —

O, speak of me no more. I would not shade  
His princely aspect with a thought less high  
Than his proud duties claim.

GONZALEZ enters.

*Elm.* My noble lord,  
Welcome from this day's toil ! It is the hour  
Whose shadows, as they deepen, bring repose  
Unto all weary men ; and wilt not thou  
Free thy mailed bosom from the corselet's weight,  
To rest at fall of eve ?

*Gon.* There may be rest  
For the tired peasant, when the vesper bell  
Doth send him to his cabin, and beneath  
His vine and olive he may sit at eve,  
Watching his children's sport : but unto *him*  
Who keeps the watch-place on the mountain  
height,  
When Heaven lets loose the storms that chasten  
realms

— Who speaks of rest ?

*Xim.* My father, shall I fill  
The wine cup for thy lips, or bring the lute,  
Whose sounds thou lovest ?

*Gon.* If there be strains of power  
To rouse a spirit, which in triumphant scorn  
May cast off nature's feebleness, and hold  
Its proud career unshackled, dashing down  
Tears and fond thoughts to earth ; give voice to  
those !

I have need of such, *Ximena* ! — we must hear  
No melting music now !

*Xim.* I know all high  
Heroic ditties of the elder time,  
Sung by the mountain Christians,<sup>1</sup> in the holds

Of th' everlasting hills, whose snows yet bear  
The print of Freedom's step ; and all wild strains  
Wherein the dark serranos<sup>2</sup> teach the rocks  
And the pine forests deeply to resound  
The praise of later champions. Wouldst thou  
hear

The war song of thine ancestor, the Cid ?

*Gon.* Ay, speak of him ; for in that name is  
power,

Such as might rescue kingdoms ! Speak of  
him !

We are his children ! They that can look back  
I' th' annals of their house on such a name,  
How should *they* take Dishonor by the hand,  
And o'er the threshold of their fathers' halls  
First lead her as a guest ?

*Elm.* O, why is this ?

How my heart sinks !

*Gon.* It must not fail thee yet,  
Daughter of heroes ! — thine inheritance  
Is strength to meet all conflicts. Thou canst  
number

In thy long line of glorious ancestry  
Men, the bright offering of whose blood hath  
made

The ground it bathed e'en as an altar, whence  
High thoughts shall rise forever. Bore they not,  
'Midst flame and sword, their witness of the Cross,  
With its victorious inspiration girt  
As with a conqueror's robe, till th' infidel,  
O'erawed, shrank back before them ? Ay, the  
earth

Doth call them martyrs ; but *their* agonies  
Were of a moment, tortures whose brief aim  
Was to destroy, within whose powers and scope  
Lay nought but dust. And earth doth call them  
*martyrs* !

Why, Heaven but claimed their blood, their lives,  
and not

The things which grew as tendrils round their  
hearts ;

No, not their children !

*Elm.* Mean'st thou ? know'st thou aught ? —  
I cannot utter it — my sons ! my sons !

Is it of them ? O, wouldst thou speak of them

*Gon.* A mother's heart divineth but too well !

*Elm.* Speak, I adjure thee ! I can bear it all.  
Where are my children ?

*Gon.* In the Moorish camp,  
Whose lines have girt the city.

their prince Pelayo, took refuge amongst the mountains of  
the northern provinces, where they maintained their religion  
and liberty, whilst the rest of their country was overrun by  
the Moors.

<sup>2</sup> *Serranos*, mountaineers.

<sup>1</sup> Mountain Christians, those natives of Spain who, under



*Xim.* But they live?

All is not lost, my mother!

*Elm.* Say, they live.

*Gon.* Elmina, still they live.

*Elm.* But captives! They

Whom my fond heart had imaged to itself  
Bounding from cliff to cliff, amidst the wilds  
Where the rock eagle seemed not more secure  
In its rejoicing freedom! And my boys  
Are captives with the Moor! — O, how was this?

*Gon.* Alas! our brave Alphonso, in the pride  
Of boyish daring, left our mountain halls,  
With his young brother, eager to behold  
The face of noble war. Thence on their way  
Were the rash wanderers captured.

*Elm.* 'Tis enough.

— And when shall they be ransomed?

*Gon.* There is asked

A ransom far too high.

*Elm.* What! have we wealth

Which might redeem a monarch, and our sons  
The while wear fetters? Take thou all for them,  
And we will cast our worthless grandeur from us  
As 'twere a cumbrous robe! Why, thou art one,  
To whose high nature pomp hath ever been  
But as the plumage to a warrior's helm,  
Worn or thrown off as lightly. And for me,  
Thou know'st not how serenely I could take  
The peasant's lot upon me, so my heart,  
Amidst its deep affections undisturbed,  
May dwell in silence.

*Xim.* Father! doubt thou not  
But we will bind ourselves to poverty,  
With glad devotedness, if this, but this,  
May win them back. Distrust us not, my father!  
We can bear all things.

*Gon.* Can ye bear disgrace?

*Xim.* We were not born for this.

*Gon.* No, thou say'st well!

Hold to that lofty faith. My wife, my child!  
Hath earth no treasures richer than the gems  
Torn from her secret caverns? If by them  
Chains may be riven, then let the captive spring  
Rejoicing to the light! But he for whom  
Freedom and life may but be won with shame,  
Hath nought to do, save fearlessly to fix  
His steadfast look on the majestic heavens,  
And proudly die!

*Elm.* Gonzalez, who must die?

*Gon.* (*hurriedly.*) They on whose lives a fearful price is set,

But to be paid by treason! Is't enough?  
Or must I yet seek words?

*Elm.* That look saith more!

Thou canst not mean —

*Gon.* I do! why dwells there not  
Power in a glance to speak it? They must die!  
They — must their names be told? — *our sons*  
must die,

Unless I yield the city!

*Xim.* O, look up!

My mother, sink not thus! Until the grave  
Shut from our sight its victims, there is hope.

*Elm.* (*in a low voice.*) Whose knell was in the  
breeze? No, no, not *theirs*!

Whose was the blessed voice that spoke of hope  
— And there is hope. I will not be subdued —  
I will not hear a whisper of despair!  
For Nature is all-powerful, and her breath  
Moves like a quickening spirit o'er the depths  
Within a father's heart. Thou too, Gonzalez,  
Wilt tell me there is hope!

*Gon.* (*solemnly.*) Hope but in Him

Who bade the patriarch lay his fair young son  
Bound on the shrine of sacrifice, and when  
The bright steel quivered in the father's hand  
Just raised to strike, sent forth his awful voice  
Through the still clouds and on the breathless air,  
Commanding to withhold! Earth has no hope:  
It rests with Him.

*Elm.* Thou canst not tell me this!

Thou, father of my sons, within whose hands  
Doth lie thy children's fate.

*Gon.* If there have been  
Men in whose bosoms nature's voice hath made  
Its accents as the solitary sound  
Of an o'erpowering torrent, silencing  
Th' austere and yet divine remonstrances  
Whispered by faith and honor, lift thy hands;  
And, to that Heaven which arms the brave with  
strength,

Pray that the father of thy sons may ne'er  
Be thus found wanting!

*Elm.* Then their doom is sealed!

Thou wilt not save thy children?

*Gon.* Hast thou cause,

Wife of my youth! to deem it lies within  
The bounds of possible things, that I should link  
My name to that word — *traitor*? They that  
sleep

On their proud battle fields, thy sires and mine  
Died not for this!

*Elm.* O, cold and hard of heart!

Thou shouldst be born for empire, since thy soul  
Thus lightly from all human bonds can free  
Its haughty flight! Men! men! too much ■  
yours

Of vantage; ye that with a sound, a breath  
A shadow, thus can fill the desolate space  
Of rooted-up affections, o'er whose void

Our yearning hearts must wither! So it is,  
 Dominion must be won! Nay, leave me not —  
 My heart is bursting, and I *must* be heard!  
 Heaven hath given power to mortal agony,  
 As to the elements in their hour of might  
 And mastery o'er creation! Who shall dare  
 To mock that fearful strength! I *must* be heard!  
 Give me my sons.

*Gon.* That they may live to hide  
 With covering hands th' indignant flush of shame  
 On their young brows, when men shall speak of  
 him

They called their father! Was the oath whereby,  
 On th' altar of my faith, I bound myself  
 With an unswerving spirit to maintain  
 This free and Christian city for my God  
 And for my king, a writing traced on sand?  
 That passionate tears should wash it from the  
 earth,

Or e'en the lifedrops of a bleeding heart  
 Efface it, as a billow sweeps away  
 The last light vessel's wake? Then nevermore  
 Let man's deep vows be trusted! — though en-  
 forced

By all th' appeals of high remembrances,  
 And silent claims o' th' sepulchres wherein  
 His fathers with their stainless glory sleep,  
 On their good swords! Think'st thou I feel no  
 pangs?

He that hath given me sons doth know the heart  
 Whose treasure he recalls. Of this no more:  
 'Tis vain. I tell thee that th' inviolate Cross  
 Still from our ancient temples must look up  
 Through the blue heavens of Spain, though at  
 its foot

I perish, with my race. Thou *darest* not ask  
 That I, the son of warriors — men who died  
 To fix it on that proud supremacy —  
 Should tear the sign of our victorious faith  
 From its high place of sunbeams, for the Moor  
 In impious joy to trample!

*Elm.* Scorn me not  
 In mine extreme of misery! Thou art strong —  
 Thy heart is not as mine. My brain grows wild;  
 I know not what I ask. And yet 'twere but  
 Anticipating fate — since it must fall,  
 That Cross *must* fall at last! There is no power,  
 No hope within this city of the grave,  
 To keep its place on high. Her sultry air  
 Breathes heavily of death, her warriors sink  
 Beneath their ancient banners, ere the Moor  
 Hath bent his bow against them; for the shaft  
 Of pestilence flies more swiftly to its mark,  
 Than th' arrow of the desert. Even the skies  
 Verhang the desolate splendor of her domes

With an ill omen's aspect, shaping forth,  
 From the dull clouds, wild menacing forms —  
 signs

Foreboding ruin. *Man* might be withstood,  
 But who shall cope with famine and disease  
 When leagued with armed foes? Where now  
 the aid,

Where the long-promised lances of Castile?  
 We are forsaken in our utmost need —  
 By Heaven and earth forsaken!

*Gon.* If this be,  
 (And yet I will not deem it,) we must fall  
 As men that in severe devotedness  
 Have chosen their part, and bound themselves  
 to death,

Through high conviction that their suffering land  
 By the free blood of martyrdom alone  
 Shall call deliverance down.

*Elm.* O, I have stood  
 Beside thee through the beating storms of life  
 With the true heart of unrepining love —  
 As the poor peasant's mate doth cheerily,  
 In the parched vineyard, or the harvest field,  
 Bearing her part, sustain with him the heat  
 And burden of the day. But now the hour,  
 The heavy hour is come, when human strength  
 Sinks down, a toil-worn pilgrim, in the dust,  
 Owning that woe is mightier! Spare me yet  
 This bitter cup, my husband! Let not her,  
 The mother of the lovely, sit and mourn  
 In her unpeopled home — a broken stem,  
 O'er its fallen roses dying!

*Gon.* Urge me not,  
 Thou that through all sharp conflicts hast been  
 found

Worthy a brave man's love! — O, urge me not  
 To guilt, which, through the midst of blinding  
 tears,

In its own hues thou seest not! Death may scarce  
 Bring aught like this!

*Elm.* All, all thy gentle race,  
 The beautiful beings that around thee grew,  
 Creatures of sunshine! Wilt thou doom them  
 all?

She, too, thy daughter — doth her smile un-  
 marked

Pass from thee, with its radiance, day by day?  
 Shadows are gathering round her: seest thou not  
 The misty dimness of the spoiler's breath  
 Hangs o'er her beauty; and the face which made  
 The summer of our hearts, now doth but send,  
 With every glance, deep bodings through the  
 soul,

Telling of early fate?

*Gon.* I see a change

Far nobler on her brow! She is as one,  
Who, at the trumpet's sudden call, hath risen  
From the gay banquet, and in scorn cast down  
The wine cup, and the garland, and the lute  
Of festal hours, for the good spear and helm,  
Beseeeming sterner tasks. Her eye hath lost  
The beam which laughed upon th' awakening  
heart,

E'en as morn breaks o'er earth. But far within  
Its full dark orb, a light hath sprung, whose  
source

Lies deeper in the soul. And let the torch,  
Which but illumed the glittering pageant, fade!  
The altar flame, i' th' sanctuary's recess,  
Burns quenchless, being of heaven! She hath  
put on

Courage, and faith, and generous constancy,  
Even as a breastplate. Ay! men look on her,  
And she goes forth serenely to her tasks,  
Binding the warrior's wounds, and bearing fresh  
Cool draughts to fevered lips — they look on her,  
'Thus moving in her beautiful array  
Of gentle fortitude, and bless the fair  
Majestic vision, and unmurmuring turn  
Unto their heavy toils.

*Elm.* And seest thou not  
In that high faith and strong collectedness  
A fearful inspiration? *They* have cause  
To tremble, who behold th' unearthly light  
Of high, and, it may be, prophetic thought  
Investing youth with grandeur! From the grave  
It rises, on whose shadowy brink thy child  
Waits but a father's hand to snatch her back  
Into the laughing sunshine. Kneel with me;  
Ximena! kneel beside me, and implore  
That which a deeper, more prevailing voice  
Than ours doth ask, and will not be denied,  
— His children's lives!

*Xim.* Alas! this may not be:  
Mother! — I cannot. [*Exit XIMENA.*]

*Gon.* My heroic child!  
— A terrible sacrifice thou claim'st, O God!  
From creatures in whose agonizing hearts  
Nature is strong as death!

*Elm.* It's thus in thine?  
Away! What time is given thee to resolve  
On — what I cannot utter? Speak! thou know'st  
Too well what I would say.

*Gon.* Until — ask not!  
The time is brief.

*Elm.* Thou said'st — I heard not right —

*Gon.* The time is brief.

*Elm.* What! must we burst all ties  
Wherewith the thrilling chords of life are  
twined?

And, for this task's fulfilment, can it be  
That man in his cold heartlessness hath dared  
To number and to mete us forth the sands  
Of hours, nay, moments? Why, the sentence!  
wretch,

He on whose soul there rests a brother's blood  
Poured forth in slumber, is allowed more time  
To wean his turbulent passions from the world  
His presence doth pollute! Is it not thus?  
We must have time to school us.

*Gon.* We have but  
To bow the head in silence, when Heaven's voice  
Calls back the things we love.

*Elm.* Love! love! — there are soft smiles and  
gentle words,

And there are faces, skilful to put on  
The look we trust in — and 'tis mockery all!  
— A faithless mist, a desert vapor, wearing  
The brightness of clear waters, thus to cheat  
The thirst that semblance kindled! There is  
none,

In all this cold and hollow world — no fount  
Of deep, strong, deathless love, save that within  
A mother's heart. It is but pride, wherewith  
To his fair son the father's eye doth turn,  
Watching his growth. Ay, on the boy he looks,  
The bright glad creature springing in his path,  
But as the heir of his great name — the young  
And stately tree, whose rising strength ere long  
Shall bear his trophies well. And this is love!  
This is *man's* love! What marvel? — *you* ne'er  
made

Your breast the pillow of his infancy,  
While to the fulness of your heart's glad heav-  
ings

His fair cheek rose and fell; and his bright hair  
Waved softly to your breath! *You* ne'er kept  
watch

Beside him, till the last pale star had set,  
And morn, all dazzling, as in triumph, broke  
On your dim weary eye; not *yours* the face  
Which, early faded through fond care for him,  
Hung o'er his sleep, and, duly as heaven's light,  
Was there to greet his waking! *You* ne'er  
smoothed

His couch, ne'er sang him to his rosy rest;  
Caught his least whisper, when his voice from  
yours

Had learned soft utterance; pressed your lip to  
his,

When fever parched it; hushed his wayward  
cries

With patient, vigilant, never-weari'd love!

No! these are *woman's* tasks! — in these he  
youth.



And bloom of cheek, and buoyancy of heart,  
Steal from her all unmarked! My boys! my  
boys!

Hath vain affection borne with all for this?  
— Why were ye given me?

*Gon.* Is there strength in man  
Thus to endure? That thou couldst read, through  
all

Its depths of silent agony, the heart  
Thy voice of woe doth rend!

*Elm.* Thy heart — *thy* heart! Away! it feels  
not now!

But an hour comes to tame the mighty man  
Unto the infant's weakness; nor shall Heaven  
Spare you that bitter chastening! May you live  
To be alone, when loneliness doth seem  
Most heavy to sustain! For me, my voice  
Of prayer and fruitless weeping shall be soon  
With all forgotten sounds — my quiet place  
Low with my lovely ones; and we shall sleep,  
Though kings lead armies o'er us — we shall  
sleep,

Wrapped in earth's covering mantle! You the  
while

Shall sit within your vast forsaken halls,  
And hear the wild and melancholy winds  
Moan through their drooping banners, never-  
more

To wave above your race. Ay, then call up  
Shadows — dim phantoms from ancestral tombs,  
But all, all — *glorious*, — conquerors, chieftains,  
kings,

To people that cold void! And when the  
strength

From your right arm hath melted, when the  
blast

Of the shrill clarion gives your heart no more  
A fiery wakening, — if at last you pine  
For the glad voices and the bounding steps  
Once through your home reëchoing, and the  
clasp

Of twining arms, and all the joyous light  
Of eyes that laughed with youth, and made your  
board

A place of sunshine, — when those days are come,  
Then, in your utter desolation, turn  
To the cold world — the smiling, faithless world,  
Which hath swept past you long — and bid it  
querch

Your soul's deep thirst with *fame!* immortal  
*fame!*

Fame to the sick of heart! — a gorgeous robe,  
A crown of victory, unto him that dies  
In th' burning waste, for water!

*Gon.* This from *thee!*

Now the last drop of bitterness is poured.

Elmina — I forgive thee! [*Exit ELMINA.*]

Aid me, Heaven!

From whom alone is power! O, thou hast set  
Duties so stern of aspect in my path,  
They almost to my startled gaze assume  
The hue of things less hallowed! Men have sunk  
Unblamed beneath such trials! Doth not He  
Who made us know the limits of our strength!  
My wife! my sons! Away! I must not pause  
To give my heart one moment's mastery thus!

[*Exit GONZALEZ*]

SCENE II. — *The Aisle of a Gothic Church.*

HERNANDEZ, GARCIAS, and Others.

*Her.* The rites are closed. Now, valiant men!  
depart,

Each to his place — I may not say, of rest —  
Your faithful vigils for your sons may win  
What must not be your own. Ye are as those  
Who sow, in peril and in care, the seed  
Of the fair tree, beneath whose stately shade  
They may not sit. But blessed be those who toil  
For after days! All high and holy thoughts  
Be with you, warriors! through the lingering  
hours

Of the night watch.

*Gar.* Ay, father! we have need  
Of high and holy thoughts, wherewith to fence  
Our hearts against despair. Yet have I been  
From youth a son of war. The stars have looked  
A thousand times upon my couch of heath,  
Spread 'midst the wild sierras, by some stream  
Whose dark-red waves looked even as though  
their source

Lay not in rocky caverns, but the veins  
Of noble hearts; while many a knightly crest  
Rolled with them to the deep. And, in the years  
Of my long exile and captivity,  
With the fierce Arab I have watched beneath  
The still, pale shadow of some lonely palm,  
At midnight in the desert; while the wind  
Swell'd with the lion's roar, and heavily  
The fearfulness and might of solitude  
Pressed on my weary heart.

*Her.* (*thoughtfully.*) Thou little know'st  
Of what is solitude! I tell thee, those  
For whom — in earth's remotest nook, how'er  
Divided from their path by chain on chain  
Of mighty mountains, and the amplitude  
Of rolling seas — there beats one human heart,  
There breathes one being, unto whom their name  
Comes with a thrilling and a gladdening sound  
Heard o'er the din of life, are not alone!

Not on the deep, nor in the wild, alone;  
For there is that on earth with which they hold  
A brotherhood of soul! Cal him alone,  
Who stands shut out from this!—and let not  
those

Whose homes are bright with sunshine and with  
love,

Put on the insolence of happiness,  
Glorying in that proud lot! A lonely hour  
Is on its way to each, to all; for Death  
Knows no companionship.

Gar. I have looked on Death  
In field, and storm, and flood. But never yet  
Hath aught weighed down my spirit to a mood  
Of sadness, dreaming o'er dark auguries,  
Like this, our watch by midnight. Fearful things  
Are gathering round us. Death upon the earth,  
Omens in heaven! The summer skies put  
forth

No clear, bright stars above us, but at times,  
Catching some comet's fiery hue of wrath,  
Marshal their clouds to armies, traversing  
Heaven with the rush of meteor steeds — th'  
array

Of spears and banners tossing like the pines  
Of Pyrenean forests, when the storm  
Doth sweep the mountains.

Her. Ay, last night I too  
Kept vigil, gazing on the angry heavens;  
And I beheld the meeting and the shock  
Of those wild hosts i' the air, when, as they  
closed,

A red and sultry mist, like that which mantles  
The thunder's path, fell o'er them. Then were  
flung

Through the dull glare broad, cloudy banners  
forth;

And chariots seemed to whirl and steeds to sink,  
Bearing down crested warriors. But all this  
Was dim and shadowy; then swift darkness  
rushed

Down on th' unearthly battle, as the deep  
Swept o'er the Egyptian's armament. I looked,  
And all that fiery field of plumes and spears  
Was blotted from heaven's face. I looked again,  
And from the brooding mass of cloud leaped forth  
One meteor sword, which o'er the reddening sea  
Shook with strange motion, such as earthquakes  
give

Unto a rocking citadel! I beheld,  
And yet my spirit sank not.

Gar. Neither deem  
That mine hath bleached. But these are sights  
and sounds

To awe the firmest. Know'st thou what we hear

At midnight from the walls? Were't but the  
deep

Barbaric horn, or Moorish tambour's peal,  
Thence might the warrior's heart catch impulses  
Quickening its fiery currents. But our ears  
Are pierced by other tones. We hear the knell  
For brave men in their noon of strength cut  
down,

And the shrill wail of woman, and the dirge  
Faint swelling through the streets. Then e'en  
the air

Hath strange and fitful murmurs of lament,  
As if the viewless watchers of the land  
Sighed on its hollow breezes! To my soul  
The torrent rush of battle, with its din  
Of trampling steeds and ringing panoply,  
Were, after these faint sounds of drooping woe,  
As the free sky's glad music unto him  
Who leaves a couch of sickness.

Her. (with solemnity.) If to plunge  
In the mid waves of combat, as they bear  
Chargers and spearmen onwards, and to make  
A reckless bosom's front the buoyant mark,  
On that wild current, for ten thousand arrows  
If thus to dare were valor's noblest aim,  
Lightly might fame be won! But there —  
things

Which ask a spirit of more exalted pitch,  
And courage tempered with a holier fire.  
Well mayst thou say that these are fearful times;  
Therefore be firm, be patient! There is strength,  
And a fierce instinct, e'en in common souls,  
To bear up manhood with a stormy joy,  
When red swords meet in lightning. But our  
task

Is more and nobler! We have to endure,  
And to keep watch, and to arouse a land,  
And to defend an altar! If we fall,  
So that our blood make but the millionth part  
Of Spain's great ransom, we may count it joy  
To die upon her bosom, and beneath  
The banner of her faith! Think but on this,  
And gird your hearts with silent fortitude,  
Suffering, yet hoping all things. Fare ye well.

Gar. Father, farewell.

[*Exeunt GARCIA and his followers.*]

Her. These men have earthly ties  
And bondage on their natures! To the cause  
Of God, and Spain's revenge, they bring but half  
Their energies and hopes. But he whom Heaven  
Hath called to be th' awakener of a land  
Should have his soul's affections all absorbed  
In that majestic purpose, and press on  
To its fulfilment — as a mountain-born  
And mighty stream, with all its vassal rills

Sweeps proudly to the ocean, pausing not  
To dally with the flowers. Hark! what quick  
step  
Comes hurrying through the gloom, at this dead  
hour?

*ELMINA enters.*

*Elm.* Are not all hours as one to misery? Why  
sauid she take note of time for whom the day  
And night have lost their blessed attributes  
Of sunshine and repose?

*Her.* I know thy griefs;  
But there are trials for the noble heart,  
Wherein its own deep fountains must supply  
All it can hope of comfort. Pity's voice  
Comes with vain sweetness to th' unheeding ear  
Of anguish, e'en as music heard afar  
On the green shore, by him who perishes  
'Midst rocks and eddying waters.

*Elm.* Think thou not  
I sought thee but for pity. I am come  
For that which grief is privileged to demand  
With an imperious claim, from all whose form —  
Whose human form — doth seal them unto suf-  
fering!

Father! I ask thine aid.

*Her.* There is no aid  
For thee or for thy children, but with Him  
Whose presence is around us in the cloud,  
As in the shining and the glorious light.

*Elm.* There is no aid! Art thou a man of  
God?

Art thou a man of sorrow? — for the world  
Doth call thee such: — and hast thou not been  
taught

By God and sorrow — mighty as they are —  
To own the claims of misery?

*Her.* Is there power  
With me to save thy sons? — implore of Heaven!

*Elm.* Doth not Heaven work its purposes by  
man?

I tell thee thou canst save them! Art thou not  
Gonzalez' counsellor? Unto him thy words  
Are e'en as oracles —

*Her.* And therefore? Speak! —  
The noble daughter of Pelayo's line  
Hath nought to ask unworthy of the name  
Which is a nation's heritage? Dost thou shrink?

*Elm.* Have pity on me, father! I must speak  
That, from the thought of which but yesterday  
I had recoiled in scorn! But this is past.  
O, we grow humble in our agonies,  
And to the dust, their birthplace, bow the heads  
That wore the crown of glory! I am weak —  
My chastening is far more than I can bear.

*Her.* These are no times for weakness. On  
our hills

The ancient cedars, in their gathered might,  
Are battling with the tempest, and the flower  
Which cannot meet its driving blast must die.  
But thou hast drawn thy nurture from a stem  
Unwont to bend or break. Lift thy proud head,  
Daughter of Spain! — what wouldst thou with  
thy lord?

*Elm.* Look not upon me thus! I have no  
power

To tell thee. Take thy keen, disdainful eye  
Off from my soul! What! am I sunk to this?  
I, whose blood sprung from heroes! How my  
sons

Will scorn the mother that would bring dis-  
grace

On their majestic line! My sons! my sons!  
— Now is all else forgotten! I had once  
A babe that in the early springtime lay  
Sickening upon my bosom, till at last,  
When earth's young flowers were opening to  
the sun,

Death sank on his meek eyelid, and I deemed  
All sorrow light to mine! But now the fate  
Of all my children seems to brood above me  
In the dark thunder clouds! O, I have power  
And voice unfaltering now to speak my prayer  
And my last lingering hope, that thou shouldst  
win

The father to relent, to save his sons!

*Her.* By yielding up the city?

*Elm.* Rather say

By meeting that which gathers close upon us,  
Perchance one day the sooner! Is't not so?  
Must we not yield at last? How long shall  
Array his single breast against disease,  
And famine, and the sword?

*Her.* How long? While He  
Who shadows forth his power more gloriously  
In the high deeds and sufferings of the soul,  
Than in the circling heavens with all their stars,  
Or the far-sounding deep, doth send abroad  
A spirit, which takes affliction for its mate,  
In the good cause, with solemn joy! How long?  
— And who art thou that, in the littleness  
Of thine own selfish purpose, wouldst set bounds  
To the free current of all noble thought  
And generous action, bidding its bright waves  
Be stayed, and flow no farther? But the Power  
Whose interdict is laid on seas and orbs,  
To chain them in from wandering, hath assigned  
No limits unto that which man's high strength  
Shall, through its aid, achieve!

*Elm.* O, there are times,



When *all* that hopeless courage can achieve  
But sheds a mournful beauty o'er the fate  
Of those who die in vain.

*Her.* Who dies in vain

Upon his country's war fields, and within  
The shadow of her altars? Feeble heart!  
I tell thee that the voice of noble blood,  
Thus poured for faith and freedom, hath a tone  
Which, from the night of ages, from the gulf  
Of death, shall burst, and make its high appeal  
Sound unto earth and heaven! Ay, let the land,  
Whose sons through centuries of woe have striven,  
And perished by her temples, sink a while,  
Borne down in conflict! But immortal seed  
Deep, by heroic suffering, hath been sown  
On all her ancient hills, and generous hope  
Knows that the soil, in its good time, shall yet  
Bring forth a glorious harvest! Earth receives  
Not one red drop from faithful hearts in vain.

*Elm.* Then it must be! And ye will make  
those lives,

Those young bright lives, an offering — to retard  
Our doom one day!

*Her.* The mantle of that day  
May wrap the fate of Spain!

*Elm.* What led me here?

Why did I turn to *thee* in my despair?  
Love hath no ties upon thee; what had I  
To hope from *thee*, thou lone and childless man?  
Go to thy silent home! — there no young voice  
Shall bid thee welcome, no light footstep spring  
Forth at the sound of thine! What knows thy  
heart?

*Her.* Woman! how darest thou taunt me  
with my woes?

*Thy* children, too, shall perish, and I say  
It shall be well! Why takest thou thought for  
them?

Wearing thy heart, and wasting down thy life  
Unto its dregs, and making night thy time  
Of care yet more intense, and casting health  
Unprized to melt away i' th' bitter cup  
Thou minglest for thyself? Why, what hath  
earth

To pay thee back for this? Shall they not live  
(If the sword spare them now) to prove how soon  
All love may be forgotten? Years of thought,  
Long faithful watchings, looks of tenderness,  
That changed not, though to change be this  
world's law —

Shall they not flush thy cheek with shame,  
whose blood

Marks e'en like branding iron? to thy sick heart  
Make death a want, as sleep to weariness?  
Dost not all hope end thus? or e'en at best,

Will they not leave thee? far from thee seek  
room

For the o'erflowings of their fiery souls  
On life's wide ocean? Give the bounding steed  
Or the winged bark to youth, that his free course  
May be o'er hills and seas; and weep thou not  
In thy forsaken home, for the bright world  
Lies all before him, and be sure he wastes  
No thought on thee!

*Elm.* Not so! it is not so!

Thou dost but torture me! *My* sons are kind,  
And brave, and gentle.

*Her.* Others, too, have worn  
The semblance of all good. Nay, stay thee  
yet;

I will be calm, and thou shalt learn how earth.  
The fruitful in all agonies, hath woes  
Which far outweigh thine own.

*Elm.* It may not be!

Whose grief is like a mother's for her sons?

*Her.* My son lay stretched upon his battle bier,  
And there were hands wrung o'er him which  
had caught

Their hue from his young blood!

*Elm.* What tale is this?

*Her.* Read you no records in this mien, of  
things

Whose traces on man's aspect are not such  
As the breeze leaves on water? Lofty birth,  
War, peril, power? Affliction's hand is strong.  
If it erase the haughty characters  
They grave so deep! I have not always been  
That which I am. The name I bore is not  
Of those which perish! I was once a chief —  
A warrior — nor, as now, a lonely man!  
I was a father!

*Elm.* Then thy heart can feel!

Thou wilt have pity!

*Her.* Should I pity *thee*?

*Thy* sons will perish gloriously — their blood —

*Elm.* Their blood! my children's blood! Thou  
speak'st as 'twere

Of casting down a wine cup, in the mirth  
And wantonness of feasting! My fair boys!  
— Man! hast thou been a father?

*Her.* Let them die!

Let them die *now*, thy children! so thy hear.  
Shall wear their beautiful image all undimmed  
Within it, to the last! Nor shalt thou learn  
The bitter lesson, of what worthless dust  
Are framed the idols whose false glory binds  
Earth's fetter on our souls! Thou think'st it  
much

To mourn the early dead; but there are tears  
Heavy with deeper anguish! We endow

Those whom we love, in our fond passionate  
blindness,

With power upon our souls, too absolute  
To be ■ mortal's trust! Within their hands  
We lay the flaming sword, whose stroke alone  
Can reach our hearts; and *they* are merciful,  
As they are strong, that wield it not to pierce us!  
Ay, fear them! fear the loved! Had I but wept  
O'er my son's grave, or o'er ■ babe's, where tears  
Are as spring dewdrops, glittering in the sun,  
And brightening the young verdure, I might still  
Have loved and trusted!

*Elm.* (*disdainfully.*) But he fell in war!  
And hath not glory medicine in her cup  
For the brief pangs of nature!

*Her.* Glory! — Peace,  
And listen! By my side the stripling grew,  
Last of my line. I reared him to take joy  
P' th' blaze of arms, as eagles train their young  
To look upon the day-king! His quick blood  
Even to his boyish cheek would mantle up,  
When the heavens rang with trumpets, and his  
eye

Flash with the spirit of a race whose deeds —  
— But this availeth not! Yet he *was* brave.  
I've seen him clear himself a path in fight  
As lightning through a forest; and his plume  
Waved like a torch above the battle storm,  
The soldier's guide, when princely crests had  
sunk,

And banners were struck down. Around my  
steps

Floated his fame, like music, and I lived  
But in the lofty sound. But when my heart  
In one frail ark had ventured all, when most  
He seemed to stand between my soul and heaven,  
— Then came the thunderstroke!

*Elm.* 'Tis ever thus!  
And the unquiet and foreboding sense  
That thus 'twill ever be, doth link itself  
Darkly with all deep love! He died?

*Her.* Not so!  
— Death! Death! Why, earth should be a  
paradise,

To make that name so fearful! Had he died,  
With his young fame about him for a shroud,  
■ had not learned the might of agony  
To bring proud natures low! No! he fell off —  
Why do I tell thee this? what right hast *thou*  
To learn how passed the glory from my house?  
Yet listen! He forsook me! He, that was  
As mine own soul, forsook me! trampled o'er  
The ashes of his sires! ay, leagued himself  
E'en with the infidel, the curse of Spain;  
And, for the dark eye of a Moorish maid,

Abjured his faith, his God! Now, talk of  
death!

*Elm.* O, I can pity thee —

*Her.* There's more to hear.

I braced the corselet o'er my heart's deep wound  
And cast my troubled spirit on the tide  
Of war and high events, whose stormy waves  
Might bear it up from sinking; —

*Elm.* And ye met  
No more?

*Her.* Be still! We did! we met *once* more.  
God had his own high purpose to fulfil,  
Or think'st thou that the sun in his bright heaven  
Had looked upon such things? We met *once*  
*more.*

That was an hour to leave its lightning mark  
Seared upon brain and bosom! There had been  
Combat on Ebro's banks, and when the day  
Sank in red clouds, it faded from a field  
Still held by Moorish lances. Night closed  
round —

A night of sultry darkness, in the shadow  
Of whose broad wing, e'en unto death, I strove  
Long with a turbaned champion; but my sword  
Was heavy with God's vengeance — and pre-  
vailed.

He fell — my heart exulted — and I stood  
In gloomy triumph o'er him. Nature gave  
No sign of horror, for 'twas Heaven's decree!  
He strove to speak — but I had done the work  
Of wrath too well; yet in his last deep moan  
A dreadful something of familiar sound  
Came o'er my shuddering sense. The moon  
looked forth,

And I beheld! — speak not — 'twas he — my son!  
My boy lay dying there! He raised one glance,  
And knew me — for he sought with feeble hand  
To cover his glazed eyes. A darker veil  
Sank o'er them soon. I will not have thy look  
Fixed on me thus! Away!

*Elm.* Thou hast seen this,  
Thou hast *done* this — and yet thou liv'st?

*Her.* I live!  
And know'st thou wherefore? On my soul  
there fell

A horror of great darkness, which shut out  
All earth, and heaven, and hope. I cast away  
The spear and helm, and made the cloister's  
shade

The home of my despair. But a deep voice  
Came to me through the gloom, and sent its  
tones

Far through my bosom's depths. And I awoke  
Ay, as the mountain cedar doth shake off  
Its weight of wintry snow, e'en so I shook

Despondence from my soul, and knew myself  
Sealed by that blood wherewith my hands were  
dyed,

And set apart, and fearfully marked out  
Unto a mighty task! To rouse the soul  
Of Spain as from the dead; and to lift up  
The Cross, her sign of victory, on the hills,  
Gathering her sons to battle! And my voice  
Must be as freedom's trumpet on the winds,  
From Roncesvalles to the blue sea waves  
Where Calpe looks on Afric; till the land  
Have filled her cup of vengeance! Ask me *now*  
To yield the Christian city, that its fanes  
May rear the minaret in the face of heaven!  
But death shall have a bloodier vintage feast  
Ere that day come!

*Elm.* I ask thee this no more,  
For I am hopeless now. But yet one boon —  
Hear me, by all thy woes! Thy voice hath power  
Through the wide city: here I cannot rest —  
Aid me to pass the gates!

*Her.* And wherefore?

*Elm.* Thou,  
That wert a father, and art now — alone!  
Canst thou ask "wherefore?" Ask the wretch  
whose sands

Have not an hour to run, whose failing limbs  
Have but one earthly journey to perform,  
Why, on his pathway to the place of death,  
Ay, when the very axe is glistening cold  
Upon his dizzy sight, his pale, parched lip  
Implores a cup of water? Why, the stroke  
Which trembles o'er him in itself shall bring  
Oblivion of all wants, yet who denies  
Nature's last prayer? I tell thee that the thirst  
Which burns my spirit up is agony  
To be endured no more! And I *must* look  
Upon my children's faces, I must hear  
Their voices, ere they perish! But hath Heaven  
Decreed that they *must* perish? Who shall say  
If in yon Moslem camp there beats no heart  
Which prayers and tears may melt?

*Her.* There! — with the Moor!  
Let him fill up the measure of his guilt!  
— 'Tis madness all! How wouldst thou pass  
th' array  
Of armed foes?

*Elm.* O, free doth sorrow pass,  
Free and unquestioned, through a suffering  
world!<sup>1</sup>

*Her.* This must not be. Enough of woe is  
laid

E'en now upon thy lord's heroic soul,

For man to bear unsinking. Press thou not  
Too heavily th' o'erburdened heart. Away!  
Bow down the knee, and send thy prayers for  
strength

Up to heaven's gate. Farewell!

[Exit HERNANDEZ]

*Elm.* Are all men thus?

— Why, were't not better they should fall e'en  
now

Than live to shut their hearts, in haughty scorn,  
Against the sufferer's pleadings? But no, no!  
Who can be like *this* man, that slew his son,  
Yet wears his life still proudly, and a soul  
Untamed upon his brow?

(After a pause.) There's one, whose arms  
Have borne my children in their infancy,  
And on whose knees they sported, and whose  
hand

Hath led them oft — a vassal of their sire's  
And I will seek him: he may lend me aid.  
When all beside pass on.

DIRGE, (heard without.)

Thou to thy rest art gone,  
High heart! and what are we,  
While o'er our heads the storm sweeps on,  
That we should mourn for thee?

Free grave and peaceful bier  
To the buried son of Spain!  
To those that live, the lance and spear,  
And well if not the chain!

Be *theirs* to weep the dead,  
As they sit beneath their vines,  
Whose flowery land hath borne no tread  
Of spoilers o'er its shrines!

Thou hast thrown off the load  
Which we must yet sustain,  
And pour our blood where *thine* hath flowed,  
Too blest if not in vain!

We give thee holy rite,  
Slow knell, and chanted strain!  
— For those that fall to-morrow *night*.  
May be left no funeral train.

Again, when trumpets wake,  
We must brace our armor on;  
But a deeper note *thy* sleep must break —  
Thou to thy rest art gone!

Happier in *this* than all,  
That, now thy race is run,

<sup>1</sup> "Frey geht das Unglück durch die ganze Erde."  
SCHILLER'S *Death of Wallenstein*, act iv. sc. 2.



Upon thy name no stain may fall ;  
Thy work hath well been done !

*Elm.* "Thy work hath well been done !" —  
so thou mayst rest !

— There is ■ solemn lesson in those words —  
But now I may not pause. [*Exit ELMINA.*]

SCENE III. — *A Street in the City.*

HERNANDEZ, GONZALEZ.

*Her.* Would they not hear ?

*Gon.* They heard, as one that stands  
By the cold grave, which hath but newly closed  
O'er his last friend, doth hear some passer by  
Bid him be confronted ! Their hearts have died  
Within them ! We must perish not as those  
That fall when battle's voice doth shake the  
hills,

And peal through heaven's great arch, but si-  
lently,

And with ■ wasting of the spirit down,  
A quenching, day by day, of some bright spark,  
Which lit us on our toils ! Reproach me not ;  
My soul is darkened with a heavy cloud —  
Yet fear not I shall yield !

*Her.* Breathe not the word,  
Save in proud scorn ! Each bitter day o'er-  
passed

By slow endurance, is a triumph won  
For Spain's red cross. And be of trusting  
heart !

A few brief hours, and those that turned away  
In cold despondence, shrinking from your voice,  
May crowd around their leader, and demand  
To be arrayed for battle. We must watch  
For the swift impulse, and await its time,  
As the bark waits the ocean's. You have chosen  
To kindle up their souls, an hour, perchance,  
When they were weary ; they had cast aside  
Their arms to slumber ; or a knell, just then,  
With its deep hollow tone, had made the blood  
Creep shuddering through their veins ; or they  
had caught

A glimpse of some new meteor, and shaped  
forth

Strange omens from its blaze.

*Gon.* Alas ! the cause  
Lies deeper in their misery ! I have seen,  
In my night's course through this beleaguered  
city,

Things whose remembrance doth not pass away  
As vapors from the mountains. There were  
some,

That sat beside their dead, with eyes wherein

Grief had ta'en place of sight, and shut ■  
all

But its own ghastly object. To my voice  
Some answered with ■ fierce and bitter laugh,  
As men whose agonies were made to pass  
The bounds of sufferance, by some reckless  
word,

Dropped from the light of spirit. Others lay —  
— Why should I tell thee, father ! how despair  
Can bring the lofty brow of manhood down  
Unto the very dust ? And yet for this,  
Fear not that I embrace my doom — O God !  
That 'twere my doom alone ! — with less of fixed  
And solemn fortitude. Lead on, prepare  
The holiest rites of faith, that I by them  
Once more may consecrate my sword, my life ;  
— But what are these ? Who hath not dearer  
lives

Twined with his own ! I shall be lonely soon —  
Childless ! Heaven wills it so. Let us begone.  
Perchance before the shrine my heart may beat  
With a less troubled motion.

[*Exeunt GONZALEZ and HERNANDEZ.*]

SCENE IV. — *A Tent in the Moorish Camp.*

ABDULLAH, ALPHONSO, CARLOS.

*Abd.* These are bold words : but hast thou  
looked on death,

Fair stripling ? On thy cheek and sunny brow  
Scarce fifteen summers of their laughing course  
Have left light traces. If thy shaft hath pierced  
The ibex of the mountains, if thy step  
Hath climbed some eagle's nest, and thou hast  
made

His nest thy spoil, 'tis much ! And fear'st thou  
not

The leader of the mighty ?

*Alph.* I have been

Reared amongst fearless men, and 'midst the  
rocks

And the wild hills whereon my fathers fought  
And won their battles. There are glorious tales  
Told of their deeds, and I have learned them all.  
How should I fear thee, Moor ?

*Abd.* So, thou hast seen

Fields, where the combat's roar hath died away  
Into the whispering breeze, and where wild  
flowers

Bloom o'er forgotten graves ! But know'st thou  
aught

Of those, where sword from crossing sword  
strikes fire,

And leaders are borne down, and rushing steeds  
Trample the life from out the mighty hearts

That ruled the storm so late? — Speak not of death

Fill thou hast looked on such.

*Alph.* I was not born

A shepherd's son, to dwell with pipe and crook,  
And peasant men, amidst the lowly vales;  
Instead of ringing clarions, and bright spears,  
And crested knights! I am of princely race;  
And if my father would have heard my suit,  
I tel thee, infidel, that long ere now  
I should have seen how lances meet, and swords  
Do the field's work.

*Abd.* Boy! — know'st thou there are sights  
A thousand times more fearful? Men may die  
Full proudly, when the skies and mountains  
ring

To battle horn and tecbir.<sup>1</sup> But not all  
So pass away in glory. There are those,  
'Midst the dead silence of pale multitudes,  
Led forth in fetters — dost thou mark me,  
boy? —

To take their last look of th' all-gladdening sun,  
And bow, perchance, the stately head of youth  
Unto the death of shame! — Hadst thou seen  
this —

*Alph.* (to *Carlos*.) Sweet brother, God is with  
us — fear thou not!

We have had heroes for our sires: — this man  
Should not behold us tremble.

*Abd.* There are means

To tame the loftiest natures. Yet again  
I ask thee, wilt thou, from beneath the walls,  
Sue to thy sire for life! — or wouldst thou die  
With this thy brother?

*Alph.* Moslem! on the hills,  
Around my father's castle, I have heard  
The mountain peasants, as they dressed the  
vines,

Or drove the goats, by rock and torrent, home,  
Singing their ancient songs; and these were all  
Of the Cid Campeador; and how his sword  
Tizona<sup>2</sup> cleared its way through turbaned hosts,  
And captured Afric's kings, and how he won  
Valencia from the Moor.<sup>3</sup> I will not shame  
The blood we draw from him!

[A Moorish soldier enters.]

<sup>1</sup> *Tecbir*, the war cry of the Moors and Arabs.

<sup>2</sup> *Tizona*, the firebrand. The name of the Cid's favorite sword, taken in battle from the Moorish king Bucar.

<sup>3</sup> Valencia, which has been repeatedly besieged and taken by the armies of different nations, remained in possession of the Moors for a hundred and seventy years after the Cid's death. It was regained from them by King Don Jayme of Aragon, surnamed the Conqueror; after whose success I have ventured to suppose it governed by a descendant of the Campeador.

*Sol.* Valencia's lord  
Sends messengers, my chief.

*Abd.* Conduct them hither.

[The soldier goes out and reënters with *ELMINA*, disguised, and an attendant.]

*Car.* (springing forward to the attendant.)  
O, take me hence, Diego! take me hence  
With thee, that I may see my mother's face  
At morning when I wake. Here dark-browed  
men

Frown strangely, with their cruel eyes, upon me  
Take me with thee, for thou art good and kind,  
And well I know thou lov'st me, my Diego!

*Abd.* Peace, boy! — What tidings, Christian,  
from thy lord?

Is he grown humbler? — doth he set the lives  
Of these fair nurslings at a city's worth?

*Alph.* (rushing forward impatiently.) Say not  
he doth! — Yet wherefore art thou here?

If it be so, I could weep burning tears  
For very shame! If this can be, return!  
Tell him, of all his wealth, his battle spoils,  
I will but ask a war horse and a sword,  
And that beside him in the mountain chase,  
And in his halls, and at his stately feasts,  
My place shall be no more! But no! — I wrong,  
I wrong my father! Moor, believe it not:  
He is a champion of the Cross and Spain,  
Sprung from the Cid! — and I, too, I can die  
As a warrior's high-born child!

*Elm.* Alas, alas!

And wouldst thou die, thus early die, fair  
boy?

What hath life done to thee, that thou shouldst  
cast

Its flower away, in very scorn of heart,  
Ere yet the blight be come?

*Alph.* That voice doth sound —

*Abd.* Stranger, who art thou? — this is mockery! speak!

*Elm.* (throwing off a mantle and helmet, and embracing her sons.)

My boys! whom I have reared through many  
hours

Of silent joys and sorrows, and deep thoughts  
Untold and unimagined; let me die  
With you, now I have held you to my heart,  
And seen once more the faces, in whose light  
My soul hath lived for years!

*Car.* Sweet mother! now  
Thou shalt not leave us more.

*Abd.* Enough of this!  
Woman! what seek'st thou here? How hast  
thou dared

To front the mighty thus amidst his hosts?

*Elm.* Think'st thou there dwells no courage  
but in breasts

That set their mail against the ringing spears,  
When helmets are struck down? Thou little  
know'st

Of nature's marvels. Chief! my heart is nerved  
To make its way through things which warrior  
men,

Ay, they that master death by field or flood,  
Would look on, ere they braved! I have no  
thought,

No sense of fear! Thou'rt mighty! but a soul  
Wound up like mine is mightier, in the power  
Of that one feeling poured through all its depths,  
Than monarchs with their hosts! Am I not come  
To die with these my children?

*Abd.* Doth thy faith

Bid thee do this, fond Christian? Hast thou not  
The means to save them?

*Elm.* I have prayers, and tears,  
And agonies! — and he, my God — the God  
Whose hand, or soon or late, doth find its hour  
To bow the crested head — hath made these  
things

Most powerful in a world where all must learn  
That one deep language, by the storm called forth  
From the bruised reeds of earth! For thee,  
perchance,

Affliction's chastening lesson hath not yet  
Been laid upon thy heart; and thou mayst love  
To see the creatures, by its might brought low,  
Humbled before thee.

*[She throws herself at his feet.]*

Conqueror, I can kneel!

I, that drew birth from princes, bow myself  
E'en to thy feet! Call in thy chiefs, thy slaves,  
If this will swell thy triumph, to behold  
The blood of kings, of heroes, thus abased!  
Do this, but spare my sons!

*Alph. (attempting to raise her.)* Thou shouldst  
not kneel

Unto this infidel! Rise, rise, my mother!  
This sight doth shame our house!

*Abd.* Thou daring boy!

They that in arms have taught thy father's land  
How chains are worn, shall school that haughty  
men

Unto another language.

*Elm.* Peace, my son!

Have pity on my heart! O, pardon, chief!  
He is of noble blood. Hear, hear me yet!  
Are there no lives through which the shafts of  
Heaven

May reach your soul? He that loves aught on  
earth,

Dares far too much, if he be merciless!

Is it for those, whose frail mortality  
Must one day strive alone with God and death,  
To shut their souls against th' appealing voice  
Of nature, in her anguish? Warrior, man,  
To you, too, ay, and haply with your hosts,  
By thousands and ten thousands marshalled  
round,

And your strong armor on, shall come that stroke  
Which the lance wards not! Where shall your  
high heart

Find refuge then, if in the day of might  
Woe hath lain prostrate, bleeding at your feet,  
And you have pitied not?

*Abd.* These are vain words.

*Elm.* Have you no children? — fear ye not to  
bring

The lightning on their heads? In your own land  
Doth no fond mother, from the tents beneath  
Your native palms, look o'er the deserts out,  
To greet your homeward step? You have not yet  
Forgot so utterly her patient love —  
For is not woman's in all climes the same? —  
That you should scorn my prayer! O Heaven!  
his eye

Doth wear no mercy!

*Abd.* Then it mocks you not.

I have swept o'er the mountains of your land,  
Leaving my traces, as the visitings  
Of storms upon them! Shall I now be stayed?  
Know, unto me it were as light a thing,  
In this my course, to quench your children's lives,  
As, journeying through a forest, to break off  
The young wild branches that obstruct the way  
With their green sprays and leaves.

*Elm.* Are there such hearts

Amongst thy works, O God?

*Abd.* Kneel not to me.

Kneel to your lord! on his resolves doth hang  
His children's doom. He may be lightly won  
By a few bursts of passionate tears and words.

*Elm. (rising indignantly.)* Speak not of noble  
men! He bears a soul

Stronger than love or death.

*Alph. (with exultation.)* I knew 'twas thus!  
He could not fail!

*Elm.* There is no mercy, none,

On this cold earth! To strive with such a world,  
Hearts should be void of love! We will go hence,  
My children! we are summoned. Lay your  
heads,

In their young radiant beauty, once again  
To rest upon this bosom. He that dwells  
Beyond the clouds which press us darkly round,  
Will yet have pity, and before His face



We three will stand together ! Moslem ! now  
Let the stroke fall at once !

*Abd.* 'Tis thine own will.

These might e'en yet be spared.

*Elm.* Thou wilt not spare !

And he beneath whose eye their childhood grew,  
And in whose paths they sported, and whose ear  
From their first lisping accents caught the sound  
Of that word — *Father* — once a name of love —  
Is — Men shall call him *steadfast*.

*Abd.* Hath the blast

Of sudden trumpets ne'er at dead of night,  
When the land's watchers feared no hostile step,  
Startled the slumberers from their dreamy world,  
In cities, whose heroic lords have been  
*Steadfast* as thine ?

*Elm.* There's meaning in thine eye,  
More than thy words.

*Abd.* (*pointing to the city.*) Look to yon towers and walls !

Think you no hearts within their limits pine,  
Weary of hopeless warfare, and prepared  
To burst the feeble links which bind them still  
Unto endurance ?

*Elm.* Thou hast said too well.

But what of this ?

*Abd.* Then there are those, to whom  
The Prophet's armies not as foes would pass  
Yon gates, but as deliverers. Might they not  
In some still hour, when weariness takes rest,  
Be won to welcome us ? Your children's steps  
May yet bound lightly through their father's  
halls !

*Alph.* (*indignantly.*) Thou treacherous Moor !

*Elm.* Let me not thus be tried

Beyond all strength, O Heaven !

*Abd.* Now, 'tis for thee,

Thou Christian mother ! on thy sons to pass  
The sentence — life or death ! The price is set  
On their young blood, and rests within thy hands.

*Alph.* Mother ! thou tremblest !

*Abd.* Hath thy heart resolved ?

*Elm.* (*covering her face with her hands.*)

My boy's proud eye is on me, and the things  
Which rush in stormy darkness through my soul  
Shrink from his glance. I cannot answer *here*.

*Abd.* Come forth. We'll commune elsewhere.

*Car.* (*to his mother.*) Wilt thou go ?

O, let me follow thee !

*Elm.* Mine own fair child !

Now that thine eyes have poured once more on  
mine

The light of their young smile, and thy sweet  
voice

Hath sent its gentle music through my soul,

And I have felt the twining of thine arms —  
How shall I leave thee ?

*Abd.* Leave him, as 'twere but  
For a brief slumber, to behold his face  
At morning, with the sun s.

*Alph.* Thou hast no look  
For me, my mother !

*Elm.* O that I should live  
To say, I dare not look on thee ! **Farewell,**  
My first born, fare thee well !

*Alph.* Yet, yet beware !  
It were ■ grief more heavy on my soul,  
That I should blush for thee, than o'er my  
grave

That thou shouldst proudly weep !

*Abd.* Away ! we trifle here. The night wanes  
fast.

Come forth !

*Elm.* One more embrace ! My sons, farewell.  
[*Exeunt ABDULLAH with ELMINA and  
her Attendant.*

*Alph.* Hear me yet once, my mother ! Art  
thou gone ?

But one word more !

[*He rushes out, followed by CARLOS.*

SCENE V. — *The Garden of a Palace in Valencia*

XIMENA, THERESA.

*Ther.* Stay yet a while. A purer air doth rove  
Here through the myrtles whispering, and the  
limes,

And shaking sweetness from the orange boughs,  
Than waits you in the city.

*Xim.* There are those  
In their last need, and on their bed of death, —  
At which no hand doth minister but mine, —  
That wait me in the city. Let us hence.

*Ther.* You have been wont to love the music  
made

By founts, and rustling foliage, and soft winds,  
Breathing of citron groves. And will you turn  
From these to scenes of death ?

*Xim.* To me the voice  
Of summer, whispering through young flowers  
and leaves,

Now speaks too deep a language ! and of all  
Its dreamy and mysterious melodies,  
The breathing soul is sadness ! I have felt  
That summons through my spirit, after which  
The hues of earth are changed, and all her  
sounds

Seem fraught with secret warnings. There is  
cause

That I should bend my footsteps to the scenes

Where Death is busy, taming warrior hearts,  
And pouring winter through the fiery blood,  
And fettering the strong arm ! For now no sigh  
In the dull air, nor floating cloud in heaven,  
No, not the lightest murmur of a leaf,  
But of his angel's silent coming bears  
Some token to my soul. But nought of this  
Unto my mother ! These are awful hours !  
And on their heavy steps afflictions crowd  
With such dark pressure, there is left no room  
For one grief more.

*Ther.* Sweet lady, talk not thus !  
Your eye this morn doth wear a calmer light,  
There's more of life in its clear tremulous ray  
Than I have marked of late. Nay, go not yet ;  
Rest by this fountain, where the laurels dip  
Their glossy leaves. A fresher gale doth spring  
From the transparent waters, dashing round  
Their silvery spray, with a sweet voice of cool-  
ness,  
O'er the pale glistening marble. 'Twill call up  
Faint bloom, if but a moment's, to your cheek.  
Rest here, ere you go forth, and I will sing  
The melody you love.

*THERESA sings.*

Why is the Spanish maiden's grave  
So far from her own bright land ?  
The sunny flowers that o'er it wave  
Were sown by no kindred hand.

'Tis not the orange bough that sends  
Its breath on the sultry air,  
'Tis not the myrtle stem that bends  
To the breeze of evening there !

But the rose of Sharon's Eastern bloom  
By the silent dwelling fades,  
And none but strangers pass the tomb  
Which the palm of Judah shades.

The lowly cross, with flowers o'ergrown,  
Marks well that place of rest ;  
But who hath graved on its mossy stone  
A sword, a helm, a crest ?

These are the trophies of a chief,  
A lord of the axe and spear !  
— Some blossom plucked, some faded leaf,  
Should grace a maiden's bier !

Scorn not her tomb — deny not her  
The honors of the brave !  
O'er that forsaken sepulchre  
Banner and plume might wave.

She bound the steel, in battle tried,  
Her fearless heart above,  
And stood with brave men side by side,  
In the strength and faith of love !

That strength prevailed — that faith was blessed  
True was the javelin thrown,  
Yet pierced it not her warrior's breast —  
She met it with her own !

And nobly won, where heroes fell  
In arms for the holy shrine,  
A death which saved what she loved so well,  
And a grave in Palestine.

Then let the rose of Sharon spread  
Its breast to the glowing air,  
And the palm of Judah lift its head,  
Green and immortal there !

And let yon gray stone, undefaced,  
With its trophy mark the scene,  
Telling the pilgrim of the waste  
Where love and death have been.

*Xim.* Those notes were wont to make my  
heart beat quick,

As at a voice of victory ; but to-day  
The spirit of the song is changed, and seems  
All mournful. O that, ere my early grave  
Shuts out the sunbeam, I might hear one peal  
Of the Castilian trumpet, ringing forth  
Beneath my father's banner ! In that sound  
Were life to you, sweet brothers ! — But for  
me —

Come on — our tasks await us. They who  
know

Their hours are numbered out have little time  
To give the vague and slumberous languor way,  
Which doth steal o'er them in the breath of  
flowers,

And whisper of soft winds.

[*ELMINA enters hurriedly.*

*Elm.* The air will calm my spirit, ere yet I  
meet

His eye, which must be met. — Thou here,  
Ximena !

[*She starts back on seeing XIMENA.*

*Xim.* Alas ! my mother ! in that hurrying  
step

And troubled glance I read —

*Elm. (wildly.)* Thou read'st it not !

Why, who would live, if unto mortal eye  
The things lay glaring, which within our hearts  
We treasure up for God's ? Thou read'st it not

I say, thou canst not! There's not one on earth  
Shall know the thoughts, which for themselves  
have made

And kept dark places in the very breast  
Whereon he hath laid his slumber, till the hour  
When the graves open!

*Xim.* Mother! what is this?

Alas! your eye is wandering, and your cheek  
Flushed, as with fever! To your woes the night  
Hath brought no rest.

*Elm.* Rest! — who should rest? — not he  
That holds one earthly blessing to his heart  
Nearer than life! No! if this world have aught  
Of bright or precious, let not him, who calls  
Such things his own, take rest! — Dark spirits  
keep watch;

And they to whom fair honor, chivalrous fame,  
Were as heaven's air, the vital element  
Wherein they breathed, may wake, and find  
their souls

Made marks for human scorn! Will they bear on  
With life struck down, and thus disrobed of all  
Its glorious drapery? Who shall tell us this?  
— Will *he* so bear it?

*Xim.* Mother! let us kneel

And blend our hearts in prayer! What else is  
left

To mortals when the dark hour's might is on  
them?

— Leave us, Theresa. — Grief like this doth find  
Its balm in solitude. [*Exit THERESA.*]

My mother! peace

Is Heaven's benignant answer to the cry  
Of wounded spirits. Wilt thou kneel with me?

*Elm.* Away! 'tis but for souls unstained, to  
wear

Heaven's tranquil image on their depths. — The  
stream

Of my dark thoughts, all broken by the storm,  
Reflects but clouds and lightnings! — Didst  
thou speak

Of peace? 'tis fled from earth! But there is joy!  
Wild, troubled joy! And who shall know, my  
child,

It is not happiness? Why, our own hearts  
Will keep the secret close! Joy, joy! if but  
To leave this desolate city, with its dull  
Slow knells and dirges, and to breathe again  
Th' untainted mountain air! — But hush! the  
trees,

The flowers, the waters, must hear nought of  
this!

They are full of voices, and will whisper  
things —

-- 'We'll speak of it no more.

*Xim.* O pitying Heaven!

This grief doth shake her reason!

*Elm.* (*starting.*) Hark! ■ step!

'Tis — 'tis thy father's! Come away — not  
now —

He must not see us now!

*Xim.* Why should this be?

[*GONZALEZ enters, and detains ELMINA.*]

*Gon.* Elmina, dost thou shun me? Have  
we not

E'en from the hopeful and the sunny time  
When youth was as a glory round our brows,  
Held on through life together? And is this,  
When eve is gathering round us, with the gloom  
Of stormy clouds, a time to part our steps  
Upon the darkening wild?

*Elm.* (*coldly.*) There needs not this.

Why shouldst thou think I shunned thee?

*Gon.* Should the love

That shone o'er many years, th' unfading love,  
Whose only change hath been from gladdening  
smiles

To mingling sorrows and sustaining strength,  
Thus lightly be forgotten?

*Elm.* Speak'st thou thus?

— I have knelt before thee with that very  
plea,

When it availed me not! But there are things  
Whose very breathings from the soul erase  
All record of past love, save the chill sense,  
Th' unquiet memory of its wasted faith,  
And vain devotedness! Ay! they that fix  
Affection's perfect trust on aught of earth,  
Have many a dream to start from!

*Gon.* This is but

The wildness and the bitterness of grief,  
Ere yet th' unsettled heart hath closed its long  
Impatient conflicts with a mightier power,  
Which makes all conflict vain.

— Hark! was there ■

A sound of distant trumpets, far beyond  
The Moorish tents, and of another tone  
Than th' Afric horn, Ximena?

*Xim.* O my father!

I know that horn too well. — 'Tis but the wind,  
Which, with a sudden rising, bears its deep  
And savage war note from us, wafting it  
O'er the far hills.

*Gon.* Alas! this woe must be!

I do not shake my spirit from its height,  
So startling it with hope! But the dread hour  
Shall be met bravely still. I can keep down  
Yet for ■ little while — and Heaven will ask  
No more — the passionate workings of my heart  
— And thine, Elmina?



*Elm.* 'Tis — I am prepared.  
I have prepared for all.

*Gon.* O, well I knew  
Thou wouldst not fail me! Not in vain my soul,  
'Pon thy faith and courage, hath built up  
Unshaken trust.

*Elm.* (*wildly.*) Away! — thou know'st me not!  
Man dares too far — his rashness would invest  
This our mortality with an attribute  
Too high and awful, boasting that he knows  
One human heart!

*Gon.* These are wild words, but yet  
I will not doubt thee! Hast thou not been found  
Noble in all things, pouring thy soul's light  
Undimmed o'er every trial? And, as our fates,  
So must our names be, undivided! — Thine,  
I th' record of a warrior's life, shall find  
Its place of stainless honor. By his side —

*Elm.* May this be borne! How much of agony  
Hath the heart room for? Speak to me in wrath  
— I can endure it! But no gentle words!  
No words of love! no praise! Thy sword might  
slay,

And be more merciful!

*Gon.* Wherefore art thou thus?  
Elmina, my beloved!

*Elm.* No more of love!  
— Have I not said there's that within my heart,  
Whereon it falls as living fire would fall  
Upon an unclosed wound?

*Gon.* Nay, lift thine eyes,  
That I may read their meaning!

*Elm.* Never more  
With a free soul. What have I said? — 'twas  
nought!

Take thou no heed! The words of wretchedness  
Admit not scrutiny. Wouldst thou mark the  
speech

Of troubled dreams?

*Gon.* I have seen thee in the hour  
Of thy deep spirit's joy, and when the breath  
Of grief hung chilling round thee; in all change,  
Bright health and drooping sickness; hope and  
fear;

Youth and decline; but never yet, Elmina,  
Ne'er hath thine eye till now shrunk back, per-  
turbed

With shame or dread, from mine!

*Elm.* Thy glance doth search  
A wounded heart too deeply.

*Gon.* Hast thou there  
Aught to conceal?

*Elm.* Who hath not?

*Gon.* Till this hour  
Thou never hadst! Yet hear me! — by the free

And unattainted fame which wraps the dust  
Of thine heroic fathers —

*Elm.* This to me!

— Bring your inspiring war notes, and your  
sounds

Of festal music round a dying man!  
Will his heart echo them? But if thy words  
Were spells, to call up, with each lofty tone,  
The grave's most awful spirits, they would stand  
Powerless, before my anguish!

*Gon.* Then, by her,  
Who there looks on thee in the purity  
Of her devoted youth, and o'er whose name  
No blight must fall, and whose pale cheek must  
ne'er

Burn with that deeper tinge, caught painfully  
From the quick feeling of dishonor — Speak!  
Unfold this mystery! By thy sons —

*Elm.* My sons!  
And canst thou name them?

*Gon.* Proudly! Better far  
They died with all the promise of their youth,  
And the fair honor of their house upon them,  
Than that, with manhood's high and passionate  
soul

To fearful strength unfolded, they should live,  
Barred from the lists of crested chivalry,  
And pining, in the silence of a woe,  
Which from the heart shuts daylight — o'er the  
shame

Of those who gave them birth! But thou couldst  
ne'er

Forget their lofty claims!

*Elm.* (*wildly.*) 'Twas but for them!  
'Twas for them only! Who shall dare arraign  
Madness of crime? And he who made us knows  
There are dark moments of all hearts and lives,  
Which bear down reason!

*Gon.* Thou, whom I have loved  
With such high trust as o'er our nature threw  
A glory scarce allowed — what hast thou done?  
— Ximena, go thou hence!

*Elm.* No, no! my child!  
There's pity in thy look! All other eyes  
Are full of wrath and scorn! O, leave me not!

*Gon.* That I should live to see thee thus  
abased!

— Yet speak! What hast thou done?

*Elm.* Look to the gate!  
Thou'rt worn with toil — but take no rest to-  
night!

The western gate! Its watchers have been  
won —

The Christian city hath been bought and sold! —  
They will admit the Moor!

*Gon.* They have been won !  
Brave men and tried so long ! Whose work was this ?

*Elm.* Think'st thou all hearts like thine ? Can mothers stand

To see their children perish ?

*Gon.* Then the guilt  
Was thine ?

*Elm.* Shall mortal dare to call it guilt ?  
tell thee, Heaven, which made all holy things,  
Made nought more holy than the boundless love  
Which fills a mother's heart ! I say, 'tis woe  
Enough, with such an aching tenderness,  
To love aught earthly ! and in vain ! in vain !  
— We are pressed down too sorely !

*Gon.* (*in a low desponding voice.*) Now my life  
is struck to worthless ashes ! — In my soul  
Suspicion hath ta'en root. The nobleness  
Henceforth is blotted from all human brows ;  
And fearful power, a dark and troublous gift,  
Almost like prophecy, is poured upon me,  
To read the guilty secrets in each eye  
That once looked bright with truth !

Why, then, I have gained  
What men call wisdom ! — A new sense, to  
which

All tales that speak of high fidelity,  
And holy courage, and proud honor, tried,  
Searched, and found steadfast, even to martyr-  
dom,

Are food for mockery ! Why should I not cast  
From my thinned locks the wearing helm at  
once,

And in the heavy sickness of my soul  
Throw the sword down forever ? Is there aught  
In all this world of gilded hollowness,  
Now the bright hues drop off its loveliest things,  
Worth striving for again ?

*Xim.* Father ! look up !

Turn unto me, thy child !

*Gon.* Thy face is fair ;  
And hath been unto me, in other days,  
As morning to the journeyer of the deep !  
But now — 'tis too like hers !

*Elm.* (*falling at his feet.*) Woe, shame and woe,  
Are on me in their might ! Forgive ! forgive !

*Gon.* (*starting up.*) Doth the Moor deem that I  
have part or share

Or counsel in his vileness ? Stay me not !  
Let go thy hold — 'tis powerless on me now :  
I linger here, while treason is at work !

[*Exit GONZALEZ.*]

*Elm.* Ximena, dost thou scorn me ?

*Xim.* I have found  
In mine own heart too much of feebleness,

Hid, beneath many foldings, from all eyes  
But His whom nought can blind, to dare do aught  
But pity thee, dear mother !

*Elm.* Blessings light  
On thy fair head, my gentle child, for this !  
Thou kind and merciful ! My soul is faint —  
Worn with long strife ! Is there aught else to do,  
Or suffer, ere we die ? — O God ! my sons !  
— I have betrayed them ! All their innocent  
blood

Is on my soul !

*Xim.* How shall I comfort thee ?  
— O, hark ! what sounds come deepening on the  
wind,  
So full of solemn hope !

*A procession of Nuns passes across the Scene,  
bearing relics, and chanting.*

#### CHANT.

A sword is on the land !  
He that bears down young tree and glorious  
flower,

Death, is gone forth ; he walks the wind in power  
Where is the warrior's hand ?

Our steps are in the shadows of the grave :  
Hear us ; we perish ! — Father, hear and save !

If, in the days of song,  
The days of gladness, we have called on thee,  
When mirthful voices rang from sea to sea,  
And joyous hearts were strong ;  
Now that alike the feeble and the brave  
Must cry, " We perish ! " — Father, hear and  
save !

The days of song are fled !  
The winds come loaded, wafting dirge notes by —  
But they that linger soon unmourned must die —  
The dead weep not the dead !  
Wilt thou forsake us 'midst the stormy wave ?  
We sink, we perish ! — Father, hear and save .

Helmet and lance are dust !  
Is not the strong man withered from our eye ?  
The arm struck down that held our banners  
high ? —

Thine is our spirits' trust !  
Look through the gathering shadows of the  
grave !  
Do we not perish ? — Father, hear and save !

*HERNANDEZ enters.*

*Elm.* Why com'st, thou, man of vengeance ? —  
What have I

To do with thee? Am I not bowed enough?  
Thou art no mourner's comforter!

*Her.* Thy lord

Hath sent me unto thee. Till this day's task  
Be closed, thou daughter of the feeble heart!  
He bids thee seek him not, but lay thy ways  
Before Heaven's altar, and in penitence  
Make thy soul's peace with God.

*Elm.* Till this day's task

Be closed! — There is strange triumph in thine  
eyes —

Is it that I have fallen from that high place  
Whereon I stood in fame? But I can feel  
A wild and bitter pride in thus being past  
The power of thy dark glance! My spirit  
now

Is wound about by one sole mighty grief;  
Thy scorn hath lost its sting. Thou mayst re-  
proach —

*Her.* I come not to reproach thee. Heaven  
doth work

By many agencies, and in its hour  
There is no insect which the summer breeze  
From the green leaf shakes trembling, but may  
serve

Its deep unsearchable purposes, as well  
As the great ocean, or th' eternal fires  
Pent in earth's caves. Thou hast but speeded  
that,

Which, in th' infatuate blindness of thy heart,  
Thou wouldst have trampled o'er all holy ties  
But to avert one day!

*Elm.* My senses fail.

Thou saidst — speak yet again — I could not  
catch

The meaning of thy words.

*Her.* E'en now thy lord

Hath sent our foes defiance. On the walls  
He stands in conference with the boastful  
Moor,

And awful strength is with him. Through the  
blood

Which this day must be poured in sacrifice  
Shall Spain be free. On all her olive hills  
Shall men set up the battle sign of fire,  
And round its blaze, at midnight, keep the  
vengence

Of vengeance wakeful in each other's hearts  
E'en with thy children's tale!

*Xim.* Peace, father! peace!

Behold, she sinks! — the storm hath done its  
work

Upon the broken reed. O, lend thine aid  
To bear her hence.

[*They lead her away.*]

SCENE VI. — *A Street in Valencia. Several  
Groups of Citizens and Soldiers, many of them  
lying on the Steps of a Church. Arms scattered  
on the Ground around them.*

*An Old Cit.* The air is sultry, as with thunder  
clouds.

I left my desolate home, that I might breathe  
More freely in heaven's face, but my heart feels  
With this hot gloom o'erburdened. I have now  
No sons to tend me. Which of you, kind friends,  
Will bring the old man water from the fount,  
To moisten his parched lip? [*A citizen goes out.*]

*2d Cit.* This wasting siege,  
Good Father Lopez, hath gone hard with you!  
'Tis sad to hear no voices through the house,  
Once peopled with fair sons!

*3d Cit.* Why, better thus  
Than to be haunted with their famished cries,  
E'en in your very dreams!

*Old Cit.* Heaven's will be done!  
These are dark times! I have not been alone  
In my affliction.

*3d Cit. (with bitterness.)* Why, we have but  
this thought  
Left for our gloomy comfort! — And 'tis well!  
Ay, let the balance be a while struck even  
Between the noble's palace and the hut,  
Where the worn peasant sickens! They that  
bear

The humble dead unhonored to their homes,  
Pass now i' th' streets no lordly bridal train  
With its exulting music; and the wretch  
Who on the marble steps of some proud hall  
Flings himself down to die, in his last need  
And agony of famine, doth behold  
No scornful guests, with their long purple robes,  
To the banquet sweeping by. Why, this is just!  
These are the days when pomp is made to feel  
Its human mould!

*4th Cit.* Heard you last night the sound  
Of Saint Iago's bell? — How sullenly  
From the great tower it pealed!

*5th Cit.* Ay, and 'tis said  
No mortal hand was near when so it seemed  
To shake the midnight streets.

*Old Cit.* Too well I know  
The sound of coming fate! — 'Tis ever thus  
When Death is on his way to make it night  
In the Cid's ancient house.<sup>1</sup> O, there are things  
In this strange world of which we've all to learn

<sup>1</sup> It was a Spanish tradition that the great bell of the cathedral of Saragossa always tolled spontaneously before King of Spain died.



When its dark bounds are passed. Yon bell,  
untouched,

(Save by the hands we see not,) still doth speak —  
When of that line some stately head is marked —  
With a wild hollow peal, at dead of night,  
Rocking Valencia's towers. I've heard it oft,  
Nor know its warning false.

*4th Cit.* And will our chief  
Buy with the price of his fair children's blood  
A few more days of pining wretchedness  
For this forsaken city?

*Old Cit.* Doubt it not!  
- But with that ransom he may purchase still  
Deliverance for the land! And yet 'tis sad  
To think that such a race, with all its fame,  
Should pass away! For she, his daughter too,  
Moves upon earth as some bright thing whose  
time

To sojourn there is short.

*5th Cit.* Then woe for us  
When she is gone! Her voice, the very sound  
Of her soft step, was comfort, as she moved  
Through the still house of mourning! Who  
like her

Shall give us hope again?

*Old Cit.* Be still! — she comes,  
And with a mien how changed! A hurrying step,  
And a flushed cheek! What may this bode? —  
Be still!

*XIMENA enters, with Attendants, carrying a Banner.*

*Xim.* Men of Valencia! in an hour like this,  
What do ye here?

*A Cit.* We die!

*Xim.* Brave men die now  
Hirt for the toil, as travellers suddenly  
By the dark night o'ertaken on their way!  
These days require such death! It is too much  
Of luxury for our wild and angry times,  
To fold the mantle round us, and to sink  
From life, as flowers that shut up silently,  
When the sun's heat doth scorch them! Hear  
ye not?

*A Cit.* Lady! what wouldst thou with us?

*Xim.* Rise and arm!

E'en now the children of your chief are led  
Forth by the Moor to perish! Shall this be —  
Shall the high sound of such a name be hushed,  
I' th' land to which for ages it hath been  
A battle word, as 'twere some passing note  
Of shepherd music? Must this work be done,  
And ye lie pining here, as men in whom  
The pulse which God hath made for noble  
thought

Can so be thrilled no longer?

*A Cit.* 'Tis e'en so!

Sickness, and toil, and grief, have breathe  
upon us;

Our hearts beat faint and low.

*Xim.* Are ye so poor  
Of soul, my countrymen! that ye can draw  
Strength from no deeper source than that which  
sends

The red blood mantling through the joyous veins,  
And gives the fleet step wings? Why, how  
have age

And sensitive womanhood ere now endured,  
Through pangs of searching fire, in some proud  
cause,

Blessing that agony? Think ye the Power  
Which bore them nobly up, as if to teach  
The torturer where eternal Heaven had set  
Bounds to his sway, was earthy, of this earth --  
This dull mortality? Nay, then look on me!  
Death's touch hath marked me, and I stand

amongst you,

As one whose place, i' th' sunshine of your world,  
Shall soon be left to fill! — I say, the breath  
Of th' incense, floating through yon fane, shall  
scarce

Pass from your path before me! But even now  
I've that within me, kindling through the dust,  
Which from all time hath made high deeds its  
voice

And token to the nations. Look on me!

Why hath Heaven poured forth courage, ■ ■  
flame

Wasting the womanish heart, which must be  
stilled

Yet sooner for its swift consuming brightness,  
If not to shame your doubt, and your despair,  
And your soul's torpor? Yet, arise and arm!  
It may not be too late.

*A Cit.* Why, what are we,  
To cope with hosts? Thus faint, and worn, and  
few,

O'ernumbered and forsaken, is't for ■  
To stand against the mighty?

*Xim.* And for whom  
Hath He, who shakes the mighty with a breath  
From their high places, made the fearfulness,  
And ever-wakeful presence of his power  
To the pale startled earth most manifest,  
But for the weak? Was't for the helmeted and  
crowned

That suns were stayed at noonday? — stormy  
seas

As a rill parted? — mailed archangels sent  
To wither up the strength of kings with death!  
— I tell you, if these marvels have been done,

'Twas for the wearied and th' oppressed of men.  
They needed such ! And generous faith hath  
power,

By her prevailing spirit, e'en yet to work  
Deliverances, whose tale shall live with those  
Of the great elder time ! Be of good heart !  
*Who* is forsaken ? He that gives the thought  
A place within his breast ? 'Tis not for you.  
- Know ye this banner ?

*Cits. (murmuring to each other.)* Is she not in-  
spired ?

Doth not Heaven call us by her fervent voice ?

*Xim.* Know ye this banner ?

*Cits.* 'Tis the Cid's.

*Xim.* The Cid's !

Who breathes that name but in th' exulting tone  
Which the heart rings to ? Why, the very wind,  
As it swells out the noble standard's fold,  
Hath a triumphant sound ! The Cid's ! it moved  
Even as a sign of victory through the land,  
From the free skies ne'er stooping to a foe !

*Old Cid.* Can ye still pause, my brethren ! O  
that youth

Through this worn frame were kindling once  
again !

*Xim.* Ye linger still ? Upon this very air,  
He that was born in happy hour for Spain<sup>1</sup>  
Poured forth his conquering spirit ! 'Twas the  
breeze

From your own mountains which came down to  
wave

This banner of his battles, as it drooped  
Above the champion's death bed. Nor even then  
Its tale of glory closed. They made no moan  
O'er the dead hero, and no dirge was sung,<sup>2</sup>  
But the deep tambour and shrill horn of war  
Told when the mighty passed ! They wrapped  
him not

With the pale shroud, but braced the warrior's  
form

In war array, and on his barded<sup>3</sup> steed,  
As for a triumph, reared him ; marching forth  
In the hushed midnight from Valencia's walls,  
Beleaguered then, as now. All silently  
The stately funeral moved. But who was he  
That followed, charging on the tall white horse,  
And with the solemn standard, broad and pale,  
Waving in sheets of snowlight ? And the cross,  
The bloody cross, far blazing from his shield,

<sup>1</sup> "El que en buen hora nasco ;" he that was born in  
happy hour. An appellation given to the Cid in the an-  
cient chronicles.

<sup>2</sup> For this, and the subsequent allusions to Spanish le-  
gends, see *The Romances, and Chronicle of the Cid*.

<sup>3</sup> Barded, caparisoned for battle.

And the fierce meteor sword ? They fled, they  
fled !

The kings of Afric, with their countless hosts,  
Were dust in his red path. The cimeter  
Was shivered as a reed ; — for in that hour  
The warrior saint that keeps the watch for Spain  
Was armed betimes. And o'er that fiery field  
The Cid's high banner streamed all joyously,  
For still its lord was there.

*Cits. (rising tumultuously.)* Even unto death  
Again it shall be followed !

*Xim.* Will he see

The noble stem hewn down, the beacon light,  
Which from his house for ages o'er the land  
Hath shone through cloud and storm, thus  
quenched at once ?

Will he not aid his children in the hour  
Of this their utmost peril ? Awful power  
Is with the holy dead, and there are times  
When the tomb hath no chain they cannot burst !  
Is it a thing forgotten how he woke  
From its deep rest of old ; remembering Spain  
In her great danger ? At the night's mid watch  
How Leon started, when the sound was heard  
That shook her dark and hollow-echoing streets,  
As with the heavy tramp of steel-clad men,  
By thousands marching through ! For he had  
risen !

The Campeador was on his march again,  
And in his arms, and followed by his hosts  
Of shadowy spearmen. He had left the world  
From which we are dimly parted, and gone forth,  
And called his buried warriors from their sleep,  
Gathering them round him to deliver Spain ;  
For Afric was upon her. Morning broke,  
Day rushed through clouds of battle ; but at —  
Our God had triumphed, and the rescued land  
Sent up a shout of victory from the field,  
That rocked her ancient mountains.

*Cits.* Arms ! to arms !

On to our chief ! We have strength within us yet  
To die with our blood roused ! Now, be the  
word,  
For the Cid's house !

[*They begin to arm themselves.*]

*Xim.* Ye know his battle song ?

The old, rude strain wherewith his bands went  
forth

To strike down Paynim swords ! [*She sings.*]

#### THE CID'S BATTLE SONG.

The Moor is on his way !  
With the tambour peal and the tecbir shout,  
And the horn o'er the blue seas ringing out,  
He hath marshalled his dark array !

Shout through the vine-clad land !  
That her sons on all their hills may hear ;  
And sharpen the point of the red wolf spear,  
And the sword for the brave man's hand !

[*The CITIZENS join in the song, while  
they continue arming themselves.*]

Banners are in the field !  
The chief must rise from his joyous board,  
And turn from the feast ere the wine be poured,  
And take up his father's shield !

The Moor is on his way !  
Let the peasant leave his olive ground,  
And the goats roam wild through the pine woods  
round :  
There is nobler work to-day !

Send forth the trumpet's call !  
I'll the bridegroom cast the goblet down,  
And the marriage robe, and the flowery crown ;  
And arm in the banquet hall !

And stay the funeral train :  
Bid the chanted mass be hushed a while,  
And the bier laid down in the holy aisle,  
And the mourners girt for Spain.

[*They take up the banner and follow XIMENA  
out ; their voices are heard gradually dying  
away at a distance.*]

Ere night must swords be red !  
It is not an hour for knells and tears !  
But for helmets braced and serried spears !  
To-morrow for the dead !

The Cid is in array !  
His steed is barded, his plume waves high,  
His banner is up in the sunny sky —  
Now, joy for the Cross to-day !

SCENE VII.—*The walls of the city. The plains  
beneath, with the Moorish Camp and Army.*

GONZALEZ, GARCIAS, HERNANDEZ.

*A wild sound of Moorish music heard from below.*

Her. What notes are these in their deep  
mournfulness  
So strangely wild ?

Gar. 'Tis the shrill melody  
Of the Moor's ancient death song. Well I know  
The rude, barbaric sound ; but till this hour  
It seemed not fearful. Now, a shuddering chill  
Comes o'er me with its tones.—Lo ! from yon tent  
They lead the noble boys !

Her. The young, and pure,  
And beautiful victims ! — 'Tis on things like  
these

We cast our hearts in wild idolatry,  
Sowing the winds with hope ! Yet this is wel.  
Thus brightly crowned with life's most gorgeous  
flowers,

And all unblemished, earth should offer up  
Her treasures unto heaven !

Gar. (to GONZALEZ.) My chief, the Moor  
Hath led your children forth.

Gon. (starting.) Are my sons there ?  
I knew they could not perish ; for yon heaven  
Would ne'er behold it ! — Where is he that said  
I was no more a father ! They look changed —  
Pallid and worn, as from a prison house !  
Or is't mine eyes see dimly ? But their steps  
Seem heavy, as with pain. I hear the clank —  
O God ! their limbs are fettered !

Abd. (coming forward beneath the walls.)  
Christian ! look


Once more upon thy children. There is yet  
One moment for the trembling of the sword ;  
Their doom is still with thee.

Gon. Why should this man  
So mock us with the semblance of our kind ?  
— Moor ! Moor ! thou dost too daringly provoke,  
In thy bold cruelty, th' all-judging One,  
Who visits for such things ! Hast thou no sense  
Of thy frail nature ? 'Twill be taught thee yet ;  
And darkly shall the anguish of my soul,  
Darkly and heavily, pour itself on thine,  
When thou shalt cry for mercy from the dust,  
And be denied !

Abd. Nay, is it not thyself  
That hast no mercy and no love within thee ?  
These are thy sons, the nurslings of thy house ;  
Speak ! must they live or die ?

Gon. (in violent emotion.) Is it Heaven's will  
To try the dust it kindles for a day  
With infinite agony ? How have I drawn  
This chastening on my head ! They bloomed  
around me,

And my heart grew too fearless in its joy,  
Glorying in their bright promise. — If we fall,  
Is there no pardon for our feebleness ?

HERNANDEZ, without speaking, holds up   
before him.

Abd. Speak !

Gon. (snatching the cross, and lifting it up.) Let  
the earth be shaken through its depths,  
But this must triumph !

Abd. (coldly.) Be it as thou wilt.

— Unsheathe the cimeter ! [To his guards

Gar. (to GONZALEZ.) Away, my chief !



This is your place no longer. There are things  
No human heart, though battle proof as yours,  
Unmaddened may sustain.

*Gon.* Be still! I have now  
No place on earth but this.

*Alph.* (*from beneath.*) Men! give me way,  
That I may speak forth once before I die!

*Gar.* The princely boy! — how gallantly his  
brow

Wears its high nature in the face of death!

*Alph.* Father!

*Gon.* My son! my son! — Mine eldest born!

*Alph.* Stay but upon the ramparts! Fear thou  
not —

There is good courage in me. O my father!  
I will not shame thee! — only let me fall  
Knowing thine eye looks proudly on thy child,  
So shall my heart have strength.

*Gon.* Would, would to God  
That I might die for thee, my noble boy!

Alphonso, my fair son!

*Alph.* Could I have lived,  
I might have been a warrior! Now, farewell!  
But look upon me still! — I will not blench  
When the keen sabre flashes. Mark me well!  
Mine eyelids shall not quiver as it falls,  
So thou wilt look upon me!

*Gar.* (*to GONZALEZ.*) Nay, my lord!  
We must be gone! Thou *canst* not bear it!

*Gon.* Peace!  
Who hath told thee how much man's heart can  
bear?

Lend me thine arm — my brain whirls fear-  
fully —

How thick the shades close round! My boy!  
my boy!

Where art thou in this gloom?

*Gar.* Let us go hence!

This is a dreadful moment!

*Gon.* Hush! — what saidst thou?  
Now let me look on him! — Dost thou see aught  
Through the dull mist which wraps us?

*Gar.* I behold —

O for a thousand Spaniards! to rush down —

*Gon.* Thou seest — My heart stands still to  
hear thee speak!

— There seems a fearful hush upon the air,  
As 'twere the dead of night!

*Gar.* The hosts have closed  
Around the spot in stillness Through the  
spears,

Ranged thick and motionless, I see him not!

— But now —

*Gon.* He bade me keep mine eye upon him,  
And all is darkness round me! — Now?

*Gar.* A sword,

A sword springs upward, like a lightning burst,  
Through the dark serried mass! Its cold-blue  
glare

Is wavering to and fro — 'tis vanished — hark!

*Gon.* I heard it, yes! — I heard the dull dead  
sound

That heavily broke the silence! Didst thou  
speak?

— I lost thy words — come nearer!

*Gar.* 'Twas — 'tis past! —

The sword fell then!

*Her.* (*with exultation.*) Flow forth, thou noble  
blood!

Fount of Spain's ransom and deliverance, flow  
Unchecked and brightly forth! Thou kingly  
stream!

Blood of our heroes! blood of martyrdom!  
Which through so many warrior hearts hast  
poured

Thy fiery currents, and hast made our hills  
Free, by thine own free offering! Bathe the  
land, —

But there thou shalt not sink! Our very air  
Shall take thy coloring, and our loaded skies  
O'er th' infidel hang dark and ominous,  
With battle hues of thee! And thy deep voice,  
Rising above them to the judgment seat,  
Shall call a burst of gathered vengeance down,  
To sweep th' oppressor from us! For thy wave  
Hath made his guilt run o'er!

*Gon.* (*endeavoring to rouse himself.*) 'Tis all a  
dream!

There is not one — no hand on earth could harm  
That fair boy's graceful head! Why look you  
thus?

*Abd.* (*pointing to CARLOS.*) Christian! e'en yet  
thou hast a son!

*Gon.* E'en yet!

*Car.* My father, take me from these fearful men.  
Wilt thou not save me, father?

*Gon.* (*attempting to unsheathe his sword.*) Is the  
strength

From mine arm shivered? Garcias, follow me!

*Gar.* Whither, my chief?

*Gon.* Why we can die as well

On yonder plain — ay, a spear's thrust will do  
The little that our misery doth require,  
Sooner than e'en this anguish! Life is best  
Thrown from us in such moments.

[Voices heard at a distance

*Her.* Hush! what strain  
Floats on the wind?

*Gar.* 'Tis the Cid's battle song!  
What marvel hath been wrought?

*Voices approaching heard in chorus.*

The Moor is on his way !  
With the tambour peal and the tecbir shout,  
And the horn o'er the blue seas ringing out,  
He hath marshalled his dark array !

*XIMENA enters, followed by the Citizens,  
with the Banner.*

*Kim.* Is it too late? — My father, these are  
men  
Through life and death prepared to follow thee  
Beneath this banner ! Is their zeal too late?  
— O, there's a fearful history on thy brow !  
What hast thou seen ?

*Gar.* It is not *all* too late.

*Kim.* My brothers !

*Her.* All is well.

(*To GARCÍAS.*) Hush ! wouldst thou chill  
That which hath sprung within them, as a flame  
From th' altar embers mounts in sudden bright-  
ness ?

I say, 'tis not too late, ye men of Spain !  
On to the rescue !

*Kim.* Bless me, O my father !  
And I will hence, to aid thee with my prayers,  
Sending my spirit with thee through the storm  
Lit up by flashing swords !

*Gon.* (*falling upon her neck.*) Hath aught been  
spared ?

Am I not all bereft ? Thou'rt left me still !  
Mine own, my loveliest one, thou'rt left me still !  
Farewell ! — thy father's blessing, and thy God's,  
Be with thee, my Ximena !

*Kim.* Fare thee well !

If, ere thy steps turn homeward from the field,  
The voice is hushed that still hath welcomed thee,  
Think of me in thy victory !

*Her.* Peace ! no more !

This is no time to melt our nature down  
To a soft stream of tears ! Be of strong heart !  
Give me the banner ! Swell the song again !

*Cits.* Ere night must swords be red !

It is not ~~an~~ hour for knells and tears,

But for helmets braced and serried spears !

To-morrow for the dead !

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE VIII. — *Before the Altar of a Church.*

*ELMINA rises from the steps of the Altar.*

*Elm.* The clouds are fearful that o'erhang thy  
ways,

O thou mysterious Heaven ! It cannot be  
That I have drawn the vials of thy wrath  
To burst upon me, through the lifting up

Of a proud heart, elate in happiness !  
No ! in my day's full noon, for me life's flowers  
But wreathed a cup of trembling ; and the love,  
The boundless love, my spirit was formed to bear  
Hath ever, in its place of silence, been  
A trouble and a shadow, tinging thought  
With hues too deep for joy ! I never looked  
On my fair children, in their buoyant mirth  
Or sunny sleep, when all the gentle air  
Seemed glowing with their quiet blessedness,  
But o'er my soul there came a shuddering sense  
Of earth, and its pale changes ; e'en like that  
Which vaguely mingles with our glorious  
dreams —

A restless and disturbing consciousness  
That the bright things must fade ! How have  
I shrunk

From the dull murmur of th' unquiet voice,  
With its low tokens of mortality,  
Till my heart fainted 'midst their smiles ! —  
their smiles !

Where are those glad looks now ? — Could they  
go down

With all their joyous light, that seemed not  
earth's,

To the cold grave ? My children ! — righteous  
Heaven !

There floats a dark remembrance o'er my brain  
Of one who told me, with relentless eye,  
That *this* should be the hour !

*XIMENA enters.*

*Kim.* They are gone forth  
Unto the rescue ! — strong in heart and hope,  
Faithful, though few ! — My mother, let thy  
prayers  
Call on the land's good saints to lift once more  
The sword and cross that sweep the field for  
Spain,

As in old battle ; so thine arms e'en yet  
May clad thy sons ! For me, my part is done !  
The flame, which dimly might have lingered yet  
A little while, hath gathered all its rays  
Brightly to sink at once. And it is well !  
The shadows are around me : to thy heart  
Fold me, that I may die.

*Elm.* My child ! what dream  
Is on thy soul ? Even now thine aspect  
Life's brightest inspiration !

*Kim.* Death's !

*Elm.* Away !

Thine eye hath starry clearness ; and thy cheek  
Doth glow beneath it with a richer hue  
Than tinged its earliest flower !

*Kim.* It well may be !

There are far deeper and far warmer hues  
Than those which draw their coloring from the  
founts

Of youth, or health, or hope!

*Elm.* Nay, speak not thus!

There's that about thee shining which would  
send

E'en through *my* heart ■ sunny glow of joy,  
Were't not for these sad words. The dim cold  
air

And solemn light, which wrap these tombs and  
shrines

As a pale-gleaming shroud, seem kindled up  
With a young spirit of ethereal hope  
Caught from thy mien! — O, no! this is not  
death!

*Xim.* Why should not He, whose touch dis-  
solves our chain,

Put on his robes of beauty when he comes  
As a deliverer? He hath many forms —  
They should not all be fearful! If his call  
Be but our gathering to that distant land,  
For whose sweet waters we have pined with  
thirst,

Why should not its prophetic sense be borne  
Into the heart's deep stillness, with a breath  
Of summer winds, a voice of melody,  
Solemn, yet lovely? Mother, I depart! —  
Be it thy comfort, in the after days,  
That thou hast seen me thus!

*Elm.* Distract me not

With such wild fears! Can I bear on with life  
When thou art gone? — thy voice, thy step, thy  
smile,

Passed from my path! Alas! even now thine  
eye

Is changed — thy cheek is fading!

*Xim.* Ay, the clouds

Of the dim hour are gathering o'er my sight;  
And yet I fear not, for the God of Help  
Comes in that quiet darkness! It may soothe  
Thy woes, my mother! if I tell thee now  
With what glad calmness I behold the veil  
Falling between me and the world, wherein  
My heart so ill hath rested.

*Elm.* Thine!

*Xim.* Rejoice

For her that, when the garland of her life  
Was blighted, and the springs of hope were  
dried,

Received her summons hence; and had no time,  
Bearing the canker at th' impatient heart,  
To wither; sorrowing for that gift of Heaven,  
Which lent one moment of existence light  
That dimmed the rest forever!

*Elm.* How is this?

My child, what mean'st thou?

*Xim.* Mother! I have loved,

And been beloved! The sunbeam of an hour,  
Which gave life's hidden treasures to mine eye,  
As they lay shining in their secret founts,  
Went out and left them colorless. 'Tis past —  
And what remains on earth? The rainbow mist,  
Through which I gazed, hath melted, and my  
sight

Is cleared to look on all things as they are! —  
But this is far too mournful! Life's dark gift  
Hath fallen too early and too cold upon me! —  
Therefore I would go hence!

*Elm.* And thou hast loved

Unknown —

*Xim.* O, pardon, pardon that I veiled

My thoughts from thee! But thou hadst woes  
enough,

And mine came o'er me when thy soul had  
need

Of more than mortal strength! For I had  
scarce

Given the deep consciousness that I was loved  
A treasure's place within my secret heart,  
When earth's brief joy went from me!

'Twas at morn

I saw the warriors to their field go forth,  
And he — my chosen — **was there** amongst the  
rest,

With his young, glorious brow! I looked again:  
The strife grew dark beneath me; but his plume  
Waved free above the lances. Yet again —  
It had gone down! and steeds were trampling  
o'er

The spot to which mine eyes were riveted,  
Till blinded by th' intenseness of their gaze! —  
And then — at last — I hurried to the gate,  
And met him there! — I met him! — on his  
shield,

And with his cloven helm, and shivered sword,  
And dark hair steeped in blood! They bore  
him past:

Mother! — I saw his face! O, such a death  
Works fearful changes on the fair of earth,  
The pride of woman's eye!

*Elm.* Sweet daughter, peace!

Wake not the dark remembrance; for thy  
frame —

*Xim.* There will be peace ere long. I shut  
my heart,

Even as ■ tomb, o'er that lone silent grief,  
That I might spare it thee! — But now the hour  
Is come, when that, which would have pierced  
thy soul,



Shall be its healing balm. O, weep thou not,  
Save with a gentle sorrow!

*Elm.* Must it be?

Art thou indeed to leave me?

*Xim. (exultingly.)* Be thou glad!

I say, rejoice above thy favored child!  
Joy, for the soldier when his field is fought,  
Joy, for the peasant when his vintage task  
Is closed at eve! — But most of all for her,  
Who, when her life had changed its glittering  
robes

For the dull garb of sorrow, which doth cling  
So heavily around the journeyers on,  
Cast down its weight and slept!

*Elm.* Alas! thine eye

Is wandering — yet how brightly! Is this death?  
Or some high wondrous vision? Speak, my  
child!

How is it with thee now?

*Xim. (wildly.)* I see it still!

'Tis floating, like a glorious cloud on high,  
My father's banner! Hear'st thou not a sound?  
The trumpet of Castile! Praise, praise to  
Heaven!

— Now may the weary rest! — Be still! — Who  
calls

The night so fearful? — [She dies.

*Elm.* No! she is not dead!

Ximena! — speak to me! O, yet a tone  
From that sweet voice, that I may gather in  
One more remembrance of its lovely sound,  
Ere the deep silence fall! — What, is all  
hushed? —

No, no! — it cannot be! How should we bear  
The dark misgivings of our souls, if Heaven  
Left not such beings with us? But is this  
Her wonted look? — too sad a quiet lies  
On its dim fearful beauty! Speak, Ximena!  
Speak! My heart dies within me! She is  
gone,

With all her blessed smiles! My child! my  
child!

Where art thou? — Where is that which an-  
swered me,

From thy soft-shining eyes? — Hush! doth she  
move?

One light lock seemed to tremble on her brow,  
As a pulse throbb'd beneath; — 'twas but the  
voice

Of my despair that stirred it! She is gone!

[She throws herself on the body.

GONZALEZ enters wounded.

*Elm. (rising as he approaches.)* I must not now  
be scorned! — No, not a look,

A whisper of reproach! Behold my woe!  
Thou canst not scorn me now!

*Gon.* Hast thou heard all?

*Elm.* Thy daughter on my bosom laid her  
head,

And passed away to rest! Behold her there,  
Even such as death hath made her!<sup>1</sup>

*Gon. (bending over XIMENA'S body.)* Thou  
gone

A little while before me, O my child!

Why should the traveller weep to part with  
those,

That scarce an hour will reach their promised  
land,

Ere he too cast his pilgrim staff away,  
And spread his couch beside them?

*Elm.* Must it be

Henceforth enough that once a thing so fair  
Had its bright place amongst us! Is this all  
Left for the years to come? We will not stay!  
Earth's chain each hour grows weaker.

*Gon. (still gazing upon XIMENA.)* And thou'rt  
laid

To slumber in the shadow, blessed child!

Of a yet stainless altar, and beside

A sainted warrior's tomb! O, fitting place

For thee to yield thy pure heroic soul

Back unto Him that gave it! And thy cheek

Yet smiles in its bright paleness!

*Elm.* Hadst thou seen

The look with which she passed!

*Gon. (still bending over her.)* Why, 'tis almost  
Like joy to view thy beautiful repose!

The faded image of that perfect calm

Floats, e'en as long-forgotten music, back

Into my weary heart! No dark wild spot

On thy clear brow doth tell of bloody hands

That quenched young life by violence! We've  
seen

Too much of horror, in one crowded hour,

To weep for aught so gently gathered hence!

— O, man leaves other traces!

*Elm. (suddenly starting.)* It returns

On my bewildered soul! Went ye not forth

Unto the rescue? And thou'rt here alone!

— Where are my sons?

*Gon. (solemnly.)* We were too late!

*Elm.* Too late!

Hast thou nought else to tell me?

*Gon.* I brought back

From that last field the banner of my sires,

And my own death wound.

<sup>1</sup> "La voilà, telle que la mort nous l'a faite." — *Bonheur*  
*Oraisons Funébres.*

*Elm.* Thine!

*Gon.* Another hour

Shall hush its throbs forever. I go hence,  
And with me —

*Elm.* No! man *could* not lift his hands —  
Where hast thou left thy sons?

*Gon.* I have no sons.

*Elm.* What hast thou said?

*Gon.* That now there lives not one  
To wear the glory of mine ancient house,  
When I am gone to rest.

*Elm.* (*throwing herself on the ground, and  
speaking in a low hurried voice.*)

In one brief hour, all gone! — and *such* a death!  
I see their blood gush forth! — their graceful  
heads!

-- Take the dark vision from me, O my God!  
And such a death for *them*! I was not there!  
They were but mine in beauty and in joy,  
Not in that mortal anguish! All, all gone! —  
Why should I struggle more? — What *is* this  
Power,

Against whose might, on all sides pressing us,  
We strive with fierce impatience, which but lays  
Our own frail spirits prostrate?

(*After a long pause.*) Now I know  
Thy hand, my God! — and they are soonest  
crushed

That most withstand it! I resist no more.

[*She rises.*

A light, a light springs up from grief and death,  
Which with its solemn radiance doth reveal  
Why we have thus been tried!

*Gon.* Then I may still  
Fix my last look on thee in holy love,  
Parting, but yet with hope!

*Elm.* (*falling at his feet.*) Canst thou forgive?  
O, I have driven the arrow to thy heart,  
That should have buried it within mine own,  
And borne the pang in silence! I have cast  
Thy life's fair honor, in my wild despair,  
As an unvalued gem upon the waves,  
Whence thou hast snatched it back, to bear  
from earth,

All stainless on thy breast. Well hast thou  
done —

But I — canst thou forgive?

*Gon.* Within this hour  
I've stood upon that verge whence mortals fall,  
And learned how 'tis with one whose sight  
grows dim,

And whose foot trembles on the gulf's dark side.  
Death purifies all feeling: we will part  
In pity and in love.

*Elm.* Death! And thou too

Art on thy way! O, joy for thee, high heart!  
Glory and joy for thee! The day is closed.  
And well and nobly hast thou borne thyself  
Through its long battle toils, though many  
swords

Have entered thine own soul! But on my head  
Recoil the fierce invoking of despair,  
And I am left far distanced in the race,  
The lonely one of earth! Ay, this is just.  
I am not worthy that upon my breast  
In this, thine hour of victory, thou shouldst yid  
Thy spirit unto God!

*Gon.* Thou art! thou art!

O, a life's love, a heart's long faithfulness,  
Even in the presence of eternal things,  
Wearing their chastened beauty all undimmed,  
Assert their lofty claims; and these are not  
For one dark hour to cancel! We are here,  
Before that altar which received the vows  
Of our unbroken youth; and meet it is  
For such a witness, in the sight of Heaven,  
And in the face of Death, whose shadowy arm  
Comes dim between us, to record th' exchange  
Of our tried hearts' forgiveness. Who are they,  
That in one path have journeyed, needing not  
Forgiveness at its close?

*A CITIZEN enters hastily.*

*Cit.* The Moors! the Moors!

*Gon.* How! is the city stormed?

O righteous Heaven! for this I looked not yet!  
Hath all been done in vain? Why, then, 'tis  
time

For prayer, and then to rest!

*Cit.* The sun shall set,

And not a Christian voice be left for prayer,  
To-night, within Valencia. Round our walls  
The Paynim host is gathering for th' assault,  
And we have none to guard them.

*Gon.* Then my place

Is here no longer. I had hoped to die  
E'en by the altar and the sepulchre  
Of my brave sires; but this was not to be!  
Give me my sword again, and lead me hence  
Back to the ramparts. I have yet an hour,  
And it hath still high duties. Now, my wife!  
Thou mother of my children — of the dead —  
Whom I name unto thee in steadfast hope —  
Farewell!

*Elm.* No, not farewell! My soul hath risen  
To mate itself with thine; and by thy side,  
Amidst the hurling lances, I will stand,  
As one on whom a brave man's love hath been  
Wasted not utterly.

*Gon.* I thank thee, Heaven!

That I have tasted of the awful joy  
Which thou hast given, to temper hours like this  
With a deep sense of thee, and of thine ends  
In these dread visitings!

(To ELMINA.) We will not part  
But with the spirit's parting.

*Elm.* One farewell

To her, that, mantled with sad loveliness,  
Doth slumber at our feet! My blessed child!  
O, in thy heart's affliction thou wert strong,  
And holy courage did pervade thy woe,  
As light the troubled waters! Be at peace!  
Thou whose bright spirit made itself the soul  
Of all that were around thee! And thy life  
E'en then was struck and withering at the core!  
Farewell! thy parting look hath on me fallen,  
E'en as a gleam of heaven, and I am now  
More like what thou hast been. My soul is  
hushed;

For a still sense of purer worlds hath sunk  
And settled on its depths with that last smile  
Which from thine eye shone forth. Thou hast  
not lived

In vain! My child, farewell!

*Gon.* Surely for thee

Death had no sting, Ximena! We are blest  
To learn one secret of the shadowy pass,  
From such an aspect's calmness. Yet once more  
I kiss thy pale young cheek, my broken flower!  
In token of th' undying love and hope  
Whose land is far away. [Exeunt.

#### SCENE IX. — *The walls of the city.*

HERNANDEZ — *A few citizens gathered round him.*

*Her.* Why, men have cast the treasures, which  
their lives

Had been worn down in gathering, on the pyre;  
Ay, at their household hearths have lit the  
brand,

E'en from that shrine of quiet love to bear  
The flame which gave their temples and their  
homes

In ashes to the winds! They have done this,  
Making a blasted void where once the sun  
Looked upon lovely dwellings; and from earth  
Razing all record that on such a spot  
Childhood hath sprung, age faded, misery wept,  
And frail humanity knelt before her God;  
They have done *this*, in their free nobleness,  
Rather than see the spoiler's tread pollute  
Their holy places. Praise, high praise be theirs  
Who have left man such lessons! And these  
things

Made your own hills their witnesses! The sky,

Whose arch bends o'er you, and the seas, wherein  
Your rivers pour their gold, rejoicing saw  
The altar, and the birthplace, and the tomb,  
And all memorials of man's heart and faith,  
Thus proudly honored! Be ye not outdone  
By the departed! Though the godless foe  
Be close upon us, we have power to snatch  
The spoils of victory from him. Be but strong  
A few bright torches and brief moments yet  
Shall baffle his flushed hope; and we may die,  
Laughing him unto scorn. Rise, follow me!  
And thou, Valencia! triumph in thy fate —  
The ruin, not the yoke; and make thy towers  
A beacon unto Spain!

*Cits.* We'll follow thee!

Alas for our fair city, and the homes  
Wherein we reared our children! But away!  
The Moor shall plant no Crescent o'er our fanes!

*Voice, (from a tower on the walls.)* Succors!

Castile! Castile!

*Cits. (rushing to the spot.)* It is even so!  
Now blessing be to Heaven, for we are saved!  
Castile! Castile!

*Voice, (from the tower.)* Line after line of  
spears,

Lance after lance, upon th' horizon's verge,  
Like festal lights from cities bursting up,  
Doth skirt the plain. In faith, a noble host!

*Another Voice.* The Moor hath turned him  
from our walls, to front  
Th' advancing might of Spain!

*Cits. (shouting.)* Castile! Castile!

GONZALEZ enters, supported by ELMINA and  
a citizen.

*Gon.* What shouts of joy are these?

*Her.* Hail! chieftain, hail!

Thus, even in death, 'tis given thee to receive  
The conqueror's crown! Behold, our God hath  
heard,  
And armed himself with vengeance! Lo! they  
come!

The lances of Castile!

*Gon.* I knew, I knew

Thou wouldst not utterly, my God! forsake  
Thy servant in his need! My blood and tears  
Have not sunk vainly to th' attesting earth.  
Praise to thee, thanks and praise, that I have lived  
To see this hour!

*Elm.* And I, too, bless thy name,  
Though thou hast proved me unto agony!  
O God! — thou God of chastening!

*Voice, (from the tower.)* They move on!  
I see the royal banner in the air,  
With its emblazoned towers!



*Gon.* Go, bring ye forth  
The banner of the Cid, and plant it here,  
To stream above me, for an answering sign  
That the good Cross doth hold its lofty place  
Within Valencia still. What see you now?

*Her.* I see a kingdom's might upon its path,  
Moving, in terrible magnificence,  
Unto revenge and victory! With the flash  
Of knightly swords, upspringing from the  
ranks,

As meteors from a still and gloomy deep,  
And with the waving of ten thousand plumes,  
Like a land's harvest in the autumn wind,  
And with fierce light, which is not of the sun,  
But flung from sheets of steel—it comes, it  
comes—

The vengeance of our God!

*Gon.* I hear it now,  
The heavy tread of mail-clad multitudes,  
Like thunder showers upon the forest paths.

*Her.* Ay, earth knows well the omen of that  
sound;

And she hath echoes, like a sepulchre's,  
Pent in her secret hollows, to respond  
Unto the step of death!

*Gon.* Hark! how the wind  
Swells proudly with the battle march of Spain!  
Now the heart feels its power! A little while  
Grant me to live, my God! What pause is this?

*Her.* A deep and dreadful one! The serried  
files

Level their spears for combat; now the hosts  
Look on each other in their brooding wrath,  
Silent, and face to face.

*Voices heard without, chanting.*

Calm on the bosom of thy God,  
Fair spirit! rest thee now!  
E'en while with ours thy footsteps trod  
His seal was on thy brow.

Dust, to its narrow house beneath!  
Soul, to its place on high!  
They that have seen thy look in death  
No more may fear to die!

*Elm.* (to GONZALEZ.) It is the death hymn o'er  
thy daughter's bier!

But I am calm; and e'en like gentle winds,  
That music through the stillness of my heart  
Sends mournful peace.

*Gon.* O, well those solemn tones  
Accord with such an hour; for all her life  
Breathed of a hero's soul!

[A sound of trumpets and shouting from the plain.]

*Her.* Now, now they close! Hark! what a  
dull, dead sound

Is in the Moorish war shout! I have known  
Such tones prophetic oft. The shock is given—  
Lo! they have placed their shields before their  
hearts,

And lowered their lances with the streamers on,  
And on their steeds bend forward! God for  
Spain!

The first bright sparks of battle have been struck  
From spear to spear, across the gleaming field!  
There is no sight on which the blue sky looks  
To match with this! 'Tis not the gallant crests,  
Nor banners with their glorious blazonry;  
The very nature and high soul of man  
Doth now reveal itself!

*Gon.* O, raise me up,  
That I may look upon the noble scene!—  
It will not be!—That this dull mist would pass  
A moment from my sight! Whence rose that  
shout,

As in fierce triumph?

*Her.* (clapping his hands.) Must I look on this?  
The banner sinks—'tis taken!

*Gon.* Whose?

*Her.* Castile's!

*Gon.* O God of Battles!

*Elm.* Calm thy noble heart;  
Thou wilt not pass away without thy meed.  
Nay, rest thee on my bosom.

*Her.* Cheer thee yet!

Our knights have spurred to rescue. There is  
now

A whirl, a mingling of all terrible things,  
Yet more appalling than the fierce distinctness  
Wherewith they moved before! I see tall  
plumes

All wildly tossing o'er the battle's tide,  
Swayed by the wrathful motion, and the press  
Of desperate men, as cedar boughs by storms.  
Many a white streamer there is dyed with blood,  
Many a false corselet broken, many a shield  
Pierced through! Now, shout for Santiago,  
shout!

Lo! javelins with a moment's brightness cleave  
The thickening dust, and barded steeds go down  
With their helmed riders! Who, but One, can  
tell

How spirits part amidst that fearful rush  
And trampling-on of furious multitudes!

*Gon.* Thou'rt silent!—Seest thou more? My  
soul grows dark.

*Her.* And dark and troubled, as an angry sea,  
Dashing some gallant armament in scorn  
Against its rocks, is all on which I gaze!

I can but tell thee how tall spears are crossed,  
And lances seem to shiver, and proud helms  
To lighter with the stroke ! But round the spot  
Where, like a storm-felled mast, our standard  
sank,

The heart of battle burns.

*Gon.* Where is that spot ?

*Her.* It is beneath the lonely tuft of palms,  
That lift their green heads o'er the tumult still,  
In calm and stately grace.

*Gon.* There, didst thou say ?

Then God is with us, and we *must* prevail !  
For on that spot they died : my children's blood  
Calls on th' avenger thence !

*Elm.* They perished there !

— And the bright locks that waved so joyously  
To the free winds, lay trampled and defiled  
Even on that place of death ! O Merciful !  
Hush the dark thought within me !

*Her.* (with sudden exultation.) Who is he,  
On the white steed, and with the castled helm,  
And the gold-broidered mantle, which doth float  
E'en like a sunny cloud above the fight ;  
And the pale cross, which from his breastplate  
gleams

With star-like radiance ?

*Gon.* (eagerly) Didst thou say the cross ?

*Her.* On his mailed bosom shines a broad white  
cross,  
And his long plumage through the darkening air  
Streams like a snow wreath.

*Gon.* That should be —

*Her.* The king !

Was it not told to us how he sent, of late,  
To the Cid's tomb, e'en for the silver cross,  
Which he who slumbers there was wont to bind  
O'er his brave heart in fight ?<sup>1</sup>

*Gon.* (springing up joyfully.) My king ! my  
king !

Now all good saints for Spain ! My noble king !  
And thou art there ! That I might look once  
more

Upon thy face ! But yet I thank thee, Heaven !  
That thou hast sent him, from my dying hands  
Thus to receive his city !

[*He sinks back into ELMINA'S arms.*]

*Her.* He hath cleared

A pathway 'midst the combat, and the light  
Follows his charge through yon close living mass,

<sup>1</sup> This circumstance is recorded of King Don Alfonso, the last of that name. He sent to the Cid's tomb for the cross which that warrior was accustomed to wear upon his breast when he went to battle, and had it made into one for himself, "because of the faith which he had, that through it he should obtain the victory" — *SOUTHEY'S Chronicle of the Cid.*

E'en as a gleam on some proud vessel's wake  
Along the stormy waters ! 'Tis redeemed —  
The castled banner ; it is flung once more,  
In joy and glory, to the sweeping winds :  
There seems a wavering through the Paynim  
hosts —

Castile doth press them sore — now, now rejoice !

*Gon.* What hast thou seen ?

*Her.* Abdullah falls ! He falls !

The man of blood ! — the spoiler ! — he hath sunk  
In our king's path ! Well hath that royal sword  
Avenged thy cause, Gonzalez !

They give way,

The Crescent's van is broken ! On the hills,  
And the dark pine woods, may the infidel  
Call vainly, in his agony of fear,  
To cover him from vengeance ! Lo ! they fly !  
They of the forest and the wilderness  
Are scattered, e'en as leaves upon the wind !  
Woe to the sons of Afric ! Let the plains,  
And the vine mountains, and Hesperian seas,  
Take their dead unto them ! — that blood shall  
wash

Our soil from stains of bondage.

*Gon.* (attempting to raise himself.) Set me free !  
Come with me forth, for I must greet my king,  
After his battle field !

*Her.* O, blest in death !

Chosen of Heaven, farewell ! Look on the Cross,  
And part from earth in peace !

*Gon.* Now, charge once more !

God is with Spain, and Santiago's sword  
Is reddening all the air ! Shout forth, "Castile !" —  
The day is ours ! I go ; but fear ye not !  
For Afric's lance is broken, and my sons  
Have won their first good field ! [He dies.

*Elm.* Look on me yet !

Speak one farewell, my husband ! — must thy  
voice

Enter my soul no more ! Thine eye is fixed —  
Now is my life uprooted — and 'tis well.

*A sound of triumphant music is heard, and many  
Castilian Knights and Soldiers enter.*

*A Cit.* Hush your triumphal sounds, although  
ye come

E'en as deliverers ! But the noble dead,  
And those that mourn them, claim from human  
hearts

Deep silent reverence.

*Elm.* (rising proudly.) No, swell forth, Castile !  
Thy trumpet music, till the seas and heavens,  
And the deep hills, give every stormy note  
Echoes to ring through Spain ! How, know ye  
not

That all arrayed for triumph, crowned and robed  
 With the strong spirit which hath saved the land,  
 E'en now a conqueror to his rest is gone?  
 Fear not to break that sleep, but let the wind  
 Swell on with victory's shout! — He will not  
 hear —

Hath earth ■ sound more sad?

Her Lift ye the dead,

And bear him with the banner of his race  
 Waving above him proudly, as it waved  
 O'er the Cid's battles, to the tomb wherein  
 His warrior sires are gathered.

[They raise the body.]

Elm. Ay, 'tis thus

Thou shouldst be honored! And I follow thee,  
 With an unfaltering and a lofty step,  
 To that last home of glory. She that wears  
 In her deep heart the memory of thy love,  
 Shall thence draw strength for all things; till  
 the God

Whose hand around her hath unpeopled earth,  
 Looking upon her still and chastened soul,  
 Call it once more to thine!

(To the *Christilians*.) Awake, I say!

Tambour and trumpet, wake! And let the land  
 Through all her mountains hear your funeral  
 peal.

— So should a hero pass to his repose.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

#### [CRITICAL ANNOTATIONS ON THE "SIEGE OF VALENCIA."]

"Of 'The Siege of Valencia' we say little, for we by no means consider it as the happiest of Mrs. Hemans's efforts. Not that it does not contain, nay, abound with fine passages; but the whole wants vigor, coherence, and compression. The story is meagre, and the dialogue too diffuse." — *The Rev. Dr. Morehead in Constable's Magazine for September, 1823.*

"The 'Tales and Historic Scenes,' 'The Sceptic,' 'The Welsh Melodies,' 'The Siege of Valencia,' and 'The Vespers of Palermo,'" says Delta, "may all be referred to this epoch of her literary career, and are characterized by beauties of a high and peculiar stamp. With reference to the two latter, it must be owned, that if the genius of Mrs. Hemans was not essentially dramatic, yet that both abound with high and magnificent bursts of poetry. It was not easy to adapt her fine taste and uniformly high-toned sentiment to the varied aspects of life and character necessary to the success of scenic exhibition; and she must have been aware of the difficulties that surrounded her in that path. If these cannot, therefore, be considered as successful tragedies, they hold their places as dramatic poems of rich and rare poetic beauty. Indeed, it would be difficult, from the whole range of Mrs. Hemans's writings, to select any thing more exquisitely conceived, more skilfully managed, or more energetically written, than the Monk's tale in 'The Siege of Valencia.' The description of his son, in which he dwells with parental enthusiasm on his boyish beauty and accomplishments — of his horror at that son's renunciation of the Christian faith, and leaguings with the infidel — and of the twilight encounter, in which he took the life of his

own giving — are all worked out in the loftiest spirit of poetry." — *Biographical Memoir*, pp. 16, 17.

"'The Siege of Valencia,' 'The Last Constantine,' and other poems, were published in the course of the year 1823. This volume was marked by more distinct evidences of originality than any of Mrs. Hemans's previous works. None of her after poems contain finer bursts of strong, fervid, indignant poetry than 'The Siege of Valencia; ■ story — a thrilling conflict between maternal love and ■ inflexible spirit of chivalrous honor — afforded to her ■ admirable opportunity of giving utterance to the two master interests of her mind. It is a tale that will bear a second reading — though, it must be confessed that, as in the case of 'The Vespers of Palermo,' somewhat of a monotony of coloring is thrown over its scenes by the unchanged employment of ■ lofty and enriched phraseology, which would have gained in emphasis by its being more sparingly used. Ximena, too, all glowing and heroic as she is, stirring up the sinking hearts of the besieged citizens with her battle song of the Cid, and dying as it were of that strain of triumph — is too spiritual, too sanctily, wholly to carry away the sympathies. Our imagination is kindled by her splendid, high-toned devotion — our tears are called forth by the grief of her mother, the stately Elmina, broken down, but not degraded, by the agony of maternal affection, to connive at a treachery she is too noble wholly to carry through. The scenes with her husband are admirable; some of her speeches absolutely startle us with their passion and intensity — the following, for instance: —

'Love! love! there are soft smiles and gentle words,' etc."

— *Chorley's Memorials of Mrs. Hemans*, pp. 110-112.

"'The Siege of Valencia' is a dramatic poem, but not intended for representation. The story is extremely simple. The Moors, who besiege Valencia, take the two sons of the governor, Gonzalez, captive, as they come to visit their father, and now the ransom demanded for them is the surrender of the city: they are to die if the place is not yielded up. Elmina, the mother of the boys, and Ximena, their sister, are the remaining members of a family to which so dreadful an option is submitted. The poem is one of the highest merit. The subject is of great dignity, being connected with the defence of Spain against the Moors; and at the same time it is of the greatest tenderness, offering a succession of the most moving scenes that can be imagined to occur in the bosom of a family. The father is firm, the daughter is heroic, the mother falters. She finds her way to the Moorish camp, sees her children, forms her plan for betraying the town, and then is not able to conceal her grief and her design from her husband. He immediately sends a defiance to the Moors, his children are brought out and beheaded, a *sortie* is made from the besieged city: finally, the King of Spain arrives to the rescue; the wrongs of Gonzalez are avenged; he himself dies in victory; and the poem closes with a picture of his wife, moved by the strongest grief, of which she is yet able to restrain the expression. The great excellence of the poem lies in the description of the struggle between the consciousness of duty and maternal fondness. We believe none but a mother could have written it." — *Professor Norton, in North American Review for April, 1827.*

"The graceful powers of Mrs. Hemans in the same walk which had been trodden so grandly by Miss Baillie, were manifested in her 'Vespers of Palermo,' and her 'Siege of Valencia.' The latter is a noble work, and as a poem ranks with her highest productions, though it is filled too uniformly perhaps with the spirit of her own mind, to be very distinctively dramatic. It has indeed variety, but less of the



variety of human nature, than of a godlike and exalted nature, which belongs to few among mankind, and to them, perhaps, only in strange and terrible crises. The steadfastness of the paternal chieftain, the sterner enthusiasm of the priest, the mother's maddening affection, and the gentle heroism of the melancholy Ximena are drawn with individuality, but it is the individuality of a common greatness, the apparent appropriation to many of an essence really the same in all. In her own heart the poetess found this pure essence; and when she created her Christian patriots at Valencia, she but translated herself into a new dialect of manners and motives. Of this one elevated material she has, however, made fine dramatic use. The language, while faultless in its measured music, has passion to swell its cadences; the loftiness is never languid; and the flow of the verse is skilfully broken into the animated abruptness suitable to earnest dialogue. There are many, too, of those sudden glimpses of profound truth in which the energy of passion seems to force its rude way, in a moment, into regions of the heart that philosophy would take hours to survey with its technical language. Thus, when the iron-hearted monk is telling the story of his son's disgrace,—

'ELMINA. He died?

HERNANDEZ. Not so!

— Death! Death! Why, earth should be a paradise,  
To make that name a fearful! Had he died  
With his young fame about him for a shroud,

I had not learned the might of agony  
To bring proud natures low! No! he fell off —  
Why do I tell thee this? What right hast thou  
To learn how passed the glory from my house?  
Yet listen. He forsook me! He that was  
As mine own soul forsook me! — trampled o'er  
The ashes of his sire! — ay, leagued himself  
E'en with the infidel, the curse of Spain;  
And, for the dark eye of a Moorish maid,  
Abjured his faith, his God! Now, talk of death!

"The whole of the scene to which the passage belongs is moulded in the highest spirit of tragic verse. The bewilderment of the mother betrayed into guilt by overpowering affection, and the death of the beautiful enthusiast Ximena, are sketched in a style of excellence little inferior; and the peculiar powers of Mrs. Hemans's poetry, less dramatic than declamatory, have full scope in the spirit-stirring address of the latter to the fainting host of Valencia, ■ she lifts in her own ancient city the banner of the Cid, and recounts the sublime legend of his martial burial. Spain and its romances formed the darling theme of Mrs. Hemans's muse and before leaving the subject, she gives us her magnificent series of ballads, the 'Songs of the Cid,' which meet us ■ the close of the drama, as if to form an appropriate chorus to the whole." — WILLIAM ARCHER BUTLER, *Introductory Notice ■ National Lyrics and Songs for Music*. Dublin 1838.]

## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

### SONG.

FOUNDED: ■ AN ARABIAN ANECDOTE.

AWAY! though still thy sword is red  
With lifeblood from my sire,  
No drop of thine may now be shed  
To quench my bosom's fire;  
Though on my heart 'twould fall more blest  
Than dews upon the desert's breast.

I've sought thee 'midst the sons of men,  
Through the wide city's fanes;  
I've sought thee by the lion's den,  
O'er pathless, boundless plains;  
No step that marked the burning waste,  
But mine its lonely course hath traced.

Thy name hath been a baleful spell,  
O'er my dark spirit cast;  
No thought may dream, no words may tell,  
What there unseen hath passed:  
This withered cheek, this faded eye,  
Are seals of thee — behold! and fly!

Hath not my cup for thee been poured  
Beneath the palm-tree's shade?  
Hath not soft sleep thy frame restored  
Within my dwelling laid?  
What though unknown — yet who shall rest  
Secure — if not the Arab's guest?

Haste thee! and leave my threshold floor  
Inviolat and pure!  
Let not thy presence tempt me more,  
— Man may not thus endure!  
Away! I bear a fettered arm,  
A heart that burns — but must not harm.

Begone! outstrip the swift gazelle!  
The wind in speed subdue!  
Fear cannot fly so swift, so well,  
As vengeance shall pursue;  
And hate, like love, in parting pain,  
Smiles o'er one hope — we meet again!

To-morrow — and th' avenger's hand,  
The warrior's dart is free!  
E'en now, no spot in all thy land,  
Save this, had sheltered thee;

Let blood the monarch's hall profane, —  
The Arab's tent must bear no stain !

Fly ! may the desert's fiery blast  
Avoid thy secret way !  
And sternly, till thy steps be past,  
Its whirlwinds sleep to-day !  
I would not that thy doom should be  
Assigned by Heaven to aught but me.

### ALP HORN SONG.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF TIECK.

What dost thou here, brave Swiss ?  
Forgett'st thou thus thy native clime —  
The lovely land of thy bright spring time ?  
The land of thy home, with its free delights,  
And fresh green valleys and mountain heights ?  
Can the stranger's yield thee bliss ?

What welcome cheers thee now ?  
Darest thou lift thine eye to gaze around ?  
Where are the peaks, with their snow wreaths  
crowned ?  
Where is the song, on the wild winds borne,  
Or the ringing peal of the joyous horn,  
Or the peasant's fearless brow ?

But thy spirit is far away !  
Where a greeting waits thee in kindred eyes,  
Where the white Alps look through the sunny  
skies,  
With the low senn-cabins, and pastures free,  
And the sparkling blue of the glacier sea,  
And the summits clothed with day !

Back, noble child of Tell !  
Back to the wild and the silent glen,  
And the frugal board of peasant men !  
Dost thou seek the friend, the loved one, here ? —  
Away ! not a true Swiss heart is near,  
Against thine own to swell !

### THE CROSS OF THE SOUTH.

[The beautiful constellation of the Cross is seen only in the southern hemisphere. The following lines are supposed to be addressed to it by a Spanish traveller in South America.]

In the silence and grandeur of midnight I tread,  
Where savannas in boundless magnificence  
spread,

And bearing sublimely their snow wreaths  
high,  
The far Cordilleras unite with the sky.

The fir tree waves o'er me, the fireflies' red light  
With its quick-glancing splendor illumines the  
night ;  
And I read in each tint of the skies and the earth,  
How distant my steps from the land of my birth.

But to thee, as thy loadstars resplendently burn  
In their clear depths of blue, with devotion I  
turn,  
Bright Cross of the South ! and beholding thee  
shine,  
Scarce regret the loved land of the olive and vine.

Thou recallest the ages when first o'er the main  
My fathers unfolded the ensign of Spain,  
And planted their faith in the regions that  
Its unperishing symbol emblazoned in thee.

How oft in their course o'er the oceans unknown,  
Where all was mysterious, and awful, and lone,  
Hath their spirit been cheered by thy light, when  
the deep  
Reflected its brilliance in tremulous sleep !

As the vision that rose to the Lord of the world,<sup>1</sup>  
When first his bright banner of faith was un-  
furled ;  
Even such, to the heroes of Spain, when their  
prow  
Made the billows the path of their glory, wert  
thou.

And to me, as I traversed the world of the west,  
Through deserts of beauty in stillness that rest,  
By forests and rivers untamed in their pride,  
Thy hues have a language, thy course is a guide.

Shine on ! — my own land is a far-distant spot,  
And the stars of thy sphere can enlighten it not ;  
And the eyes that I love, though e'en now they  
may be  
O'er the firmament wandering, can gaze not  
thee !

But thou to my thoughts art a pure-blazing  
shrine,  
A fount of bright hopes and of visions divine ;  
And my soul, as an eagle exulting and free,  
Soars high o'er the Andes to mingle with thee.

<sup>1</sup> Constantine.

## THE SLEEPER OF MARATHON.

I LAY upon the solemn plain,  
And by the funeral mound,  
Where those who died not there in vain,  
Their place of sleep had found.

I was silent where the free blood gushed,  
When Persia came arrayed —  
So many a voice had there been hushed,  
So many a footstep stayed.

I slumbered on the lonely spot  
So sanctified by death;  
I slumbered — but my rest was not  
As theirs who lay beneath.

For on my dreams, that shadowy hour,  
They rose — the chainless dead —  
All armed they sprang, in joy, in power,  
Up from their grassy bed.

I saw their spears, on that red field,  
Flash ■ in time gone by —  
Chased to the seas without his shield,  
I saw the Persian fly.

I woke — the sudden trumpet's blast  
Called to another fight:  
From visions of our glorious past,  
Who doth not wake in might?

## IO MISS F. A. L., ON HER BIRTHDAY

WHAT wish can Friendship form for thee,  
What brighter star invoke to shine? —  
Thy path from every thorn is free,  
And every rose is thine!

Life hath no purer joy in store,  
Time hath no sorrow to efface;  
Hope cannot paint one blessing more  
Than memory can retrace!

Some hearts a boding fear might own,  
Had Fate to *them* thy portion given,  
Since many an eye, by tears alone,  
Is taught to gaze on heaven!

And there are virtues oft concealed,  
Till roused by anguish from repose;  
As odorous trees no balm will yield,  
Till from their wounds it flows.

But fear not *thou* the lesson fraught  
With Sorrow's chastening power to know;  
Thou need'st not thus be sternly taught  
"To melt at others' woe."

Then still, with heart as blest, ■ warm,  
Rejoice thou in thy lot on earth;  
Ah! why should Virtue dread the storm,  
If *sunbeams* prove her worth?

WRITTEN ON THE FIRST LEAF OF  
THE ALBUM OF THE SAME.

WHAT first should consecrate as thine  
The volume destined to be fraught  
With many a sweet and playful line,  
With many a pure and pious thought?

It should be, what a loftier strain  
Perchance less meetly would impart;  
What never yet was poured in vain, —  
The blessing of a grateful heart —

For kindness, which hath soothed the hour  
Of anxious grief, of weary pain,  
And oft, with its beguiling power,  
Taught languid hope to smile again.

Long shall that fervent blessing rest  
On thee and thine; and, heavenwards borne,  
Call down such peace to soothe *thy* breast,  
As *thou* wouldst bear to all that mourn.

## TO THE SAME;

## ON THE DEATH OF HER MOTHER.

SAY not 'tis fruitless, nature's holy tear,  
Shed by affection o'er ■ parent's bier!  
More blest than dew on Hermon's brow that falls  
Each drop to life some latent virtue calls  
Awakes some purer hope, ordained to rise,  
By earthly sorrow strengthened for the skies;  
Till the sad heart, whose pangs exalt its love,  
With its lost treasure, seeks a home — above.

But grief will claim her hour, — and He whose  
eye  
Looks pitying down on nature's agony,  
He, in whose love the righteous calmly sleep,  
Who bids us hope, forbids us not to weep!



He, too, hath wept — and sacred be the woes  
Once borne by Him, their inmost source who  
knows,

Searches each wound, and bids His Spirit bring  
Celestial healing on its dove-like wing!

And who but He shall soothe, when one dread  
stroke

Ties, that were fibres of the soul, hath broke?  
O, well may those, yet lingering here, deplore  
The vanished light, that cheers their path no  
more!

Th' Almighty hand, which many a blessing dealt,  
Sends its keen arrows not to be unfelt!

By fire and storm, Heaven tries the Christian's  
worth,

And joy departs, to wean us from the earth,  
Where still too long, with beings born to die,  
Time hath dominion o'er Eternity.

Yet not the less, o'er all the heart hath lost,  
Shall Faith rejoice, when Nature grieves the  
most.

Then comes her triumph! through the shadowy  
gloom,

Her star in glory rises from the tomb,  
Mounts to the dayspring, leaves the cloud below,  
And gilds the tears that cease not yet to flow!  
Yes, all is o'er! fear, doubt, suspense are fled —  
Let brighter thoughts be with the virtuous dead!  
The final ordeal of the soul is past,  
And the pale brow is sealed to Heaven at last!<sup>1</sup>

And thou, loved spirit! for the skies mature,  
Steadfast in faith, in meek devotion pure;  
Thou that didst make the home thy presence  
blessed

Bright with the sunshine of thy gentle breast,  
Where Peace a holy dwelling-place had found,  
Whence beamed her smile benignantly around;  
Thou, that to bosoms widowed and bereft  
Dear, precious records of thy worth hast left,  
The treasured gem of sorrowing hearts to be.  
Till Heaven recall surviving love to thee!

O cherished and revered! fond memory well  
On thee, with sacred, sad delight, may dwell!  
So pure, so blest thy life, that Death alone  
Could make more perfect happiness thine own.  
He came: thy cup of joy, serenely bright,  
Full to the last, still flowed in cloudless light;  
He came — an angel, bearing from on high  
The all it wanted — Immortality!

<sup>1</sup> "Till we have sealed the servants of God in their fore-  
heads" — *Revelation*.

# FROM THE SPANISH OF GARCILASO DE LA VEGA.

DIVINE Eliza — since the sapphire sky  
Thou measur'st now on angel wings, and feet  
Sandalled with immortality — O, why  
Of me forgetful? Wherefore not entreat  
To hurry on the time, when I shall see  
The veil of mortal being rent in twain,  
And smile that I am free?

In the third circle of that happy land,  
Shall we not seek together, hand in hand,  
Another lovelier landscape, a new plain,  
Other romantic streams and mountains blue,  
And other vales, and a new shady shore,  
When I may rest, and ever in my view  
Keep thee, without the terror and surprise  
Of being sundered more?

# FROM THE ITALIAN OF SANNAZARO

O, PURE and blessed soul,  
That, from thy clay's control  
Escaped, hast sought and found thy native sphere  
And from thy crystal throne  
Look'st down, with smiles alone,  
On this vain scene of mortal hope and fear;

Thy happy feet have trod  
The starry-spangled road,  
Celestial flocks by field and fountain guiding;  
And from their erring track  
Thou charm'st thy shepherds back,  
With the soft music of thy gentle chiding.

O, who shall Death withstand —  
Death, whose impartial hand  
Levels the lowest plant and loftiest pine!  
When shall our ears again  
Drink in so sweet a strain,  
Our eyes behold so fair a form as thine!

# APPEARANCE OF THE SPIRIT OF THE CAPE TO VASCO DE GAMA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FIFTH BOOK OF THE LUSIAD OF  
CAMOENS.

PROFITIOUS winds our daring bark impelled  
O'er seas which mortal ne'er till then beheld,  
When as one eve, devoid of care, we stood  
Watching the prow glide swiftly through the  
flood,

High o'er our heads arose ■ cloud so vast,  
O'er sea and heaven a fearful shade it cast :  
Awful, immense, it came ! so thick, so drear,  
Its gloomy grandeur chilled our hearts with fear,  
And the dark billow heaved with distant roar,  
Hoarse, as if bursting on some rocky shore.

Thrilled with amaze, I cried, "Supernal  
Power !

What mean the omens of this threatening hour ?  
What the dread mystery of this ocean clime,  
So darkly grand, so fearfully sublime ?"  
Scarce had I spoke, when lo ! ■ mighty form  
Towered through the gathering shadows of the  
storm ;

Of rude proportions and gigantic size,  
Dark features, rugged beard, and deep-sunk  
eyes ;

Fierce was his gesture, and his tresses flew,  
Sable his lips, and earthly pale his hue.  
Well may I tell thee that his limbs and height,  
In vast dimensions and stupendous might,  
Surpassed that wonder, once the sculptor's boast,  
The proud Colossus of the Rhodian coast.  
Deep was his voice — in hollow tones he spoke,  
As if from ocean's inmost caves they broke ;  
And but that form to view, that voice to hear,  
Spread o'er our flesh and hair cold deadly thrills  
of fear.

"O daring band !" he cried, "far, far more  
bold

Than all whose deeds recording fame has told ;  
Adventurous spirits ! whom no bounds of fear  
Can teach one pause in rapine's fierce career ;  
Since, bursting thus the barriers of the main,  
Ye dare to violate my lonely reign,  
Where, till this moment, from the birth of time,  
No sail e'er broke the solitude sublime :  
Since thus ye pierce the veil by Nature thrown  
O'er the dark secrets of the Deep Unknown,  
Ne'er yet revealed to aught of mortal birth,  
Howe'er supreme in power, unmatched in  
worth —

Hear from my lips what chastisements of fate,  
Rash, bold intruders ! on your course await !  
What countless perils, woes of darkest hue,  
Haunt the vast main and shores your arms must  
yet subdue.

"Know that o'er every bark, whose fearless  
helm  
Invades, like yours, this wide mysterious realm,  
Unmeasured ills my arm in wrath shall pour,  
And guard with storms my own terrific shore !

And on the fleet, which first presumes to brave  
The dangers throned on this tempestuous wave,  
Shall vengeance burst, ere yet ■ warning fear  
Have time to prophesy destruction near !

"Yes, desperate band ! if right my hopes di-  
vine,

Revenge, fierce, full, unequalled, shall be mine !  
Urge your bold prow, pursue your venturesome  
way —

Pain, Havoc, Ruin, wait their destined prey !  
And your proud vessels, year by year, shall find  
(If no false dreams delude my prescient mind)  
My wrath so dread in many a fatal storm,  
Death shall be deemed misfortune's mildest form.

"Lo ! where my victim comes ! — of noble  
birth,

Of cultured genius, and exalted worth,  
With her,<sup>1</sup> his best beloved, in all her charms,  
Pride of his heart, and treasure of his arms !  
From foaming waves, from raging winds they fly,  
Spared for revenge, reserved for agony !  
O, dark the fate that calls them from their home  
On this rude shore, my savage reign, to roam,  
And sternly saves them from a billowy tomb,  
For woes more exquisite, more dreadful doom !  
— Yes ! he shall see the offspring, loved in vain,  
Pierced with keen famine, die in lingering pain ;  
Shall see fierce Caffres every garment tear,  
From her, the soft, the idolized, the fair ;  
Shall see those limbs, of nature's finest mould,  
Bare to the sultry sun, or midnight cold,  
And, in long wanderings o'er a desert land,  
Those tender feet imprint the scorching sand.

"Yet more, yet deeper woe, shall those behold  
Who live through toils unequalled and untold !  
On the wild shore, beneath the burning sky,  
The hapless pair, exhausted, sink to die !  
Bedew the rock with tears of pain intense,  
Of bitterest anguish, thrilling every sense ;  
Till in one last embrace, with mortal throes,  
Their struggling spirits mount from anguish to  
repose !"

As the dark phantom sternly thus portrayed  
Our future ills, in Horror's deepest shade, —  
"Who then art thou ?" I cried. "Dread being,  
tell

Each sense thus bending in amazement's spell !"  
— With fearful shriek, far echoing o'er the tide,  
Writhing his lips and eyes, he thus replied :

<sup>1</sup> Don Emmanuel de Sonsa, and his wife, Leonora de ■

"Behold the genius of that secret shore  
Where the wind rages and the billows roar —  
That stormy Cape, for ages mine alone,  
To Pompey, Strabo, Pliny, all unknown!  
Far to the southern pole my throne extends,  
That hidden rock, which Afric's region ends.  
Behold that spirit, whose avenging might,  
Whose fiercest wrath your daring deeds excite."

Thus having said, with strange, terrific cries,  
The giant spectre vanished from our eyes;  
In sable clouds dissolved — while far around,  
Dark ocean's heaving realms his parting yells  
resound!

### A DIRGE.

WEEP for the early lost! —  
How many flowers were mingled in the crown  
Thus, with the lovely, to the grave gone down,  
E'en when life promised most!  
How many hopes have withered! They that bow  
To Heaven's dread will, feel all its mysteries now.

Did the young mother's eye  
Behold her child, and close upon the day,  
Ere from its glance th' awakening spirit's ray  
In sunshine could reply?  
— Then look for clouds to dim the fairest morn!  
O, strong is faith, if woe like this be borne.

For there is hushed on earth  
A voice of gladness — there is veiled a face,  
Whose parting leaves a dark and silent place  
By the once joyous hearth:  
A smile hath passed, which filled its home with  
light,  
A soul, whose beauty made that smile so bright!

But there is power with faith!  
Power, e'en though nature o'er th' untimely  
grave  
Must weep, when God resumes the gem He gave;  
For sorrow comes of Death,  
And with a yearning heart we linger on,  
When they, whose glance unlocked its founts,  
are gone!

But glory from the dust,  
And praise to Him, the Merciful, for those  
On whose bright memory love may still repose  
With an immortal trust!  
Praise for the dead, who leave us, when they part,  
Such hope as she hath left — "the pure in heart!"

1823.

## TRANSLATIONS FROM HORACE

### TO VENUS.

BOOK I., ODE XXX.

O, LEAVE thine own loved isle,  
Bright Queen of Cyprus and the Paphian shores  
And here in Glycera's fair temple smile,  
Where vows and incense lavishly she pours.

Waft here thy glowing son;  
Bring Hermes; let the Nymphs thy path sur-  
round,

And youth, unlovely till thy gifts be won,  
And the light Graces with the zone unbound.

### TO HIS ATTENDANT.

BOOK I., ODE XXXVIII.

I HATE the Persian's costly pride:  
The wreaths with bands of linden tied —  
These, boy, delight me not;  
Nor where the lingering roses bide  
Seek thou for me the spot.  
For me be nought but myrtle twined —  
The modest myrtle, sweet to bind  
Alike thy brows and mine,  
While thus I quaff the bowl, reclined  
Beneath th' o'erarching vine.

### TO DELIUS.

BOOK II., ODE III.

FIRM be thy soul! — serene in power,  
When adverse fortune clouds the sky  
Undazzled by the triumph's hour,  
Since, Delius, thou must die —

Alike, if still to grief resigned,  
Or if, through festal days, 'tis thine  
To quaff, in grassy haunts reclined,  
The old Falernian wine —

Haunts where the silvery poplar boughs  
Love with the pine's to blend on high,  
And some clear fountain brightly flows  
In graceful windings by.

There be the rose with beauty fraught,  
So soon to fade, so brilliant now;



There be the wine, the odors brought,  
While time and fate allow !

For thou, resigning to thine heir  
Thy halls, thy bowers, thy treasured store,  
Must leave that home, those woodlands fair,  
On yellow Tiber's shore.

What then avails it, if thou trace  
From Inachus thy glorious line ?  
Or, sprung from some ignoble race,  
If not a roof be thine ?

Since the dread lot for all must leap  
Forth from the dark revolving urn,  
And we must tempt the gloomy deep,  
Whence exiles ne'er return.

### TO THE FOUNTAIN OF BANDUSIA.

BOOK III., ODE XIII.

O, WORTHY fragrant gifts of flowers and wine,  
Bandusian fount, than crystal far more bright !  
To-morrow shall ■ sportive kid be thine,  
Whose forehead swells with horns of infant  
might :  
E'en now of love and war he dreams in vain,  
Doomed with his blood thy gelid wave to  
stain.

Let the red dogstar burn ! — his scorching beam  
Fierce in resplendence shall molest not thee !  
Still sheltered from his rays, thy banks, fair  
stream !  
To the wild flock around thee wandering free,

And the tired oxen from the furrowed field,  
The genial freshness of their breath shall yield.

And thou, bright fount ! ennobled and renowned  
Shalt by thy poet's votive song be made ;  
Thou and the oak with deathless verdure  
crowned,

Whose boughs, a pendent canopy, o'ershade  
Those hollow rocks, whence, murmuring many  
a tale,  
Thy chiming waters pour upon the vale.

### TO FAUNUS.

BOOK III., ODE XVIII

FAUNUS ! who lov'st the flying nymphs to chase,  
O, let thy steps with genial influence tread  
My sunny fields, and be thy fostering grace  
Soft on my nursling groves and borders shed ;

If, at the mellow closing of the year.  
A tender kid in sacrifice be thine,  
Nor fail the liberal bowls to Venus dear,  
Nor clouds of incense to thine antique shrine

Joyous each flock in meadow herbage plays,  
When the December feast returns to thee :  
Calmly the ox along the pasture strays,  
With festal villagers from toil set free.

Then from the wolf no more the lambs retreat,  
Then shower the woods to thee their foliage  
round ;  
And the glad laborer triumphs that his feet  
In triple dance have struck the hated ground

## DE CHATILLON ; OR, THE CRUSADERS.

A TRAGEDY.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> About this time, Mrs. Hemans was engaged in the composition of another tragedy, entitled '*De Chatillon, or, The Crusaders*;' in which, with that deference to fair criticism which she was always ready to avow, and to act upon, she made it her purpose to attempt a more compressed style of writing, avoiding that redundancy of poetic diction which had been censured as the prevailing fault of '*The Vespers*.' It may possibly be thought that in the composition in question she has fallen into the opposite extreme of want of elaboration; yet, in its present state, it is, perhaps, scarcely amenable to criticism — for, by some strange accident, the fair copy transcribed by herself was either destroyed or mislaid in some of her subsequent removals, and the piece was long considered as utterly lost. Nearly two years after her death, the original rough MS., with all its hieroglyphical blots and erasures, was discovered amongst ■ mass of forgotten papers; and it has been a task of no small difficulty to decipher it, and complete the copy now first given to the world. Allowances must, therefore, be made for the disadvantages under which it appears, — thus deprived of her own finishing touches, and with no means of ascertaining how far it may differ from the copy ■ unaccountably missing." — *Memoir*, pp. 80, 81.]

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

RAINIER DE CHATILLON, *a French Baron.*AYMER, *His Brother.*MELECH, *A Saracen Emir*HERMAN, } *Knights.*

DU MORNAY, }

GASTON, *A Vassal of Rainier's.*URBAN, *A Priest.*

SADI.

MORAIMA, *Daughter of Melech.**Knights, Arabs Citizens, &c.*

## ACT I.

SCENE I. — *Before the gates of a city in Palestine.*URBAN, PRIESTS, CITIZENS, *at the gates. Others looking from the walls above.*Urb. *(to a CITIZEN on the walls above.)*You see their lances glistening? You can tell  
The way they take?Cit. Not yet. Their march is slow;  
They have not reached the jutting cliff, where  
first

The mountain path divides.

Urb. And now?

Cit. The wood

Shuts o'er their track. Now spears are flashing  
out —

It is the banner of De Chatillon.

[*Very slow and mournful military music without.*]

This way! they come this way!

Urb. All holy saints

Grant that they pass us not! Those martial  
soundsHave a strange tone of sadness! Hark, they swell  
Proudly, yet full of sorrow.RAINIER DE CHATILLON *enters with knights,  
soldiers, &c.*

Welcome, knights!

Ye bring us timely aid! men's hearts were full  
Of doubt and terror. Brave De Chatillon!  
True soldier of the Cross! I welcome thee;  
I greet thee with all blessing! Where thou art  
There is deliverance!Rai. *(bending to receive the Priest's blessing.)*

Holy man, I come

From a lost battle.

Urb. And thou bring'st the heart  
Whose spirit yields not to defeat.Rai. I bring  
My father's bier.Urb. His bier! I marvel not  
To see your brow thus darkened! And he died,  
As he had lived, in arms?Rai. *(gloomily.)* Not, not in arms —  
His war cry had been silenced. Have ye placeAmidst your ancient knightly sepulchres  
For a warrior with his sword? He bade me bear  
His dust to slumber here.Urb. And it shall sleep  
Beside our noblest, while we yet can call  
One holy place our own! Heard you, my lord,  
That the fierce Kaled's host is on its march  
Against our city?Rai. *(with sudden exultation.)* That were joy  
to know!That were proud joy! — Who told it? — there's  
a weightThat must be heaved from off my troubled heart  
By the strong tide of battle! Kaled! — ay,  
A gallant name! How heard you?

Urb. Nay, it seemed

As if a breeze first bore the rumor in.

I know not how it rose; but now it comes  
Like fearful truth, and we were sad, thus left  
Hopeless of aid or counsel — till we saw —Rai. *(hastily.)* You have my brother here?Urb. *(with embarrassment.)* We have; but  
he —Rai. But he—but he! — Aymer de Chatillon!  
The fiery knight — the very soul o' the field —  
Rushing on danger with the joyous step  
Of a hunter o'er the hills! — is that a tone  
Wherewith to speak of him? I heard a tale —  
If it be true — nay, tell me!

Urb. He is here;

Ask him to tell thee

Rai. If that tale be true —

[*He turns suddenly to his companions.*  
— Follow me, give the noble dead his rites,  
And we will have our day of vengeance yet,  
Soldiers and friends! *[Exeunt omnes.*SCENE II. — *A Hall of Oriental architecture, open-  
ing upon gardens. A fountain in the centre.*

AYMER DE CHATILLON, MORAIMA.

Mor. *(bending over a couch on which her brother  
is sleeping.)*He sleeps so calmly now; the soft wind here  
Brings in such lulling sounds! Nay, think you  
not

This slumber will restore him? See you not  
His cheek's faint glow?

*Aym. (turning away.)* It was my sword which  
gave

The wound he dies from!

*Mor.* Dies from! say not so!

The brother of my childhood and my youth,  
My heart's first friend!—O, I have been too  
weak—

I have delayed too long! *He* could not sue;  
He bade *me* urge the prayer he would not  
speak,

And I withheld it! Christian, set us free!  
You have been gentle with us; 'tis the weight,  
The bitter feeling, of captivity  
Which preys upon his life.

*Aym.* You would go hence?

*Mor.* For his sake.

*Aym.* You would leave me! 'Tis too late!  
You see it not, you know not, that your voice  
Hath power in its low mournfulness to shake  
Mine inmost soul?—that you but look on me,  
With the soft darkness of your earnest eyes,  
And bid the world fade from me, and call up  
A thousand passionate dreams, which wrap my  
life

As with a troubled cloud? The very sound  
Of your light step hath made my heart o'erflow,  
Even unto aching, with the sudden gush  
Of its deep tenderness. You know it not!  
—Moraima! speak to me!

*Mor. (covering herself with her veil.)* I can but  
weep.

Is it even so?—this love was born for tears!  
*Aymer!* I can but weep.

[*Going to leave him—he detains her.*]

*Aym.* Hear me, yet hear me! I was reared in  
arms;

And the proud blast of trumpets, and the shouts  
Of bannered armies—these were joy to me,  
Enough of joy! Till you!—I looked on you;  
We met where swords were flashing, and the  
light

Of burning towers glared wildly on the slain—  
And then—

*Mor. (hurriedly.)* Yes! then you saved me!

*Aym.* Then I knew,

At once, what springs of deeper happiness  
Lay far within my soul; and they burst forth  
Troubled and dashed with fear—yet sweet! I  
loved!

Moraima! leave me not!

*Mor.* For us to love!—

O, is't not taking Sorrow to our hearts,  
Binding her there? I know not what I say!

How shall I look upon my brother? Hark!

Did he not call? [*She goes up to the couch.*]

*Aym.* Am I beloved? She wept

With a full heart! I am! And such deep joy  
Is found on earth! If I should lose her now!  
If aught— [*An attendant enters.*]

[*To attendant.*] You seek me!—why is this?

*Att.* My lord,

Your brother and his knights—

*Aym.* Here! are they here?

The knights—my brother, saidst thou?

*Att.* Yes, my lord,

And he would speak with you.

*Aym.* I see—I know—

[*To attendant.*] Leave me! I know why he  
come: 'tis vain—

They shall not part us!

[*Looking back on Moraima as he goes out.*]

What a silent grace

Floats round her form! They shall not part  
us—no! [*Exit.—Scene closes.*]

SCENE III.—A square of the city—a church in  
the background.

RAINIER DE CHATILLON.

*Rai. (walking to and fro impatiently.)*

And now, too! now! My father unavenged,  
Our holy places threatened, every heart  
Tasked to its strength! A knight of Palestine  
Now to turn dreamer, to melt down his soul  
In love's sighs; and for an infidel!  
—Will he lift up his eyes to look on mine?  
Will he not—hush!

*AYMER enters.* They look on each other for a  
moment without speaking.

*Rai. (suppressing his emotion.)* So brothers  
meet! You know

Wherefore I come?

*Aym.* It cannot be; 'tis vain.

Tell me not of it!

*Rai.* How! you have not heard?

[*Turning from him.*]

He hath so shut the world out with his dreams,  
The tidings have not reached him! or perchance  
Have been forgotten! You have captives here?

*Aym. (hurriedly.)* Yes, mine! my own—won  
by the right of arms!

You dare not question it.

*Rai.* A prince, they say,  
And his fair sister:—is the maid so fair?

*Aym. (turning suddenly upon him.)*

What, you would see her?

*Rai. (scornfully.)*—O, yes! to quell



My soul's deep yearnings ! Let me look on  
swords.

Boy, boy ! recall yourself ! — I come to you  
With the last blessing of our father !

*Aym.* Last !

His last ! — how mean you ? Is he —

*Rai.* Dead ? — yes ! dead.

He died upon my breast.

*Aym.* (with the deepest emotion.) And I was  
here !

Dead ! — and upon your breast ! You closed his  
eyes —

While I — he spoke of me ?

*Rai.* With such deep love !

He ever loved you most ! His spirit seemed  
To linger for your coming.

*Aym.* What ! he thought

That I was on my way ! He looked for me ?  
And I —

*Rai.* You came not ! I had sent to you,  
And told you he was wounded.

*Aym.* Yes — but not —  
Not mortally !

*Rai.* 'Twas not that outward wound —  
That might have closed : and yet he surely  
thought

That you would come to him ! He called on you  
When his thoughts wandered ! Ay, the very  
night,

The very hour he died, some hasty step  
Entered his chamber — and he raised his head,  
With a faint lightning in his eyes, and asked  
If it were yours ! That hope's brief moment  
passed —

He sank then.

*Aym.* (throwing himself upon his brother's neck.)  
Brother ! take me to his grave,  
That I may kneel there, till my burning tears,  
With the strong passion of repentant love,  
Wring forth a voice to pardon me !

*Rai.* You weep !

Tears for the garlands on a maiden's grave !  
You know not how he died !

*Aym.* Not of his wound ?

*Rai.* His wound ! — it is the silent spirit's  
wound,

We cannot reach to heal ! One burning thought  
Preyed on his heart.

*Aym.* Not — not — he had not heard —  
He blessed me, Rainier ?

*Rai.* Have you flung away  
Your birthright ? Yes ! he blessed you ! — but  
he died

— He whose name stood for Victory's — he  
believed

The ancient honor from his gray head fallen,  
And died — he died of shame !

*Aym.* What feverish dream —

*Rai.* (vehemently.) Was it not lost, the war-  
rior's latest field,

The noble city held for Palestine

Taken — the Cross laid low ? I came too late  
To turn the tide of that disastrous fight,  
But not to rescue him. We bore him thence  
Wounded, upon his shield —

*Aym.* And I was here !

*Rai.* He cast one look back on his burning  
towers,

Then threw the red sword of a hundred fields  
To the earth — and hid his face ! I knew, I knew  
His heart was broken ! Such a death for him !  
— The wasting — the sick loathing of the sun —  
Let the foe's charger trample out my life,  
Let me not die of shame ! But we will have —

*Aym.* (grasping his hand eagerly.) Yes ! ven-  
geance !

*Rai.* Vengeance ! By the dying once,  
And once before the dead, and yet once more  
Alone with heaven's bright stars, I took that  
vow

For both his sons ! Think of it, when the night  
Is dark around you, and in festive halls  
Keep your soul hushed, and think of it !

*A low Chant of female voices, heard from behind  
the scenes.*

Fallen is the flower of Islam's race !

Break ye the lance he bore,

And loose his war steed from its place :

He is no more —

*Single voice.*

No more !

Weep for him mother, sister, bride !

He died, with all his fame —

*Single voice.*

He died !

*Aym.* (Pointing to a palace, and eagerly speak-  
ing to his attendant, who enters.)

Came it not thence ? Rudolf, what sounds —  
these ?

*Att.* The Moslem prince, your captive — he  
is dead :

It is the mourners' wail for him.

*Aym.* And she —

His sister — heard you — did they say she wept ?  
[Hurrying away.]

*Rai.* (indignantly.) All the deep-stirring tones  
of honor's voice

In ■ moment silenced ! [Solemn military music.  
(A funeral procession, with priests, &c., crosses the  
background to enter the church.)]

*Rai.* (following AYMER and grasping his arm.)

Aymer ! there — look there !

It is your father's bier !

*Aym. (returning.)* He blessed me, Rainier ?  
You heard him bless me ? Yes ! you closed his  
eyes :

He looked for me in vain !

[*He goes to the bier, and bends over it, covering his face.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. — *A room in the Citadel.*

RAINIER, AYMER, Knights, assembled in Council.

*A Knight.* What ! with our weary and distracted bands

To dare another field ! Nay, give them rest.

*Rai. (impatiently.)* Rest ! and that sleepless thought —

*Knight.* These walls have strength  
To baffle siege. Let the foe gird us in —  
We must wait aid ; our soldiers must forget  
That last disastrous day.

*Rai. (coming forward.)* If they forget it, in  
the combat's press  
May their spears fail them !

*Knight.* Yet, bethink thee, chief.

*Rai.* When I forget it — how ! you see not,  
knights !

Whence we must now draw strength. Send  
down your thoughts

Into the very depths of grief and shame,  
And bring back courage thence ! To talk of  
*rest !*

How do they rest, unburied on their field,  
Our brethren slain by Gaza ? Had we time  
To give them funeral rites ? and ask we now  
Time to forget their fall ? My father died —  
I cannot speak of him ! What ! and forget  
The infidel's fierce trampling o'er our dead ?  
Forget his scornful shout ? Give battle now,  
While the thought lives as fire lives ! — *there*  
lies strength !

Hold the dark memory fast ! Now, now — this  
hour !

— Aymer, you do not speak !

*Aym. (starting.)* Have I not said ?

Battle ! — yes, give us battle ! — room to pour  
The troubled spirit forth upon the winds,  
With the trumpet's ringing blast ! Way for remorse !

Free way for vengeance !

*All the Knights.* Arm ! Heaven wills it so !

*Rai.* Gather your forces to the western gate !  
Let none forget that day ! Our field was lost,

Our city's strength laid low — one mighty heart  
Broken ! Let none forget it ! [*Exeunt*]

SCENE II. — *Garden of a Palace.*

MORAIMA.

*Mor.* Yes ! his last look — my brother's dying  
look

Reproached me as it faded from his face.  
And I deserved it ! Had I not given way  
To the wild guilty pleadings of my heart,  
I might have won his freedom ! Now, 'tis past  
He is free now !

AYMER enters, armed as for battle.

Aymer ! you look so changed !

*Aym.* Changed ! — it may be A storm o' the  
soul goes by

Not like a breeze ! There's such a fearful grasp  
Fixed on my heart ! Speak to me — lull remorse !  
Bid me farewell !

*Mor.* Yes ! it must be farewell !

No other word but that.

*Aym.* No other word !

The passionate, burning words that I could pour  
From my heart's depths ! 'Tis madness ' What  
have I

To do with love ? I see it all — the mist  
Is gone — the bright mist gone ! I see the woe,  
The ruin, the despair ! And yet I love,  
Love wildly, fatally ! But speak to me !  
Fill all my soul once more with reckless joy !  
That blessed voice again !

*Mor.* Why, why is this ?

O, send me to my father ! We must part.

*Aym.* Part ! — yes, I know it all ! I could  
not go

Till I had seen you ! Give me one farewell,  
The last — perchance the last ! — but one farewell,

Whose mournful music I may take with me  
Through tumult, horror, death !

[*A distant sound of trumpets.*]

*Mor. (starting.)* You go to battle !

*Aym.* Hear you not that sound ?

Yes ! I go *there*, where dark and stormy thoughts  
Find their free path !

*Mor.* Aymer ! who leads the foe ?

[*Confused.*] I meant — I mean — *my* people !  
Who is he,

My people's leader ?

*Aym.* Kaled. [*Looking at her suspiciously.*]  
How ! you seem —

The name disturbs you !

*Mor.* My last brother's name !

*Aym.* Fear not my sword for him!

*Mor.* (turning away.) If they should meet!  
I know the vow he made.

(To *AYMER*.) If thou — if thou  
Shouldst fall!

*Aym.* Moraima! then your blessed tears  
Would flow for me? then you would weep for me?

*Mor.* I must weep tears of very shame; and  
yet —  
If — if your words have been love's own true  
words,

Grant me one boon! [*Trumpet sounds again.*]

*Aym.* Hark! I must hence. A boon!  
Ask it, and hold its memory to your heart,  
As the last token, it may be, of love  
So deep and sad.

*Mor.* Pledge me your knightly faith!

*Aym.* My knightly faith, my life, my honor  
— all,

I pledge thee all to grant it!

*Mor.* Then, to-day,  
Go not *this* day to battle! He is there,  
My brother Kaled!

*Aym.* (wildly.) Have I flung my sword  
Down to dishonor?

[*Going to leave her — she detains him.*]

*Mor.* O, your name hath stirred  
His soul amidst his tents, and he had vowed,  
Long ere we met, to cross his sword with yours,  
Till one or both should fall. There hath been  
death,

Since then, amongst us; he will seek revenge.  
And his revenge — forgive me! — O, forgive,  
— I could not bear *that* thought!

*Aym.* Now must the glance  
Of a brave man strike me to the very dust!  
Ay, this is *shame*. [*Covering his face.*]

(Turning wildly to Moraima.)

You scorn me too? Away! — She does not know  
What she hath done! [*Rushes out.*]

SCENE III. — Before a gateway within the city.

RAINIER, HERMAN, Knights, Men-at-arms, &c.

*Her.* 'Tis past the hour.

*Rai.* (looking out anxiously.) Away! 'tis not  
the hour —

Not yet! When was the battle's hour delayed  
For a Chatillon? We must have come too soon!  
All are not here.

*Her.* Yes, all!

*Rai.* They came too soon.

[*Going up to the knights.*]

Couci, De Foix, Du Mornay — here, all here!  
And *he* the last! my brother!

(To a Soldier.) Where's your lord!

(Turning away.) Why should I ask, when *that*  
fair Infidel —

*AYMER enters.*

The Saracen at our gates — and *you* the last!  
Come on! remember all your fame!

*Aym.* (coming forward in great agitation.) My  
fame!

— Why did you save me from the Paynim's  
sword,  
In my first battle?

*Rai.* What wild words are these?

*Aym.* You should have let me perish *then* —  
*yes, then!*

Go to your field and leave me!

*Knights.* (thronging round him.) Leave you!

*Rai.* Aymér!

Was it *your* voice?

*Aym.* Now talk to me of fame!

Tell me of all my warlike ancestors,  
And of my father's death — that bitter death!  
Never did pilgrim for the fountains thirst  
As I for this day's vengeance! To your field!  
— I may not go!

*Rai.* (turning from him.) The name his  
hath borne

Through a thousand battles — lost!

(Returning to *AYMER*.) A Chatillon!  
Will you *live* and wed dishonor?

*Aym.* (covering his face.) Let the grave  
Take me and cover me! I must go down  
To its rest without my sword!

*Rai.* There's some dark spell upon him.  
Aymér, brother!

Let me not die of shame! He that died so —  
Turned sickening from the sun!

*Aym.* Where should I turn?

[*Going up abruptly to the knights.*]

Herman — Du Mornay! ye have stood with me  
I' the battle's front — ye know me! ye have seen  
The fiery joy of danger bear me on  
As wind the arrow! Leave me now — 'tis past!

*Rai.* (with bitterness.) He comes from *her*! —  
the infidel hath *smiled*,

Doubtless, for this.

*Aym.* I should have been to-day  
Where shafts fly thickest, and the crossing swords  
Cannot flash out for blood! — Hark! you  
called!

[*Wild Turkish music heard without. The  
background of the scene becomes more and  
more crowded with armed men.*]

Lay lance in rest! — wave, noble banners!  
wave!

[*Throwing down his sword.*]  
Go from me! — leave the fallen!



*Her.* Nay, but the cause ?  
Tell us the cause !

*Rai.* (*approaching him indignantly.*)  
Your sword — your crested helm  
And your knight's mantle — cast them down !  
your name  
Is in the dust ! — our father's name ! The  
cause ?  
— Tell it not, tell it not !

[*Turning to the soldiers and waving his hand.*  
Sound, trumpets ! sound !  
On, lances ! for the Cross !

[*Military music. As the knights march  
out, he looks back at AYMER.*

I would not now  
Call back my noble father from the dead,  
If I could with but a breath ! — Sound, trum-  
pets, sound !

[*Exit knights and soldiers.*  
*Aym.* Why should I bear this shame ? 'tis not  
too late !

[*Rushing after them, he suddenly checks himself.*  
My faith ! my knightly faith pledged to my fall !  
[*Exit.*

#### SCENE IV. — Before a Church.

*Groups of Citizens passing to and fro. AYMER  
standing against one of the pillars of the church  
in the background, and leaning on his sword.*

*1st Cit.* (*to 2d.*) From the walls, how goes the  
battle ?

*2d Cit.* Well, all well,  
Praise to the saints ! I saw De Chatillon  
Fighting, as if upon his single arm  
The fate o' the day were set.

*3d Cit.* Shame light on those  
That strike not with him in their place !

*1st Cit.* You mean  
His brother ? Ay, is't not a fearful thing  
That one of such a race — a brave one too —  
Should have thus fallen ?

*2d Cit.* They say the captive girl  
Whom he so loved, hath won him from his faith  
To the vile Paynim creed.

*Ayn.* (*suddenly coming forward.*) Who dares  
say that ?  
Show me who dares say that !

[*They shrink back — he laughs scornfully.*  
Ha ! ha ! ye thought  
To play with a sleeper's name ! — to make your  
mirth

As low-born men sit by a tomb, and jest  
O'er a dead warrior ! Where's the slanderer ?  
Speak !

*A CITIZEN enters hastily.*

*Cit.* Haste to the walls ! De Chatillon hath  
slain

The Paynim chief ! [ *They all go out.*

*Aym.* Why should they shrink ? I, I should  
ask the night

To cover me ! I that have flung my name  
Away to scorn ! Hush ! am I not alone ?

[*Listening eagerly.*  
There's a voice calling me — a voice i' the air —  
My father's ! — 'Twas my father's ! Are the  
dead,

Unseen, yet with us ? Fearful !  
(*Loud shouts without ; he rushes forward exultingly.*)  
'Tis the shout

Of victory ! We have triumphed ! — We ! my  
place

Is 'midst the fallen !

[*Music heard, which approaches, swelling into  
a triumphant march. Knights enter in  
procession, with banners, torch bearers, &c.  
The gates of the church are thrown open  
and the altar, tombs, &c., within, are seen il-  
luminated. Knights pass over, and enter  
the church. One of them takes a torch, and  
lifts it to AYMER'S face in passing. He  
strikes it down with a sword ; then, seeing  
RAINIER approach, drops the sword, and  
covers his face.*

*Aym.* (*grasping RAINIER by the mantle, as he is  
about to pass.*)

Brother ! forsake me not !

*Rai.* (*suddenly drawing his sword, and showing  
it him.*) My sword is red

With victory and revenge ! Look — dyed to  
the hilt !

— We fought — and where were you ?

*Aym.* Forsake me not !

*Rai.* (*pointing with his sword to the tombs with-  
in the church.*)

Those are proud tombs ! The dead, the glorious  
dead,

Think you they sleep, and know not of their sons  
In the mysterious grave ? We laid him there !

— Before the ashes of your father, speak !  
Have you abjured your faith ?

*Aym.* (*indignantly.*) Your name is mine —  
your blood — and you ask this !

Wake him to hear me answer ! — Have you ?  
No !

— You have not dared to think it.

[*Breaks from him, and goes out.*  
*Rai.* (*entering the church, and bending over one  
of the tombs.*) Not yet lost !

Not yet *all* lost ! He shall be thine again !  
So shalt thou sleep in peace.

*Music and Chorus of Voices from the Church.*

Praise, praise to Heaven !

Sing of the conquered field, the Paynim flying ;

Light up the shrines, and bid the banners wave !

Sing of the warrior for the red cross dying ;

Chant ■ proud requiem o'er his holy grave !

Praise, praise to Heaven !

Praise ! — lift the song through night's resounding sky !

Peace to the valiant for the Cross that die !

Sleep soft, ye brave !

### ACT III.

SCENE I. — *A platform before the Citadel.*

*Knights entering.*

*Her. (to one of the Knights.)* You would plead for him ?

*Knight.* Nay, remember all  
His past renown.

*Her.* I had a friend in youth —  
This Aymer's father had *him* shamed for less  
Than his son's fault — far less.

We must accuse him ; he must have his shield  
Reversed — his name degraded.

*Knight.* He might yet —

*All the Knights.* Must his shame cleave to us ?

We cast him forth —

We will not bear it.

*RAINIER enters.*

*Rai.* Knights ! ye speak of *him* —  
My brother — was't not so ? All silent ! Nay,  
Give your thoughts breath. What said ye ?

*Her.* That his name  
Must be degraded.

*Rai.* Silence ! ye disturb

The dead. Thou hear'st, my father !

*[Going up indignantly to the Knights.]*

Which of ye

Shall first accuse him ? He, whose bold step won  
The breach at Ascalon ere Aymer's step,

Let him speak first !

He that plunged deeper through the stormy  
fight,

Thence to redeem the banner of the Cross,  
On Cairo's plain, let him speak first ! Or he  
Whose sword burst swifter o'er the Saracen,  
I' the rescue of our king, by Jordan's waves —  
I say, let him speak first !

*Her.* Is he not an apostate ?

*Rai.* No, no, no !

If he were *that*, had my life's blood that taint,  
This hand should pour it out. He is not *that*.

*Her.* Not yet.

*Rai.* Nor yet, nor ever ! Let me die  
In a lost battle first !

*Her.* Hath he let go  
Name, kindred, honor, for an infidel,  
And will he grasp his faith ?

*Rai. (after a gloomy pause.)* That which bears  
poison — should it not be crushed ?  
What though the weed look lovely ?

*[Suddenly addressing DU MORNAY.]*

You have seen

My native halls, Du Mornay, far away  
In Languedoc ?

*Du Mor.* I was your father's friend —  
I knew them well.

*Rai. (thoughtfully.)* The weight of gloom that  
hangs —

The very banners seem to droop with it —  
O'er some of those old rooms ! Were we there  
now,

With a dull wind heaving the pale tapestries,  
Why, I could tell you —

*[Coming closer to DU MORNAY.]*

There's a dark-red spot  
Grained in the floor of one : you know the tale ?

*Du Mor.* I may have heard it by the winter  
fires,

— Now 'tis of things gone by.

*Rai. (turning from him displeased.)* Such e-  
gends give

Some minds a deeper tone.

*(To HERMAN.)* If you had heard

That tale i' the shadowy tower —

*Her.* Nay, tell it now !

*Rai.* They say the place is haunted — moan-  
ing sounds

Come thence at midnight — sounds of woman's  
voice.

*Her.* And you believe —

*Rai.* I but believe the deed  
Done there of old. I had an ancestor —  
Bertrand, the lion chief — whose son went forth  
(A younger son — I am not of *his* line)  
To the wars of Palestine. He fought there wel,  
— Ay, all his race were brave ; but he returned,  
And with a Paynim bride.

*Her.* The recreant ! — say,  
How bore your ancestor ?

*Rai.* Well may you think  
It chafed him ; but he bore it, for the love  
Of that fair son, the child of his old age.  
He pined in heart, yet gave the infidel  
A place in his own halls.

*Her.* But did this last?

*Rai.* How *should* it last? Again the trumpet blew,

And men were summoned from their homes to guard

The city of the Cross. But *he* seemed cold — That youth. He shunned his father's eye, and took

No armor from the walls.

*Her.* Had he then fallen?

Was his faith wavering?

*Rai.* So the father feared.

*Her.* If *I* had been that father —

*Rai.* Ay, you come

Of an honored lineage. What would you have done?

*Her.* Nay, what did *he*?

*Rai.* What did *the* *son* chief?

[Turning to DU MORNAY.

Why, *thou* hast seen the very spot of blood On the dark floor! He slew the Paynim bride. Was it not well? (*He looks at them attentively, and as he goes out exclaims —*

My brother must not fall!

SCENE II. — *A deserted Turkish burying ground in the city — tombs and stones overthrown — the whole shaded by dark cypress trees.*

*Mor.* (*leaning over a monumental pillar, which has been lately raised.*)

He is at rest! — and I! — is there no power In grief to win forgiveness from the dead? When shall I rest? Hark! a step — Aymer's step! The thrilling sound!

[*She shrinks back as reproaching herself.*

To feel that joy even here!

Brother! O, pardon me!

*Rai.* (*entering, and slowly looking round.*)

A gloomy scene!

A place for — Is she not an infidel?

Who shall dare call it murder?

[*He advances to her slowly, and looks at her*

She is fair —

The deeper cause! Maid, have you thought of death

'Midst these old tombs?

*Mor.* (*shrinking from him fearfully.*) This is my brother's grave.

*Rai.* Thy brother's! That warrior's grave had closed

O'er mine — the free and noble knight he was! Ay, that the desert sands had shrouded him Before he looked on thee!

*Mor.* If you are his —

If Aymer's brother, — though your brow be dark, I may not fear you!

*Rai.* No? why, *thou* shouldst fear

The very dust o' the mouldering sepulchre,

If it had lived, and borne his name on earth!

Hear'st thou? — that dust hath stirred, and found a voice,

And said that thou must die!

*Mor.* (*clinging to the pillar as he approaches.*)

Be with me, Heaven!

You will not murder me?

*Rai.* (*turning away.*) A goodly word

To join with a warrior's name! — a sound to make

Men's flesh creep. What! — for Paynim blood

Did *he* stand faltering thus — my ancestor —

In that old tower?

[*He again approaches her — she falls on her knees.*

*Mor.* So young, and thus to die!

Mercy — have mercy! In your own far land

If there be love that weeps and watches for you,

And follows you with prayer — even by that love

Spare me — for it is woman's! If light steps

Have bounded there to meet you, clinging arms

Hung on your neck, fond tears o'erflowed your cheek,

Think upon those that loved you thus, for thus Doth woman love! and spare me! — think on them!

They, too, may yet need mercy! Aymer, Aymer! Wilt *thou* not hear and aid me?

*Rai.* (*starting.*) There's a name

To bring back strength! Shall I now strike to save

His honor and his life? Were his *life* all —

*Mor.* To save his life and honor! — will my death —

[*She rises and stands before him, covering her face hurriedly.*

Do it with one stroke! I may not live for him!

*Rai.* (*with surprise.*) A woman meet death thus!

*Mor.* (*uncovering her eyes.*) Yet one thing more —

I have sisters and a father. Christian knight!

O, by your mother's memory, let them know

I died with a name unstained.

*Rai.* (*softened and surprised.*)

And such high thoughts from *her*! — an infidel!

And she named my mother! — Once in early youth

From the wild waves I snatched a woman's life;

My mother blessed me for it (*slowly dropping his dagger*) — even with tears

She blessed me. Stay, are there no other means?



(Suddenly recollecting himself.) Follow me, maiden! Fear not now.

Mor. But he —

But Aymer —

Rai. (sternly.) Wouldst thou perish? Name him not! —

Look not as if thou wouldst! Think'st thou dark thoughts

Are blown away like dewdrops? or I, like him, A leaf to shake and turn i' the changing wind? Follow me, and beware!

[She bends over the tomb for a moment, and follows him.]

AYMER enters, and slowly comes forward from the background.

Aym. For the last time — yes! it must be the last!

Earth and heaven say — the last! The very dead

Rise up to part us! But one look — and then She must go hence forever! Will she weep? It had been little to have died for her — I have borne shame.

She shall know all! Moraima! Said they not She would be found here at her brother's grave? Where should she go? Moraima! There's the print

Of her step — what gleams beside it?

(Seeing the dagger, he takes it up.) Ha! men work Dark deeds with things like this!

[Looking wildly and anxiously around.]

I see no — blood!

[Looking at the dagger.]

Stained! — it may be from battle; 'tis not — wet.

[Looks round, intently listening; then again examines the spot.]

Ha! what is this? another step in the grass! — Hers and another's step!

[He rushes into the cypress grove.]

SCENE III. — A hall in the citadel, hung with arms and banners.

RAINIER, HERMAN — Knights in the background, laying aside their armor.

Her. (coming forward and speaking hurriedly.) Is it done? Have you done it?

Rai. (with disgust.) What! you thirst For blood so deeply?

Her. (indignantly.) Have you struck, and saved The honor of your house?

Rai. (thoughtfully to himself.) The light i' the soul

Is such a wavering thing! Have I done well?

(To HERMAN.)

Ask me not! Never shall they meet again. Is't not enough?

AYMER enters hurriedly with the dagger, and goes up with it to several of the knights, who begin to gather round the front.

Aym. Whose is this dagger?

Rai. (coming forward and taking it.) Mine.

Aym. Yours! yours! — and know you where —

Rai. (about to sheathe it, but stopping.) O, you do well

So to remind me! Yes! it must have lain In the Moslem burial ground — and that vile dust —

Hence with it! 'tis defiled. [Throws it from him.]

Aym. If such a deed —

Brother! where is she?

Rai. Who? — what knight hath lost A lady love?

Aym. Could he speak thus, and wear That scornful calm, if — No! he is not calm. What have you done?

Rai. (aside.) Yes! she shall die to him!

Aym. (grasping his arm.) What have you done? — speak!

Rai. You should know the tale Of our dark ancestor, the Lion Chief, And his son's bride.

Aym. Man! man! you murdered her!

[Sinking back.]

It grows so dark around me! She is dead!

(Wildly.) I'll not believe it! No! she never looked

Like what could die! [Goes up to his brother.]

If you have done that deed —

Rai. (sternly.) If I have done it, I have flung off shame

From my brave father's house!

Aym. (in a low voice to himself.)

So young, and dead! — because I loved her — dead!

(To RAINIER.)

Where is she, murderer? Let me see her face You think to hide it with the dust! — ha! ha! The dust to cover her! We'll mock you still: If I call her back, she'll come! Where is she? — speak!

Now, by my father's tomb! but I am calm.

Rai. Never more hope to see her!

Aym. Never more!

[Sitting down on the ground.]

I loved her, so she perished! — All the earth Hath not another voice to reach my soul,

Now hers is silent! Never, never more!  
If she had but said farewell! — (*Bewildered.*)  
It grows so dark!

This is some fearful dream. When the morn  
comes I shall wake.

— My life's bright hours are done!

*Rai.* I must be firm.

[*Takes a banner from the wall, and brings it to AYMER.*]

Have you forgotten *this*? We thought it lost,  
But it rose proudly waving o'er the fight  
In a warrior's hand again! Yours, Aymer!  
yours!

Brother! redeem your fame!

*Aym.* (*putting it from him.*) The worthless  
thing!

Fame! *She* is dead! — give a king's robe to one  
Stretched on the rack! Hence with your  
pageantries

Down to the dust!

*Her.* The banner of the Cross!

Shame on the recreant! Cast him from us!

*Rai.* Boy!

Degenerate boy! *Here*, with the trophies won  
By the sainted chiefs of old in Paynim war  
Above you and around; the very air,  
When it but shakes their armor on the walls,  
Murmuring of glorious deeds; to sit and weep  
*Here* for an Infidel! My father's son,  
Shame! shame! deep shame!

*Knights.* Aymer de Chatillon!

Go from us, leave us!

*Aym.* (*starting up.*) Leave you! what! ye  
thought

That I would stay to breathe the air *you*  
breathe —

And fight by you! Murderers! I burst all ties!

[*Throws his sword on the ground before them.*]

There's not a thing of the desert half so free!

(*To RAINIER.*)

You have no brother! Live to need the love  
Of a human heart, and steep your soul in fame  
To still its restless yearnings! Die alone!

'Midst all your pomps and trophies — die alone!

[*Going out, he suddenly returns.*]

Did she not call on me to succor her?

Kneel to you — plead for life? The Voice of  
Blood

Follow you to your grave.

[*Exit.*]

*Rai.* (*with emotion.*) Alas! my brother!

The time hath been, when in the face of Death  
I have bid him leave me, and he would not!

(*Turning to the Knights.*) Knights!

The Soldan marches for Jerusalem —

We'll meet him on the way.

## ACT IV.

SCENE I. — *Camp of MELECH, the Saracen Emir*

MELECH, SADI, *Soldiers.*

*Mel.* Yes! he I mean — Rainier de Chatillon  
Go, send swift riders o'er the mountains forth,  
And through the deserts, to proclaim the price  
I set upon his life!

*Sadi.* Thou gav'st the word

Before; it hath been done — they are gone forth

*Mel.* Would that my soul could wing them

Didst thou heed

To say his *life*? I'll have my own revenge!

Yes! I would *save* him from another's hand!

Thou said'st he must be brought alive?

*Sadi.* I heard

Thy will, and I obeyed.

*Mel.* He slew my son —

That was in battle — but to shed *her* blood!

My child Moraima's! Could he see and *strike*  
her?

A Christian see her face, too! From my house  
The crown is gone! Who brought the tale?

*Sadi.* A slave

Of your late son's, escaped.

*Mel.* Have I a son

Left? speak, the slave of which? Kaled is gone —

And Octar gone — both, both are fallen —

Both my young stately trees, and she my  
flower —

No hand but mine shall be upon him, none! —

[*A sound of festive music without*]

What mean they there? [*An attendant enters.*]

*Att.* Tidings of joy, my chief!

*Mel.* Joy! — is the Christian taken?

MORAIMA enters, and throws herself into his arms

*Mor.* Father! Father!

I did not think this world had yet so much

Of aught like happiness!

*Mel.* My own fair child!

Is it on *thee* I look indeed, my child?

[*Turning to attendants.*]

Away, there! — gaze not on us! Do I hold

*Thee* in my arms! They told me thou wert slain

Rainier de Chatillon, they said —

*Mor.* (*hurriedly*) O, no!

'Twas he that sent thee back thy child, my father!

*Mel.* He! why, his brother Aymer still refused  
A monarch's ransom for thee!

*Mor.* (*with a momentary delight.*) Did he thus?

[*Suddenly checking herself.*]

— Yes! I knew well! O, do not speak of him!

*Mel.* What! hath he wronged thee? Thou hast suffered much

Amongst these Christians! Thou art changed, my child.

There's a dim shadow in thine eye, where once —

But they shall pay me back for all thy tears With their best blood.

*Mor.* (*alarmed.*) Father! not so, not so! They still were gentle with me. But I sat And watched beside my dying brother's couch Through many days: and I have wept since then —

Wept much.

*Mel.* Thy dying brother's couch! — yes, thou Wert ever true and kind.

*Mor.* (*covering her face.*) O, praise me not! Look gently on me, or I sink to earth; Not thus!

*Mel.* No praise! thou'rt faint, my child, and worn:

The length of way hath —

*Mor.* (*eagerly.*) Yes! the way was long, The desert's wind breathed o'er me. Could I rest?

*Mel.* Yes! thou shalt rest within thy father's tent.

Follow me, gentle child! Thou look'st so changed.

*Mor.* (*hurriedly.*) The weary way, — the desert's burning wind —

[*Laying her hand on him as she goes out.* Think thou no evil of those Christians, father! — They were still kind.

SCENE II. — *Before a Fortress amongst Rocks, with a Desert beyond — Military Music.*

RAINIER DE CHATILLON — *Knights and Soldiers.*

*Rai.* They speak of truce?  
*The Knights.* Even so. Of truce between The Soldan and our King.

*Rai.* Let him who fears  
Lest the close helm should wear his locks away,  
Cry "truce," and cast it off. I have no will  
To change mine armor for a masker's robe,  
And sit at festivals. Halt, lances, there!  
Warriors and brethren! hear. I own no truce —  
I hold my life but as a weapon now  
Against the infidel! He shall not reap  
His field, nor gather of his vine, nor pray  
To his false gods — no! save by trembling stealth,  
Whilst I can grasp a sword! Wherefore, noble  
friends,

Think not of truce with me! — but think to quaff

Your wine to the sound of trumpets, and to rest  
In your girt hauberks, and to hold your steeds  
Barded in the hall beside you. Now turn back,

[*He throws a spear on the ground before them.*  
Ye that are weary of your armor's load:  
Pass o'er the spear, away!

*They all shout.* A Chatillon!

We'll follow thee — all! all!

*Rai.* A soldier's thanks!

[*Turns away from them agitated*  
There's one face gone, and that a brother's!

(*Aloud.*) War! —

War to the Paynim — war! March and set up  
On our stronghold the banner of the Cross,  
Never to sink!

[*Trumpets sound. They march on, winding through the rocks with military music.*]

Enter GASTON, an aged vassal of RAINIER's, ■ ■ ■  
armed follower — RAINIER addresses him.

You come at last! And she — where left you her?

The Paynim maid?

*Gas.* I found her guides, my lord,  
Of her own race, and left her on the way  
To reach her father's tents.

*Rai.* Speak low! — the tale  
Must rest with us. It must be thought she died.  
I can trust you.

*Gas.* Your father trusted me.

*Rai.* He did, he did! — my father! You have been

Long absent, and you bring a troubled eye  
Back with you. Gaston! heard you aught of him?

*Gas.* Whom means my lord?

*Rai.* (*impatiently.*) Old man, you know too well —

Aymer, my brother.

*Gas.* I have seen him.

*Rai.* How!  
Seen him! Speak on.

*Gas.* Another than my chief  
Should have my life before the shameful tale!

*Rai.* Speak quickly.

*Gas.* In the desert, as I journeyed back,  
A band of Arabs met me on the way,  
And I became their captive. Till last night —

*Rai.* Go on! Last night?

*Gas.* They slumbered by their fires —  
I could not sleep; when one — I thought him one  
O' the tribe at first — came up and loosed my  
bonds,

And led me from the shadow of the tents,  
Pointing my way in silence.



*Rai.* Well, and he —  
You thought him one o' the tribe.

*Gas.* Ay, till he stood  
In the clear moonlight forth ; — and then, my  
lord —

*Rai.* You dare not say 'twas Aymer ?

*Gas.* Woe and shame !  
It was, it was !

*Rai.* In their vile garb too ?

*Gas.* Yes,  
Turbaned and robed like them.

*Rai.* What ! — did he speak ?

*Gas.* No word, but waved his hand,  
Forbidding speech to me.

*Rai.* Tell me no more ! —

Lost, lost — forever lost ! He that was reared  
Under my father's roof with me, and grew  
Up by my side to glory ! — lost ! Is this  
My work ? — who dares to call it mine ? And yet,  
Had I not dealt so sternly with his soul  
In its deep anguish — What ! he wears their  
garb

I' the face of heaven ? You saw the turban on  
him ?

You should have struck him to the earth, and so  
Put out our shame forever !

*Gas.* Lift my sword  
Against your father's son !

*Rai.* My father's son !

Ay, and so loved ! — that yearning love for him  
Was the last thing death conquered ! Seest thou  
there ?

[*The banner of the Cross is raised on the fortress.*  
The very banner he redeemed for us  
I' the fight at Cairo ! No ! by yon bright sign,  
He shall not perish ! This way — follow me —  
I'll tell thee of a thought.

(*Suddenly stopping him.*) Take heed, old man !  
Thou hast a fearful secret in thy grasp :  
Let me not see thee wear mysterious looks.  
But no ! thou lovest our name ! — I'll trust thee,

Gaston ! [Exeunt.

SCENE III. — *An Arab Encampment round a few  
Palm Trees in the Desert. — Watchfires in the  
background. — Night.*

*Several Arabs enter with AYMER.*

*Arab Chief.* Thou hast fought bravely, stran-  
ger ! Now come on  
To share the spoil.

*Aym.* I reck not of it. Go,  
Leave me to rest.

*Arab.* Well, thou hast earned thy rest  
With a red sabre. Be it as thou wilt.

[*They go out. — He throws himself under a  
palm tree.*

*Aym.* This were an hour — if they would  
answer us

— They from whose viewless world no answer  
comes —

To hear their whispering voices. Would they but  
Speak once, and say they loved !

If I could hear thy thrilling voice once more,  
It would be well with me. Moraima ! speak !

*RAINIER enters disguised as a dervise.*

Moraima, speak ! No ! the dead cannot love !

*Rai.* What doth the stranger here ? — is there  
not mirth

Around the watchfires yonder ?

*Aym.* Mirth ! — away ! —

I've nought to do with mirth. Begone !

*Rai.* They tell

Wild tales by that red light ; wouldst thou not  
hear

Of Eastern marvels ?

*Aym.* Hence ! I heed them not.

*Rai.* Nay, then hear me !

*Aym.* Thee !

*Rai.* Yes, I know a tale  
Wilder than theirs.

*Aym.* (*raising himself in surprise.*) Thou  
know'st ! —

*Rai.* (*without minding, continues.*) A tale of  
one

Who flung in madness to the reckless deep  
A gem beyond all price.

*Aym.* My day is closed.

What is aught human unto me ?

*Rai.* Yet mark !

His name was of the noblest — dost thou heed ?  
Even in a land of princely chivalry ;  
Brightness was on it — but he cast it down.

*Aym.* I will not hear — speak st thou of chiv-  
alry ?

*Rai.* Yes ! I have been upon thy native hills.  
There's a gray cliff juts proudly from their  
woods,  
Browned with baronial towers — rememberest  
thou ?

And there's a chapel by the moaning sea —  
Thou know'st it well — tall pines wave over it  
Darkening the heavy banners, and the tombs.  
Is not the cross upon thy fathers' tombs !  
Christian ! what dost thou here ?

*Aym.* (*starting up indignantly.*) Man ! who art  
thou ?

Thy voice disturbs my soul. Speak ! I will know  
Thy right to question *r.e.*

*Rai.* (throwing off his disguise, stands before him in the full dress of a Crusader.)  
My birthright! — look!

*Aym.* Brother! (Retreating from him with horror.)

— Her blood is on your hands! — keep back!

*Rai.* (scornfully.) Nay, keep the Paynim's garb from touching mine.

Answer me thence! — what dost thou here?

*Aym.* You shrink  
From your own work! — you, that have made me thus!

Wherefore are you here? Are you not afraid  
To stand beneath the awful midnight sky,  
And you murderer? Leave me.

*Rai.* I lift up  
No murderer's brow to heaven!

*Aym.* You dare speak thus! —  
Do not the bright stars, with their searching rays,

Strike through your guilty soul? O, no! — 'tis well,

Passing well! Murder! Make the earth's harvests grow

With Paynim blood! — Heaven wills it! The free air,

The sunshine — I forgot — they were not made  
For infidels. Blot out the race from day!

Who talks of murder? Murder! when you die,  
Claim your soul's place of happiness i' the name  
Of that good deed!

(In a tone of deep feeling.)

If you had loved a flower  
I would not have destroyed it!

*Rai.* (with emotion.) Brother!

*Aym.* (impetuously.) No! —

No brother now. She knelt to you in vain;  
And that hath set a gulf — a boundless gulf —  
Between our souls. Your very face is changed —  
There's a red cloud shadowing it: your forehead wears

The marks of blood — her blood!

(In a triumphant tone.)

But you prevail not! You have made the dead  
The mighty — the victorious! Yes! you thought  
To dash her image into fragments down,  
And you have given it power — such deep sad power

I nought else on earth!

*Rai.* (aside.) I dare not say she lives.

(To AYMER, holding up the cross of his sword.)

You see not this!

Once by our father's grave, I asked, and here,  
In the silence of the waste, I ask once more —  
Have you abjured your faith?

*Aym.* Why are you come  
To torture me? No, no! I have not. No!  
But you have sent the torrent through  
soul,

And by their deep strong roots torn fiercely up  
Things that were part of it — inborn feelings  
thoughts —

I know not what I cling to!

*Rai.* Aymer! yet

Heaven hath not closed its gates! Return, return,

Before the shadow of the palm tree fades  
I' the waning moonlight. Heaven gives time  
Return,

My brother! By our early days — the love  
That nurtured us! — the holy dust of those  
That sleep i' the tomb! — sleep! no, they cannot sleep!

Doth the night bring no voices from the dead  
Back on your soul?

*Aym.* (turning from him.) Yes — hers!

*Rai.* (indignantly turning off.) Why should I strive?

Why doth it cost me these deep throes to fling  
A weed off? [Checking himself

Brother, hath the stranger come  
Between our hearts forever? Yet return —  
Win back your fame, my brother!

*Aym.* Fame again!  
Leave me the desert! — leave it me! I hate  
Your false world's glittering draperies, that press  
down

Th' o'erlabored heart! They have crushed  
mine. Your vain

And hollow-sounding words are wasted now:  
You should adjure me by the name of him  
That slew his son's young bride! — our  
cestor —

That were a spell! Fame! fame! your hand  
hath rent

The veil from off your world! To speak of fame,  
When the soul is parched like mine! Away!  
I have joined these men because they war with  
man,

And all his hollow pomp! Will you go hence?  
(Fiercely.) Why do I talk thus with a murderer? Ay,

This is the desert, where true words may rise  
Up unto heaven i' the stillness! Leave it me! —  
The free wild desert!

Arab Chief enters.

*Arab.* Stranger, we have shared  
The spoil, forgetting not — A Christian here  
Ho! sons of Kedar! — 'tis De Chatillon!

This way ! — surround him ! There's an Emir's  
wealth

Set on his life ! Come on !

[Several Arabs rush in and surround RAINIER,  
who, after vainly endeavoring to force his  
way through them, is made prisoner.

Rai. And he stands there

To see me bought and sold ! Death, death ! —  
not chains !

[AYMER, who has stood for a moment as if  
bewildered, rushes forward, and strikes  
down one of the Arabs.

Aym. Off from my brother, infidel !

[The others hurry RAINIER away.

(Recollecting himself.) Why, then, Heaven  
Is just ! So ! now I see it ! Blood for blood !

[Again rushing forward.

No ! he shall feel remorse ! I'll rescue him,  
And make him weep for her ! [Exit.

## ACT V.

SCENE I. — A Hall in the Fortress occupied by DE  
CHATILLON'S followers.

*Knights listening to a Troubadour.*

Her. No more soft strains of love. Good  
Vidal, sing

Th' imprisoned warrior's lay. There's ■ proud  
tone

Of lofty sadness in it.

*TROUBADOUR sings.*

'Twas ■ trumpet's pealing sound !

And the knight looked down from the Paynim's  
tower,

And a Christian host in its pride and power  
Through the pass beneath him wound.

"Cease a while, clarion ! clarion, wild and  
shrill,

Cease ! let them hear the captive's voice — be  
still !

"I knew 'twas a trumpet's note !

And I see my brethren's lances gleam,

And their pennons wave by the mountain stream,

And their plumes to the glad wind float.

"Cease a while, clarion ! &c.

"I am here with my heavy chain

And I look on a torrent sweeping by,

And an eagle rushing to the sky,

And a host to its battle plain !

■ Cease a while, clarion ! &c.

"Must I pine in my fetters here ?

With the wild wave's foam, and the free bird  
flight,

And the tall spears glancing on my sight,

And the trumpet in mine ear ?

Cease awhile, clarion ! " &c.<sup>1</sup>

*AYMER enters hurriedly.*

Aym. Silence, thou minstrel ! silence !

Her. Aymer here !

And in that garb ! Seize on the renegade !

Knights, he must die !

Aym. (scornfully.) Die ! die ! — the fearful  
threat !

To be thrust out of this same blessed world,

Your world — all yours ! (Fiercely.) But I will  
not be made

A thing to circle with your pomps of death,  
Your chains, and guards, and scaffolds ! Back !  
I'll die

As the free lion dies ! [Drawing his sabre.

Her. What seek'st thou here ?

Aym. Nought but to give your Christian  
swords ■ deed

Worthier than — Where's your chief ? in  
the Paynim's bonds !

Made the wild Arabs' prize ! Ay, Heaven is just !

If ye will rescue him, then follow me :

I know the way they bore him !

Her. Follow thee !

Recreant ! deserter of thy house and faith !

To think true knights would follow thee again !

'Tis all some snare — away !

Aym. Some snare ! Heaven ! Heaven !

Is my name sunk to this ? Must men first crush

My soul, then spurn the ruin they have made ?

— Why, let him perish ! — blood for blood ! —  
must earth

Cry out in vain ? Wine, wine ! we'll revel here !

On, minstrel, with thy song !

<sup>1</sup> "She preferred in music whatever was national and melancholy ; and her strains adapted for singing were, of course, framed to the tones most congenial to the temperament of her own mind. How successfully wed to the magic of sweet sound many of her verses have been by her sister, no lover of music need to be reminded. 'The Roman Girl's Song' is full of a solemn classic beauty ; and, in one of her letters, it is said that of 'The Captive Knight' Sir Walter Scott never was weary. Indeed, it seems in his mind to have been the song of Chivalry, representative of the English ; as the Flowers of the Forest was of the Scottish ; the Cancionella Española of the Spanish ; and the Rhine Song of the Germans." — *Biographical Sketch* by DELTA, 1836.

"Of all Mrs. Hemans's lyrics set to music, 'The Captive Knight' has been the most popular, and deservedly so. It has indeed stirred many a heart "like the sound of ■ trumpet." — CHORLEY'S *Memorials*.



TRIOBADOUR *continues the song.*

"They are gone — they have all passed by!  
They in whose wars I had borne my part,  
They that I loved with a brother's heart,  
They have left me here to die!  
Sound again, clarion! clarion, pour thy blast!  
Sound, for the captive's dream of hope is past!"

*Aym. (starting up.)* That was the lay he loved  
in our boyish days —  
And he must die forsaken! No, by Heaven!  
He shall not! Follow me! I say your chief  
Is bought and sold! Is there no generous trust  
Left in your souls? De Foix, I saved your life  
At Ascalon! Du Mornay, you and I  
On Jaffa's wall together set our breasts  
Against a thousand spears! What! have I fought  
Beside you, shared your cup, slept in your tents,  
And ye can think — [*Dashing off his turban.*

Look on my burning brow!  
Read if there's falsehood branded on it — read  
The marks of treachery there!

*Knights (gathering round him.)* No, no! come on!  
To the rescue! lead us on! we'll trust thee  
still!

*Aym.* Follow, then! — this way. If I die for him,  
There will be vengeance! He shall think of me  
To his last hour! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *A Pavilion in the Camp of MELECH.*

MELECH, SADI.

*Mel.* It must be that these sounds and sights  
of war

Shake her too gentle nature, Yes, her cheek  
Fades hourly in my sight! What other cause —  
None, none! She must go hence! Choose from  
thy band

The bravest, Sadi! and the longest tried,  
And I will send my child —

*Voice without.* Where is your chief?

DE CHATILLON *enters, guarded by Arab and  
Turkish soldiers.*

*Arab Chief.* The sons of Kedar's tribe have  
brought to the son  
Of the Prophet's house a prisoner!

*Mel. (half drawing his sword.)* Chatillon!  
That slew my boy! Thanks for the avenger's  
hour!

Sadi, their guerdon — give it them — the gold!  
And me the vengeance!

[*Looking at RAINIER, who holds the upper fragment  
of his sword, and seems lost in thought.*]

This is he

That slew my first-born!

*Rai. (to himself.)* Surely there leaped up  
A brother's heart within him! Yes, he struck  
To the earth a Paynim —

*Mel. (raising his voice.)* Christian! thou hast  
been

Our nation's deadliest foe!

*Rai. (looking up and smiling proudly.)* 'Tis joy  
to hear

I have not lived in vain!

*Mel.* Thou bear'st thyself  
With a conqueror's mien! What is thy hope  
from me?

*Rai.* A soldier's death.

*Mel. (hastily.)* Then thou would'st fear ■  
slave's?

*Rai.* Fear! As if man's own spirit had not  
power

To make his death a triumph! Waste not words;  
Let my blood bathe thine own sword. Infidel,  
I slew thy son! [*Looking at his broken sword.*

Ay, there's the red mark here!

*Mel. (approaching him.)* Thou dar'st to tell me  
this! [*A tumult heard without.*

*Voices without.* A Chatillon!

*Rai.* My brother's voice! *He is saved!*

*Mel. (calling.)* What, ho! my guards!

AYMER *enters with the knights, fighting their way  
through MELECH's soldiers, who are driven be-  
fore them.*

*Aym.* On with the war cry of our ancient  
house:

For the Cross — De Chatillon!

*Knights.* For the Cross — De Chatillon!

[RAINIER *attempts to break from his guards.*

SADI *enters with more soldiers to the as-  
sistance of MELECH. AYMER and the  
knights are overpowered. AYMER is  
wounded and falls.*

*Mel.* Bring fetters — bind the captives!

*Rai.* Lost — all lost!

No! he is saved!

[*Breaking from his guards, he goes up to AYMER.*]

Brother, my brother! hast thou pardoned me  
That which I did to save thee? Speak! forgive

*Aym. (turning from him.)*

Thou seest I die for thee! She is avenged!

*Rai.* I am no murderer! Hear me! turn to me  
We are parting by the grave!

MORAIMA *enters veiled, and goes up to MELECH.*

*Mor.* Father! O, look not sternly on thy  
child.

I came to plead. They said thou hast condemned  
A Christian knight to die ——

*Mel.* Hence — to thy tent!

Away — begone!

*Aym.* (*attempting to rise.*) Moraima! hath her  
spirit come

To make death beautiful? Moraima! speak!

*Mor.* It was his voice! Aymer!

[*She rushes to him, throwing aside her veil.*]

*Aym.* Thou liv'st — thou liv'st!

I knew thou couldst not die! Look on me still.  
Thou livest! and makest this world so full of  
joy —

But I depart!

*Mel.* (*approaching her.*) Moraima! hence! Is  
this

A place for thee?

*Mor.* Away! away!

There is no place but this for me on earth!

Where should I go? There is no place but this!  
My soul is bound to it!

*Mel.* (*To the guards.*) Back, slaves! and look  
not on her!

[*They retreat to the background.*]

'Twas for this

She drooped to the earth.

*Aym.* Moraima, fare thee well!

Think on me! I have loved thee! I take hence  
That deep love with my soul! for well I know  
It must be deathless!

*Mor.* O, thou hast not known

What *woman's* love is! Aymer, Aymer, stay!  
If I could die for thee! My heart is grown  
So strong in its despair!

*Rai.* (*turning from them.*) And all the past  
Forgotten! — our young days! His last thoughts  
*hers!*

The Infidel's!

*Aym.* (*with a violent effort turning his head  
round.*) Thou art no murderer! Peace  
Between us — peace, my brother! In our deaths  
We shall be joined once more!

*Rai.* (*holding the cross of the sword before him.*)  
Look yet on this!

*Aym.* If thou hadst only told me that she lived!  
— But our hearts meet at last!

[*Presses the cross to his lips.*]

Moraima! save my brother! Look on me!  
Joy — there is joy in death!

[*He dies on RAINIER's arm.*]

*Mor.* Speak — speak once more!

Aymer! how is it that I call on thee,  
And that thou answer'st not? Have we not  
loved?

Death! death! — and this is — death!

*Rai.* So thou art gone,

Aymer! I never thought to weep again —  
But now — farewell! Thou wert the bravest  
knight

That e'er laid lance in rest — and thou didst wear  
The noblest form that ever woman's eye  
Dwelt on with love; and till that fatal dream  
Came o'er thee, Aymer! Aymer! thou wert still  
The most true-hearted brother! There thou art  
Whose breast was once my shield! I neve  
thought

That foes should see me weep! but there thou  
art,

Aymer, my brother! ——

*Mor.* (*suddenly rising.*) With his last, last breath  
He bade me save his brother!

(*Falling at MELECH's feet.*) Father, spare  
The Christian — spare him!

*Mel.* For thy sake spare him

That slew thy father's son! Shame to thy race.

(*To the soldiers in the background.*)

Soldiers! come nearer with your levelled spears!  
Yet nearer! — gird him in! My boy's young  
blood

Is on his sword. Christian, abjure thy faith,  
Or die: thine hour is come!

*Rai.* (*turning and throwing himself on the weap-  
ons of the soldiers.*) Thou hast mine an-  
swer, Infidel!

[*Calling aloud to the knights as he falls back.*]  
Knights of France!

Herman! De Foix! Du Mornay! be ye strong:  
Your hour will come! ——

Must the old war cry cease?

[*Half raising himself, and waving the Cross  
triumphantly.*]

For the Cross — De Chatillon! [*He dies.*]  
(*The curtain falls.*)

#### ANNOTATION ON "DE CHATILLON."

["The merits of 'The Siege of Valencia' are more of a descriptive than of a strictly dramatic kind; and abounding as it does with fine passages of narrative beauty, and with striking scenes and situations, it is not only not adapted for representation, but, on the contrary, the characters are developed by painting much more than by incident. Withal, it wants unity and entireness, and in several places is not rhetorical, but diffuse.

"From the previous writings of the same author, and until the appearance of 'The Vespers of Palermo,' it seemed to be the prevalent opinion of critics, that the genius of Mrs. Hemans was not of a dramatic cast — that it expatiated too much in the development of sentiment, too much in the luxuriancy of description, to be ever brought under the trammels essentially necessary for the success of scenic dialogue.

"The merits of 'The Vespers' are great, and have been

acknowledged to be so, not only by the highest of contemporary literary authorities, but by the still more unequivocal testimony of theatrical applause. What 'has been, has been,' and we wish not to detract one iota from praise so fairly earned; but we must candidly confess, that before the perusal of 'De Chatillon,' (although that poem is probably not quite in the state in which it would have been submitted to the world by its writer,) we were somewhat infected with the prevailing opinion, that the most successful path of Mrs. Hemans did not lead her towards the drama. Our opinion on this subject is, however, now much altered; and we hesitate not to say, after minutely considering the characters of Rainier—so skilfully acted on, now by fraternal love, and now by public duty—and of Aymer and Moraima, placed in situations where inclination is opposed to principle—that, by the cultivation of this species of composition, had health and prolonged years been the fate of the author of 'De Chatillon,' that tragedy, noble as it is, which must now be placed at the head of her dramatic efforts, would in all probability have been even surpassed in excellence by ulterior efforts.

"Mrs. Hemans had at length struck the proper keys. It is quite evident that she had succeeded in imbibing more severe ideas of this class of compositions. She had passed from the narrative into what has been conventionally termed the dramatic poem—from the 'Historic Scenes' to 'Sebastian' and 'The Siege of Valencia;' but 'The Vespers of Palermo' and 'De Chatillon' can alone be said to be her legitimate dramas.

"The last, however, must be ranked first, by many degrees of comparison. Without stripping her language of that richness and poetic beauty so characteristic of her genius, or condescending in a single passage to the mean baldness, so commonly mistaken by many modern writers for the stage as essentially necessary to the truth of dialogue, she has, in this attempt, preserved adherence to reality amidst scenes allied with romance—brevity and effect, in situations strongly alluring to amplification; and, in her delineation of some of the strongest, as well as the finest emotions of the heart, there is exhibited a knowledge of nature's workings, at once minute, faithful, and affecting."—*MS. Critique by Δ.*

## THE FOREST SANCTUARY.

■ Long time against oppression have I fought,  
And for the native liberty of faith  
Have bled and suffered bonds."—*Remorse; ■ Tragedy.*

[The following poem is intended to describe the mental conflicts, as well as outward sufferings, of a Spaniard, who, flying from the religious persecutions of his own country, in the sixteenth century, takes refuge, with his child, in a North American forest. The story is supposed to be related by himself, amidst the wilderness which has afforded him an asylum.]

THE voices of my home!—I hear them still!  
They have been with me through the dreamy  
night!

The blessed household voices, wont to fill  
My heart's clear depths with unalloyed delight!  
I hear them still, unchanged: though some from  
earth

Are music parted, and the tones of mirth—  
Wild, silvery tones, that rang through days more  
bright—

Have died in others, yet to me they come  
Singing of boyhood back—the voices of my  
home!

### II.

They call me through this hush of woods re-  
posing

In the gray stillness of the summer morn;  
They wander by when heavy flowers are closing,  
And thoughts grow deep, and winds and stars  
are born.

Even as a fount's remembered gushings burst  
On the parched traveller in his hour of thirst,  
E'en thus they haunt me with sweet sounds, till  
worn

By quenchless longings, to my soul I say—  
O for the dove's swift wings, that I might flee  
away,

### III.

And find mine ark! Yet whither? I must  
bear

A yearning heart within me to the grave.  
I am of those o'er whom a breath of air—  
Just darkening in its course the lake's bright  
wave,

And sighing through the feathery canes—hath  
power

To call up shadows, in the silent hour,  
From the dim past, as from a wizard's cave!  
So must it be. These skies above me spread—  
Are they my own soft skies?—Ye rest not here,  
my dead!



## IV.

Ye far amidst the southern flowers lie sleeping,  
 Your graves all smiling in the sunshine clear ;  
 Save one ! ■ blue, lone, distant main is sweeping  
 High o'er *one* gentle head. Ye rest not here ! —  
 'Tis not the olive, with ■ whisper swaying,  
 Not thy low rippings, glassy water, playing  
 Through my own chestnut groves, which fill  
     mine ear ;  
 But the faint echoes in my breast that dwell,  
 And for their birthplace moan, as moans the  
     ocean shell.

## V.

Peace ! I will dash these fond regrets to earth,  
 E'en as an eagle shakes the cumbering rain  
 From his strong pinion. Thou that gav'st me  
     birth,  
 And lineage, and once home — my native  
     Spain !  
 My own bright land — my fathers' land — my  
     child's !  
 What hath thy son brought from thee to the  
     wilds ?  
 He hath brought marks of torture and the chain,  
 Traces of things which pass not as a breeze ;  
 A blighted name, dark thoughts, wrath, woe —  
     thy gifts are these !

## VI.

A blighted name ! I hear the winds of morn —  
 Their sounds are not of this ! I hear the shiver  
 Of the green reeds, and all the rustlings, borne  
 From the high forest, when the light leaves  
     quiver :  
 Their sounds are not of this ! — the cedars,  
     waving,  
 Lend it no tone : his wide savannas laving,  
 It is not murmured by the joyous river !  
 What part hath mortal name, where God alone  
 Speaks to the mighty waste, and through its  
     heart is known ?

## VII.

Is it not much that I may worship Him  
 With nought my spirit's breathings to control,  
 And feel His presence in the vast, and dim,  
 And whispery woods, where dying thunders roll  
 From the far cataracts ? Shall I not rejoice  
 That I have learned at last to know *His* voice  
 From man's ? ■ will rejoice ! — my soaring soul  
 Now hath redeemed her birthright of the day,  
 And won, through clouds, to Him her own un-  
     fettered way !

## VIII.

And thou, my boy ! that silent at my knee  
 Dost lift to mine thy soft, dark, earnest eyes,  
 Filled with the love of childhood, which I see  
 Pure through its depths, a thing without dis-  
     guise ;  
 Thou that hast breathed in slumber on my breast,  
 When I have checked its throbs to give thee rest,  
 Mine own ! whose young thoughts fresh before  
     me rise !  
 Is it not much that I may guide thy prayer,  
 And circle thy glad soul with free and healthful  
     air ?

## IX.

Why should I weep on thy bright head, my  
     boy ?  
 Within thy fathers' halls thou wilt not dwell,  
 Nor lift their banner, with ■ warrior's joy,  
 Amidst the sons of mountain chiefs, who fell  
 For Spain of old. Yet what if rolling waves  
 Have borne us far from our ancestral graves ?  
 Thou shalt not feel thy bursting heart rebel,  
 As mine hath done ; nor bear what I have borne.  
 Casting in falsehood's mould th' indignant brow  
     of scorn.

## X.

This shall not be thy lot, my blessed child !  
 I have not sorrowed, struggled, lived in vain.  
 Hear me ! magnificent and ancient wild ;  
 And mighty rivers, ye that meet the main,  
 As deep meets deep ; and forests, whose dim  
     shade  
 The flood's voice, and the wind's, by swells per-  
     vade ;  
 Hear me ! 'Tis well to die, and not complain ;  
 Yet there are hours when the charged heart  
     must speak,  
 E'en in the desert's ear to pour itself, or break !

## XI.

I see an oak before me :<sup>1</sup> it hath been  
 The crowned one of the woods ; and might have  
     flung

<sup>1</sup> "I recollect hearing ■ traveller, of poetical tempera-  
 ment, expressing the kind of horror which he felt on be-  
 holding, on the banks of the Missouri, an oak of prodigious  
 size, which had been in ■ manner overpowered by ■  
 enormous wild grape vine. The vine had clasped its huge  
 folds round the trunk, and from thence had wound about  
 every branch and twig, until the mighty tree had withered  
 in its embrace. It seemed like Laocöon struggling ineffec-  
 tually in the hideous coils of the monster Python." — *Brace*  
*bridge Hall. Chapter on Forest Trees*

Its hundred arms to heaven, still freshly green  
But a wild vine around the stem hath clung,  
From branch to branch close wreaths of bond-  
age throwing,

Till the proud tree, before no tempest bowing,  
Hath shrunk and died those serpent folds among.  
Alas ! alas ! what is it that I see ?

An image of man's mind, land of my sires, with  
thee !

## XII.

Yet art thou lovely ! Song is on thy hills :  
O sweet and mournful melodies of Spain,  
That lulled my boyhood, how your memory thrills  
The exile's heart with sudden-wakening pain !  
Your sounds are on the rocks : — that I might  
hear

Once more the music of the mountaineer !  
And from the sunny vales the shepherd's strain  
Floats out, and fills the solitary place  
With the old tuneful names of Spain's heroic  
race.

## XIII.

But there was silence one bright, golden day,  
Through my own pine-hung mountains. Clear,  
yet lone,

In the rich autumn light the vineyards lay,  
And from the fields the peasant's voice was gone ;  
And the red grapes untrodden strewed the  
ground ;

And the free flocks, untended, roamed around.  
Where was the pastor ? — where the pipe's wild  
tone ?

Music and mirth were hushed the hills among,  
While to the city's gates each hamlet poured its  
throng.

## XIV.

Silence upon the mountains ! But within  
The city's gate, a rush, a press, a swell  
Of multitudes, their torrent way to win ;  
And heavy boomings of ■ dull deep bell,  
A dead pause following each — like that which  
parts

The dash of billows, holding breathless hearts  
Fast in the hush of fear — knell after knell ;  
And sounds of thickening steps, like thunder rain  
That plashes on the roof of some vast echoing  
fane !

## XV.

What pageant's hour approached ? The sullen  
gate

Of ■ strong ancient prison house was thrown

Back to the day. And who, in mournful  
state,

Came forth, led slowly o'er its threshold stone !  
They that had learned, in cells of secret gloom,  
How sunshine is forgotten ! They to whom  
The very features of mankind were grown  
Things that bewildered ! O'er that dazzled sight  
They lifted their wan hands, and cowered before  
the light !

## XVI.

To this, man brings his brother ! Some were  
there,

Who, with their desolation, had entwined  
Fierce strength, and girt the sternness of despair  
Fast round their bosoms, e'en as warriors bind  
The breastplate on for fight ; but brow and cheek  
Seemed *theirs* a torturing panoply to speak !  
And there were some, from whom the very mind  
Had been wrung out ; they smiled — O, star-  
tling smile,

Whence man's high soul is fled ! Where doth  
it sleep the while ?

## XVII.

But onward moved the melancholy train,  
For their false creeds in fiery pangs to die.  
This was the solemn sacrifice of Spain —  
Heaven's offering from the land of chivalry !  
Through thousands, thousands of their race they  
moved —

O, how unlike all others ! — the beloved,  
The free, the proud, the beautiful ! whose eye  
Grew fixed before them, while a people's breath  
Was hushed, and its one soul bound in the  
thought of death !

## XVIII.

It might be that, amidst the countless throng,  
There swelled some heart with pity's weight  
oppressed :

For the wide stream of human love is strong ;  
And woman, on whose fond and faithful breast  
Childhood is reared, and at whose knee the sigh  
Of its first prayer is breathed — she, too, was  
nigh.

But life is dear, and the free footstep blessed,  
And home a sunny place, where each may fill  
Some eye with glistening smiles, — and there-  
fore all were still.

## XIX.

All still, — youth, courage, strength ! — ■ winter  
laid,

A chain of palsy cast, on might and mind !

Still, as at noon a southern forest's shade,  
They stood, those breathless masses of mankind,  
Still, as a frozen torrent! But the wave  
Soon leaps to foaming freedom; they, the brave,  
Endured — they saw the martyr's place assigned  
In the red flames — whence is the withering spell  
That numbs each human pulse? They saw, and  
thought it well.

## XX.

And I, too, thought it well! That very morn  
From a far land I came, yet round me clung  
The spirit of my own! No hand had torn  
With a strong grasp away the veil which hung  
Between mine eyes and truth. I gazed, I saw  
Dimly, as through a glass. In silent awe  
I watched the fearful rites; and if there sprung  
One rebel feeling from its deep founts up,  
Shuddering, I flung it back, as guilt's own poi-  
son cup.

## XXI.

But I was wakened as the dreamers waken,  
Whom the shrill trumpet and the shriek of dread  
Rouse up at midnight, when their walls are taken,  
And they must battle till their blood is shed  
On their own threshold floor. A path for light  
Through my torn breast was shattered by the  
might  
Of the swift thunder stroke; and freedom's tread  
Came in through ruins, late, yet not in vain,  
Making the blighted place all green with life  
again.

## XXII.

Still darkly, slowly, as a sullen mass  
Of cloud o'ersweeping, without wind, the sky,  
Dreamlike I saw the sad procession pass,  
And marked its victims with a tearless eye.  
They moved before me but as pictures, wrought  
Each to reveal some secret of man's thought,  
On the sharp edge of sad mortality;  
Till in his place came one — O, could it be?  
My friend, my heart's first friend! — and did I  
gaze on thee!

## XXIII.

On thee! with whom in boyhood I had played,  
At the grape gatherings, by my native streams;  
And to whose eye my youthful soul had laid  
Bare, as to Heaven's, its glowing world of dreams;  
And by whose side 'midst warriors I had stood,  
And in whose helm was brought — O, earned  
with blood! —  
The fresh wave to my lips, when tropic beams

Smote on my fevered brow! Ay, years had  
passed,  
Severing our paths, brave friend! — and *thus*  
we met at last!

## XXIV.

I see it still — the lofty mien thou borest!  
On thy pale forehead sat a sense of power —  
The very look that once thou brightly worest,  
Cheering me onward through a fearful hour,  
When we were girt by Indian bow and spear,  
'Midst the white Andes — even as mountain deer,  
Hemmed in our camp; but through the javelin  
shower  
We rent our way, a tempest of despair!  
And thou — hadst thou but died with thy true  
brethren there!

## XXV.

I call the fond wish back — for thou hast perished  
More nobly far, my Alvar! — making known  
The might of truth;<sup>1</sup> and be thy memory  
cherished  
With theirs, the thousands that around her  
throne  
Have poured their lives out smiling, in that doom  
Finding a triumph, if denied a tomb!  
Ay, with their ashes hath the wind been sown,  
And with the wind their spirit shall be spread,  
Filling man's heart and home with records of  
the dead.

## XXVI.

Thou Searcher of the soul! in whose dread  
sight  
Not the bold guilt alone that mocks the skies,  
But the scarce-owned unwhispered thought of  
night,  
As a thing written with the sunbeam lies;  
Thou know'st — whose eye through shade and  
depth can see,  
That this man's crime was but to worship thee,  
Like those that made their hearts thy sacrifice,  
The called of yore — wont by the Savior's side  
On the dim Olive Mount to pray at eventide.

## XXVII.

For the strong spirit will at times awake,  
Piercing the mists that wrap her clay abode,  
And, born of thee, she may not always take  
Earth's accents for the oracles of God;

<sup>1</sup> For a most interesting account of the Spanish Protestants, and the heroic devotion with which they met the spirit of persecution in the sixteenth century, see the *Quarterly Review*, No. 57, art. "Quin's Visit to Spain."



And even for this — O dust, whose mask is power!

Reed, that wouldst be ■ scourge thy little hour!

Spark, whereon yet the mighty hath not trod,  
And therefore thou destroyest! — where were flown

Our hopes, if man were left to man's decree alone!

## XXVIII.

But this I felt not yet. I could but gaze  
On him, my friend; while that swift moment threw

A sudden freshness back on vanished days,  
Like water drops on some dim picture's hue;  
Calling the proud time up, when first I stood  
Where banners floated, and my heart's quick blood

Sprang to ■ torrent as the clarion blew,  
And he — his sword was like ■ brother's worn,  
That watches through the field his mother's  
youngest born.

## XXIX.

But ■ lance met me in that day's career —  
Senseless I lay amidst the o'ersweeping fight;  
Wakening at last, how full, how strangely clear,  
That scene on memory flashed! — the shivery light,

Moonlight, on broken shields — the plain of slaughter,

The fountain side, the low sweet sound of water —

And Alvar bending o'er me — from the night  
Covering me with his mantle. All the past  
Flowed back; my soul's far chords all answered  
to the blast.

## XXX.

Till, in that rush of visions, I became  
As one that, by the bands of slumber wound,  
Lies with a powerless but all-thrilling frame,  
Intense in consciousness of sight and sound,  
Yet buried in a wildering dream which brings  
Loved faces round him, girt with fearful things!  
Troubled even thus I stood, but chained and bound

On that familiar form mine eye to keep:  
Alas! I might not fall upon his neck and weep!

## XXXI.

He passed me — and what next? I looked on two,

Following his footsteps to the same dread place,

For the same guilt — his sisters! <sup>1</sup> Well I knew  
The beauty on those brows, though each young face

Was changed — so deeply changed! — a du-  
geon's air

Is hard for loved and lovely things to bear.

And ye, O daughters of ■ lofty race,

Queen-like Theresa! radiant Inez! — flowers

So cherished! were ye then but reared for those  
dark hours?

## XXXII.

A mournful home, young sisters, had ye left!  
With your lutes hanging hushed upon the wall,  
And silence round the aged man, bereft  
Of each glad voice once answering to his call.  
Alas, that lonely father! doomed to pine  
For sounds departed in his life's decline;  
And, 'midst the shadowing banners of his hall,  
With his white hair to sit, and deem the name  
A hundred chiefs had borne, cast down by you  
to shame! <sup>2</sup>

## XXXIII.

And woe for you, 'midst looks and words of love,  
And gentle hearts and faces, nursed so long!  
How had I seen you in your beauty move,  
Wearing the wreath, and listening to the song! —  
Yet sat, e'en then, what seemed the crowd to shun,

Half veiled upon the pale clear brow of one,  
And deeper thoughts than oft to youth belong —  
Thoughts, such as wake to evening's whispery sway,

Within the drooping shade of her sweet eyelids lay.

<sup>1</sup> "A priest named Gonzalez had, among other pro-se-lytes, gained over two young females, his sisters, to the Protestant faith. All three were confined in the dungeons of the Inquisition. The torture, repeatedly applied, could not draw from them the least evidence against their religious associates. Every artifice was employed to obtain a recantation from the two sisters, since the constancy and learning of Gonzalez precluded all hopes of a theological victory. Their answer, if not exactly logical, is wonderfully simple and affecting: — 'We will die in the faith of our brother: he is too wise to be wrong, and too good to deceive us.' The three stakes on which they died were near each other. The priest had been gagged till the moment of lighting up the wood. The few minutes that he was allowed to speak he employed in comforting his sisters, with whom he sung the 109th Psalm, till the flames smothered their voices." — *Quarterly Review*, No. 57, "Quin's Visit to Spain."

<sup>2</sup> The names not only of the immediate victims of ■ Inquisition were devoted to infamy, but those of all their relations were branded with the same indelible stain, which was likewise to descend as an inheritance to their latest posterity.

XXXIV.

And if she mingled with the festive train,  
It was but as some melancholy star  
Beholds the dance of shepherds on the plain,  
In its bright stillness present, though afar.  
Yet would she smile — and that, too, hath its  
smile —

Circled with joy which reached her not the while,  
And bearing a lone spirit, not at war  
With earthly things, but o'er their form and hue  
Shedding too clear a light, too sorrowfully true.

XXXV.

But the dark hours wring forth the hidden might  
Which hath lain bedded in the silent soul,  
A treasure all undreamt of, — as the night  
Calls out the harmonies of streams that roll  
Unheard by day. It seemed as if her breast  
Had hoarded energies, till then suppressed  
Almost with pain, and bursting from control,  
And finding first that hour their pathway free:  
Could a rose brave the storm, such might her  
emblem be!

XXXVI.

For the soft gloom whose shadow still had hung  
On her fair brow, beneath its garlands worn,  
Was fled; and fire, like prophecy's, had sprung  
Clear to her kindled eye. It might be scorn —  
Pride — sense of wrong; ay, the frail heart is  
bound

By these at times, even as with adamant round,  
Kept so from breaking! Yet not *thus* upborne  
She moved, though some sustaining passion's  
wave

Lifted her fervent soul — a sister for the brave!

XXXVII.

And yet, alas! to see the strength which clings  
Round woman in such hours! — a mournful  
sight,

Though lovely! — an o'erflowing of the springs,  
The full springs of affection, deep as bright!  
And she, because her life is ever twined  
With other lives, and by no stormy wind  
May thence be shaken, and because the light  
Of tenderness is round her, and her eye  
Doth weep such passionate tears — therefore she  
thus can die.

XXXVIII.

Therefore didst thou, through that heart-shaking  
scene,

■ through ■ triumph move; and cast aside

Thine own sweet thoughtfulness for victory's  
mien,

O faithful sister! cheering thus the guide,  
And friend, and brother of thy sainted youth,  
Whose hand had led thee to the source of truth,  
Where thy glad soul from earth was purified;  
Nor wouldst thou, following him through all the  
past,  
That he should see thy step grow tremulous at  
last.

XXXIX.

For thou hadst made ■ deeper love ■ guest,  
'Midst thy young spirit's dreams, than that which  
grows

Between the nurtured of the same fond breast  
The sheltered of one roof; and thus it rose  
Twined in with life. How is it that the hours  
Of the same sport, the gathering early flowers  
Round the same tree, the sharing one repose,  
And mingling one first prayer in murmurs soft,  
From the heart's memory fade in this world's  
breath so oft?

XI.

But thee that breath hath touched not; thee,  
nor him,  
The true in all things found! — and thou wert  
blest  
E'en then, that no remembered change could  
dim

The perfect image of affection, pressed  
Like armor to thy bosom! Thou hadst kept  
Watch by thy brother's couch of pain, and wept,  
Thy sweet face covering with thy robe, when rest  
Fled from the sufferer; thou hadst bound his faith  
Unto thy soul; one light, one hope ye chose —  
one death.

XII.

So didst thou pass on brightly! — but for her,  
Next in that path, how may *her* doom be spoken!  
All Merciful! to think that such things were,  
And *are*, and seen by men with hearts unbroken!  
To think of that fair girl, whose path had been  
So strewn with rose leaves, all one fairy scene!  
And whose quick glance came ever as a token  
Of hope to drooping thought, and her glad voice  
As a free bird's in spring, that makes the woods  
rejoice!

XLII.

And she to die! — she loved the laughing earth  
With such deep joy in its fresh leaves and  
flowers!

Was not her smile e'en as the sudden birth  
Of a young rainbow coloring vernal showers?  
Yes! but to meet her fawnlike step, to hear  
The gushes of wild song, so silvery clear,  
Which oft, unconsciously, in happier hours  
Flowed from her lips, was to forget the sway  
Of Time and Death below, blight, shadow, dull  
decay!

## XLIII.

Could this change be? The hour, the scene,  
where last

I saw that form, came floating o'er my mind:  
A golden vintage eve; the heats were passed,  
And, in the freshness of the fanning wind,  
Her father sat where gleamed the first faint star  
Through the lime boughs; and with her light  
guitar,

She, on the greensward at his feet reclined,  
In his calm face laughed up; some shepherd lay  
Singing, as childhood sings on the lone hills at  
play.

## XLIV.

And now — O God! — the bitter fear of death,  
The sore amaze, the faint o'ershadowing dread,  
Had grasped her! — panting in her quick-drawn  
breath,

And in her white lips quivering. Onward led,  
She looked up with her dim, bewildered eyes,  
And there smiled out her own soft, brilliant  
skies,

Far in their sultry southern azure spread,  
Glowing with joy, but silent! — still they smiled,  
Yet sent down no reprieve for earth's poor trem-  
bling child.

## XLV.

Alas! that earth had all too strong a hold,  
Too fast, sweet Inez! on thy heart, whose bloom  
Was given to early love, nor knew how cold  
The hours which follow. There was one, with  
whom,

Young as thou wert, and gentle, and untried,  
Thou mightst, perchance, unshrinkingly have  
died;

But he was far away; and with thy doom  
Thus gathering, life grew so intensely dear,  
That all thy slight frame shook with its cold,  
mortal fear!

## XLVI.

No aid! — thou too didst pass! — and all had  
passed,

The fearful, and the desperate, and the strong!

Some like the bark that rushes with the blast,  
Some like the leaf swept shivering along;  
And some as men that have but one more field  
To fight, and then may slumber on their shield:  
Therefore they arm in hope. But now the throng  
Rolled on, and bore me with their living tide,  
E'en as a bark wherein is left no power to guide.

## XLVII.

Wave swept on wave. We reached a stately  
square,

Decked for the rites. An altar stood or high,  
And gorgeous, in the midst: a place for prayer,  
And praise, and offering. Could the earth supply  
No fruits, no flowers for sacrifice, of all  
Which on her sunny lap unheeded fall?

No fair young firstling of the flock to die,  
As when before their God the patriarchs stood?  
Look down! man brings thee, Heaven, his  
brother's guiltless blood!

## XLVIII.

Hear its voice, hear! — a cry goes up to thee,  
From the stained sod; make thou thy judgment  
known

On him the shedder! — let his portion be  
The fear that walks at midnight; give the moan  
In the wind haunting him a power to say,  
“Where is thy brother?” and the stars a ray  
To search and shake his spirit, when alone,  
With the dread splendor of their burning eyes!  
So shall earth own thy will — Mercy, not sac-  
rifice!

## XLIX.

Sounds of triumphant praise! the mass was  
sung —

Voices that die not might have poured such  
strains.

Through Salem's towers might that proud chant  
have rung,

When the Most High, on Syria's palmy plains,  
Had quelled her foes — so full it swept, a sea  
Of loud waves jubilant, and rolling free!

Oft when the wind, as through resounding fane,  
Hath filled the choral forests with its power,  
Some deep tone brings me back the music of  
that hour.

## L.

It died away; the incense cloud was driven  
Before the breeze — the words of doom were  
said;

And the sun faded mournfully from heaven.  
He faded mournfully, and dimly red,



Parting in clouds from those that looked their last,  
 And sighed, "Farewell, thou sun!" Eve glowed and passed;  
 Night — midnight and the moon — came forth and shed  
 Sleep, even as dew, on glen, wood, peopled spot,  
 Save one — a place of death — and there men slumbered not.

## LI.

"Twas not within the city,<sup>1</sup> but in sight  
 Of the snow-crowned sierras, freely sweeping,  
 With many an eagle's eyry on the height,  
 And hunter's cabin, by the torrent peeping  
 Far off; and vales between, and vineyards lay,  
 With sound and gleam of waters on their way,  
 And chestnut woods, that girt the happy sleeping  
 In many a peasant home; the midnight sky  
 Brought softly that rich world round those who came to die.

## LII.

The darkly-glorious midnight sky of Spain,  
 Burning with stars! What had the torches' glare  
 To do beneath that temple, and profane  
 Its holy radiance? By their wavering flare,  
 I saw beside the pyres — I see thee *now*,  
 O bright Theresa! with thy lifted brow,  
 And thy clasped hands, and dark eyes filled with prayer;  
 And thee, sad Inez! bowing thy fair head,  
 And mantling up thy face, all colorless with dread!

## LIII.

And Alvar, Alvar! — I beheld thee too,  
 Pale, steadfast, kingly: till thy clear glance fell  
 On that young sister; then perturbed it grew,  
 And all thy laboring bosom seemed to swell  
 With painful tenderness. Why came I there,  
 That troubled image of my friend to bear  
 Thence, for my after years? — a thing to dwell  
 In my heart's core, and on the darkness rise,  
 Disquieting my dreams with its bright, mournful eyes?

## LIV.

Why came I? — O, the heart's deep mystery! —  
 Why,  
 In man's last hour, doth vain affection's gaze

<sup>1</sup> The piles erected for these executions were without the w<sup>o</sup>wns, and the final scene of an Auto da Fe was sometimes, from the length of the preceding ceremonies, delayed till midnight.

Fix itself down on struggling agony,  
 To the dimmed eyeballs freezing as they glaze?  
 It might be — yet the power to will seemed o'er —  
 That my soul yearned to hear his voice once more!

But mine was fettered! — mute in strong amaze,  
 I watched his features as the night wind blew,  
 And torchlight or the moon's passed o'er their marble hue.

## LV.

The trampling of a steed! A tall, white steed,  
 Rending his fiery way the crowds among —  
 A storm's way through a forest — came at speed,  
 And a wild voice cried "Inez!" Swift she flung  
 The mantle from her face, and gazed around,  
 With a faint shriek at that familiar sound:  
 And from his seat a breathless rider sprung,  
 And dashed off fiercely those who came to part,  
 And rushed to that pale girl, and clasped her to his heart.

## LVI.

And for a moment all around gave way  
 To that full burst of passion. On his breast  
 Like a bird panting yet from fear, she lay,  
 But blest — in misery's very lap, yet blest!  
 O love, love, strong as death! — from such an hour  
 Pressing out joy by thine immortal power;  
 Holy and fervent love! had earth but rest  
 For thee and thine, this world were all too fair!  
 How could we thence be weaned to die without despair?

## LVII.

But she — as falls a willow from the storm,  
 O'er its own river streaming — thus reclined  
 On the youth's bosom hung her fragile form,  
 And clasping arms, so passionately twined  
 Around his neck — with such a trusting fold,  
 A full, deep sense of safety in their hold,  
 As if nought earthly might th' embrace unbina.  
 Alas! a child's fond faith, believing still  
 Its mother's breast beyond the lightning's reach  
 to kill!

## LVIII.

Brief rest! upon the turning billow's height  
 A strange sweet moment of some heavenly strain  
 Floating between the savage gusts of night,  
 That sweep the seas to foam. Soon dark again  
 The hour, the scene; th' intensely present rushed  
 Back on her spirit, and her large tears gushed  
 Like blood drops from a victim — with swift rain

Bathing the bosom where she leaned that hour,  
As if her life would melt into th' o'erswelling  
shower.

LIX.

But he whose arm sustained her! — O, I knew  
'Twas vain! — and yet he hoped — he fondly  
strove  
Back from her faith her sinking soul to woo,  
As life might yet be hers! A dream of love  
Which could not look upon so fair a thing,  
Remembering how like hope, like joy, like spring,  
Her smile was wont to glance, her step to move,  
And deem that men indeed, in very truth,  
Could mean the sting of death for her soft flower-  
ing youth!

LX.

He wooed her back to life. "Sweet Inez, live!  
My blessed Inez! — visions have beguiled  
Thy heart; abjure them! thou wert formed to  
give  
And to find joy; and hath not sunshine smiled  
Around thee ever? Leave me not, mine own!  
Or earth will grow too dark! — for thee alone,  
Thee have I loved, thou gentlest! from a  
child,  
And bore thine image with me o'er the sea,  
Thy soft voice in my soul. Speak! O, yet live  
for me!"

LXI.

She looked up wildly; there were anxious eyes  
Waiting that look — sad eyes of troubled  
thought,  
Alvar's — Theresa's! Did her childhood rise,  
With all its pure and home affections fraught,  
In the brief glance? She clasped her hands —  
the strife  
Of love, faith, fear, and that vain dream of life,  
Within her woman's breast so deeply wrought,  
It seemed as if a reed so slight and weak  
Must, in the rending storm, not quiver only —  
break!

LXII.

And thus it was. The young cheek flushed  
and faded,  
As the swift blood in currents came and went,  
And hues of death the marble brow o'ershaded,  
And the sunk eye ■ watery lustre sent  
Through its white fluttering lids. Then trem-  
blings passed  
O'er the frail form, that shook it as the blast  
Shakes the scree leaf, until the spirit rent

Its way to peace — the fearful way unknown.  
Pale in love's arms she lay — *she!* — what had  
loved was gone!

LXIII.

Joy for thee, trembler! — thou redeemed one,  
joy!  
Young dove set free! — earth, ashes, soulless  
clay,  
Remained for baffled vengeance to destroy.  
Thy chain was riven! Nor hadst thou cast away  
Thy hope in thy last hour! — though love was  
there  
Striving to wring thy troubled soul from prayer,  
And life seemed robed in beautiful array,  
Too fair to leave! — but this might be forgiven,  
Thou wert so richly crowned with precious gifts  
of Heaven!

LXIV.

But woe for him who felt the heart grow still,  
Which, with its weight of agony, had lain  
Breaking on his! Scarce could the mortal chill  
Of the hushed bosom, ne'er to heave again,  
And all the silence curdling round the eye,  
Bring home the stern belief that she could die —  
That she indeed could die! — for, wild and vain  
As hope might be, his soul *had* hoped: 'twas  
o'er —  
Slowly his falling arms dropped from the form  
they bore.

LXV.

They forced him from that spot. It might be  
well,  
That the fierce reckless words by anguish wrung  
From his torn breast, all aimless as they fell,  
Like spray drops from the strife of torrents flung,  
Were marked as guilt. There are who note  
these things  
Against the smitten heart; its breaking strings  
— On whose low thrills once gentle music  
hung —  
With ■ rude hand of touch unholy trying.  
And numbering then as crimes, the deep, strange  
tones replying.

LXVI.

But ye in solemn joy, O faithful pair!  
Stood gazing on your parted sister's dust;  
I saw your features by the torch's glare,  
And they were brightening with a heavenward  
trust!  
I saw the doubt, the anguish, the dismay,  
Melt from my Alvar's glorious mien away;

And peace was there — the calmness of the just!  
And, bending down the slumberer's brow to kiss,  
"Thy rest is won," he said, "sweet sister!  
Praise for this!"

## LXVII.

I started as from sleep; — yes! — he had  
spoken —

A breeze had troubled memory's hidden source!  
At once the torpor of my soul was broken —  
Thought, feeling, passion, woke in tenfold force.  
There are soft breathings in the southern wind,  
That so your ice chains, O ye streams! unbind,  
And free the foaming swiftness of your course!  
I burst from those that held me back, and fell  
Even on his neck, and cried — "Friend! brother!  
fare thee well!"

## LXVIII.

Did *he* not say, "Farewell"? Alas! no breath  
Came to mine ear. Hoarse murmurs from the  
throng

Told that the mysteries in the face of death  
Had from their eager sight been veiled too  
long.

And we were parted as the surge might part  
Those that would die together, true of heart.  
*His* hour was come — but in mine anguish strong,  
Like a fierce swimmer through the midnight sea,  
Blindly I rushed away from that which was to be.

## LXIX.

Away — away I rushed; but swift and high  
The arrowy pillars of the firelight grew,  
Till the transparent darkness of the sky  
Flushed to a blood-red mantle in their hue;  
And, phantom-like, the kindling city seemed  
To spread, float, wave, as on the wind they  
streamed,

With their wild splendor chasing me! I knew  
The death work was begun — I veiled mine eyes,  
Yet stopped in spell-bound fear to catch the  
victims' cries.

## LXX.

What heard I then? — a ringing shriek of pain,  
Such as forever haunts the tortured ear?  
I heard a sweet and solemn-breathing strain  
Piercing the flame, untremulous and clear!  
The rich, triumphal tones! — I knew them well,  
As they came floating with a breezy swell!  
Man's voice was there — a clarion voice to cheer  
In the mid battle — ay, to turn the flying;  
Woman's — that might have sung of heaven be-  
side the dying!

## LXXI.

It was a fearful, yet a glorious thing  
To hear that hymn of martyrdom, and know  
That its glad stream of melody could spring  
Up from th' unsounded gulfs of human woe!  
Alvar! Theresa! — what is deep? what strong  
— God's breath within the soul! It filled that  
song  
From your victorious voices! But the glow  
On the hot air and lurid skies increased:  
Faint grew the sounds — more faint: I listened  
— they had ceased!

## LXXII.

And thou indeed hadst perished, my soul's  
friend!

I might form other ties — but thou alone  
Couldst with a glance the veil of dimness rend,  
By other years o'er boyhood's memory thrown!  
Others might aid me onward; thou and I  
Had mingled the fresh thoughts that early die,  
Once flowering — never more! And thou wert  
gone!

Who could give back my youth, my spirit free,  
Or be in aught again what thou hadst been to me!

## LXXIII.

And yet I wept thee not, thou true and brave!  
I could not weep — there gathered round thy  
name

Too deep a passion. *Thou* denied a grave!  
*Thou*, with the blight flung on thy soldier's fame!  
Had I not known thy heart from childhood's  
time?

Thy heart of hearts? — and couldst thou die for  
crime?

No! had all earth decreed that death or shame,  
I would have set, against all earth's decree,  
Th' inalienable trust of my firm soul in thee!

## LXXIV.

There are swift hours in life — strong, rushing  
hours,

That do the work of tempests in their might!  
They shake down things that stood as rocks and  
towers

Unto th' undoubting mind; they pour in light  
Where it but startles — like a burst of day  
For which th' uprooting of an oak makes way;  
They sweep the coloring mists from off our sight;  
They touch with fire thought's graven page, the  
roll

Stamped with past years — and lo! it shriveals  
as a scroll!



## LXXV.

And this was of such hours! The sudden flow  
Of my soul's tide seemed whelming me; the  
glare

Of the red flames, yet rocking to and fro,  
Scorched up my heart with breathless thirst  
for air,

And solitude, and freedom. It had been  
Well with me then, in some vast desert scene,  
To pour my voice out, for the winds to bear  
On with them, wildly questioning the sky,  
Fiercely the untroubled stars, of man's dim  
destiny.

## LXXVI.

I would have called, adjuring the dark cloud;  
To the most ancient heavens I would have said,  
"Speak to me! show me truth!"<sup>1</sup> — through  
night aloud

I would have cried to him, the newly dead,  
"Come back! and show me truth!" My spirit  
seemed

Gasping for some free burst, its darkness teemed  
With such pent storms of thought! Again I  
fled,

[fled, ■ refuge from man's face to gain,  
Scarce conscious when I paused, entering a lonely  
fane.

## LXXVII.

A mighty minster, dim, and proud, and vast!  
Silence was round the sleepers whom its floor  
Shut in the grave; a shadow of the past,  
A memory of the sainted steps that wore  
Ere while its gorgeous pavement, seemed to brood  
Like mist upon the stately solitude;  
A halo of sad fame to mantle o'er  
Its white sepulchral forms of mail-clad men;  
And all was hushed as night in some deep Alpine-  
glen.

## LXXVIII.

More hushed, far more! — for there the wind  
sweeps by,

Or the woods tremble to the streams' loud play;  
Here ■ strange echo made my very sigh  
Seem for the place too much a sound of day!  
Too much my footstep ■ broke the moonlight,  
fading,

Yet arch through arch in one soft flow pervading.

<sup>1</sup> For one of the most powerful and impressive pictures perhaps ever drawn, of a young mind struggling against habit and superstition in its first aspirations after truth, see the admirable *Letters from Spain* by Don Leucadio Doblado.

And I stood still: prayer, chant had died away  
Yet past me floated a funereal breath  
Of incense. I stood still — as before God and  
death.

## LXXIX.

For thick ye girt me round, ye long departed!  
Dust — imaged forms — with cross, and shield,  
and crest;

It seemed as if your ashes would have started  
Had a wild voice burst forth above your rest!  
Yet ne'er, perchance, did worshipper of yore  
Bear to your thrilling presence what I bore  
Of wrath, doubt, anguish, battling in the breast!  
I could have poured out words, on that pale air,  
To make your proud tombs ring. No, no! I  
could not *there*!

## LXXX.

Not 'midst those aisles, through which a thou-  
sand years,

Mutely as clouds, and reverently, had swept;  
Not by those shrines, which yet the trace of tears  
And kneeling votaries on their marble kept!  
Ye were too mighty in your pomp of gloom  
And trophied age, O temple, altar, tomb!  
And you, ye dead! — for in that faith ye slept,  
Whose weight had grown a mountain's on my  
heart,

Which could not *there* be loosed. I turned me  
to depart.

## LXXXI.

I turned: what glimmered faintly on my sight —  
Faintly, yet brightening as a wreath of snow  
Seen through dissolving haze? The moon, the  
night,

Had waned, and down poured m — gray,  
shadowy, slow,

Yet dayspring still! A solemn hue it caught.  
Piercing the storied windows, darkly fraught  
With stoles and draperies of imperial glow;  
And, soft and sad, that coloring gleam was thrown  
Where, pale, a pictured form above the altar  
shone.

<sup>2</sup> "You walk from end to end over a floor of tombstones inlaid in brass with the forms of the departed, mitres, and crosiers, and spears, and shields, and helmets, all mingled together — all worn into glass-like smoothness by the feet and the knees of long-departed worshippers. Around, on every side, each in their separate chapel, sleep undisturbed from age to age the venerable ashes of the holiest or the loftiest that of old came thither to worship — their images and their dying prayers sculptured among the resting-places of their remains" — From a beautiful description of ancient Spanish Cathedrals, in *Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk*.

## LXXXII.

*Thy* form, thou Son of God! — ■ wrathful deep,  
With foam, and cloud, and tempest round Thee  
spread,

And such a weight of night! — a night, when  
sleep

From the fierce rocking of the billows fled.

A bark showed dim beyond Thee, with its mast  
Bowed, and its rent sail shivering to the blast;  
But, like a spirit in thy gliding tread,

Thou, as o'er glass, didst walk that stormy sea  
Through rushing winds, which left a silent path  
for Thee.

## LXXXIII.

So still thy white robes fell! — no breath of air  
Within their long and slumberous folds had sway.  
So still the waves of parted, shadowy hair  
From thy clear brow flowed droopingly away!  
Dark were the heavens above thee, Savior! —  
dark

The gulfs, Deliverer! round the straining bark!  
But Thou! — o'er all thine aspect and array  
Was poured one stream of pale, broad, silvery  
light:

Thou wert the single star of that all-shrouding  
night!

## LXXXIV.

Aid for one sinking! Thy lone brightness  
gleamed

On his wild face, just lifted o'er the wave,  
With its worn, fearful, *human* look, that seemed  
To cry, through surge and blast — "I perish —  
save!"

Not to the winds — not vainly! Thou wert nigh,  
Thy hand was stretched to fainting agony,  
Even in the portals of th' unquiet grave!  
O Thou that art the life! and yet didst bear  
Too much of mortal woe to turn from mortal  
prayer!

## LXXXV.

But was it not a thing to rise on death,  
With its remembered light, that face of thine,  
Redeemer! dimmed by this world's misty breath,  
Yet mournfully, mysteriously divine?  
O, that calm, sorrowful, prophetic eye,  
With its dark depths of grief, love, majesty!  
And the pale glory of the brow! — a shrine  
Where power sat veiled, yet shedding softly  
round

What told *tha*. *Thou* couldst be but for a time  
uncrowned!

## LXXXVI.

And, more than all, the heaven of that sad  
smile!

The lip of mercy, our immortal trust!

Did not that look, that very look, ere while

Pour its o'ershadowed beauty on the dust?

Wert thou not such when earth's dark cloud  
hung o'er Thee? —

Surely thou wert! My heart grew hushed before  
Thee,

Sinking, with all its passions, as the gust

Sank at thy voice, along its billowy way:

What had I there to do but kneel, and weep,  
and pray?

## LXXXVII.

Amidst the stillness rose my spirit's cry,  
Amidst the dead — "By that full cup of woe,  
Pressed from the fruitage of mortality,  
Savior! for Thee — give light! that I may  
know

If by *thy* will, in thine all-healing name,  
Men cast down human hearts to blighting shame,  
And early death; and say, if this be so,  
Where, then, is mercy? Whither shall —  
flee,

So unallied to hope, save by our hold on Thee!

## LXXXVIII.

"But didst thou not, the deep sea brightly  
treading,

Lift from despair that struggler with the wave?

And wert Thou not, sad tears, yet awful, shed-  
ding,

Beheld a weeper at a mortal's grave?

And is this weight of anguish, which they bind

On life — this searing to the quick of mind,

That but to God its own free path would crave —

This crushing out of hope, and love, and  
youth,

*Thy* will, indeed! Give light! that I may know  
the truth!

## LXXXIX.

"For my sick soul is darkened unto death,

With shadows from the suffering it hath ■■■■

The strong foundations of mine ancient faith

Sink from beneath me — whereon shall I lean?

O, if from thy pure lips was wrung the sigh

Of the dust's anguish! if like man to die —

And earth round *him* shuts heavily — hath been

Even to *Thee* bitter, aid me! guide me! turn

My wild and wandering thoughts back from  
their starless bourn!"

## XC.

And calmed I rose : but how the while had risen  
Morn's orient sun, dissolving mist and shade !  
Could there indeed be wrong, or chain, or prison,  
In the bright world such radiance might pervade ?  
It filled the fane, it mantled the pale form  
Which rose before me through the pictured storm,  
E'en the gray tombs it kindled, and arrayed  
With life ! — How hard to see thy race begun,  
And think man wakes to grief, wakening to thee,  
O Sun !

## XCI.

I sought my home again ; and thou, my child,  
There at thy play beneath yon ancient pine,  
With eyes, whose lightning laughter<sup>1</sup> hath  
beguiled  
A thousand pangs, thence flashing joy to mine ;  
Thou in thy mother's arms, a babe, didst meet  
My coming with young smiles, which yet,  
though sweet,  
Seemed on my soul all mournfully to shine,  
And ask a happier heritage for thee,  
Than but in turn the blight of human hope to see.

## XCII.

Now sport, for thou art free ! the bright birds  
chasing,  
Whose wings waft starlike gleams from tree to  
tree ;  
Or with the fawn, thy swift wood playmate,  
racing,  
Sport on, my joyous child ! for thou art free !  
Yes, on that day I took thee to my heart,  
And inly vowed for thee a better part  
To choose ; that so thy sunny bursts of glee  
Should wake no more dim thoughts of far-seen  
woe,  
But, gladdening fearless eyes, flow on — as now  
they flow.

## XCIII.

Thou hast a rich world round thee — mighty  
shades  
Weaving their gorgeous tracery o'er thy head,  
With the light melting through their high arcades,  
As through a pillared cloister's ;<sup>2</sup> but the dead

<sup>1</sup> " *El' lampeggiar de l'angelico riso.*" — PETRARCH.

<sup>2</sup> " Sometimes their discourse was held in the deep shades  
of moss-grown forests, whose gloom and interlaced boughs  
first suggested that Gothic architecture beneath whose  
pointed arches, where they had studied and prayed, the  
pearly-colored windows shed a tinged light ; scenes which  
the gleams of sunshine, penetrating the deep foliage, and

Sleep not beneath ; nor doth the sunbeam pass  
To marble shrines through rainbow-tinted glass  
Yet thou, by fount and forest murmur led  
To worship, thou art blest ! to thee is shown  
Earth in her holy pomp, decked for her God  
alone.

## PART II.

Wie diese treue liebe Seele  
Von ihrem Glauben voll,  
Der ganz allein  
Ihr selig machend ist, sich heilig quale,  
Das sie den liebsten Mann verloren halten soll. — FA. ♦

I never shall smile more — but all my days  
Walk with still footsteps and with humble eyes,  
An everlasting hymn within my soul. — WILSON.

## I.

Bring me the sounding of the torrent water,  
With yet a nearer swell ! Fresh breeze, awake !  
And river, darkening ne'er with hues of slaugh-  
ter  
Thy wave's pure silvery green ; and shining lake,  
Spread far before my cabin, with thy zone  
Of ancient woods, ye chainless things and lone .  
Send voices through the forest aisles, and make  
Glad music round me, that my soul may dare,  
Cheered by such tones, to look back on a dun-  
geon's air !

## II.

O Indian hunter of the desert's race !  
That with the spear, at times, or bended bow,  
Dost cross my footsteps in thy fiery chase  
Of the swift elk or blue hill's flying roe ;  
Thou that beside the red night fire thou heapest,  
Beneath the cedars and the starlight sleepest,  
Thou know'st not, wanderer — never mayst thou  
know ! —  
Of the dark holds wherewith man cumber's earth,  
To shut from human eyes the dancing seasons'  
mirth.

## III.

There, fettered down from day, to think the while  
How bright in heaven the festal sun is glowing,

flickering on the variegated turf below, might have recalled  
to their memory." — Webster's Oration on the Landing of  
the Pilgrim Fathers in New England. — See HODGSON'S  
*Letters from North America*, vol. ii. p. 305.

<sup>3</sup> The varying sounds of waterfalls are thus alluded to in  
an interesting work of Mrs. Grant's : " On the opposite side  
the view was bounded by steep hills, covered with lofty  
pines, from which a waterfall descended, which not only  
gave animation to the sylvan scene, but was the best ba-  
rometer imaginable ; foretelling by its varied and intelligible  
sounds every approaching change, not only of the weather



Making earth's loneliest places, with his smile,  
Flush like the rose; and how the streams are  
flowing

With sudden sparkles through the shadowy grass,  
And water flowers, all trembling as they pass;  
And how the rich, dark summer trees are bowing  
With their full foliage: this to know, and pine  
Bound unto midnight's heart, seems a stern lot  
— 'twas mine!

## IV.

Wherefore was this? Because my soul had drawn  
Light from the Book whose words are graven in  
light!

There, at its well head, had I found the dawn,  
And day, and noon of freedom; but too bright  
It shines on that which man to man hath given,  
And called the truth — the very truth, from  
heaven!

And therefore seeks he in his brother's sight  
To cast the mote; and therefore strives to bind,  
With his strong chains, to earth what is not  
earth's — the mind.

## V.

It is ■ weary and a bitter task  
Back from the lip the burning word to keep,  
And to shut out heaven's air with falsehood's  
mask,

And in the dark urn of the soul to heap  
Indignant feelings; making e'en of thought  
A buried treasure, which may but be sought  
When shadows are abroad, and night, and sleep.  
I might not brook it long, and thus was thrown  
Into that grave-like cell, to wither there alone.

## VI.

And I, ■ child of danger, whose delights  
Were on dark hills and many-sounding seas —  
I, that amidst the Cordillera heights  
Had given Castilian banners to the breeze,  
And the full circle of the rainbow seen  
There, on the snows;<sup>1</sup> and in my country been  
A mountain wanderer, from the Pyrenees  
To the Morena crags — how left I not  
Life, or the soul's life, quenched on that sepul-  
chral spot?

## VII.

Because *Thou* didst not leave me, O my God!  
Thou wert with those that bore the truth of old

but of the wind." — *Memoirs of an American Lady*, vol. i.  
p. 143.

<sup>1</sup> The circular rainbows, occasionally seen amongst the  
Andes, ■ described by Ulloa

Into the deserts from th' oppressor's rod,  
And made the caverns of the rock their fold;  
And in the hidden chambers of the dead,  
Our guiding lamp with fire immortal fed;  
And met when stars met, by their beams to hold  
The free heart's communing with Thee; and  
Thou

Wert in the midst, felt, owned — the Strength-  
ener then, as now!

## VIII.

Yet once I sank. Alas! man's wavering mind!  
Wherefore and whence the gusts that o'er it  
blow?

How they bear with them, floating uncombined,  
The shadows of the past, that come and go,  
As o'er the deep the old, long-buried things  
Which a storm's working to the surface brings.  
Is the reed shaken — and must *we* be so,  
With every wind? So, Father, must we be,  
Till we can fix undimmed our steadfast eyes or  
Thee.

## IX.

Once my soul died within me. What had thrown  
That sickness o'er it? Even ■ passing thought  
Of ■ clear spring, whose side, with flowers o'er-  
grown,

Fondly and oft my boyish steps had sought!  
Perchance the damp roof's water drops that  
fell

Just then, low tinkling through my vaulted cell,  
Intensely heard amidst the stillness, caught  
Some tone from memory of the music welling  
Ever with that fresh rill, from its deep rock-  
dwelling.

## X.

But so my spirit's fevered longings wrought,  
Wakening, it might be, to the faint, sad sound,  
That from the darkness of the walls they brought  
A loved scene round me, visibly around.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>2</sup> Many striking instances of the vividness with which the  
mind, when strongly excited, has been known to renovate  
past impressions, and embody them into visible imagery, ■  
noticed and accounted for in Dr. Hibbert's *Philosophy of*  
*Apparitions*. The following illustrative passage is quoted in  
the same work, from the writings of the late Dr. Ferriar: —  
"I remember that, about the age of fourteen, it was ■ source  
of great amusement to myself, if I had been viewing any  
interesting object in the course of the day, such as a roman-  
tic ruin, a fine seat, or a review of a body of troops, as soon  
as evening came on, if I had occasion to go into a dark  
room, the whole scene was brought before my eyes with  
■ brilliancy equal to what it had possessed in daylight,  
and remained visible for several minutes. I have no doubt  
that dismal and frightful images have been thus presented

Yes! kindling, spreading, brightening, hue by  
hue,  
Like stars from midnight, through the gloom, it  
grew,  
That haunt of youth, hope, manhood! till the  
bound  
Of my shut cavern seemed dissolved, and I  
Girt by the solemn hills and burning pomp of  
sky.

## XI.

I looked — and lo! the clear, broad river flowing  
Past the old Moorish ruin on the steep,  
The lone tower dark against a heaven all glow-  
ing,  
Like seas of glass and fire! I saw the sweep  
Of glorious woods far down the mountain side,  
And their still shadows in the gleaming tide,  
And the red evening on its waves asleep;  
And 'midst the scene — O, more than all! —  
there smiled  
My child's fair face, and hers, the mother of my  
child!

## XII.

With their soft eyes of love and gladness  
raised  
Up to the flushing sky, as when we stood  
Last by that river, and in silence gazed  
On the rich world of sunset. But a flood  
Of sudden tenderness my soul oppressed;  
And I rushed forward, with a yearning breast,  
To clasp — alas! — a vision! Wave and wood,  
And gentle faces, lifted in the light  
Of day's last hectic blush, all melted from my  
sight.

## XIII.

Then darkness! — O, th' unutterable gloom  
That seemed ■ narrowing round me, making less  
And less my dungeon, when, with all its bloom,  
That bright dream vanished from my loneliness!

to young persons after scenes of domestic affliction or public  
horror."

The following passage from the *Alcazar of Seville*, a tale  
or historical sketch, by the author of *Doblado's Letters*,  
affords a further illustration of this subject. "When de-  
scending fast into the vale of years, I strongly fix my mind's  
eye on those narrow, shady, silent streets, where I breathed  
the scented air which came rustling through the surround-  
ing groves; where the footsteps reëchoed from the clean  
watered porches of the houses, and where every object spoke  
of quiet and contentment; . . . . the objects  
around me begin to fade into a mere delusion, and not only  
the thoughts, but the external sensations, which I then ex-  
perienced, revive with a reality that almost makes me shud-  
der — it has so much the character of a trance or vision."

It floated off, the beautiful! yet left  
Such deep thirst in my soul, that thus bereft,  
I lay down, sick with passion's vain excess,  
And prayed to die. How oft would sorrow weep  
Her weariness to death, if he might come like  
sleep!

## XIV.

But I was roused — and how? It is no tale,  
Even 'midst *thy* shades, thou wilderness! to tell.  
I would not have my boy's young cheek made  
pale,  
Nor haunt his sunny rest with what befell  
In that drear prison house. His eye must grow  
More dark with thought, more earnest his fair  
brow,  
More high his heart in youthful strength must  
swell;  
So shall it fitly burn when all is told:  
Let childhood's radiant mist the free child yet  
infold.

## XV.

It is enough that through such heavy hours  
As wring us by our fellowship of clay,  
I lived, and undegraded. We have powers  
To snatch th' oppressor's bitter joy away!  
Shall the wild Indian for his savage fame  
Laugh and expire, and shall not Truth's high  
name  
Bear up her martyrs with all-conquering sway?  
It is enough that torture may be vain:  
I had seen Alvar die — the strife was won from  
Pain.

## XVI.

And faint not, heart of man! Though years  
wane slow,  
There have been those that from the deepest  
caves,  
And cells of night, and fastnesses below  
The stormy dashing of the ocean waves,  
Down, farther down than gold lies hid, have  
nursed  
A quenchless hope, and watched their time, and  
burst  
On the bright day, like wakeners from the  
graves!  
I was of such at last! — unchained I trod  
This green earth, taking back my freedom from  
my God!

## XVII.

That was an hour to send its fadeless trace  
Down life's far-sweeping tide! A dim, wild night

Like sorrow, hung upon the soft moon's face,  
Yet how my heart leaped in her blessed light !  
The shepherd's light — the sailor's on the sea —  
The hunter's homeward from the mountains free,  
Where its lone smile makes tremulously bright  
The thousand streams ! — I could but gaze  
through tears.

O, what a sight is heaven, thus first beheld for  
years !

## XVIII.

The rolling clouds ! — they have the whole blue  
space

Above to sail in — all the dome of sky !  
My soul shot with them in their breezy race  
O'er star and gloom ; but I had yet to fly,  
As flies the hunted wolf. A secret spot  
And strange I knew — the sunbeam knew it  
not, —

Wildest of all the savage glens that lie  
In far sierras, hiding their deep springs,  
And traversed but by storms, or sounding ea-  
gles' wings.

## XIX.

Ay, and I met the storm there ! I had gained  
The covert's heart with swift and stealthy tread :  
A moan went past me, and the dark trees rained  
Their autumn foliage rustling on my head ;  
A moan — a hollow gust — and there I stood  
Girt with majestic night, and ancient wood,  
And foaming water. — Thither might have fled  
The mountain Christian with his faith of yore,  
When Afric's tambour shook the ringing west-  
ern shore.

## XX.

But through the black ravine the storm came  
swelling :

— Mighty thou art amidst the hills, thou blast !  
In thy lone course the kingly cedars felling,  
Like plumes upon the path of battle cast !  
A rent oak thundered down beside my cave,  
Booming it rushed, as booms a deep sea wave ;  
A falcon soared ; a startled wild deer passed ;  
A far-off bell tolled faintly through the roar.  
How my glad spirit swept forth with the winds  
once more !

## XXI.

And with the arrowy lightnings ! — for they  
flashed,  
Smiting the branches in their fitful play,  
And brightly shivering where the torrents  
dashed

Up, even to crag and eagle's nest, their spray !  
And there to stand amidst the pealing strife,  
The strong pines groaning with tempestuous  
life,

And all the mountain voices on their way, —  
Was it not joy ? 'Twas joy in rushing might,  
After those years that wove but one long dead  
of night !

## XXII.

There came a softer hour, ■ lovelier moon,  
And lit me to my home of youth again,  
Through the dim chestnut shade, where oft at  
noon,

By the fount's flashing burst, my head had lain  
In gentle sleep. But now I passed as one  
That may not pause where wood streams whis-  
pering run,

Or light sprays tremble to a bird's wild strain ;  
Because th' avenger's voice is in the wind,  
The foe's quick, rustling step close on the leaves  
behind

## XXIII.

My home of youth ! O, if indeed to part  
With the soul's loved ones be a mournful thing,  
When we go forth in buoyancy of heart,  
And bearing all the glories of our spring  
For life to breathe on — is it less to meet,  
When these are faded ? — who shall call it sweet ?  
E'en though love's mingling tears may haply  
bring

Balm as they fall, too well their heavy showers  
Teach us how much is lost of all that once was  
ours !

## XXIV.

Not by the sunshine, with its golden glow,  
Nor the green earth, nor yet the laughing  
sky,

Nor the fair flower scents,<sup>1</sup> as they come and go  
In the soft air, like music wandering by ;  
— O, not by these, th' unfailing, are we taught  
How time and sorrow on our frames have  
wrought ;

But by the saddened eye, the darkened brow  
Of kindred aspect, and the long dim gaze,  
Which tells us *we* are changed — how changed  
from other days !

<sup>1</sup> " For because the breath of flowers is farre sweeter in the  
aire (where it comes and goes like the warbling of musick)  
than in the hand, therefore nothing is more fit for that  
delight than to know what be the flowers and plants which  
doe best perfume the aire." — LORD BACON'S *Essay —*  
*Gardens.*



## XXV.

Before my father, in my place of birth,  
 I stood an alien. On the very floor  
 Which oft had trembled to my boyish mirth,  
 The love that reared me knew my face no more !  
 There hung the antique armor, helm and crest,  
 Whose every stain woke childhood in my breast ;  
 There drooped the banner, with the marks it bore  
 Of Paynim spears ; and I, the worn in frame  
 And heart, what there was I ? — another and  
 the same !

## XXVI.

Then bounded in a boy, with clear, dark eye —  
 How should he know his father ? When we  
 parted,  
 From the soft cloud which mantles infancy,  
 His soul, just wakening into wonder, darted  
 Its first looks round. Him followed one, the  
 bride  
 Of my young days, the wife how loved and tried !  
 Her glance met mine — I could not speak — she  
 started  
 With a bewildered gaze — until there came  
 Tears to my burning eyes, and from my lips her  
 name.

## XXVII.

She knew me then ! I murmured "*Leonor !*"  
 And her heart answered ! O, the voice is known  
 First from all else, and swiftest to restore  
 Love's buried images, with one low tone  
 That strikes like lightning, when the cheek is  
 faded,  
 And the brow heavily with thought o'ershaded,  
 And all the brightness from the aspect gone !  
 — Upon my breast she sunk, when doubt was  
 fled,  
 Weeping as those may weep, that meet in woe  
 and dread.

## XXVIII.

For there we might not rest. Alas ! to leave  
 Those native towers, and know that they must  
 fall  
 By slow decay, and none remain to grieve  
 When the weeds clustered on the lonely wall !  
 We were the last — my boy and I — the last  
 Of a long line which brightly thence had passed !  
 My father blessed me as I left his hall —  
 With his deep tones and sweet, though full of  
 years,  
 He blessed me there, and bathed my child's  
 young head with tears.

## XXIX.

I had brought sorrow on his gray hairs down,  
 And cast the darkness of my branded ~~side~~  
 (For so he deemed it) on the clear renown,  
 My own ancestral heritage of fame.  
 And yet he blessed me ! Father ! if the dust  
 Lie on those lips benign, my spirit's trust  
 Is to behold thee yet, where grief and shame  
 Dim the bright day no more ; and thou wilt  
 know  
 That not through guilt thy son thus bowed thine  
 age with woe !

## XXX.

And thou, my Leonor ! that unrepining,  
 If sad in soul, didst quit all else for me,  
 When stars, the stars that earliest rise, are shin-  
 ing,  
 How their soft glance unseals each thought of  
 thee !  
 For on our flight they smiled ; their dewy rays,  
 Through the last olives, lit thy tearful gaze  
 Back to the home we never more might see.  
 So passed we on, like earth's first exiles, turning  
 Fond looks where hung the sword above their  
 Eden burning.

## XXXI.

It was a woe to say, "Farewell, my Spain !  
 The sunny and the vintage land, farewell !" —  
 — I could have died upon the battle plain  
 For thee, my country ! but I might not dwell  
 In thy sweet vales, at peace. The voice of  
 song  
 Breathes, with the myrtle scent, thy hills along ;  
 The citron's glow is caught from shade and  
 dell :  
 But what are these ? upon thy flowery sod  
 I might not kneel, and pour my free thoughts  
 out to God !

## XXXII.

O'er the blue deep I fled, the chainless deep !  
 Strange heart of man ! that e'en 'midst woes swells  
 high,  
 When through the foam he sees his proud bark  
 sweep,  
 Flinging out joyous gleams to wave and sky !  
 Yes ! it swells high, whate'er he leaves behind,  
 His spirit rises with the rising wind ;  
 For, wedded to the far futurity,  
 On, on, it bears him ever, and the main  
 Seems rushing, like his hope, some happier shore  
 to gain.

## XXXIII.

Not thus is woman. Closely ~~her~~ still heart  
Doth twine itself with e'en each lifeless thing  
Which, long remembered, seemed to bear its part  
In her calm joys. Forever would she cling,  
A brooding dove, to that sole spot of earth  
Where she hath loved, and given her children  
birth,

And heard their first sweet voices. There may  
spring

Array no path, renew no flower, no leaf,  
But hath its breath of home, its claim to fare-  
well grief.

## XXXIV.

I looked on Leonor, — and if there seemed  
A cloud of more than pensiveness to rise  
In the faint smiles that o'er her features gleamed,  
And the soft darkness of her serious eyes,  
Misty with tender gloom, I called it nought  
But the fond exile's pang, a lingering thought  
Of her own vale, with all its melodies  
And living light of streams. Her soul would rest  
Beneath your shades, I said, bowers of the gor-  
geous West!

## XXXV.

O, could we live in visions I could we hold  
Delusion faster, longer, to our breast,  
When it shuts from us, with its mantle's fold,  
That which we see not, and are therefore blest!  
But they, our loved and loving — they to whom  
We have spread out our souls in joy and gloom,  
Their looks and accents, unto ours addressed,  
Have been ■ language of familiar tone  
Too long to breathe, at last, dark sayings and  
unknown.

## XXXVI.

I told my heart, 'twas but the exile's woe  
Which pressed on that sweet bosom; I deceived  
My heart but half: a whisper, faint and low,  
Haunting it ever, and at times believed,  
Spoke of some deeper cause. How oft we seem  
Like those that dream, and *know* the while they  
dream —

'Midst the soft falls of airy voices grieved  
And troubled, while bright phantoms round  
them play,  
By a dim sense that all will float and fade away!

## XXXVII.

Yet, ■ if chasing joy, I wooed the breeze  
To speed me onward with the wings of morn.

O, far amidst the solitary seas,  
Which were not made for man, what man hath  
borne,

Answering their moan with his! — what *thou*  
didst bear,

My lost and loveliest! while that secret care  
Grew terror, and thy gentle spirit, worn  
By its dull brooding weight, gave way at last,  
Beholding me as one from hope forever cast!

## XXXVIII.

For unto thee, as through all change, revealed  
Mine inward being lay. In other eyes  
I had to bow me yet, and make ■ shield,  
To fence my burning bosom, of disguise;  
By the still hope sustained, ere long to win  
Some sanctuary, whose green retreats within  
My thoughts unfettered to their source might  
rise,

Like songs and scents of morn. But thou didst  
look

Through all my soul, and thine e'en unto faint  
ing shook.

## XXXIX.

Fallen, fallen, I seemed — yet, O, not less be-  
loved,

Though from thy love was plucked the early  
pride,

And harshly by a gloomy faith reproved,  
And seared with shame! Though each young  
flower had died,

There was the root, — strong, living, not the  
less

That all it yielded now was bitterness;  
Yet still such love ■ quits not misery's side,  
Nor drops from guilt its ivy-like embrace,  
Nor turns away from death's its pale heroic  
face.

## XL.

Yes! thou hadst followed ■ through fear and  
flight!

Thou wouldst have followed had my pathway  
led

E'en to the scaffold; had the flashing light  
Of the raised axe made strong men shrink with  
dread,

Thou, 'midst the hush of thousands, wouldst  
have been

With thy clasped hands beside me kneeling seer  
And meekly bowing to the shame thy head —  
The shame! — O, making beautiful to view  
The might of human love — fair thing! so brave-  
ly true!

## XLI.

There was thine agony — to love so well  
Where fear made love life's chastener. Hereto-  
fore,

Whate'er of earth's disquiet round thee fell,  
Thy soul, o'erpassing its dim bounds, could soar  
Away to sunshine, and thy clear eye speak  
Most of the skies when grief most touched thy  
cheek.

Now, that far brightness faded, never more  
Couldst thou lift heavenwards for its hope thy  
heart,

Since at heaven's gate it seemed that thou and  
I must part.

## XLII.

Alas! and life hath moments when ■ glance —  
(If thought to sudden watchfulness be stirred) —  
A flush — a fading of the cheek, perchance —  
A word — less, less — the *cadence* of a word,  
Lets in our gaze the mind's dim veil beneath,  
Thence to bring haply knowledge fraught with  
death!

E'en thus, what never from thy lip was heard  
Broke on my soul. I knew that in thy sight  
I stood, howe'er beloved, a recreant from the  
light.

## XLIII.

Thy sad, sweet hymn, at eve, the seas along, —  
O, the deep soul it breathed! — the love, the woe,  
The fervor, poured in that full gush of song,  
As it went floating through the fiery glow  
Of the rich sunset! — bringing thoughts of Spain,  
With all their vesper voices, o'er the main,  
Which seemed responsive in its murmuring flow.  
“*Ave, sanctissima!*” — how oft that lay  
Hath melted from my heart the martyr strength  
away!

Ave, sanctissima!

'Tis nightfall on the sea;

Ora pro nobis!

Our souls rise to thee!

Watch us, while shadows lie  
O'er the dim waters spread;  
Hear the heart's lonely sigh —  
Thine too hath bled!

Thou that hast looked on death,  
Aid us when death is near!  
Whisper of heaven to faith;  
Sweet Mother, hear!

Ora pro nobis!

The wave must rock our sleep,

Ora, Mater, ora!

Thou star of the deep!

## XLIV.

“*Ora pro nobis, Mater!*” — What a spell  
Was in those notes, with day's last glory dying  
On the flushed waters — seemed they not to  
swell

From the far dust wherein my sires were lying  
With crucifix and sword? O, yet how clear  
Comes their reproachful sweetness to mine ear!  
“*Ora*” — with all the purple waves replying,  
All my youth's visions rising in the strain —  
And I had thought it much to bear the rack and  
chain!

## XLV.

Torture! the sorrow of affection's eye,  
Fixing its meekness on the spirit's core,  
Deeper, and teaching more of agony,  
May pierce than many swords! — and this I bore  
With a mute pang. Since I had vainly striven  
From its free springs to pour the truth of heaven  
Into thy trembling soul, my Leonor!  
Silence rose up where hearts no hope could  
share:

Alas! for those that love, and may not blend in  
prayer!

## XLVI.

We could not pray together 'midst the deep,  
Which, like a floor of sapphire, round us lay,  
Through days of splendor, nights too bright for  
sleep,

Soft, solemn, holy! We were on our way  
Unto the mighty Cordillera land,  
With men whom tales of that world's golden  
strand

Had lured to leave their vines. O, who shall say  
What thoughts rose in us, when the tropic sky  
Touched all its molten seas with sunset's  
alchemy!

## XLVII.

Thoughts no more mingled! Then came night  
— th' intense

Dark blue — the burning stars! I saw *thee* shine  
Once more, in thy serene magnificence,  
O Southern Cross! <sup>1</sup> as when thy radiant sign

1 “The pleasure we felt on discovering the Southern Cross was warmly shared by such of the crew as had lived in the colonies. In the solitude of the seas, we hail a star ■



First drew my gaze of youth. No, not as then ;  
 I had been stricken by the darts of men  
 Since those fresh days ; and now thy light di-  
     vine  
 Looked on mine anguish, while within me strove  
 The still small voice against the might of suf-  
     fering love.

## XLVIII.

But thou, the clear, the glorious ! thou wert  
     pouring  
 Brilliance and joy upon the crystal wave,  
 While she that met thy ray with eyes adoring,  
 Stood in the lengthening shadow of the grave !  
 Alas ! I watched her dark religious glance,  
 As it still sought thee through the heaven's ex-  
     panse,  
 Bright Cross ! and knew not that I watched  
     what gave  
 But passing lustre — shrouded soon to be —  
 A soft light found no more — no more on earth  
     or sea !

## XLIX.

I knew not all — yet something of unrest  
 Sat on my heart. Wake, ocean wind ! I said :  
 Waft us to land, in leafy freshness dressed,  
 Where, through rich clouds of foliage o'er her  
     head,  
 Sweet day may steal, and rills unseen go by,  
 Like singing voices, and the green earth lie  
 Starry with flowers, beneath her graceful tread !  
 But the calm bound us 'midst the glassy main :  
 Ne'er was her step to bend earth's living flowers  
     again.

## L.

Yes ! as if heaven upon the waves were sleeping,  
 Vexing my soul with quiet, there they lay,

friend from whom we have long been separated. Among the Portuguese and the Spaniards, peculiar motives seem to increase this feeling ; a religious sentiment attaches them to a constellation, the form of which recalls the sign of the faith planted by their ancestors in the deserts of the New World. . . . It has been observed at what hour of the night, in different seasons, the Cross of the South is erect or inclined. It is a timepiece that advances very regularly near four minutes a day, and no other group of stars exhibits to the naked eye an observation of time so easily made. How often have we heard our guides exclaim, in the savannas of Venezuela, or in the desert extending from Lima to Truxillo, ' Midnight is past — the Cross begins to bend ! ' How often these words reminded us of that affecting scene where Paul and Virginia, seated near the source of the river of Lataniers, conversed together for the last time ; and where the old man, at the sight of the Southern Cross, warns them that it is time to separate ! " — *DE HUM-  
BOLDT'S Travels.*

All moveless, through their blue transparence  
     keeping  
 The shadows of our sails, from day to day ;  
 While she — O, strongest is the strong heart's  
     woe —

And yet I live ! I feel the sunshine's glow —  
 And I am he that looked, and saw decay  
 Steal o'er the fair of earth, th' adored too  
     much ! —

It is a fearful thing to love what death may  
     touch.

## LI.

A fearful thing that love and death may dwell  
 In the same world ! She faded on — and I,  
 Blind to the last, there needed death to tell  
 My trusting soul that she *could* fade to die !  
 Yet, ere she parted, I had marked a change ;  
 But it breathed hope — 'twas beautiful, though  
     strange :  
 Something of gladness in the melody  
 Of her low voice, and in her words ■ flight  
 Of airy thought — alas ! too perilously bright !

## LII.

And a clear sparkle in her glance, yet wild,  
 And quick, and eager, like the flashing gaze  
 Of some all-wondering and awakening child,  
 That first the glories of the earth surveys.  
 How could it thus deceive me ? She had  
     worn  
 Around her, like the dewy mists of morn,  
 A pensive tenderness, through happiest days ;  
 And a soft world of dreams had seemed to lie  
 Still in her dark, and deep, and spiritual eye

## LIII.

And I could hope in that strange fire ! — she  
     died,  
 She died, with all its lustre on her mien !  
 The day was melting from the waters wide,  
 And through its long bright hours her thoughts  
     had been,  
 It seemed, with restless and unwonted yearn-  
     ing,  
 To Spain's blue skies and dark sierras turn-  
     ing ;  
 For her fond words were all of vintage scene,  
 And flowering myrtle, and sweet citron's breath :  
 O, with what vivid hues life comes back oft ■  
     death !

## LIV.

And from her lips the mountain songs of old  
 In wild, faint snatches, fitfully had sprung ;

Songs of the orange bower, the Moorish hold,  
 The "*Rio verde*,"<sup>1</sup> on her soul that hung,  
 And thence flowed forth. But now the sun  
     was low,  
 And watching by my side its last red glow,  
 That ever stills the heart, once more she sung  
 Her own soft "*Ora, Mater!*" and the sound  
 Was e'en like love's farewell — so mournfully  
     profound.

## LV.

The boy had dropped to slumber at our feet ;  
 "And I have lulled him to his smiling rest  
 Once more !" she said. I raised him — it was  
     sweet,  
 Yet sad, to see the perfect calm, which blessed  
 His look that hour: for now her voice grew  
     weak,  
 And on the flowery crimson of his cheek,  
 With her white lips, a long, long kiss she  
     pressed,  
 Yet light, to wake him not. Then sank her head  
 Against my bursting heart. What did I clasp ?  
     — The dead !

## LVI.

• I called ! To call what answers not our cries —  
 By what we loved to stand unseen, unheard —  
 With the loud passion of our tears and sighs,  
 To see but some cold glittering ringlet stirred ;  
 And in the quenched eye's fixedness to gaze,  
 All vainly searching for the parted rays —  
 This is what waits us ! Dead ! — with that chill  
     word

To link our bosom names ! For this we pour  
 Our souls upon the dust — nor tremble to adore !

## LVII.

But the true parting came ! I looked my last  
 On the sad beauty of that slumbering face:  
 How could I think the lovely spirit passed  
 Which there had left so tenderly its trace ?  
 Yet a dim awfulness was on the brow —  
 No ! not like sleep to look upon art thou,  
 Death, Death ! She lay, ■ thing for earth's  
     embrace,  
 To cover with spring wreaths. For earth's ? —  
     the wave,  
 That gives the bier no flowers, makes moan  
 above her grave !

<sup>1</sup> "*Rio verde* ! *rio verde* !" the popular Spanish romance,  
 known to the English reader in Percy's translation : —

"Gentle river ! gentle river !

Lo, thy streams are stained with gore ;

Many ■ brave and noble captain

Floats along thy willowed shore," etc.

## LVIII.

On the mid seas a knell ! — for man was there,  
 Anguish and love — the mourner with his dead !  
 A long, low-rolling knell — a voice of prayer —  
 Dark glassy waters, like a desert spread —  
 And the pale shining Southern Cross on high,  
 Its faint stars fading from a solemn sky,  
 Where mighty clouds before the dawn grew red  
 Were these things round me ? Such o'er memory  
     sweep  
 Wildly, when aught brings back that burial of  
     the deep.

## LIX.

Then the broad, lonely sunrise ! — and the plash  
 Into the sounding waves !<sup>2</sup> Around her head  
 They parted, with a glancing moment's flash,  
 Then shut — and all was still. And now thy bed  
 Is of their secrets, gentlest Leonor !  
 Once fairest of young brides ! — and never more,  
 Loved as thou wert, may human tear be shed  
 Above thy rest ! No mark the proud seas keep,  
 To show where he that wept may pause again  
     to weep !

## LX.

So the depths took thee ! O, the sullen sense  
 Of desolation in that hour compressed !  
 Dust going down, ■ speck, amidst th' immense  
 And gloomy waters, leaving on their breast  
 The trace a weed might leave there ! Dust ! —  
     the thing  
 Which to the heart was as ■ living spring  
 Of joy, with fearfulness of love possessed,  
 Thus sinking ! Love, joy, fear, all crushed to  
     this —  
 And the wide heaven so far — so fathomless  
     th' abyss !

## LXI.

Where the line sounds not, where the wrecks  
     lie low,  
 What shall wake thence the dead ? Blest, blest,  
     are they  
 That earth to earth intrust, for they may know  
 And tend the dwelling whence the slumberer's  
     clay  
 Shall rise at last ; and bid the young flowers  
     bloom

<sup>2</sup> De Humboldt, in describing the burial of a young Asturian at sea, mentions the entreaty of the officiating priest that the body, which had been brought upon deck during the night, might not be committed to the waves until after sunrise, in order to pay it the last rites according to the usage of the Romish Church.

That waft ■ breath of hope around the tomb ;  
 And kneel upon the dewy turf to pray !  
 But thou, what cave hath dimly chambered  
*thee ?*  
 Vain dreams ! -- O, art thou not where there is  
 no more sea ?<sup>1</sup>

## LXII.

The wind rose free and singing : when forever,  
 O'er that sole spot of all the watery plain,  
 I could have bent my sight with fond endeavor  
 Down, where its treasure was, its glance to  
 strain ;  
 Then rose the reckless wind ! Before our prow  
 The white foam flashed — ay, joyously, and thou  
 Wert left with all the solitary main  
 Around thee — and thy beauty in my heart,  
 And thy meek, sorrowing love — O, where could  
*that* depart ?

## LXIII.

I will not speak of woe ; I may not tell —  
 Friend tells not such to friends — the thoughts  
 which rent  
 My fainting spirit, when its wild farewell  
 Across the billows to thy grave was sent,  
 Thou, there most lonely ! He that sits above,  
 In his calm glory, will forgive the love  
 His creatures bear each other, even if blent  
 With ■ vain worship ; for its close is dim  
 Ever with grief which leads the wrung soul  
 back to Him !

## LXIV.

And with a milder pang if now I bear  
 To think of thee in thy forsaken rest,  
 If from my heart be lifted the despair,  
 The sharp remorse with healing influence  
 pressed ;  
 If the soft eyes that visit me in sleep  
 Look not reproach, though still they seem to  
 weep ,  
 It is that He my sacrifice hath blessed,  
 And filled my bosom, through its inmost cell,  
 With a deep chastening sense that all at last is  
 well.

## LXV.

Yes ! thou art now — O, wherefore doth the  
 thought  
 Of the wave dashing o'er thy long bright hair,  
 The seaweed into its dark tresses wrought,  
 The sand thy pillow — thou that wert so fair !

<sup>1</sup> And there ■■■ no ■■■■ sea." — *Revelation*, xxi. 1.

Come o'er me still ? Earth, earth ! it is the bold  
 Earth ever keeps on that of earthly mould !  
 But *thou* art breathing now in purer air,  
 I well believe, and freed from all of error,  
 Which blighted here the root of thy sweet life  
 with terror.

## LXVI.

And if the love, which here was passing light,  
 Went with what died not — O that *this* ■■  
 knew,  
 But this : that through the silence of the night,  
 Some voice, of all the lost ones and the true,  
 Would speak, and say, if in their far repose,  
 We are yet aught of what we were to those  
 We call the dead ! Their passionate adieu,  
 Was it but breath to perish ? Holier trust  
 Be mine ! — thy love *is* there, but purified from  
 dust !

## LXVII.

A thing all heavenly — cleared from that which  
 hung  
 As ■ dim cloud between us, heart and mind !  
 Loosed from the fear, the grief, whose tendrils  
 flung  
 A chain so darkly with its growth entwined.  
 This is my hope ; though when the sunse.  
 fades,  
 When forests rock the midnight on their shades,  
 When tones of wail are in the rising wind,  
 Across my spirit some faint doubt may sigh ;  
 For the strong hours *will* sway this frail mor-  
 tality !

## LXVIII.

We have been wanderers since those days of woe,  
 Thy boy and I. As wild birds tend their young  
 So have I tended him — my bounding roe !  
 The high Peruvian solitudes among ;  
 And o'er the Andes' torrents borne his form,  
 Where our frail bridge had quivered 'midst the  
 storm.<sup>2</sup>  
 But there the war notes of my country rung,

■ The bridges over many deep chasms amongst the Andes  
 are pendulous, and formed only of the fibres of equinoctial  
 plants. Their tremulous motion is thus alluded to in ■■■  
 of the stanzas of *Gertrude of Wyoming* : —

" Anon some wilder portraiture he draws,  
 Of nature's savage glories he would speak ;  
 The loneliness of earth, that overawes,  
 Where, resting by the tomb of old Cacique,  
 The lama driver on Peru's peak  
 Nor voice nor living motion marks around,  
 But storks that to the boundless forest shriek,  
 Or wild cane arch, high flung o'er gulf profound.  
 That fluctuates when the storms of El Dorado sound."



And, smitten deep of Heaven and man, I fled  
To hide in shades unpierced a marked and weary  
head.

## LXIX.

But he went on in gladness — that fair child !  
Save when at times his bright eye seemed to  
dream,

And his young lips, which then no longer smiled,  
Asked of his mother. That was but ■ gleam  
Of memory, fleeting fast ; and then his play  
Through the wide llanos<sup>1</sup> cheered again our way,  
And by the mighty Oronoco stream,<sup>2</sup>

On whose lone margin we have heard at morn,  
From the mysterious rocks, the sunrise music  
borne :

## LXX.

So like ■ spirit's voice ! a harping tone,  
Lovely, yet ominous to mortal ear ;  
Such as might reach us from a world unknown,  
Troubling man's heart with thrills of joy and  
fear !

'Twas sweet ; yet those deep southern shades  
oppressed

My soul with stillness, like the calms that rest  
On melancholy waves ;<sup>3</sup> I sighed to hear  
Once more earth's breezy sounds, her foliage  
fanned,

And turned to seek the wilds of the red hunt-  
er's land.

## LXXI.

And we have won ■ bower of refuge now,  
In this fresh waste, the breath of whose repose  
Hath cooled, like dew, the fever of my brow,  
And whose green oaks and cedars round me  
close

As temple walls and pillars, that exclude  
Earth's haunted dreams from their free solitude ;  
All, save the image and the thought of those  
Before us gone — our loved of early years,  
Gone where affection's cup hath lost the taste  
of tears.

<sup>1</sup> Llanos, or savannas, the great plains in South America.

■ De Humboldt speaks of these rocks on the shores of the Oronoco. Travellers have heard from time to time subterranean sounds proceed from them at sunrise, resembling those of an organ. He believes in the existence of this mysterious music, although not fortunate enough to have heard it himself ; and thinks that it may be produced by currents of air issuing through the crevices.

<sup>3</sup> The same distinguished traveller frequently alludes to the extreme stillness of the air in the equatorial regions of the New World, and particularly on the thickly-wooded shores of the Oronoco. "In this neighborhood," he says, "no breath of wind ever agitates the foliage."

## LXXII.

I see a star — eve's first born ! — in whose train  
Past scenes, words, looks, come back. The ar-  
rowy spire

Of the lone cypress, as of wood-girt fane,  
Rests dark and still amidst a heaven of fire ;  
The pine gives forth its odors, and the lake  
Gleams like one ruby, and the soft winds wake  
Till every string of nature's solemn lyre  
Is touched to answer ; its most secret tone  
Drawn from each tree, for each hath whispers  
all its own.

## LXXIII.

And hark ! another murmur on the air,  
Not of the hidden rills or quivering shades !  
That is the cataract's, which the breezes bear,  
Filling the leafy twilight of the glades  
With hollow, surge-like sounds, as from the bed  
Of the blue, mournful seas, that keep the dead  
But *they* are far ! The low sun here pervades  
Dim forest arches, bathing with red gold  
Their stems, till each is made a marvel to be-  
hold, —

## LXXIV.

Gorgeous, yet full of gloom ! In such an hour,  
The vesper melody of dying bells  
Wanders through Spain, from each gray con-  
vent's tower

O'er shining rivers poured and olive dells,  
By every peasant heard, and muleteer,  
And hamlet, round my home ; and I ■ here,  
Living again through all my life's farewells,  
In these vast woods, where farewell ne'er was  
spoken, [broken !  
And sole I lift to heaven a sad heart - yet un-

## LXXV.

In such an hour are told the hermit's beads ;  
With the white sail the seaman's hymn floats by :  
Peace be with all, whate'er their varying creeds,  
With all that send up holy thoughts on high !  
Come to me, boy ! By Guadalquivir's vines,  
By every stream of Spain, as day declines,  
Man's prayers are mingled in the rosy sky.  
We too will pray : nor yet unheard, my child  
Of Him whose voice *we* hear at eve amidst the  
wild.

## LXXVI.

At eve? O, through all hours ! From dark  
dreams oft  
Awakening, I look forth, and learn the might

Of solitude, while thou art breathing soft,  
And low, my loved one' on the breast of night.  
I look forth on the stars, the shadowy sleep  
Of forests, and the lake whose gloomy deep  
Sends up red sparkles to the fireflies' light:  
A lonely world! e'en fearful to man's thought,  
But for His presence felt, whom here my soul  
hath sought.

CRITICAL ANNOTATIONS ON "THE FOREST SANCTUARY."

["In the autumn of 1824 she began the poem which, in point of finish and consecutiveness, if not in popularity, may be considered her principal work, and which she herself inclined to look upon as her best. 'I — at present,' she wrote to one always interested in her literary occupations, 'engaged upon a poem of some length, the idea of which was suggested to me by some passages in your friend Mr. Blanco White's delightful writings.' It relates to the sufferings of a Spanish Protestant, in the time of Philip the Second, and is supposed to be narrated by the sufferer himself, who escapes to America. I am very much interested in my subject, and hope to complete the poem in the course of the winter.' The progress of this work was watched with great interest in her domestic circle, and its touching descriptions would often extract a tribute of tears from the fireside auditors. When completed, a family consultation was held as to its name. Various titles were proposed and rejected, till that of 'The Forest Sanctuary' was suggested by her brother, and finally decided upon. Though finished early in 1825, the poem was not published till the following year, when it was brought out in conjunction with the 'Lays of Many Lands,' and a collection of miscellaneous pieces." — *Memoir*, p. 81.

"Mrs. Hemans may be considered as the representative of a new school of poetry, or, to speak more precisely, her poetry discovers characteristics of the highest kind, which belong almost exclusively to that of later times, and have been the result of the gradual advancement, and especially the moral progress of mankind. It is only when man, under the influence of true religion, feels himself connected with whatever is infinite, that his affections and powers are fully developed. The poetry of an immortal being must be of a different character from that of an earthly being. But, in recurring to the classic poets of antiquity, we find that in their conceptions the element of religious faith was wanting. Their mythology was to them no object of sober belief; and, had it been so, was adapted not to produce but to annihilate devotion. They had no thought of regarding the universe as created, animated, and ruled by God's all-powerful and omniscient goodness." — PROFESSOR NORTON, in *Christian Examiner*

"We will now say a few words of 'The Forest Sanctuary;' but it so abounds with beauty, is so highly finished, and animated by so generous a spirit of moral heroism, that we can do no justice to our views of it in the narrow space which our limits allow us. A Spanish Protestant flies from persecution at home to religious liberty in America. He has imbibed the spirit of our own fathers, and his mental struggles are described in verses, with which the descendants of the Pilgrims must know how to sympathize. We dare not enter on a analysis. From one scene at sea, in the second part, we will make a few extracts. The exile is

attended by his wife and child, but his wife remains true — the faith of her fathers.

'Ora pro nobis, Mater!' what a spell  
Was in those notes,' etc.

"But we must cease making extracts, for we could not transfer all that is beautiful in the poem without transferring the whole." — *North American Review*, April, 1827.

"Mrs. Hemans considered this poem as almost, if not altogether, the best of her works. She would sometimes say, that in proportion to the praise which had been bestowed upon other of her less carefully meditated and shorter compositions, she thought it had hardly met with its fair share of success, for it was the first continuous effort in which she dared to write from the fulness of her own heart — to listen to the promptings of her genius freely and fearlessly. The subject was suggested by a passage in one of the letters of Don Leucadio Doblado, and was wrought upon by her with that eagerness and fervor which almost command corresponding results. I have heard Mrs. Hemans say, that the greater part of this poem was written in no more picturesque a retreat than a laundry, to which, as being detached from the house, she resorted to for undisturbed quiet and leisure. When she read it, while in progress, to her mother and sister, they were surprised to tears at the increased power displayed in it. She was not prone to speak with self-contentment of her own works, but, perhaps, the one favorite descriptive passage was that picture of a burial in the second canto. —

' — She lay a thing for earth's embrace,' etc.

"The whole poem, whether in its scenes of superstition — the Auto da Fe, the dungeon, the flight, or in its delineation of the mental conflicts of its hero — or in its forest pictures of the free West, which offer such a delicious repose to the mind, is full of happy thoughts and turns of expression. Four lines of peculiar delicacy and beauty recur to me as I write, too strongly to be passed by. They are from a character of one of the martyr sisters.

'And if she mingled with the festive train,  
It was but as some melancholy star  
Beholds the dance of shepherds on the plain,  
In its bright stillness present, though afar.'

"But the entire episode of 'Queen-like Theresa — radiant Inez,' is wrought up with a nerve and an impulse which men of renown have failed to reach. The death of the latter, if, perhaps, it be a little too romantic for the stern realities of the scene, is so beautifully told, that it cannot be read without strong feeling, nor carelessly remembered. And most beautiful, too, are the sudden outbursts of thankfulness — of the quick happy consciousness of liberty with which the narrator of this ghastly sacrifice interrupts the tale, to reassure himself, 'Sport on, my happy child! for thou art free.' The character of the convert's wife, Leonor, devotedly clinging to his fortunes, without a reproach or a murmur, while her heart trembles before him as though she were in the presence of a lost spirit, is one of those in which Mrs. Hemans's individual mode of thought and manner of expression are most happily impersonated. As a whole, she was hardly wrong in her own estimate of this poem; and, on recently turning to it, I have been surprised to find how well it bears the tests and trials with which it is only either fit or rational to examine works of the highest order of mind." — CHORLEY'S *Memorials of Mrs. Hemans*, pp. 126, 127.

"If taste and elegance be titles to enduring fame, we might venture securely to promise that rich boon to the author before us, who adds to those great merits a tenderness and loftiness of feeling, and an ethereal purity of

1 "Letters from Spain, by Don Leucadio Doblado."

timent, which could only emanate from the soul of a woman. She must beware of becoming too voluminous, and must not venture again on any thing so long as 'The Forest Sanctuary.' But if the next generation inherits our taste for short poems, we ■■■ persuaded it will not readily allow her

to be forgotten. For we do not hesitate to say that she is, beyond all comparison, the most touching and accomplished writer of occasional verses that our literature has yet ■■ boast of." — LORD JEFFREY, in *Edinburgh Review*, October, 1829.]

## LAYS OF MANY LANDS.

[The following pieces may so far be considered ■ series, ■■ each is intended to be commemorative of some national recollection, popular custom, or tradition. The idea was suggested by Herder's " *Stimmen der Völker in Liedern* ;" ■■ execution is, however, different, as the poems in his collection are chiefly translations.]

### MOORISH BRIDAL SONG.

"It is ■ custom among the Moors, that a female who dies unmarried is clothed for interment in wedding apparel, and the bridal song is sung over her remains before they are borne from her home." — *Narrative of a Ten Years' Residence in Tripoli, by the Sister-in-law of Mr. Tully.*

THE citron groves their fruit and flowers were  
strewing

Around a Moorish palace, while the sigh  
Of low sweet summer winds the branches wooing  
With music through their shadowy bowers went  
by ;

Music and voices, from the marble halls  
Through the leaves gleaming, and the fountain  
falls.

A song of joy, a bridal song came swelling  
To blend with fragrance in those southern shades,  
And told of feasts within the stately dwelling,  
Bright lamps, and dancing steps, and gem-  
crowned maids ;

And thus it flowed : — yet something in the lay  
Belonged to sadness, as it died away.

"The bride comes forth ! her tears no more are  
falling

To leave the chamber of her infant years ;  
Kind voices from a distant home are calling ;  
She comes like dayspring — she hath done with  
tears ;

Now must her dark eye shine on other flowers,  
Her soft smile gladden other hearts than ours ! —  
Pour the rich odors round !

"We haste ! the chosen and the lovely bringing ;  
Love still goes with her from her place of birth ;  
Deep, silent joy within her soul is springing,  
Though in her glance the light no more is mirth !

Her beauty leaves us in its rosy years ;  
Her sisters weep — but she hath done with tears !  
Now may the timbrel sound !"

Know'st thou for *whom* they sang the bridal  
numbers ? —

One, whose rich tresses were to wave no more !  
One, whose pale cheek soft winds, nor gentle  
slumbers,

Nor Love's own sigh, to rose tints might restore !  
Her graceful ringlets o'er ■ bier were spread.  
Weep for the young, the beautiful, — the dead !

### THE BIRD'S RELEASE.

[The Indians of Bengal and of the coast of Malabar bring cages filled with birds to the graves of their friends, over which they set the birds at liberty. This custom is alluded to in the description of Virginia's funeral. — See *Paul ■■ Virginia.*]

Go forth ! for she is gone !  
With the golden light of her wavy hair,  
She is gone to the fields of the viewless air ;  
She hath left her dwelling lone !

Her voice hath passed away !  
It hath passed away like a summer breeze,  
When it leaves the hills for the far blue seas,  
Where we may not trace its way.

Go forth, and like her be free !  
With thy radiant wing, and thy glancing eye,  
Thou hast all the range of the sunny sky,  
And what is our grief to thee ?

Is it aught e'en to her we mourn ?  
Doth she look on the tears by her kindred shed !



Doth she rest with the flowers o'er her gentle  
head,  
Or float, on the light wind borne ?

We know not — but she is gone !  
Her step from the dance, her voice from the song,  
And the smile of her eye from the festal throng ;  
She hath left her dwelling lone !

When the waves at sunset shine,  
We may hear thy voice amidst thousands more,  
In the scented woods of our glowing shore ;  
But we shall not know 'tis thine !

Even so with the loved one flown !  
Her smile in the starlight may wander by,  
Her breath may be near in the wind's low sigh,  
Around us — but all unknown.

Go forth ! we have loosed thy chain !  
We may deck thy cage with the richest flowers  
Which the bright day rears in our Eastern  
bowers ;  
But thou wilt not be lured again.

Even thus may the summer pour  
All fragrant things on the land's green breast,  
And the glorious earth like a bride be dressed,  
But it wins *her* back no more !

### THE SWORD OF THE TOMB.

#### A NORTHERN LEGEND.

[The idea of this ballad is taken from a scene in *Stark-  
weather*, a tragedy by the Danish poet Oehlenschläger. The  
sepulchral fire here alluded to, and supposed to guard the  
ashes of deceased heroes, is frequently mentioned in the  
Northern Sagas. Severe sufferings to the departed spirit  
were supposed by the Scandinavian mythologists to be the  
consequence of any profanation of the sepulchre. — See  
OCHLENSCHLAGER'S *Plays*.]

"VOICE of the gifted elder time !  
Voice of the charm and the Runic rhyme !  
Speak ! from the shades and the depths disclose  
How Sigurd may vanquish his mortal foes ;

Voice of the buried past !  
Voice of the grave ! 'tis the mighty hour  
When night with her stars and dreams hath  
power,  
And my step hath been soundless on the snows,  
And the spell I have sung hath laid repose  
On the billow and the blast."

Then the torrents of the North  
And the forest pines were still,

While a hollow chant came forth  
From the dark sepulchral hill.

"There shines no sun 'midst the hidden dead,  
But where the day looks not the brave may  
tread ;

There is heard no song, and no mead is poured.  
But the warrior may come to the silent board  
In the shadow of the night.

There is laid a sword in thy father's tomb,  
And its edge is fraught with thy foeman's  
doom ;

But soft be thy step through the silence deep,  
And move not the urn in the house of sleep,  
For the viewless have fearful might !"

Then died the solemn lay,  
As a trumpet's music dies,  
By the night wind borne away  
Through the wild and stormy skies.

The fir trees rocked to the wailing blast,  
As on through the forest the warrior passed —  
Through the forest of Odin, the dim and old —  
The dark place of visions and legends, told  
By the fires of Northern pine.

The fir trees rocked, and the frozen ground  
Gave back to his footstep a hollow sound ;  
And it seemed that the depths of those awful  
shades,  
From the dreary gloom of their long arcades,  
Gave warning, with voice and sign.

But the wind strange magic knows,  
To call wild shape and tone  
From the gray wood's tossing boughs,  
When night is on her throne.

The pines closed o'er him with deeper gloom,  
As he took the path to the monarch's tomb :  
The Pole star shone, and the heavens were  
bright

With the arrowy streams of the Northern light  
But his road through dimness lay !

He passed, in the heart of that ancient wood,  
The dark shrine stained with the victim's  
blood ;

Nor paused till the rock, where a vaulted bed  
Had been hewn of old for the kingly dead,  
Arose on his midnight way.

Then first a moment's chill  
Went shuddering through his breast.  
And the steel-clad man stood still  
Before that place of rest.

But he crossed at length, with a deep-drawn  
breath,  
The threshold floor of the hall of Death,  
And looked on the pale mysterious fire  
Which gleamed from the urn of his warrior  
sire

With a strange and solemn light.  
Then darkly the words of the boding strain  
Like an omen rose on his soul again —  
"Soft be thy step through the silence deep,  
And move not the urn in the house of sleep;  
For the viewless have fearful might!"

But the gleaming sword and shield  
Of many a battle day  
Hung o'er that urn, revealed  
By the tomb-fire's waveless ray;

With a faded wreath of oak leaves bound,  
They hung o'er the dust of the far renowned,  
Whom the bright Valkyriur's warning voice  
Had called to the banquet where gods rejoice,  
And the rich mead flows in light.

With a beating heart his son drew near,  
And still rang the verse in his thrilling ear —  
"Soft be thy step through the silence deep,  
And move not the urn in the house of sleep;  
For the viewless have fearful might!"

And many a Saga's rhyme,  
And legend of the grave,  
That shadowy scene and time  
Called back, to daunt the brave.

But he raised his arm — and the flame grew  
dim,  
And the sword in its light seemed to wave and  
swim,  
And his faltering hand could not grasp it well —  
From the pale oak wreath, with a calsh it fell  
Through the chamber of the dead!  
The deep tomb rang with the heavy sound,  
And the urn lay shivered in fragments round:  
And a rush, as of tempests, quenched the  
fire,  
And the scattered dust of his warlike sire  
Was strewn on the champion's head.

One moment — and all was still  
In the slumberer's ancient hall,  
When the rock had ceased to thrill  
With the mighty weapon's fall.

The stars were just fading one by one,  
The clouds were just tinged by the early sun,

When there streamed through the ~~chamber~~  
torch's flame,  
And the brother of Sigurd the valiant came  
To seek him in the tomb.  
Stretched on his shield, like the steel-gir-  
slain,  
By moonlight seen on the battle plain,  
In a speechless trance lay the warrior there;  
But he wildly woke when the torch's glare  
Burst on him through the gloom.

"The morning wind blows free,  
And the hour of chase is near:  
Come forth, come forth with me!  
What dost thou, Sigurd, here?"

"I have put out the holy sepulchral fire,  
I have scattered the dust of my warrior sire!  
It burns on my head, and it weighs down my  
heart;  
But the winds shall not wander without their  
part

To strew o'er the restless deep!  
In the mantle of death he was here with me  
now —

There was wrath in his eye, there was gloom on  
his brow;

And his cold still glance on my spirit fell  
With an icy ray and a withering spell —  
O, chill is the house of sleep!"

"The morning wind blows free,  
And the reddening sun shines clear;  
Come forth, come forth with me!  
It is dark and fearful here!"

"He is there, he is there, with his shadowy  
frown!

But gone from his head is the kingly crown —  
The crown from his head, and the spear from his  
hand —

They have chased him far from the glorious  
land

Where the feast of the gods is spread!  
He must go forth alone on his phantom steed,  
He must ride o'er the grave hills with stormy  
speed!

His place is no longer at Odin's board,  
He is driven from Valhalla without his sword.  
But the slayer shall avenge the dead!"

That sword its fame had won  
By the fall of many a crest;  
But its fiercest work was done  
In the tomb, on Sigurd's breast!

## VALKYRIUR SONG.

[The Valkyriur, or Fatal Sisters of Northern mythology, were supposed to single out the warriors who were to die in battle, and be received into the halls of Odin.

When a northern chief fell gloriously in war, his obsequies were honored with all possible magnificence. His arms, gold and silver, war horse, domestic attendants, and whatever else he held most dear, were placed with him on the pile. His dependants and friends frequently made it a point of honor to die with their leader, in order to attend on his shade in Valhalla, or the Palace of Odin. And, lastly, his wife was generally consumed with him on the same pile. — See Mallet's *Northern Antiquities*, Herbert's *Helga*, &c.]

"Tremblingly flashed th' inconstant meteor light,  
Showing thin forms like virgins of this earth;  
Save that all signs of human joy or grief,  
The flush of passion, smile, or tear, had seemed  
On the fixed brightness of each dazzling cheek  
Strange and unnatural." MILMAN.

THE Sea King woke from the troubled sleep  
Of a vision-haunted night,  
And he looked from his bark o'er the gloomy  
deep,  
And counted the streaks of light;  
For the red sun's earliest ray  
Was to rouse his bands that day  
To the stormy joy of fight!

But the dreams of rest were still on earth,  
And the silent stars on high,  
And there waved not the smoke of one cabin  
hearth  
'Midst the quiet of the sky;  
And along the twilight bay,  
In their sleep the hamlets lay,  
For they knew not the Norse were nigh!

The Sea King looked o'er the brooding wave,  
He turned to the dusky shore,  
And there seemed, through the arch of a tide-  
worn cave,  
A gleam, as of snow, to pour;  
And forth, in watery light,  
Moved phantoms, dimly white,  
Which the garb of woman bore.

Slowly they moved to the billow side;  
And the forms, as they grew more clear,  
Seemed each on a tall, pale steed to ride,  
And ■ shadowy crest to rear,  
And to beckon with faint hand  
From the dark and rocky strand,  
And to point ■ gleaming spear.

Then a stillness on his spirit fell,  
Before th' unearthly train,  
For he knew Valhalla's daughters well  
The Choosers of the slain!  
And ■ sudden rising breeze  
Bore, across the moaning seas,  
To his ear their thrilling strain.

"There are songs in Odin's Hall  
For the brave ere night to fall;  
Doth the great sun hide his ray?  
He must bring a wrathful day!  
Sleeps the falchion in its sheath?  
Swords must do the work of death!  
Regner! Sea King! *thee* we call!  
There is joy in Odin's Hall.

"At the feast, and in the song,  
Thou shalt be remembered long;  
By the green isles of the flood,  
Thou hast left thy track in blood!  
On the earth, and on the sea,  
There are those will speak of thee!  
'Tis enough — the war gods call;  
There is mead in Odin's Hall.

"Regner! tell thy fair-haired bride  
She must slumber at thy side;  
Tell the brother of thy breast  
E'en for him thy grave hath rest.  
Tell the raven steed which bore thee,  
When the wild wolf fled before thee,  
He too with his lord must fall:  
There is room in Odin's Hall.

"Lo! the mighty sun looks forth —  
Arm! thou leader of the North!  
Lo! the mists of twilight fly —  
We must vanish, thou must die!  
By the sword and by the spear,  
By the hand that knows no fear,  
Sea King! nobly thou shalt fall! —  
There is joy in Odin's Hall.'

There was arming heard on land and wave,  
When afar the sunlight spread,  
And the phantom forms of the tide-~~wave~~  
cave  
With the mists of morning fled;  
But at eve, the kingly hand  
Of the battle axe and brand  
Lay cold on a pile of dead!



## THE CAVERN OF THE THREE TELLS.

## A SWISS TRADITION.

[The three founders of the Helvetic Confederacy are thought to sleep in a cavern near the Lake of Lucerne. The herdsmen call them the Three Tells; and say that they lie there in their antique garb, in quiet slumber; and when Switzerland is in her utmost need, they will awaken and regain the liberties of the land. — See *Quarterly Review*, No. 44.]

The Grütli, where the confederates held their nightly meetings, is a meadow on the shore of the Lake of Lucerne, or Lake of the Forest Cantons, here called the Forest Sea.]

O, ENTER not yon shadowy cave,  
Seek not the bright spars there,  
Though the whispering pines that o'er it wave  
With freshness fill the air :

For there the Patriot Three,  
In the garb of old arrayed,  
By their native Forest Sea  
On a rocky couch are laid.

The Patriot Three that met of yore  
Beneath the midnight sky,  
And leagued their hearts on the Grütli shore  
In the name of liberty !

Now silently they sleep  
Amidst the hills they freed ;  
But their rest is only deep  
Till their country's hour of need.

They start not at the hunter's call,  
Nor the Lammer-geyer's cry,  
Nor the rush of a sudden torrent's fall,  
Nor the Lauwine thundering by.  
And the Alpine herdsman's lay,  
To a Switzer's heart so dear !  
On the wild wind floats away,  
No more for them to hear.

But when the battle horn is blown  
Till the Schreckhorn's peaks reply,  
When the Jungfrau's cliffs send back the tone  
Through their eagles' lonely sky ;  
When the spear heads light the lakes,  
When trumpets loose the snows,  
When the rushing war steed shakes  
The glacier's mute repose ;

When Uri's beechen woods wave red  
In the burning hamlet's light —  
Then from the cavern of the dead  
Shall the sleepers wake in might !  
With a leap, like Tell's proud leap  
When away the helm he flung,

And boldly up the steep  
From the flashing billow sprung !<sup>1</sup>

They shall wake beside their Forest Sea,  
In the ancient garb they wore  
When they linked the hands that made ■ free,

On the Grütli's moonlight shore ;  
And their voices shall be heard,  
And be answered with a shout,  
Till the echoing Alps are stirred,  
And the signal fires blaze out.

And the land shall see such deeds again  
As those of that proud day  
When Winkelried, on Sempach's plain,  
Through the serried spears made way ;  
And when the rocks came down  
On the dark Morgarten dell,  
And the crownéd casques,<sup>2</sup> o'erthrown,  
Before our fathers fell !

For the Kùhreihen's<sup>3</sup> notes must never sound  
In a land that wears the chain,  
And the vines on freedom's holy ground  
Untrampled must remain ;  
And the yellow harvests wave  
For no stranger's hand to reap,  
While within their silent cave  
The men of Grütli sleep !

## SWISS SONG,

## ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF AN ANCIENT BATTLE.

[The Swiss, even to our days, have continued to celebrate the anniversaries of their ancient battles with much solemnity ; assembling in the open air on the fields where their ancestors fought, to hear thanksgivings offered up by the priests, and the names of all who shared in the glory of the day enumerated. They afterwards walk in procession to chapels, always erected in the vicinity of such scenes, where masses are sung for the souls of the departed. — See *PLAN TAT'S History of the Helvetic Confederacy*.]

Look on the white Alps round !  
If yet they gird a land  
Where Freedom's voice and step ■ found,  
Forget ye not the band —  
The faithful band, our sires, who fell  
Here in the narrow battle dell !

<sup>1</sup> The point of rock on which Tell leaped from the boat o Gessler is marked by a chapel, and called the *Tellensprung*.

<sup>2</sup> Crowned Helmets, as a distinction of rank, are mentioned in Simond's *Switzerland*.

<sup>3</sup> The Kùhreihen — the celebrated *Ranz des Vaches*

If yet, the wilds among,  
 Our silent hearts may burn,  
 When the deep mountain horn hath rung,  
 And home our steps may turn —  
 Home! — home! — if still that name be dear,  
 Praise to the men who perished here!

Look on the white Alps round!  
 Up to their shining snows  
 That day the stormy rolling sound,  
 The sound of battle, rose!  
 Their caves prolonged the trumpet's blast,  
 Their dark pines trembled as it passed!

They saw the princely crest,  
 They saw the knightly spear,  
 The banner, and the mail-clad breast,  
 Borne down and trampled here!  
 They saw — and glorying there they stand,  
 Eternal records to the land!

Praise to the mountain-born,  
 The brethren of the glen!  
 By them no steel array was worn,  
 They stood as peasant men!  
 They left the vineyard and the field,  
 To break an empire's lance and shield.

Look on the white Alps round!  
 If yet, along their steeps,  
 Our children's fearless feet may bound,  
 Free as the chamois leaps;  
 Teach them in song to bless the band  
 Amidst whose mossy graves we stand!

If, by the wood fire's blaze,  
 When winter stars gleam cold,  
 The glorious tales of elder days  
 May proudly yet be told,  
 Forget not then the shepherd race,  
 Who made the hearth a holy place!

Look on the white Alps round!  
 If yet the Sabbath bell  
 Comes o'er them with a gladdening sound,  
 Think on the battle dell!  
 For blood first bathed its flowery sod,  
 That chainless hearts might worship God!

### THE MESSENGER BIRD.

[Some of the native Brazilians pay great veneration to a certain bird that sings mournfully in the nighttime. They say it is a messenger which their deceased friends and relations have sent, and that it brings them news from the other world — See PICART's *Ceremonies and Religious Customs*]

Thou art come from the spirits' land, thou bird.  
 Thou art come from the spirits' land:  
 Through the dark pine grove let thy voice be  
 heard,  
 And tell of the shadowy band!

We know that the bowers are green and fair  
 In the light of that summer shore;  
 And we know that the friends we have lost  
 there,  
 They are there — and they weep no more!

And we know they have quenched their fever's  
 thirst  
 From the fountain of youth ere now,<sup>1</sup>  
 For *there* must the stream in its freshness burst  
 Which none may find below!

And we know that they will not be lured to earth  
 From the land of deathless flowers,  
 By the feast, or the dance, or the song of mirth,  
 Though their hearts were once with ours:

Though they sat with us by the night fire's blaze,  
 And bent with us the bow,  
 And heard the tales of our fathers' days,  
 Which are told to others now!

But tell us, thou bird of the solemn strain!  
 Can those who have loved forget?  
 We call — and they answer not again:  
 Do they love — do they love us yet?

Doth the warrior think of his brother *there*,  
 And the father of his child?  
 And the chief of those that were wont to share  
 His wandering through the wild?

We call them far through the silent night,  
 And they speak not from cave or hill;  
 We know, thou bird! that their land is bright,  
 But say, do they love there still?<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> An expedition was actually undertaken by Juan Ponce de Leon, in the sixteenth century, with a view of discovering a wonderful fountain, believed by the natives of Puerto Rico to spring in one of the Lucayo Isles, and to possess the virtue of restoring youth to all who bathed in its waters. See ROBERTSON'S *History of America*.

### <sup>2</sup> ANSWER TO "THE MESSENGER BIRD."

BY AN AMERICAN QUAKER LADY.

Yes! I came from the spirits' land,  
 From the land that is bright and fair;  
 I came with a voice from the shadowy band,  
 To tell that they love you there.

## THE STRANGER IN LOUISIANA.

[An early traveller mentions people on the banks of the Mississippi who burst into tears at the sight of a stranger. The reason of this is, that they fancy their deceased friends and relations to be only gone on a journey, and, being in constant expectation of their return, look for them vainly amongst these foreign travellers. — PICART's *Ceremonies and Religious Customs*.

"J'ai passé moi-même," says Chateaubriand in his *Souvenirs d'Amérique*, "chez une peuplade Indienne qui se prenait à pleurer à la vue d'un voyageur, parce qu'il lui rappelait des amis partis pour la Contrée des Ames, et depuis longtemps en voyage."

WE saw thee, O stranger! and wept.  
We looked for the youth of the sunny glance  
Whose step was the fleetest in chase or dance;  
The light of his eye was a joy to see,  
The path of his arrows a storm to flee.  
But there came a voice from a distant shore —  
He was called — he is found 'midst his tribe no  
more:

He is not in his place when the night fires burn,  
But we look for him still — he will yet return!  
His brother sat with a drooping brow  
In the gloom of the shadowing cypress bough:  
We roused him — we bade him no longer pine,  
For we heard a step — but the step was thine!

We saw thee, O stranger! and wept.  
We looked for the maid of the mournful song —  
Mournful, though sweet, — she hath left us long:  
We told her the youth of her love was gone,  
And she went forth to seek him — she passed  
alone.

To say, if a wish or a vain regret  
Could live in Elysian bowers,  
'Twould be for the friends they can ne'er forget,  
The beloved of their youthful hours.

To whisper the dear deserted band,  
Who smiled on their tarriance here,  
That a faithful guard in the dreamless land  
Are the friends they have loved so dear.

'Tis true, in the silent night you call,  
And they answer you not again;  
But the spirits of bliss are voiceless all —  
Sound only was made for pain.

That their land is bright and they weep no more,  
I have warbled from hill to hill;  
But my plaintive strain should have told before,  
That they love, O, they love you still.

They bid me say that unfading flowers  
You'll find in the path they trod;  
And a welcome true to their deathless bowers,  
Pronounced by the voice of God.

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We hear not her voice when the woods are still,  
From the bower where it sang, like a silvery rill.  
The joy of her sire with her smile is fled,  
The winter is white on his lonely head:  
He hath none by his side when the wilds

track,

He hath none when we rest — yet she comes  
not back!

We looked for her eye on the feast to shine,  
For her breezy step — but the step was thine!

We saw thee, O stranger! and wept.

We looked for the chief, who hath left the spear  
And the bow of his battles forgotten here:

We looked for the hunter, whose bride's lament  
On the wind of the forest at eve is sent:

We looked for the first-born, whose mother's cry  
Sounds wild and shrill through the midnight  
sky! —

Where are they? Thou'rt seeking some distant  
coast:

O, ask of them, stranger! — send back the lost!  
Tell them we mourn by the dark-blue streams,  
Tell them our lives but of them are dreams!  
Tell, how we sat in the gloom to pine,  
And to watch for a step — but the step was  
thine!

## THE ISLE OF FOUNTS;

## AN INDIAN TRADITION.

["The River St. Mary has its source from a vast lake of marsh, which lies between Flint and Oakmulge Rivers, and occupies a space of near three hundred miles in circuit. This vast accumulation of waters, in the wet season, appears as a lake, and contains some large islands or knolls of rich, high land; one of which the present generation of the Creek Indians represent to be a most blissful spot of earth. They say it is inhabited by a peculiar race of Indians, whose women are incomparably beautiful. They also tell you that this terrestrial paradise has been seen by some of their enterprising hunters, when in pursuit of game; but that in their endeavors to approach it, they were involved in perpetual labyrinths, and, like enchanted land, still they imagined they had just gained it, it seemed to fly before them, alternately appearing and disappearing. They resolved, at length, to leave the delusive pursuit, and to return; which, after a number of difficulties, they effected. When they reported their adventures to their countrymen the young warriors were inflamed with an irresistible desire to invade and make a conquest of so charming a country but all their attempts have hitherto proved abortive, never having been able again to find that enchanting spot." — BENTHAM'S *Travels through North and South Carolina, &c.*

The additional circumstances in the "Isle of Founts" are merely imaginary.]

Son of the stranger! wouldst thou take  
O'er yon blue hills thy lonely way,



To reach the still and shining lake  
 Along whose banks the west winds play?  
 Let no vain dreams thy heart beguile—  
 O, seek thou not the Fountain Isle!

Lull but the mighty serpent king,<sup>1</sup>  
 'Midst the gray rocks, his old domain;  
 Ward but the cougar's deadly spring, —  
 Thy step that lake's green shore may gain;  
 And the bright Isle, when all is passed,  
 Shall vainly meet thine eye at last!

Yes! there, with all its rainbow streams,  
 Clear as within thine arrow's flight,  
 The Isle of Founts, the isle of dreams,  
 Floats on the wave in golden light;  
 And lovely will the shadows be  
 Of groves whose fruit is not for thee!

And breathings from their sunny flowers,  
 Which are not of the things that die,  
 And singing voices from their bowers,  
 Shall greet thee in the purple sky;  
 Soft voices, e'en like those that dwell  
 Far in the green reed's hollow cell.

Or hast thou heard the sounds that rise  
 From the deep chambers of the earth?  
 The wild and wondrous melodies  
 To which the ancient rocks gave birth:<sup>2</sup>  
 Like that sweet song of hidden caves  
 Shall swell those wood notes o'er the waves.

The emerald waves! — they take their hue  
 And image from that sunbright shore;  
 But wouldst thy launch thy light canoe,  
 And wouldst thou ply thy rapid oar, —  
 Before thee, hadst thou morning's speed,  
 The dreamy land should still recede!

Yet on the breeze thou still wouldst hear  
 The music of its flowering shades,  
 And ever should the sound be near  
 Of founts that ripple through its glades.

<sup>1</sup> The Cherokees believe that the recesses of their mountains, overgrown with lofty pines and cedars, and covered with old mossy rocks, are inhabited by the kings or chiefs of rattlesnakes, whom they denominate the "bright old inhabitants." They represent them as snakes of an enormous size, and which possess the power of drawing to them every living creature that comes within the reach of their eyes. Their heads are said to be crowned with a carbuncle of dazzling brightness. — See *Notes to LEYDEN'S Scenes of Infancy*.

<sup>2</sup> The stones on the banks of the Oronoco, called by the South American missionaries *Iaxas de Musica*, and alluded to in a former note

The sound, and sight, and flashing ray  
 Of joyous waters in their play!

But woe for him who sees them burst  
 With their bright spray showers to the lake  
 Earth has no spring to quench the thirst  
 That semblance in his soul shall wake,  
 Forever pouring through his dreams  
 The gush of those untasted streams!

Bright, bright in many a rocky urn,  
 The waters of our deserts lie,  
 Yet at their source his lip shall burn,  
 Parched with the fever's agony!  
 From the blue mountains to the main,  
 Our thousand floods may roll in vain.

E'en thus our hunters came of yore  
 Back from their long and weary quest; —  
 Had they not seen th' untrodden shore?  
 And could they 'midst our wilds find rest.  
 The lightning of their glance was fled,  
 They dwelt amongst us ■ the dead!

They lay beside our glittering rills  
 With visions in their darkened eye;  
 Their joy was not amidst the hills  
 Where elk and deer before us fly:  
 Their spears upon the cedar hung,  
 Their javelins to the wind were flung.

They bent no more the forest bow,  
 They armed not with the warrior band,  
 The moons waned o'er them dim and slow —  
 They left us for the spirits' land!  
 Beneath our pines yon greensward heap  
 Shows where the restless found their sleep.

Son of the stranger! if at eve  
 Silence be 'midst us in thy place,  
 Yet go not where the mighty leave  
 The strength of battle and of chase!  
 Let no vain dreams thy heart beguile —  
 O, seek thou not the Fountain Isle!

## THE BENDED BOW.

[It is supposed that war was anciently proclaimed in Britain by sending messengers in different directions through the land, each bearing a *bended bow*; and that peace was in like manner announced by a bow unstrung, and therefore straight. — See the *Cambrian Antiquities*.]

THERE was heard the sound of ■ coming foe,  
 There was sent through Britain a bended bow.

And a voice was poured on the free winds far,  
As the land rose up at the sign of war.

"Heard you not the battle horn? —  
Reaper! leave thy golden corn:  
Leave it for the birds of heaven —  
Swords must flash and spears be riven!  
Leave it for the winds to shed —  
Arm! ere Britain's turf grow red."

And the reaper armed, like a freeman's son;  
And the bended bow and the voice passed on.

"Hunter! leave the mountain chase,  
Take the falchion from its place;  
Let the wolf go free to-day,  
Leave him for a nobler prey;  
Let the deer ungalled sweep by —  
Arm thee! Britain's foes are nigh."

And the hunter armed ere the chase was done;  
And the bended bow and the voice passed on.

"Chieftain! quit the joyous feast —  
Stay not till the song hath ceased:  
Though the mead be foaming bright,  
Though the fires give ruddy light,  
Leave the hearth, and leave the hall —  
Arm thee! Britain's foes must fall."

And the chieftain armed, and the horn was blown;  
And the bended bow and the voice passed on.

"Prince! thy father's deeds are told  
In the bower and in the hold,  
Where the goatherd's lay is sung,  
Where the minstrel's harp is strung!  
Foes are on thy native sea —  
Give our bards a tale of thee!"

And the prince came armed, like a leader's  
son;

And the bended bow and the voice passed on.

"Mother! stay thou not thy boy,  
He must learn the battle's joy:  
Sister! bring the sword and spear,  
Give thy brother words of cheer:  
Maiden! bid thy lover part:  
Britain calls the strong in heart!"

And the bended bow and the voice passed on;  
And the bards made song for a battle won.

## HE NEVER SMILED AGAIN.

[It is recorded of Henry the First, that after the death of his son, Prince William, who perished in a shipwreck off the coast of Normandy, he was never seen to smile.]

The bark that held a prince went down,  
The sweeping waves rolled on;  
And what was England's glorious crown  
To him that wept a son?  
He lived — for life may long be borne  
Ere sorrow break its chain;  
Why comes not death to those who mourn?  
He never smiled again!

There stood proud forms around his throne,  
The stately and the brave;  
But which could fill the place of one,  
That one beneath the wave?  
Before him passed the young and fair,  
In pleasure's reckless train;  
But seas dashed o'er his son's bright hair —  
He never smiled again!

He sat where festal bowls went round,  
He heard the minstrel sing,  
He saw the tourney's victor crowned  
Amidst the knightly ring:  
A murmur of the restless deep  
Was blent with every strain,  
A voice of winds that would not sleep —  
He never smiled again!

Hearts, in that time, closed o'er the trace  
Of vows once fondly poured,  
And strangers took the kinsman's place  
At many a joyous board;  
Graves, which true love had bathed with tears,  
Were left to heaven's bright rain,  
Fresh hopes were born for other years —  
He never smiled again!

## CŒUR DE LION AT THE BIER OF HIS FATHER.

[The body of Henry the Second lay in state in the abbey-church of Fontevraud, where it was visited by Richard Cœur-de-Lion, who, on beholding it, was struck with horror and remorse, and bitterly reproached himself for that rebellious conduct which had been the means of bringing his father to an untimely grave.]

Torches were blazing clear,  
Hymns pealing deep and slow,

Where ■ king lay stately on his bier  
 In the church of Fontevraud.  
 Banners of battle o'er him hung,  
 And warriors slept beneath ;  
 And light, as noon's broad light, was flung  
 On the settled face of death.

On the settled face of death  
 A strong and ruddy glare,  
 Though dimmed at times by the censor's breath,  
 Yet it fell still brightest there ;  
 As if each deeply-furrowed trace  
 Of earthly years to show.  
 Alas ! that sceptred mortal's race  
 Had surely closed in woe !

The marble floor was swept  
 By many a long dark stole,  
 As the kneeling priests round him that slept  
 Sang mass for the parted soul :  
 And solemn were the strains they poured  
 Through the stillness of the night,  
 With the cross above, and the crown and  
 sword,  
 And the silent king in sight.

There was heard ■ heavy clang,  
 As of steel-girt men the tread,  
 And the tombs and the hollow pavement rang  
 With a sounding thrill of dread ;  
 And the holy chant was hushed ■ while,  
 As, by the torch's flame,  
 A gleam of arms up the sweeping aisle  
 With ■ mail-clad leader came.

He came with haughty look,  
 An eagle glance and clear ;  
 But his proud heart through its breastplate  
 shook  
 When he stood beside the bier !  
 He stood there still with a drooping brow,  
 And clasped hands o'er it raised ;  
 For his father lay before him low —  
 It was Cœur-de-Lion gazed !

And silently he strove  
 With the workings of his breast ;  
 But there's more in late repentant love  
 Than steel may keep suppressed !  
 And his tears brake forth, at last, like rain, —  
 Men held their breath in awe ;  
 For his face was seen by his warrior train,  
 And he recked not that they saw.

He looked upon the dead —  
 And sorrow seemed to lie,  
 A weight of sorrow, e'en like lead,  
 Pale on the fast-shut eye.  
 He stooped — and kissed the frozen cheek,  
 And the heavy hand of clay ;  
 Till bursting words — yet all too weak —  
 Gave his soul's passion way.

"O father ! is it vain,  
 This late remorse and deep ?  
 Speak to me, father ! once again  
 I weep — behold, I weep !  
 Alas ! my guilty pride and ire ! —  
 Were but this work undone,  
 I would give England's crown, my sire !  
 To hear thee bless thy son.

"Speak to me ! Mighty grief  
 Ere now the dust hath stirred !  
 Hear me, but hear me ! — father, chief,  
 My king ! I *must* be heard !  
 Hushed, hushed — how is it that I call,  
 And that thou answer'st not ?  
 When was it thus ? — Woe, woe for all  
 The love my soul forgot !

"Thy silver hairs I see,  
 So still, so sadly bright !  
 And father, father ! but for me,  
 They had not been so white !  
 I bore thee down, high heart ! at last :  
 No longer couldst thou strive.  
 O for one moment of the past,  
 To kneel and say — 'Forgive !'

"Thou wert the noblest king  
 On royal throne e'er seen ;  
 And thou didst wear in knightly ring,  
 Of all, the stateliest mien ;  
 And thou didst prove, where spears are proved,  
 In war, the bravest heart :  
 O, ever the renowned and loved  
 Thou wert — and *there* thou art !

"Thou that my boyhood's guide  
 Didst take fond joy to be !  
 The times I've sported at thy side,  
 And climbed thy parent knee !  
 And there before the blessed shrine,  
 My sire ! I see thee lie, —  
 How will that sad still face of thine  
 Look on me till I die !"



### THE VASSAL'S LAMENT FOR THE FALLEN TREE.

[“Here (at Brereton in Cheshire) is one thing incredibly strange, but attested, as I myself have heard, by many persons and commonly believed. Before any heir of this family dies, there are seen, in a lake adjoining, the bodies of trees swimming on the water for several days.” — CAMERON'S *Britannia*.]

YES ! I have seen the ancient oak  
On the dark deep water cast,  
And it was not felled by the woodman's stroke,  
Or the rush of the sweeping blast ;  
For the axe might never touch that tree,  
And the air was still as a summer sea.

I saw it fall, as falls ■ chief  
By an arrow in the fight,  
And the old woods shook, to their loftiest leaf,  
At the crashing of its might ;  
And the startled deer to their coverts drew,  
And the spray of the lake as ■ fountain's flew !

'Tis fallen ! But think thou not I weep  
For the forest's pride o'erthrown —  
An old man's tears lie far too deep  
To be poured for this alone :  
But by that sign too well I know  
That ■ youthful head must soon be low !

A youthful head, with its shining hair,  
And its bright quick-flashing eye ;  
Well may I weep ! for the boy is fair,  
Too fair ■ thing to die !  
But on his brow the mark is set —  
O, could *my* life redeem him yet !

He bounded by me as I gazed  
Alone on the fatal sign,  
And it seemed like sunshine when he raised  
His joyous glance to mine.  
With a stag's fleet step he bounded by,  
So full of life — but he must die !

He must, he must ! in that deep dell,  
By that dark water's side,  
'Tis known that ne'er a proud tree fell  
But an heir of his fathers died.  
And he — there's laughter in his eye,  
Joy in his voice — yet he must die !

I've borne him in these arms, that now  
Are nerveless and unstrung ;  
And must I see, on that fair brow,  
The dust untimely flung ?

I must ! — yon green oak, branch and crest,  
Lies floating on the dark lake's breast !

The noble boy ! — how proudly sprung  
The falcon from his hand !  
It seemed like youth to see *him* young,  
A flower in his father's land !  
But the hour of the knell and the dirge is  
nigh,  
For the tree hath fallen, and the flower must die.

Say not 'tis vain ! I tell thee, some  
Are warned by a meteor's light,  
Or a pale bird, flitting, calls them home,  
Or a voice on the winds by night ;  
And they must go ! And he too, he !  
Woe for the fall of the glorious Tree !

### THE WILD HUNTSMAN.

[It is a popular belief in the Odenwald, that the passing of the Wild Huntsman announces the approach of war. He is supposed to issue with his train from the ruined castle of Rodenstein, and traverse the air to the opposite castle of Schnellerts. It is confidently asserted, that the sound of his phantom horses and hounds was heard by the Duke of Baden before the commencement of the last war in Germany.]

THY rest was deep at the slumberer's hour,  
If thou didst not hear the blast  
Of the savage horn from the mountain tower,  
As the Wild Night Huntsman passed,  
And the roar of the stormy chase went by  
Through the dark unquiet sky !

The stag sprang up from his mossy bed  
When he caught the piercing sounds,  
And the oak boughs crashed to his antlered  
head,  
As he flew from the viewless hounds ;  
And the falcon soared from her craggy height,  
Away through the rushing night !

The banner shook on its ancient hold,  
And the pine in its desert place,  
As the cloud and tempest onward rolled  
With the din of the trampling race ;  
And the glens were filled with the laugh and  
shout,  
And the bugle, ringing out !

From the chieftain's hand the wine cup fell,  
At the castle's festive board,

And ■ sudden pause came o'er the swell  
 Of the harp's triumphal chord;  
 And the Minnesinger's<sup>1</sup> thrilling lay  
 In the hall died fast away.

The convent's chanted rite was stayed,  
 And the hermit dropped his beads,  
 And ■ trembling ran through the forest shade,  
 At the neigh of the phantom steeds,  
 And the church bells pealed to the rocking  
 blast  
 As the Wild Night Huntsman passed.

The storm hath swept with the chase away,  
 There is stillness in the sky;  
 But the mother looks on her son to-day  
 With a troubled heart and eye,  
 And the maiden's brow hath a shade of care  
 'Midst the gleam of her golden hair!

The Rhine flows bright; but its waves ere long  
 Must hear a voice of war,  
 And ■ clash of spears our hills among,  
 And a trumpet from afar;  
 And the brave on ■ bloody turf must lie —  
 For the Huntsman hath gone by!

### BRANDENBURG HARVEST SONG.<sup>2</sup>

FROM THE GERMAN OF LA MOTTE FOUQUÉ.

THE corn in golden light  
 Waves o'er the plain;  
 The sickle's gleam is bright;  
 Full swells the grain.

Now send we far around  
 Our harvest lay!  
 Alas! a heavier sound  
 Comes o'er the day!

Earth shrouds with burial sod  
 Her soft eyes blue, —  
 Now o'er the gifts of God  
 Fall tears like dew.

On every breeze ■ knell  
 The hamlets pour:  
 We know its cause too well —  
*She is no more!*

### THE SHADE OF THESEUS.

AN ANCIENT GREEK TRADITION.

Know ye not when our dead  
 From sleep to battle sprung? —  
 When the Persian charger's tread  
 On their covering greensward rung;  
 When the trampling march of foes  
 Had crushed our vines and flowers,  
 When jewelled crests arose  
 Through the holy laurel bowers;  
 When banners caught the breeze,  
 When helms in sunlight shone,  
 When masts were on the seas,  
 And spears on Marathon.

There was one, ■ leader crowned,  
 And armed for Greece that day;  
 But the falchions made no sound  
 On his gleaming war array.  
 In the battle's front he stood,  
 With his tall and shadowy crest;  
 But the arrows drew no blood,  
 Though their path was through his breast  
 When banners caught the breeze,  
 When helms in sunlight shone,  
 When masts were on the seas,  
 And spears on Marathon.

His sword was seen to flash  
 Where the boldest deeds were done,  
 But it smote without ■ clash —  
 The stroke was heard by none!  
 His voice was not of those  
 That swelled the rolling blast,  
 And his steps fell hushed like snows —  
 'Twas the Shade of Theseus passed!  
 When banners caught the breeze,  
 When helms in sunlight shone,  
 When masts were on the seas,  
 And spears on Marathon.

Far sweeping through the foe,  
 With a fiery charge he bore;  
 And the Mede left many a bow  
 On the sounding ocean shore.  
 And the foaming waves grew red,  
 And the sails were crowded fast,  
 When the sons of Asia fled,  
 As the Shade of Theseus passed!  
 When banners caught the breeze,  
 When helms in sunlight shone,  
 When masts were on the seas,  
 And spears on Marathon.

<sup>1</sup> Minnesinger, *love singer* — the wandering minstrels of  
 whom many were so called in the middle ages.  
<sup>2</sup> For the year of the Queen of Prussia's death.

## ANCIENT GREEK SONG OF EXILE.

WHERE is the summer with her golden sun? —  
That festal glory hath not passed from  
earth:

For me alone the laughing day is done!

Where is the summer with her voice of mirth?

— Far in my own bright land!

Where the Fauns, whose flute notes breathe  
and die

On the green hills? — the founts, from sparry  
caves

Through the wild places bearing melody? —

The reeds, low whispering o'er the river  
waves?

— Far in my own bright land!

Where are the temples, through the dim wood  
shining,

The virgin dances, and the choral strains?

Where the sweet sisters of my youth, en-  
twining

The spring's first roses for their sylvan fanes?

— Far in my own bright land!

Where are the vineyards, with their joyous  
throngs,

The red grapes pressing when the foliage  
fades?

The lyres, the wreaths, the lovely Dorian  
songs,

And the pine forests, and the olive shades?

— Far in my own bright land!

Where the deep-haunted grots, the laurel bow-  
ers,

The Dryad's footsteps, and the minstrel's  
dreams? —

O that my life were as a southern flower's! —

I might not languish then by these chill  
streams,

Far from my own bright land!

GREEK FUNERAL CHANT, OR  
MYRIOLOGUE.

[“ Les Chants Funèbres par lesquels on déplore en Grèce la mort de ses proches, prennent le nom particulier de Myriologia — comme qui dirait, Discours de lamentation, complaintes. Un malade vient-il de rendre le dernier soupir, sa femme, sa mère, ses filles, ses sœurs, celles, en un mot, de ses plus proches parentes qui sont là, lui ferment les yeux et bouche, et épanchant librement, chacune selon son naturel

et sa mesure de tendresse pour le défunt, le ~~tristement~~ la ressent de sa perte. Ce premier devoir rempli, elles se retirent toutes chez une de leurs parentes ou de leurs amies. Là elles changent de vêtements, s'habillent de blanc, comme pour la cérémonie nuptiale, avec cette différence, qu'elles gardent la tête nue, les cheveux épars et pendants. Ces apprêts terminés, les parentes reviennent dans leur parure de deuil; toutes se rangent en cercle autour du mort, et leur douleur s'exhale de nouveau, et comme la première fois, sans règle et sans contrainte. A ces plaintes spontanées succèdent bientôt des lamentations d'une autre espèce: ■ sont les Myriologues. Ordinairement c'est la plus proche parente qui prononce le sien la première; après elle les autres parentes, les amies, les simples voisines. Les Myriologues sont toujours composés et chantés par les femmes. Ils sont toujours improvisés, toujours en vers, et toujours chantés sur un air qui diffère d'un lieu à un autre, mais qui, dans un lieu donné, reste invariablement consacré à ce genre de poésie.” — *Chants Populaires de la Grèce Moderne*, par C. FAURIEL.]

A WAIL was heard around the bed, the death  
bed of the young —

Amidst her tears the Funeral Chant a mournful  
mother sung: —

“Ianthis! dost thou sleep? Thou sleep'st —  
but this is not the rest,

The breathing and the rosy calm, I have pil-  
lowed on my breast:

I lulled thee not to *this* repose, Ianthis! my  
sweet son!

As, in thy glowing childhood's time, by twilight  
I have done.

How is it that I bear to stand and look upon  
thee now?

And that I die not, seeking death on thy pale  
glorious brow?

“I look upon thee, thou that wert of all most  
fair and grave!

I see thee wearing still too much of beauty for  
the grave.

Though mournfully thy smile is fixed, and heav-  
ily thine eye

Hath shut above the falcon glance that in it loved  
to lie;

And fast is bound the springing step, that seemed  
on breezes borne,

When to thy couch I came and said, — ‘Wake,  
hunter, wake! ’tis morn!’

Yet art thou lovely still, my flower! untouched  
by slow decay, —

And I, the withered stem, remain. I would that  
grief might slay!

“O, ever, when I met thy look, I knew that ~~that~~  
would be!

I knew too well that length of days was not  
gift for thee!



I saw it in thy kindling cheek, and in thy bearing high ; —

A voice came whispering to my soul, and told me thou must die !

That thou must die, my fearless one ! where swords were flashing red. —

Why doth ■ mother live to say — My first-born and my dead !

They tell me of thy youthful fame, they talk of victory won :

Speak thou, and I will hear, my child ! Ianthis ! my sweet son !”

A wail was heard around the bed, the death bed of the young —

A fair-haired bride the Funeral Chant amidst her weeping sung : —

“ Ianthis ! look'st thou not on me ? Can love indeed be fled ?

When was it woe before to gaze upon thy stately head ?

I would that I had followed thee, Ianthis, my beloved !

And stood as woman oft hath stood where faithful hearts are proved ;

That I had bound ■ breastplate on, and battled at thy side ! —

It would have been ■ blessed thing together had we died !

■ But where was I when thou didst fall beneath the fatal sword ?

Was I beside the sparkling fount, or at the peaceful board ?

Or singing some sweet song of old, in the shadow of the vine,

Or praying to the saints for thee, before the holy shrine ?

And thou wert lying low the while, the lifedrops from thy heart

Fast gushing, like a mountain spring ! And couldst thou thus depart ?

Couldst thou depart, nor on my lips pour out thy fleeting breath ? —

O, I was with thee but in joy, that should have been in death !

■ Yes ! I was with thee when the dance through mazy rings was led,

And when the lyre and voice were tuned, and when the feast was spread ;

But not where noble blood flowed forth, where sounding javelins flew —

Why did I hear love's first sweet words, and not its last adieu ?

What now can breathe of gladness more, — what scene, what hour, what tone ?

The blue skies fade with all their lights ; they fade, since thou art gone !

Even *that* must leave me, that still face, by all my tears unmoved :

Take me from this dark world with thee, Ianthis ! my beloved !”

A wail was heard around the bed, the death bed of the young —

Amidst her tears the Funeral Chant ■ mournful sister sung : —

“ Ianthis ! brother of my soul ! — O, where are now the days

That laughed among the deep-green hills, on all our infant plays ?

When we two sported by the streams, or tracked them to their source,

And like a stag's, the rocks along, was thy fleet, fearless course ! —

I see the pines there waving yet, I see the rills descend,

But see thy bounding step no more — my brother and my friend !

“ I come with flowers, for spring is come ! Ianthis ! art thou *here* ?

I bring the garlands she hath brought — I cast them on thy bier.

Thou shouldst be crowned with victory's crown — but O, more meet *they* seem,

The first faint violets of the wood, and lilies of the stream —

More meet for one so fondly loved, and laid thus early low.

Alas ! how sadly sleeps thy face amidst the sunshine's glow !

The golden glow that through thy heart was wont such joy to send :

Woe that it smiles, and not for thee ! — my brother and my friend !”

#### GREEK PARTING SONG.

[This piece is founded on a tale related by Faurel, in his “Chansons Populaires de la Grèce Moderne,” and accompanied by some very interesting particulars respecting the extempore parting songs, or songs of expatriation, as he informs us they are called, in which the modern Greeks are accustomed to pour forth their feelings on bidding farewe to their country and friends.]

A YOUTH went forth to exile, from ■ home  
Such ■ to early thought gives images.

The longest treasured, and most oft recalled,  
 And brightest kept, of love — a mountain home,  
 That, with the murmur of its rocking pines,  
 And sounding waters, first in childhood's heart  
 Wakes the deep sense of nature unto joy,  
 And half unconscious prayer — a Grecian home,  
 With the transparence of blue skies o'erhung,  
 And, through the dimness of its olive shades,  
 Catching the flash of fountains, and the gleam  
 Of shining pillars from the fanes of old.  
 And *taís* was what he left! Yet many leave  
 Far more — the glistening eye, that first from  
 theirs

Called out the soul's bright smile; the gentle  
 hand,

Which through the sunshine led forth infant  
 steps

To where the violets lay; the tender voice  
 That earliest taught them what deep melody  
 Lives in affection's tones. *He* left not these.  
 Happy the weeper, that but weeps to part  
 With all a mother's love! A bitterer grief  
 Was his — to part *unloved*! — of her unloved  
 That should have breathed upon his heart like  
 spring,

Fostering its young faint flowers!

Yet had he friends,

And they went forth to cheer him on his way  
 Unto the parting spot; and she too went,  
 That mother, tearless for her youngest born.  
 The parting spot was reached — a lone deep  
 glen,

Holy, perchance, of yore; for cave and fount  
 Were there, and sweet-voiced echoes; and above,  
 The silence of the blue still upper heaven  
 Hung round the crags of Pindus, where they  
 wore

Their crowning snows. Upon a rock he sprung,  
 The unloved one, for his home to gaze  
 Through the wild laurels back; but then a  
 light

Broke on the stern, proud sadness of his eye,  
 A sudden quivering light, and from his lips  
 A burst of passionate song.

"Farewell, farewell!

I hear thee, O thou rushing stream! — thou'rt  
 from my native dell,

Thou'rt bearing thence a mournful sound — a  
 murmur of farewell!

And fare *thee* well — flow on, my stream! — flow  
 on, thou bright and free!

I do but dream that in thy voice one tone laments  
 for me;

But I have been a thing unloved from *child*  
 hood's loving years,  
 And therefore turns my soul to thee, for thou  
 hast known my tears!

The mountains, and the caves, and thou, my se-  
 cret tears have known;

The woods can tell where *he* hath wept that ever  
 wept alone!

"I see thee once again, my home! thou'rt there  
 amidst thy vines,

And clear upon thy gleaming roof the light of  
 summer shines.

It is a joyous hour when eve comes whispering  
 through thy groves —

The hour that brings the son from toil, the hour  
 the mother loves.

The hour *the mother* loves! — for *me* beloved it  
 hath not been;

Yet ever in its purple smile *thou* smilest, a  
 blessed scene!

Whose quiet beauty o'er my soul through dis-  
 tant years will come —

Yet what but as the dead, to thee, shall I be  
 then, my home!

"Not as the dead — no, not the dead! We speak  
 of *them* — we keep

*Their* names, like light that must not fade, with-  
 in our bosoms deep;

We hallow e'en the lyre they touched, we love  
 the lay they sung,

We pass with softer step the place *they* filled our  
 band among.

But I depart like sound, like dew, like aught  
 that leaves on earth

No trace of sorrow or delight, no memory of its  
 birth!

I go! — the echo of the rock a thousand songs  
 may swell,

When mine is a forgotten voice. Woods, moun-  
 tains, home, farewell!

"And farewell, mother! I have borne in lonely  
 silence long,

But now the current of my soul grows passion-  
 ate and strong;

And I will speak! though but the wind that  
 wanders through the sky,

And but the dark, deep-rustling pines and roll-  
 ing streams reply.

Yes, I will speak! Within my breast, whate'er  
 hath seemed to be,

There lay a hidden fount of love that would  
 have gushed for thee!

Brightly it would have gushed — but thou, my  
mother! thou hast thrown  
Back on the forests and the wilds what should  
have been thine own!

“Then fare thee well! I leave thee not a lone-  
liness to pine,  
Since thou hast sons of statelier mien and fairer  
brow than mine.  
Forgive me that thou couldst not love! — it may  
be that a tone  
Yet from my burning heart may pierce through  
thine, when I am gone;  
And thou, perchance, may'st weep for him on  
whom thou ne'er hast smiled,  
And the grave give his birthright back to thy  
neglected child!  
Might but my spirit *then* return, and 'midst its  
kindred dwell,  
And quench its thirst with love's free tears! 'Tis  
all a dream: farewell!”

“Farewell!” — the echo died with that deep  
word;  
Yet died not so the late repentant pang  
By the strain quickened in the mother's breast!  
There had passed many changes o'er her  
brow,  
And cheek, and eye; but into one bright  
flood  
Of tears at last all melted; and she fell  
On the glad bosom of her child, and cried,  
“Return, return, my son!” The echo caught  
A lovelier sound than song, and woke again,  
Murmuring, “Return, my son!”

### THE SULIOTE MOTHER.

[It is related, in a French life of Ali Pacha, that several  
of the Suliote women, on the advance of the Turkish troops  
into the mountain fastnesses, assembled on a lofty summit,  
and, after chanting a wild song, precipitated themselves,  
with their children, into the chasm below, to avoid becom-  
ing the slaves of the enemy.]

SHE stood upon the loftiest peak,  
Amidst the clear blue sky;  
A bitter smile was on her cheek,  
And a dark flash in her eye.

“Dost thou see them, boy? — through the dusky  
pines  
Dost thou see where the foeman's armor shines?

Hast thou caught the gleam of the conqueror's  
crest?  
My babe, that I cradled on my breast!  
Wouldst thou spring from thy mother's arms  
with joy?  
— That sight hath cost thee a father, boy!”

For in the rocky strait beneath,  
Lay Suliote sire and son:  
They had heaped high the piles of death  
Before the pass was won.

“They have crossed the torrent, and on they  
come.  
Woe for the mountain hearth and home!  
There, where the hunter laid by his spear,  
There, where the lyre hath been sweet to  
hear,  
There, where I sang thee, fair babe! to sleep,  
Nought but the blood stain our trace shall  
keep!”

And now the horn's loud blast was heard,  
And now the cymbal's clang,  
Till e'en the upper air was stirred,  
As cliff and hollow rang.

“Hark! they bring music, my joyous child!  
What saith the trumpet to Suli's wild?  
Doth it light thine eye with so quick a fire,  
As if at a glance of thine armed sire?  
Still! — be thou still! — there are brave men  
low:  
Thou wouldst not smile couldst thou see him  
now!”

But nearer came the clash of steel,  
And louder swelled the horn,  
And farther yet the tambour's peal  
Through the dark pass was borne.

“Hear'st thou the sound of their savage  
mirth?  
Boy! thou wert free when I gave thee birth, —  
Free, and how cherished, my warrior's son!  
He too hath blessed thee, as I have done!  
Ay, and unchained must his loved  
be —  
Freedom, young Suliote! for thee and me!”

And from the arrowy peak she sprung,  
And fast the fair child bore: —  
A veil upon the wind was flung.  
A cry — and all was o'er!



## THE FAREWELL TO THE DEAD.

[The following piece is founded on a beautiful part of the Greek funeral service, in which relatives and friends are invited to embrace the deceased (whose face is uncovered) and to bid their final adieu. — See *Christian Researches in the Mediterranean*.]

"'Tis hard to lay into the earth  
A countenance ■ benign ! ■ form that walked  
But yesterday ■ stately o'er the earth !" WILSON.

COME near ! Ere yet the dust  
Soil the bright paleness of the settled brow,  
Look on your brother ; and embrace him now,  
In still and solemn trust !  
Come near ! — once more let kindred lips be  
pressed  
On his cold cheek ; then bear him to his rest !

Look yet on this young face !  
What shall the beauty, from amongst us gone,  
Leave of its image, even where most it shone,  
Gladdening its hearth and race ?  
Dim grows the semblance on man's heart im-  
pressed.  
Come near, and bear the beautiful to rest !

Ye weep, and it is well !  
For tears befit earth's partings ! Yesterday,  
Song was upon the lips of this pale clay,  
And sunshine seemed to dwell  
Where'er he moved — the welcome and the  
blessed.  
Now gaze ! and bear the silent unto rest !

Look yet on him whose eye  
Meets yours no more, in sadness or in mirth.

Was he not fair amidst the sons of earth,  
The beings born to die ? —  
But not where death has power may love be  
blessed.  
Come near ! and bear ye the beloved to rest !

How may the mother's heart  
Dwell on her son, and dare to hope again ?  
The spring's rich promise has been given in  
vain —  
The lovely must depart !  
Is he not gone, our brightest and our best ?  
Come near ! and bear the early called to rest !

Look on him ! Is he laid  
To slumber from the harvest or the chase ? —  
Too still and sad the smile upon his face ;  
Yet that, even that must fade :  
Death holds not long unchanged his fairest guest  
Come near ! and bear the mortal to his rest !

His voice of mirth hath ceased  
Amidst the vineyards ! there is left no place  
For him whose dust receives your vain embrace,  
At the gay bridal feast !  
Earth must take earth to moulder on her breast.  
Come near ! weep o'er him ! bear him to his rest

Yet mourn ye not as they  
Whose spirits' light is quenched ! For him the  
past  
Is sealed : he may not fall, he may not cast  
His birthright's hope away !  
All is not *here* of our beloved and blessed.  
Leave ye the sleeper with his God to rest !

## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

## I GO, SWEET FRIENDS !

I go, sweet friends ! yet think of me  
When spring's young voice awakes the flowers ;  
For we have wandered far and free  
In those bright hours, the violet's hours.

I go ; but when you pause to hear,  
From distant hills, the Sabbath bell  
On summer winds float silvery clear,  
Think on me then — I loved it well !

Forget me not around your hearth,  
When cheerly smiles the ruddy blaze ;  
For dear hath been its evening mirth  
To me, sweet friends, in other days.

And O, when music's voice is heard  
To melt in strains of parting woe,  
When hearts to love and grief are  
stirred  
Think of me then ! — I go, I go !

ANGEL VISITS.

"No more of talk where God or angel guest  
With man, ■ with his friend, familiar used  
To sit indulgent, and with him partake  
Rural repast." MR. REX.

ARE ye forever to your skies departed?  
O, will ye visit this dim world no more?  
Ye, whose bright wings ■ solemn splendor darted  
Through Eden's fresh and flowering shades of  
yore!

Now are the fountains dried on that sweet spot,  
And ye — our faded earth beholds you not.

Yet, by your shining eyes not all forsaken,  
Man wandered from his Paradise away;  
Ye, from forgetfulness his heart to waken,  
Came down, high guests! in many a later day,  
And with the patriarchs, under vine or oak,  
'Midst noontide calm or hush of evening, spoke.

From you, the veil of midnight darkness rending,  
Came the rich mysteries to the sleeper's eye,  
That saw your hosts ascending and descending  
On those bright steps between the earth and  
sky:

Trembling he woke, and bowed o'er glory's trace,  
And worshipped, awe-struck, in that fearful  
place.

By Chebar's<sup>1</sup> brook ye passed, such radiance  
wearing

As mortal vision might but ill endure;  
Along the stream the living chariot bearing,  
With its high crystal arch, intensely pure;  
And the dread rushing of your wings that  
hour

Was like the noise of waters in their power.

But in the Olive Mount, by night appearing,  
'Midst the dim leaves, your holiest work was  
done.

Whose was the voice that came divinely cheering,  
Fraught with the breath of God to aid his Son?  
— Haply of those that, on the moonlit plains,  
Wafted good tidings unto Syrian swains.

Yet one more task was yours! your heavenly  
dwelling,

Ye left, and by th' unsealed sepulchral stone,  
In glorious raiment, sat; the weepers telling,  
That *He* they sought had triumphed, and was  
gone

<sup>1</sup> Ezekiel, chap. x.

Now have ye left us for the brighter shore;  
Your presence lights the lonely groves no more

But may ye not, unseen, around us hover,  
With gentle promptings and sweet influence  
yet,

Though the fresh glory of those days be over,  
When, 'midst the palm trees, man your foot  
steps met?

Are ye not near when faith and hope rise high,  
When love, by strength, o'er masters agony?

Are ye not near when sorrow, unrepining,

Yields up life's treasures unto Him who gave  
When martyrs, all things for His sake resigning,  
Lead on the march of death, serenely brave?  
Dreams! But a deeper thought our souls may  
fill:

One, One is near — ■ spirit holier still!

IVY SONG.

WRITTEN ON RECEIVING SOME IVY LEAVES GATHERED FROM  
THE RUINED CASTLE OF RHEINFELS, ON THE RHINE.

O, how could Fancy crown with *thee*  
In ancient days the God of Wine,  
And bid thee at the banquet be  
Companion of the vine?

*Thy* home, wild plant! is where each sound  
Of revelry hath long been o'er,  
Where song's full notes once pealed around  
But now are heard no more.

The Roman on his battle plains,  
Where kings before his eagles bent,  
Intwined thee with exulting strains  
Around the victor's tent:  
Yet there, though fresh in glossy green,  
Triumphantly thy boughs might wave,  
Better thou lov'st the silent scene  
Around the victor's grave.

Where sleep the sons of ages flown,  
The bards and heroes of the past.  
Where, through the halls of glory gone,  
Murmurs the wintry blast;  
Where years are hastening to efface  
Each record of the grand and fair;  
Thou, in thy solitary grace,  
Wreath of the tomb! art there.

O, many a temple, once sublime,  
Beneath a blue Italian sky,

Hath nought of beauty left by time,  
 Save thy wild tapestry!  
 And reared 'midst crags and clouds, 'tis thine  
 To wave where banners waved of yore,  
 O'er towers that crest the noble Rhine,  
 Along his rocky shore.

High from the fields of air look down  
 Those eyries of a vanished race —  
 Homes of the mighty, whose renown  
 Hath passed, and left no trace.  
 But there thou art! — thy foliage bright  
 Unchanged the mountain storm can brave;  
 Thou, that wilt climb the loftiest height,  
 Or deck the humblest grave!

'Tis still the same! Where'er we tread,  
 The wrecks of human power we see —  
 The marvels of all ages fled  
 Left to decay and thee!  
 And still let man his fabrics rear,  
 August in beauty, grace, and strength;  
 Days pass — thou ivy never sere! —<sup>1</sup>  
 And all is thine at length!

#### TO ONE OF THE AUTHOR'S CHILDREN ON HIS BIRTHDAY.

WHERE sucks the bee now? Summer is flying,  
 Leaves round the elm tree faded are lying;  
 Violets are gone from their grassy dell,  
 With the cowslip cups, where the fairies dwell;  
 The rose from the garden hath passed away —  
 Yet happy, fair boy, is thy natal day!

For love bids it welcome, the love which hath  
 smiled  
 Ever around thee, my gentle child!  
 Watching thy footsteps, and guarding thy bed,  
 And pouring out joy on thy sunny head.  
 Roses may vanish, but *this* will stay —  
 Happy and bright is thy natal day!

#### ON A SIMILAR OCCASION.

Thou wakest from rosy sleep, to play  
 With bounding heart, my boy!  
 Before thee lies a long bright day  
 Of summer and of joy.

Thou hast no heavy thought or dream  
 To cloud thy fearless eye:

Long be it thus! — life's early stream  
 Should still reflect the sky.

Yet, ere the cares of life lie dim  
 On thy young spirit's wings,  
 Now in thy morn forget not Him  
 From whom each pure thought springs.

So, in the onward vale of tears,  
 Where'er thy path may be,  
 When strength hath bowed to evil years,  
 He will remember thee!

#### CHRIST STILLING THE TEMPEST.

FEAR was within the tossing bark  
 When stormy winds grew loud,  
 And waves came rolling high and dark,  
 And the tall mast was bowed.

And men stood breathless in their dread,  
 And baffled in their skill;  
 But One was there, who rose and said  
 To the wild sea — *Be still!*

And the wind ceased — it ceased! that word  
 Passed through the gloomy sky:  
 The troubled billows knew their Lord,  
 And fell beneath His eye.

And slumber settled on the deep,  
 And silence on the blast;  
 They sank, as flowers that fold to sleep,  
 When sultry day is past.

O Thou! that in its wildest hour  
 Didst rule the tempest's mood,  
 Send thy meek spirit forth in power,  
 Soft on our souls to brood!

Thou that didst bow the billow's pride  
 Thy mandate to fulfil!  
 O, speak to passion's raging tide,  
 Speak, and say, "*Peace, be still!*"

#### EPITAPH

OVER THE GRAVE OF TWO BROTHERS, A CHILD AND  
 A YOUTH.

[Amongst the numerous friends Mrs. Hemans was fortunate enough to possess in Scotland, there was one to whom she was linked by so peculiar a bond of union, and whose unwearied kindness is so precious an inheritance to her chil-

<sup>1</sup> "Ye myrtles brown, and ivy never sere." — LYCIDAS.



aren, that it is hoped the owner of a name so dear to them, (though it be a part of her nature to shrink from publicity,) will forgive its being introduced into these pages.

This invaluable friend was Lady Wedderburn,<sup>1</sup> the mother of those "two brothers, a child and a youth," for whose monument Mrs. Hemans had written an inscription, which, with its simple pathos, has doubtless sunk deep into the heart of many a mourner, as well as of many a yet rejoicing parent, there called upon to remember that for them, too,

"Speaks the grave,  
Where God hath sealed the fount of hope He gave."

Into the gentle heart, which has found relief for its own sorrows in soothing the griefs and promoting the enjoyments of others, the author of this sacred tribute was taken with a warmth and loving kindness which extended its genial influence to all belonging to her; and during their stay in Edinburgh, whither they proceeded from Abbotsford, Mrs. Hemans and her children were cherished with a true home welcome at the house of Sir David Wedderburn. — *Memoir*, p. 192.]

THOU, that canst gaze upon thine own fair boy,  
And hear his prayer's low murmur at thy knee,  
And o'er his slumber bend in breathless joy,  
Come to this tomb! — it hath a voice for thee!  
Pray! Thou art blest — ask strength for sorrow's  
hour:  
Love, deep as thine, lays here its broken flower.

Thou that art gathering from the smile of youth  
Thy thousand hopes, rejoicing to behold  
All the heart's depths before thee bright with  
truth,  
All the mind's treasures silently unfold,  
Look on this tomb! — for thee, too, speaks the  
grave,  
Where God hath sealed the fount of hope He  
gave.

#### MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTION.

EARTH! guard what here we lay in holy trust,  
That which hath left our home a darkened  
place,  
Wanting the form, the smile, now veiled with  
dust,  
The light departed with our loveliest face.  
Yet from thy bonds our sorrow's hope is free —  
We have but lent the beautiful to thee.

But thou, O Heaven! keep, keep what *thou* hast  
taken,  
And with our treasure keep our hearts on high;

<sup>1</sup> The lady of Sir David Wedderburn, Bart., and sister of the Viscountess Hampden. The monument on which the lines inscribed is at Glynde, in Sussex, near Lord Hampden's seat. This excellent lady only survived Mrs. Hemans a few years.

The spirit meek, and yet by pain unshaken,  
The faith, the love, the lofty constancy —  
Guide us where these are with our sister flown  
They were of Thee, and thou hast claimed thine  
own!

#### THE SOUND OF THE SEA.

THOU art sounding on, thou mighty sea!  
Forever and the same;  
The ancient rocks yet ring to thee —  
Those thunders nought can tame.

O, many a glorious voice is gone  
From the rich bowers of earth,  
And hushed is many a lovely one  
Of mournfulness or mirth.

The Dorian flute, that sighed of yore  
Along the wave, is still;  
The harp of Judah peals no more  
On Zion's awful hill.

And Memnon's lyre hath lost the chord  
That breathed the mystic tone;  
And the songs at Rome's high triumphs poured  
Are with her eagles flown.

And mute the Moorish horn that rang  
O'er stream and mountain free;  
And the hymn the leagued Crusaders sang  
Hath died in Galilee.

But thou art swelling on, thou deep!  
Through many an olden clime,  
Thy billowy anthem, ne'er to sleep  
Until the close of time.

Thou liftest up thy solemn voice  
To every wind and sky,  
And all our earth's green shores rejoice  
In that one harmony.

It fills the noontide's calm profound,  
The sunset's heaven of gold;  
And the still midnight hears the sound,  
Even as first it rolled.

Let there be silence, deep and strange,  
Where sceptred cities rose!  
Thou speak'st of One who doth not change  
So may our hearts repose.

## THE CHILD AND DOVE.

SUGGESTED BY CHANTREY'S STATUE OF LADY LOUISA  
RUSSELL.

THOU art a thing on our dreams to rise,  
'Midst the echoes of long-lost melodies,  
And to fling bright dew from the morning back,  
Fair form! on each image of childhood's track.

Thou art a thing to recall the hours  
When the love of our souls was on leaves and  
flowers,  
When a world was our own in some dim sweet  
grove,  
And treasure untold in one captive dove.

Are they gone? can we think it, while *thou* art  
there,  
Thou joyous child with the clustering hair?  
Is it not spring that indeed breathes free  
And fresh o'er each thought, while we gaze on  
thee?

No! never more may we smile as thou  
Sheddest round smiles from thy sunny brow;  
Yet something it is, in our hearts to shrine  
A memory of beauty undimmed as thine —

To have met the joy of thy speaking face,  
To have felt the spell of thy breezy grace,  
To have lingered before thee, and turned, and  
borne  
One vision away of the cloudless morn.

## A DIRGE.

[The first two stanzas of this dirge may be found in the  
ast scene of "The Siege of Valencia;" but they are more  
particularly worthy of the reader's consideration, as having  
been selected for inscription on the tablet placed above the  
vault beneath St. Ann's Church, Dublin, where the remains  
of the author repose.]

CALM on the bosom of thy God,  
Young spirit! rest thee now!  
Even while with us thy footstep trod,  
His seal was on thy brow.

Dust, to its narrow house beneath!  
Soul, to its place on high!  
They that have seen thy look in death  
No more may fear to die.

Lone are the paths, and sad the bowers,  
Whence thy meek smile is gone;

But O, — a brighter home than ours,  
In heaven, is now thine own.

## SCENE IN A DALECARLIAN MINE.

"O, fondly, fervently, those two had loved,  
Had mingled minds in Love's own perfect trust;  
Had watched bright sunsets, dreamt of blissful years;  
— And thus they met!"

"HASTE, with your torches, haste! make fire-  
light round!" —

They speed, they press: what hath the miner  
found?

Relic or treasure — giant sword of old?  
Gems bedded deep — rich veins of burning gold?  
— Not so! — the dead, the dead! An awe-  
struck band

In silence gathering round the silent stand,  
Chained by one feeling, hushing e'en their breath,  
Before the thing that, in the might of death,  
Fearful, yet beautiful, amidst them lay —  
A sleeper, dreaming not! — a youth with hair  
Making a sunny gleam (how sadly fair!)  
O'er his cold brow: no shadow of decay  
Had touched those pale, bright features — yet  
he wore

A mien of other days, a garb of yore.  
Who could unfold that mystery? From the  
throng

A woman wildly broke; her eye was dim,  
As if through many tears, through vigils long,  
Through weary strainings: — all had been for  
him!

Those two had loved! And there he lay, the  
dead,

In his youth's flower — and she, the living, stood,  
With her gray hair, whence hue and gloss had  
fled —

And wasted form, and cheek, whose flushing  
blood

Had long since ebbed — a meeting sad and  
strange!

— O, are not meetings in this world of change  
Sadder than partings oft? She stood there still,  
And mute, and gazing — all her soul to fill  
With the loved face once more — the young,  
fair face,

'Midst that rude cavern, touched with sculp-  
ture's grace,

By torchlight and by death: until at last  
From her deep heart the spirit of the past  
Gushed in low broken tones: — "And there  
thou art!

And thus we meet, that loved, and did but part

As for a few brief hours! My friend, my friend!  
 First love, and only one! Is this the end  
 Of hope deferred, youth blighted! Yet thy brow  
 Still wears its own proud beauty, and thy cheek  
 Smiles—how unchanged!—while I, the worn,  
 and weak,  
 And faded—O, thou wouldst but scorn me now,  
 If thou couldst look on me!—a withered leaf,  
 Seared—though for thy sake—by the blast of  
 grief!

Better to see thee thus! For thou didst go  
 Bearing my image on thy heart, I know,  
 Unto the dead. My Ulric! through the night  
 How have I called thee! With the morning light  
 How have I watched for thee!—wept, wan-  
 dered, prayed,

Met the fierce mountain tempest, undismayed,  
 In search of thee!—bound my worn life to one—  
 One torturing hope! Now let me die! 'Tis gone.  
 Take thy betrothed!" And on his breast she fell,  
 O, since their youth's last passionate farewell,  
 How changed in all but love!—the true, the  
 strong,

Joining in death whom life had parted long!  
 They had one grave—one lonely bridal bed,  
 No friend, no kinsman there a tear to shed!  
 His name had ceased—her heart outlived each  
 tie,

Once more to look on that dead face, and die!

### ENGLISH SOLDIER'S SONG OF MEMORY.

TO THE AIR OF "AM RHEIN, AM RHEIN!"

Sing, sing in memory of the brave departed,  
 Let song and wine be poured!  
 Pledge to their fame, the free and fearless-hearted,  
 Our brethren of the sword!

Oft at the feast, and in the fight, their voices  
 Have mingled with our own;  
 Fill high the cup! but when the soul rejoices,  
 Forget not who are gone.

They that stood with us, 'midst the dead and  
 dying,  
 On Albuera's plain;  
 They that beside us cheerily tracked the flying,  
 Far o'er the hills of Spain;

They that amidst us, when the shells were  
 showering  
 From old Rodrigo's wall,

The rampart scaled, through clouds of battle  
 towering,  
 First, first at Victory's call;

They that upheld the banners, proudly waving.  
 In Roncesvalles' dell,  
 With England's blood the southern vineyards  
 laving—  
 Forget not how they fell!

Sing, sing in memory of the brave departed,  
 Let song and wine be poured!  
 Pledge to their fame, the free and fearless-hearted,  
 Our brethren of the sword!

### HAUNTED GROUND.

"And slight, withal, may be the things which bring  
 Back on the heart the weight which it would fling  
 Aside forever—it may be a sound,  
 A tone of music, summer eve, or spring,  
 A flower—the wind—the ocean—which shall wound,  
 Striking th' electric train, wherewith we're darkly bound."

BYRON.

Yes, it is haunted, this quiet scene,  
 Fair as it looks, and all softly green;  
 Yet fear not thou—for the spell is thrown.  
 And the might of the shadow, on me alone.

Are thy thoughts wandering to elves and fays,  
 And spirits that dwell where the water plays?  
 O, in the heart there are stronger powers,  
 That sway, though viewless, this world of ours!

Have I not lived 'midst these lonely dells,  
 And loved, and sorrowed, and heard farewells  
 And learned in my own deep soul to look,  
 And tremble before that mysterious book?

Have I not, under these whispering leaves,  
 Woven such dreams as the young heart weaves  
 Shadows—yet unto which life seemed bound;  
 And is it not—is it not haunted ground?

Must I not hear what *thou* hearest not,  
 Troubling the air of the sunny spot?  
 Is there not something to rouse but me,  
 Told by the rustling of every tree?

Song hath been here, with its flow of thought  
 Love, with its passionate visions fraught;  
 Death, breathing stillness and sadness round;  
 And is it not—is it not haunted ground?

Are there no phantoms, but such as come  
 By night from the darkness that wraps the tomb?



A sound, ■ scent, or a whispering breeze,  
Can summon up mightier far than these !

But I may not linger amidst them here !  
Lovely they are, and yet things to fear ;  
Passing and leaving a weight behind,  
And a thrill on the chords of the stricken mind.

Away, away ! — that my soul may soar  
As ■ free bird of blue skies once more !  
Here from its wing it may never cast  
The chain by those spirits brought back from  
the past.

Doubt it not — smile not — but go thou, too,  
Look on the scenes where thy childhood grew —  
Where thou hast prayed at thy mother's knee,  
Where thou hast roved with thy brethren free ;

Go thou, when life unto thee is changed,  
Friends thou hast loved as thy soul, estranged ;  
When from the idols thy heart hath made,  
Thou hast seen the colors of glory fade.

O, painfully then, by the wind's low sigh,  
By the voice of the stream, by the flower cup's  
dye,

By ■ thousand tokens of sight and sound,  
Thou wilt feel thou art treading on haunted  
ground.

### THE CHILD OF THE FORESTS.

WRITTEN AFTER READING THE MEMOIRS OF  
JOHN HUNTER.

[On one occasion, Mrs. Hemans was somewhat ludicrously disenchanted, through the medium of a *North American Review*, on the subject of a self-constituted hero, whose history (which suggested her little poem, "The Child of the Forests") she had read with unquestioning faith and lively interest. This was the redoubtable John Dunn Hunter, whose marvellous adventures amongst the Indians — by whom he represented himself to have been carried away in childhood — were worked up into a plausible narrative, admirably calculated to excite the sympathies of its readers. But how far it was really deserving of them, may be judged by the following extract from a letter to ■ friend who had been similarly mystified : — "I send you a *North American Review*, which will mortify C. and you with the sad intelligence that John Hunter — even our own John Dunn — the man of the panther's skin — the adopted of the Kansas — the shooter with the rifle — no, with the long bow — is, I blush to say it, neither more nor less than an impostor ; no better than Psalmanazar ; no, no better than Carraboo herself. After this, what are we to believe again ? Are there any Loo Choo Islands ? Was there ever any Robinson Crusoe ? Is there any Rammohun Roy ? All one's faith and trust is shaken to its foundations. No one here sympathizes with me properly on this annoying occasion ; but

you, I think, will know how to feel, who have been quite as much devoted to that vile John Dunn as myself" — *Memoir*, pp. 95, 96.]

Is not thy heart far off amidst the woods,  
Where the red Indian lays his father's dust,  
And, by the rushing of the torrent floods,  
To the Great Spirit bows in silent trust ?  
Doth not thy soul o'ersweep the foaming main,  
To pour itself upon the wilds again ?

They are gone forth, the desert's warrior  
race,

By stormy lakes to track the elk and roe ;  
But where art thou, the swift one in the chase,  
With thy free footstep and unfailing bow ?  
Their singing shafts have reached the panther's  
lair,  
And where art thou ? — thine arrows are not  
there.

They rest beside their streams — the spoil is  
won —

They hang their spears upon the cypress  
bough ;  
The night fires blaze, the hunter's work is done —  
They hear the tales of old — but where art  
thou ?

The night fires blaze beneath the giant pine,  
And there a place is filled that once was thine.

For thou art mingling with the city's throng,  
And thou hast thrown thine Indian bow aside ;  
Child of the forests ! thou art borne along,  
E'en as ourselves, by life's tempestuous tide.  
But will this be ? and canst thou here find  
rest ?

Thou hadst thy nurture on the desert's breast.

Comes not the sound of torrents to thine ear.  
From the savanna land, the land of streams  
Hear'st thou not murmurs which none else may  
hear ?

Is not the forest's shadow on thy dreams ?  
They call — wild voices call thee o'er the man,  
Back to thy free and boundless woods again.

Hear them not ! hear them not ! — thou canst  
not find

In the far wilderness what once was thine !  
Thou hast quaffed knowledge from the founts  
of mind,

And gathered loftier aims and hopes divine.  
Thou know'st the soaring thought, th' immortal  
strain —

Seek not the deserts and the woods again !

STANZAS TO THE MEMORY OF ■ \* \*.

IN the full tide of melody and mirth,  
While joy's bright spirit beams from every eye,  
Forget not him, whose soul, though fled from earth,  
Seems yet to speak in strains that cannot die.

Forget him not, for many ■ festal hour,  
Charmed by those strains, for us has lightly  
flown :  
And memory's visions, mingling with their  
power,  
Wake the heart's thrill at each familiar tone.

Hlest be the harmonist, whose well-known lays  
Revive life's morning dreams, when youth is  
fled,  
And, fraught with images of other days,  
Recall the loved, the absent, and the dead.

His the dear art whose spells a while renew  
Hope's first illusions in their tenderest bloom—  
O, what were life, unless such moments threw  
Bright gleams, "like angel visits," o'er its  
gloom ?

THE VAUDOIS VALLEYS.

Yes ! thou hast met the sun's last smile  
From the haunted hills of Rome ;  
By many a bright Ægean isle  
Thou hast seen the billows foam.

From the silence of the Pyramid,  
Thou hast watched the solemn flow  
Of the Nile, that with its waters hid  
The ancient realm below.

Thy heart hath burned, as shepherds sung  
Some wild and warlike strain,  
Where the Moorish horn once proudly rung  
Through the pealing hills of Spain.

And o'er the lonely Grecian streams  
Thou hast heard the laurels moan,  
With ■ sound yet murmuring in thy dreams  
Of the glory that is gone.

But go thou to the pastoral vales  
Of the Alpine mountains old,  
If thou wouldst hear immortal tales  
By the wind's deep whispers told !

Go, if thou lov'st the soil to tread  
Where man hath nobly striven,  
And life, like incense, hath been shed,  
An offering unto Heaven.

For o'er the snows, and round the pines,  
Hath swept ■ noble flood ;  
The nurture of the peasant's vines  
Hath been the martyr's blood !

A spirit, stronger than the sword,  
And loftier than despair,  
Through all th' heroic region poured,  
Breathes in the generous air.

A memory clings to every steep  
Of long-enduring faith,  
And the sounding streams glad record keep  
Of courage unto death.

Ask of the peasant *where* his sires  
For truth and freedom bled ;  
Ask where were lit the torturing fires,  
Where lay the holy dead ;

And he will tell thee, all around,  
On fount, and turf, and stone,  
Far as the chamois' foot can bound,  
Their ashes have been sown !

Go, when the Sabbath bell is heard <sup>1</sup>  
Up through the wilds to float,  
When the dark old woods and caves are stirred  
To gladness by the note ;

When forth, along their thousand rills,  
The mountain people come,  
Join thou their worship on those hills  
Of glorious martyrdom.

And while the song of praise ascends,  
And while the torrent's voice,  
Like the swell of many an organ, blends,  
Then let thy soul rejoice.

Rejoice, that human hearts, through scorn,  
Through shame, through death, made strong,

<sup>1</sup> See GILLY's *Researches among the Mountains of Piedmont*, for an interesting account of a Sabbath day among the upper regions of the Vaudois. The inhabitants of these Protestant valleys, who, like the Swiss, repair with their flocks and herds to the summit of the hills during the summer, are followed thither by their pastors, and at that time of the year assemble on that sacred day to worship in open air.

Before the rocks and heavens have borne  
Witness of God so long !

### SONG OF THE SPANISH WANDERER.

PILGRIM ! O, say, hath thy cheek been fanned  
By the sweet winds of my sunny land ?  
Know'st thou the sound of its mountain pines ?  
And hast thou rested beneath its vines ?

Hast thou heard the music still wandering by,  
A thing of the breezes, in Spain's blue sky,  
Floating away o'er hill and heath,  
With the myrtle's whisper, the citron's breath ?

Then say, are there fairer vales than those  
Where the warbling of fountains forever flows ?  
Are there brighter flowers than mine own, which  
wave

O'er Moorish ruin and Christian grave ?

O, sunshine and song ! they are lying far,  
By the streams that look to the western star ;  
My heart is fainting to hear once more  
The water voices of that sweet shore.

Many were they that have died for thee,  
And brave, my Spain ! though thou art not free ;  
But I call them blest ; they have rent *their*  
chain ;

They sleep in thy valleys, my sunny Spain !

### THE CONTADINA.

WRITTEN FOR A PICTURE.

Nor for the myrtle, and not for the vine,  
Though its grape, like a gem, be the sunbeam's  
shrine ;

And not for the rich blue heaven that showers  
Joy on thy spirit, like light on the flowers ;  
And not for the scent of the citron trees —  
Fair peasant ! I call thee not blest for *these*.

Not for the beauty spread over thy brow,  
Though round thee a gleam, as of spring, it  
throw ;

And not for the lustre that laughs from thine  
eye,

Like a dark stream's flash to the sunny sky,  
Though the south in its riches nought lovelier  
sees —

Fair peasant ! I call thee not blest for *these*.

But for those breathing and loving things —  
For the boy's fond arm that around thee clings  
For the smiling cheek on thy lap that glows,  
In the peace of a trusting child's repose —  
For the hearts whose home is thy gentle breast,  
O, richly, I call thee, and deeply blest !

### TROUBADOUR SONG.

THE warrior crossed the ocean's foam  
For the stormy fields of war ;  
The maid was left in a smiling home  
And a sunny land afar.

His voice was heard where javelin showers  
Poured on the steel-clad line ;  
Her step was 'midst the summer flowers,  
Her seat beneath the vine.

His shield was cleft, his lance was riven,  
And the red blood stained his crest ;  
While she — the gentlest wind of heaven  
Might scarcely fan her breast !

Yet a thousand arrows passed him by,  
And again he crossed the seas ;  
But she had died, as roses die  
That perish with a breeze —

As roses die, when the blast is come  
For all things bright and fair :  
There was death within the smiling home —  
How had death found her there ?

### THE TREASURES OF THE DEEP.<sup>1</sup>

WHAT hidest thou in thy treasure caves and cells,  
Thou hollow-sounding and mysterious main ?  
Pale glistening pearls, and rainbow-colored  
shells,

Bright things which gleam unrecked of, and  
in vain.

Keep, keep thy riches, melancholy sea !  
We ask not such from thee.

Yet more, the depths have more ! What wealth  
untold,

Far down, and shining through their stillness  
lies !

Thou hast the starry gems, the burning gold.  
Won from ten thousand royal argosies.

<sup>1</sup> Originally introduced in the "Forest Sanctuary."



Sweep o'er thy spoils, thou wild and wrathful  
main!

Earth claims not *these* again.

Yet more, the depths have more! Thy waves  
have rolled

Above the cities of a world gone by!  
Sand hath filled up the palaces of old,  
Seaweed o'ergrown the halls of revelry.  
Dash o'er them, ocean! in thy scornful play;  
Man yields them to decay.

Yet more, the billows and the depths have more!  
High hearts and brave are gathered to thy  
breast!

They hear not now the booming waters roar,  
The battle thunders will not break their rest.  
Keep thy red gold and gems, thou stormy grave!  
Give back the true and brave!

Give back the lost and lovely! those for whom  
The place was kept at board and hearth so  
long,

The prayer went up through midnight's breath-  
less gloom,

And the vain yearning woke 'midst festal song.  
Hold fast thy buried isles, thy towers o'erthrown,  
But all is not thine own.

To thee the love of woman hath gone down,  
Dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's noble  
head,

O'er youth's bright locks, and beauty's flowery  
crown!

Yet must thou hear a voice—Restore the  
dead!

Earth shall reclaim her precious things from  
thee!—

Restore the dead, thou sea!

[“The only public mention that I have made of Mrs. Hemans,” says Mr. Montgomery of Sheffield, in a letter regarding her, with which we have been favored by that excellent man and distinguished poet, “was in a series of lectures on the principal British Poets, delivered at the Royal Institution from ten to twelve years ago. In one of these, having to notice very briefly the ‘Female Poets,’ I said, ‘Mrs. Hemans, in many of her lyrics, has struck out a new and attractive style of mingling the picturesque and the sentimental with such grace and beauty that, in her best pieces, she is better than almost any poet of either sex in that sprightly, yet pathetic vein, which she has exercised.’ I gave ‘The Treasures of the Deep’ as an example; and, indeed, I know nothing in our language—of the kind and the character I mean—comparable with it, either in conception or execution, for wealth of thought, felicity of diction, and commanding address:—The Ocean summoned to give an account of all that it has been doing through six thousand years, and the answers dictated by the questioner, till all the

secrets of the abyss are revealed in the light by which poetry alone, of the purest order, can discover them. The last stanza is a crown of glory to the perfect whole.”

We beg to remind the author of “The World before the Flood,” and “The Pelican Island,” that the lectures to which he alludes have never been published. They were flatteringly successful, both when delivered at the Royal Institution, and before the literary societies of several of the principal provincial towns of England; and could not fail being acceptable to the great reading public, as the recorded opinions concerning the leading poets of Great Britain of past and present times, deliberately formed by one of their own number, who has himself written so much and so well, and who, in popularity as a lyrist, has no superior among contemporaries.]

### BRING FLOWERS.

Bring flowers, young flowers, for the festal board,  
To wreath the cup ere the wine is poured!  
Bring flowers! they are springing in wood and  
vale;

Their breath floats out on the southern gale,  
And the touch of the sunbeam hath waked the  
rose,

To deck the hall where the bright wine flows.

Bring flowers to strew in the conqueror's path!  
He hath shaken thrones with his stormy wrath.  
He comes with the spoils of nations back,  
The vines lie crushed in his chariot's track,  
The turf looks red where he won the day.  
Bring flowers to die in the conqueror's way!

Bring flowers to the captive's lonely cell!  
They have tales of the joyous woods to tell—  
Of the free blue streams, and the glowing sky,  
And the bright world shut from his languid eye;  
They will bear him a thought of the sunny  
hours,

And the dream of his youth. Bring him flow-  
ers, wild flowers!

Bring flowers, fresh flowers, for the bride to  
wear!

They were born to blush in her shining hair.  
She is leaving the home of her childhood's mirth,  
She hath bid farewell to her father's hearth,  
Her place is now by another's side.

Bring flowers for the locks of the fair young  
bride!

Bring flowers, pale flowers, o'er the bier to shed,  
A crown for the brow of the early dead!

For this through its leaves hath the white rose  
burst,

For this in the woods was the violet nursed!

Though they smile in vain for what once was  
ours,  
They are love's last gift. Bring ye flowers, pale  
flowers!

Bring flowers to the shrine where we kneel in  
prayer—

They are nature's offering, their place is *there*!  
They speak of hope to the fainting heart,  
With a voice of promise they come and part,  
They sleep in dust through the wintry hours,  
They break forth in glory. Bring flowers, bright  
flowers!

### THE CRUSADER'S RETURN.

"Alas! the mother that him bare,  
If she had been in presence there,  
In his wan cheeks and sunburnt hair  
She had not known her child."

MARMION.

Rest, pilgrim, rest! Thou'rt from the Syrian  
land,

Thou'rt from the wild and wondrous East, I  
know

By the long withered palm branch in thy hand,  
And by the darkness of thy sunburnt brow.

Alas! the bright, the beautiful, who part  
So full of hope, for that far country's bourn!

Alas! the weary and the changed in heart,  
And dimmed in aspect, who like thee return!

Thou'rt faint—stay, rest thee from thy toils at  
last:

Through the high chestnuts lightly plays the  
breeze,

The stars gleam out, the *Ave* hour is past,

The sailor's hymn hath died along the seas.

Thou'rt faint and worn—hear'st thou the foun-  
tain welling

By the gray pillars of yon ruined shrine?

Seest thou the dewy grapes before thee swelling?

—He that hath left me trained that loaded  
vine!

He was a child when thus the bower he wove,  
(O, hath a day fled since his childhood's time!)

That I might sit and hear the sound I love,

Beneath its shade—the convent's vesper  
chime.

And sit *thou* there!—for he was gentle ever;

With his glad voice he would have welcomed  
thee,

And brought fresh fruits to cool thy parched  
lips' fever.

There in his place thou'rt resting—where is he?

If I could hear that laughing voice again,  
But once again! How oft it wanders by,  
In the still hours, like some remembered strain.  
Troubling the heart with its wild melody!—  
Thou hast seen much, tired pilgrim! hast thou  
seen

In that far land, the chosen land of yore,  
A youth—my Guido—with the fiery mien  
And the dark eye of this Italian shore!

The dark, clear, lightning eye! On heaven and  
earth

It smiled—as if man were not dust it smiled.  
The very air seemed kindling with his mirth,  
And I—my heart grew young before my child!  
My blessed child!—I had but him—yet he  
Filled all my home e'en with o'erflowing  
joy,

Sweet laughter, and wild song, and footstep free.  
Where is he now?—my pride, my flower,  
my boy!

His sunny childhood melted from my sight,  
Like a spring dewdrop. Then his forehead  
wore

A prouder look—his eye a keener light:  
I knew these woods might be his world no  
more!

He loved me—but he left me! Thus they go  
Whom we have reared, watched, blessed, too  
much adored!

He heard the trumpet of the Red Cross blow,  
And bounded from me with his father's sword.

Thou weep'st—I tremble! Thou hast seen the  
slain

Pressing a bloody turf—the young and fair,  
With their pale beauty strewing o'er the plain  
Where hosts have met: speak! answer!—  
was *he* there?

O, hath his smile departed? Could the grave  
Shut o'er those bursts of bright and tameless  
glee?

No! I shall yet behold his dark locks wave —  
That look gives hope—I knew it could not —!

Still weep'st thou, wanderer? Some fond moth-  
er's glance

O'er thee, too, brooded in thine early years—  
Think'st thou of her, whose gentle eye, perchance,  
Bathed all thy faded hair with parting tears!  
Speak, for thy tears disturb me!—what art thou!

Why dost thou hide thy face, yet weeping on  
Look up! O, is it—that wan cheek and brow!—  
Is it—alas! yet joy—my son, my son!

THEKLA'S SONG; OR, THE VOICE OF  
A SPIRIT.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

— " 'Tis not merely  
The human being's pride that peoples space  
With life and mystical predominance;  
Since likewise for the stricken heart of love  
This visible nature, and this common world,  
Are all too narrow." — COLERIDGE'S "Wallenstein."

[This song is said to have been composed by Schiller in 1799 to the inquiries of a friend respecting the fate of *Thekla*, whose beautiful character is withdrawn from the tragedy of *Wallenstein's Death*, after her resolution to visit the grave of her lover is made known.]

Ask'st thou my home? — my pathway wouldst  
thou know,

When from thine eye my floating shadow  
passed?

Was not my work fulfilled and closed below?  
Had I not lived and loved? My lot was cast.

Wouldst thou ask where the nightingale is  
gone,

That, melting into song her soul away,  
Gave the spring breeze what witch'd thee in its  
tone?

But while she loved, she lived, in that deep  
lay!

Think'st thou my heart its lost one hath not  
found?

Yes! we are one: O, trust me, we have met,  
Where nought again may part what love hath  
bound,

Where falls no tear, and whispers no regret.

There shalt thou find us, there with us be blest,  
If, as our love, thy love is pure and true!

There dwells my father,<sup>1</sup> sinless and at rest,  
Where the fierce murderer may no more  
pursue.

And well he feels, no error of the dust  
Drew to the stars of heaven his mortal ken;  
There it is with us even as is our trust —  
He that believes is near the holy *then*.

There shall each feeling, beautiful and high,  
Keep the sweet promise of its earthly day.  
O, fear thou not to dream with waking eye!  
There lies deep meaning oft in childish play.

<sup>1</sup> Wallenstein.

## THE REVELLERS.

Ring, joyous chords! — ring out again!  
A swifter, and a wilder strain!  
They are here — the fair face and the careless  
heart,

And stars shall wane ere the mirthful part. —  
But I met a dimly mournful glance,  
In a sudden turn of the flying dance;  
I heard the tone of a heavy sigh  
In a pause of the thrilling melody!  
And it is not well that woe should breathe  
On the bright spring flowers of the festal  
wreath! —

Ye that to thought or to grief belong,  
Leave, leave the hall of song!

Ring, joyous chords! — But who art thou  
With the shadowy locks o'er thy pale young  
brow,

And the world of dreamy gloom that lies  
In the misty depths of thy soft dark eyes?  
Thou hast loved, fair girl! thou hast loved too  
well!

Thou art mourning now o'er a broken spell,  
Thou hast poured thy heart's rich treasures  
forth,

And art unrepaid for their priceless worth!  
Mourn on! — yet come thou not *here* the while.  
It is but a pain to see thee smile!  
There is not a tone in our songs for thee —  
Home with thy sorrows flee!

Ring, joyous chords! — ring out again! —  
But what dost thou with the revel's train?  
A silvery voice through the soft air floats,  
But thou hast no part in the gladdening notes;  
There are bright young faces that pass thee by,  
But they fix no glance of thy wandering eye!  
Away! there's a void in thy yearning breast,  
Thou weary man! wilt thou *here* find rest!  
Away! for thy thoughts from the scene have fled,  
And the love of thy spirit is with the dead.  
Thou art but more lone 'midst the sounds of  
mirth —

Back to thy silent hearth!

Ring, joyous chords! — Ring forth again!  
A swifter still, and a wilder strain! —  
But thou, though a reckless mien be thine,  
And thy cup be crowned with the foaming wine,  
By the fitful bursts of thy laughter loud,  
By thine eye's quick flash through its troubled  
cloud,



I know thee ! it is but the wakeful fear  
 Of a haunted bosom that brings thee here !  
 I know thee ! — thou fearest the solemn night,  
 With her piercing stars and her deep wind's  
 might !  
 There's a tone in her voice which thou fain  
 wouldst shun,  
 For it asks what the secret soul hath done !  
 And thou — there's a dark weight on thine —  
 away ! —  
 Back to thy home, and pray !

Ring, joyous chords ! — ring out again !  
 A swifter still, and a wilder strain !  
 And bring fresh wreaths ! — we will banish all  
 Save the free in heart from our festive hall.  
 On ! through the maze of the fleet dance, on ! —  
 But where are the young and the lovely gone ?  
 Where are the brows with the Red Rose crowned,  
 And the floating forms with the bright zone  
 bound ?  
 And the waving locks and the flying feet,  
 That still should be where the mirthful meet ? —  
 They are gone — they are fled — they are parted  
 all :  
 Alas ! the forsaken hall !

### THE CONQUEROR'S SLEEP.

SLEEP 'midst thy banners furled !  
 Yes ! thou art there, upon thy buckler lying,  
 With the soft wind unfelt around thee sighing,  
 Thou chief of hosts, whose trumpet shakes the  
 world !  
 Sleep, while the babe sleeps on its mother's  
 breast.  
 O, strong is night — for thou too art at rest !

Stillness hath smoothed thy brow,  
 And now might love keep timid vigils by thee,  
 Now might the foe with stealthy foot draw nigh  
 thee,  
 Alike unconscious and defenceless thou !  
 Tread lightly, watchers ! Now the field is  
 won,  
 Break not the rest of nature's weary son !

Perchance some lovely dream  
 Back from the stormy fight thy soul is bearing,  
 To the green places of thy boyish daring,  
 And all the windings of thy native stream.  
 Why, this were joy ! Upon the tented plain,  
 Dream on, thou Conqueror ! — be a child again !

But thou wilt wake at morn,  
 With thy strong passions to the conflict leaping,  
 And thy dark troubled thoughts all earth o'er-  
 sweeping ;  
 So wilt thou rise, O thou of woman born !  
 And put thy terrors on, till none may dare  
 Look upon thee — the tired one, slumbering  
 there !

Why, so the peasant sleeps  
 Beneath his vine ! — and man must kneel before  
 thee,  
 And for his birthright vainly still implore thee !  
 Shalt thou be stayed because thy brother  
 weeps ? —  
 Wake ! and forget that 'midst a dreaming world,  
 Thou hast lain thus, with all thy banners furled !

Forget that thou, even thou,  
 Hast feebly shivered when the wind passed o'er  
 thee,  
 And sunk to rest upon the earth which bore thee,  
 And felt the night dew chill thy fevered brow !  
 Wake with the trumpet, with the spear press  
 on ! —  
 Yet shall the dust take home its mortal son.

### OUR LADY'S WELL

FOUNT of the woods ! thou art hid no more  
 From heaven's clear eye, as in time of yore.  
 For the roof hath sunk from thy mossy walls,  
 And the sun's free glance on thy slumber falls ;  
 And the dim tree shadows across thee pass,  
 As the boughs are swayed o'er thy silvery glass .

<sup>1</sup> A beautiful spring in the woods near St. Asaph, formerly covered in with a chapel, now in ruins. It was dedicated to the Virgin, and, according to Pennant, much the resort of pilgrims.

[Those who only know the neighborhood of St. Asaph from travelling along its highways, can be little aware how much delightful scenery is attainable within walks of two or three miles' distance from Mrs. Hemans's residence. The placid beauty of the Clwyd, and the wilder graces of the sister stream, the Elwy, particularly in the vicinity of "Our Lady's Well," and the interesting rocks and caves at Cefn, are little known to general tourists ; though, by the lovers of her poetry, it will be remembered how sweetly she has apostrophized the

"Fount of the chapel with ages gray ;"  
 and how tenderly, amid far different scenes, her thoughts reverted to the

"Cambrian river with slow music gliding  
 By pastoral hills, old woods, and ruined towers."

— (Sonnet to the River Clwyd.)

— *Memoir*, pp. 92, 93.]

And the reddening leaves to thy breast are blown,  
When the autumn wind hath a stormy tone;  
And thy bubbles rise to the flashing rain —  
Bright Fount! thou art nature's own again!

Fount of the vale! thou art sought no more  
By the pilgrim's foot, as in time of yore,  
When he came from afar, his beads to tell,  
And to chant his hymn at Our Lady's Well.  
There is heard no *Ave* through thy bowers,  
Thou art gleaming lone 'midst thy water flowers!  
But the herd may drink from thy gushing wave,  
And there may the reaper his forehead lave,  
And the woodman seeks thee not in vain —  
Bright Fount! thou art nature's own again!

Fount of the Virgin's ruined shrine!  
A voice that speaks of the past is thine!  
It mingles the tone of a thoughtful sigh  
With the notes that ring through the laughing  
sky;

'Midst the mirthful song of the summer bird,  
And the sound of the breeze, it will yet be  
heard! —

Why is it that thus we may gaze on thee,  
To the brilliant sunshine sparkling free?  
'Tis that all on earth is of *Time's* domain —  
He hath made thee nature's own again!

Fount of the chapel with ages gray!  
Thou art springing freshly amidst decay;  
Thy rights are closed, and thy cross lies low,  
And the changeful hours breathe o'er thee now.  
Yet if at thine altar one holy thought  
In man's deep spirit of old hath wrought;  
If peace to the mourner hath here been given,  
Or prayer, from a chastened heart, to Heaven —  
Be the spot still hallowed while Time shall  
reign,  
Who hath made thee nature's own again!

### THE PARTING OF SUMMER.

THOU'RT bearing hence thy roses;  
Glad Summer, fare thee well!  
Thou'rt singing thy last melodies  
In every wood and dell.

But ere the golden sunset  
Of thy latest lingering day,  
O, tell me, o'er this checkered earth,  
How hast thou passed away?

Brightly, sweet Summer! brightly  
Thine hours have floated by,  
To the joyous birds of the woodland boughs,  
The rangers of the sky;

And brightly in the forests,  
To the wild deer wandering free;  
And brightly, 'midst the garden flowers,  
To the happy murmuring bee:

But how to human bosoms,  
With all their hopes and fears,  
And thoughts that make them eagle wings,  
To pierce the unborn years?

Sweet Summer! to the captive  
Thou hast flown in burning dreams  
Of the woods, with all their whispering leaves  
And the blue rejoicing streams; —

To the wasted and the weary  
On the bed of sickness bound,  
In swift delirious fantasies,  
That changed with every sound; —

To the sailor on the billows,  
In longings, wild and vain,  
For the gushing founts and breezy hills,  
And the homes of earth again!

And unto me, glad Summer!  
How hast thou flown to me?  
*My* chainless footstep nought hath kept  
From thy haunts of song and glee.

Thou hast flown in wayward visions,  
In memories of the dead —  
In shadows from a troubled heart,  
O'er thy sunny pathway shed:

In brief and sudden strivings  
To fling a weight aside —  
'Midst these thy melodies have ceased,  
And all thy roses died.

But O, thou gentle Summer!  
If I greet thy flowers once more,  
Bring me again the buoyancy  
Wherewith my soul should soar!

Give me to hail thy sunshine  
With song and spirit free;  
Or in a purer air than this  
May that next meeting be!

## THE SONGS OF OUR FATHERS.

— "Sing aloud  
Old songs, the precious music of the heart."

WORDSWORTH.

SING them upon the sunny hills,  
When days are long and bright,  
And the blue gleam of shining rills  
Is loveliest to the sight !  
Sing them along the misty moor,  
Where ancient hunters roved,  
And swell them through the torrent's roar,  
The songs our fathers loved ! —

The songs their souls rejoiced to hear  
When harps were in the hall,  
And each proud note made lance and spear  
Thrill on the bannered wall :  
The songs that through our valleys green,  
Sent on from age to age,  
Like his own river's voice, have been  
The peasant's heritage.

The reaper sings them when the vale  
Is filled with plummy sheaves ;  
The woodman, by the starlight pale,  
Cheered homeward through the leaves :  
And unto them the glancing oars  
A joyous measure keep,  
Where the dark rocks that crest our shores  
Dash back the foaming deep.

So let it be ! ■ light they shed  
O'er each old fount and grove ;  
A memory of the gentle dead,  
A lingering spell of love.  
Murmuring the names of mighty men,  
They bid our streams roll on,  
And link high thoughts to every glen  
Where valiant deeds were done.

Teach them your children round the hearth,  
When evening fires burn clear,  
And in the fields of harvest mirth,  
And on the hills of deer.  
So shall each unforgotten word,  
When far those loved ones roam,  
Call back the hearts which once it stirred,  
To childhood's holy home.

The green woods of their native land  
Shall whisper in the strain,  
The voices of their household band  
Shall breathe their names again ;  
The heathery heights in vision rise,  
Where, like the stag, they roved.

Sing to your sons those melodies,  
The songs your fathers loved.

## THE WORLD IN THE OPEN AIR.

COME, while in freshness and dew it lies,  
To the world that is under the free blue skies !  
Leave ye man's home, and forget his care —  
There breathes no sigh on the dayspring's air

Come to the woods, in whose mossy dells  
A light, all made for the poet, dwells —  
A light, colored softly by tender leaves,  
Whence the primrose a mellow glow receives.

The stock dove is there in the beechen tree,  
And the lulling tone of the honey bee ;  
And the voice of cool waters' midst feathery fern,  
Shedding sweet sounds from some hidden urn.

There is life, there is youth, there is tameless  
mirth,

Where the streams, with the lilies they wear,  
have birth ;

There is peace where the alders are whispering  
low :

Come from man's dwellings with all their woe !

Yes ! we will come — we will leave behind  
The homes and the sorrows of humankind.  
It is well to rove where the river leads  
Its bright-blue vein along sunny meads :

It is well through the rich wild woods to go,  
And to pierce the haunts of the fawn and doe ;  
And to hear the gushing of gentle springs,  
When the heart has been fretted by worldly  
stings ;

And to watch the colors that flit and pass,  
With insect wings, through the wavy grass ;  
And the silvery gleams o'er the ash tree's bark,  
Borne in with a breeze through the foliage  
dark.

Joyous and far shall our wanderings be,  
As the flight of birds o'er the glittering sea :  
To the woods, to the dingles where violets blow  
We will bear no memory of earthly woe.

But if, by the forest brook, we meet  
A line like the pathway of former feet ;  
If, 'midst the hills, in some lonely spot,  
We reach the gray ruins of tower or cot ; —



If the cell, where a hermit of old hath prayed,  
Lift up its cross through the solemn shade ;  
Or if some nook, where the wild flowers wave,  
Bear token sad of a mortal grave, —

Doubt not but *there* will our steps be stayed,  
There our quick spirits a while delayed ;  
There will thought fix our impatient eyes,  
And win back our hearts to their sympathies.

For what though the mountains and skies be  
fair,

Steeped in soft hues of the summer air ?  
Tis the soul of man, by its hopes and dreams,  
That lights up all nature with living gleams.

Where it hath suffered and nobly striven,  
Where it hath poured forth its vows to Heaven ;  
Where to repose it hath brightly passed,  
O'er this green earth there is glory cast.

And by that soul, 'midst groves and rills,  
And flocks that feed on a thousand hills,  
Birds of the forest, and flowers of the sod,  
*We*, only *we*, may be linked to God !

#### KINDRED HEARTS.

O, *ASK* not, hope thou not too much  
Of sympathy below !  
Few are the hearts whence one same touch  
Bids the sweet fountains flow —  
Few, and by still conflicting powers  
Forbidden here to meet :  
Such ties would make this life of ours  
Too fair for aught so fleet.

It may be that thy brother's eye  
Sees not as thine, which turns  
In such deep reverence to the sky,  
Where the rich sunset burns :  
It may be that the breath of spring,  
Born amidst violets lone,  
A rapture o'er thy soul can bring —  
A dream, to his unknown.

The tune that speaks of other times —  
A sorrowful delight !  
The melody of distant chimes,  
The sound of waves by night,  
The wind, that, with so many a tone,  
Some chord within can thrill, —  
These may have language all thine own,  
To *him* a mystery still.

Yet scorn thou not, for this, the true  
And steadfast love of years ;  
The kindly, that from childhood grew,  
The faithful to thy tears !  
If there be one that o'er the dead  
Hath in thy grief borne part,  
And watched through sickness by thy bed,  
Call *his* a kindred heart !

But for those bonds all perfect made,  
Wherein bright spirits blend,  
Like sister flowers of one sweet shade  
With the same breeze that bend —  
For that full bliss of thought allied  
Never to mortals given,  
O, lay thy lovely dreams aside,  
Or lift them unto Heaven

#### THE TRAVELLER AT THE SOURCE OF THE NILE.

IN sunset's light, o'er Afric thrown,  
A wanderer proudly stood  
Beside the wellspring, deep and lone,  
Of Egypt's awful flood —  
The cradle of that mighty birth,  
So long a hidden thing to earth !

He heard its life's first murmuring sound,  
A low mysterious tone —  
A music sought, but never found  
By kings and warriors gone.  
He listened — and his heart beat high :  
That was the song of victory !

The rapture of a conqueror's mood  
Rushed burning through his frame, —  
The depths of that green solitude  
Its torrents could not tame ;  
Though stillness lay, with eve's last smile,  
Round those far fountains of the Nile.

Night came with stars. Across his soul  
There swept a sudden change :  
E'en at the pilgrim's glorious goal,  
A shadow dark and strange  
Breathed from the thought, so swift to fall  
O'er triumph's hour — *and is this all ?*<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Bruce's mingled feelings on arriving at the source of the Nile are thus portrayed by him : — " I was, at that very moment, in possession of what had for many years been the principal object of my ambition and wishes ; indifference.

No more than this ! What seemed it *now*  
 First by that spring to stand ?  
 A thousand streams of lovelier flow  
 Bathed his own mountain land !  
 Whence, far o'er waste and ocean track,  
 Their wild, sweet voices called him back.

They called him back to many a glade,  
 His childhood's haunt of play,  
 Where brightly through the beechen shade  
 Their waters glanced away ;  
 They called him, with their sounding waves,  
 Back to his father's hills and graves.

But, darkly mingling with the thought  
 Of each familiar scene,  
 Rose up a fearful vision, fraught  
 With all that lay between —  
 The Arab's lance, the desert's gloom,  
 The whirling sands, the red simoom !

Where was the glow of power and pride ?  
 The spirit born to roam ?  
 His altered heart within him died  
 With yearnings for his home !  
 All vainly struggling to repress  
 That gush of painful tenderness.

He wept ! The stars of Afric's heaven  
 Beheld his bursting tears,  
 E'en on that spot where fate had given  
 The meed of toiling years !  
 O Happiness ! how far we flee  
 Thine own sweet paths in search of thee !

#### CASABIANCA.<sup>1</sup>

THE boy stood on the burning deck,  
 Whence all but he had fled ;  
 The flame that lit the battle's wreck  
 Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,  
 As born to rule the storm —

which, from the usual infirmity of human nature, follows, at least for a time, complete enjoyment, had taken place of it. The marsh and the fountains of the Nile, upon comparison with the rise of many of our rivers, became now a trifling object in my sight. I remembered that magnificent scene in my own native country, where the Tweed, Clyde, and Annan, rise in one hill. I began, in my sorrow, to treat the inquiry about the source of the Nile as a violent effort of a distempered fancy."

<sup>1</sup> Young Casabianca, a boy about thirteen years old, son to the Admiral of the Orient, remained at his post (in the

A creature of heroic blood,  
 A proud, though childlike form.

The flames rolled on — he would not go  
 Without his father's word ;  
 That father, faint in death below,  
 His voice no longer heard.

He called aloud : — " Say, father ! say  
 If yet my task is done ! "  
 He knew not that the chieftain lay  
 Unconscious of his son.

" Speak, father ! " once again he cried,  
 " If I may yet be gone ! "  
 And but the booming shots replied,  
 And fast the flames rolled on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,  
 And in his waving hair,  
 And looked from that lone post of death  
 In still yet brave despair ;

And shouted but once more aloud,  
 " My father ! must I stay ? "  
 While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,  
 The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapped the ship in splendor wild,  
 They caught the flag on high,  
 And streamed above the gallant child  
 Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder sound —  
 The boy — O, where was he ?  
 Ask of the winds that far around  
 With fragments strewed the sea !

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,  
 That well had borne their part ;  
 But the noblest thing which perished there  
 Was that young faithful heart !

#### THE DIAL OF FLOWERS.<sup>2</sup>

'Twas a lovely thought to mark the hours,  
 As they floated in light away,

Battle of the Nile) after the ship had taken fire, and all the guns had been abandoned ; and perished in the explosion of the vessel, when the flames had reached the powder.

<sup>2</sup> This dial was, I believe, formed by Linneus, and marked the hours by the opening and closing, at regular intervals, of the flowers arranged in it.

By the opening and the folding flowers,  
That laugh to the summer's day.

Thus had each moment its own rich hue,  
And its graceful cup and bell,  
In whose colored vase might sleep the dew,  
Like a pearl in an ocean shell.

To such sweet signs might the time have flowed  
In a golden current on,  
Ere from the garden, man's first abode,  
The glorious guests were gone.

So might the days have been brightly told —  
These days of song and dreams —  
When shepherds gathered their flocks of old  
By the blue Arcadian streams.

So in those isles of delight, that rest  
Far off in a breezeless main,  
Which many a bark, with a weary quest,  
Has sought, but still in vain.

Yet is not life, in its real flight,  
Marked thus — even thus — on earth,  
By the closing of one hope's delight,  
And another's gentle birth?

O, let us live, so that flower by flower,  
Shutting in turn, may leave  
A lingerer still for the sunset hour,  
A charm for the shaded eve.

### OUR DAILY PATHS.<sup>1</sup>

Nought shall prevail against us, or disturb  
Our cheerful faith that all which we behold  
Is full of blessings." WORDSWORTH.

There is beauty all around our paths, if but our  
watchful eyes  
Can trace it 'midst familiar things, and through  
their lowly guise;

<sup>1</sup> This little poem derives an additional interest from being affectingly associated with a name no less distinguished than that of the late Mr. Dugald Stewart. The admiration he always expressed for Mrs. Hemans's poetry was mingled with regret that she so generally made choice of melancholy subjects; and on one occasion, he sent her, through a mutual friend, a message suggestive of his wish that she would employ her fine talents in giving more consolatory views of the ways of Providence, thus infusing comfort and cheer into the bosoms of her readers, in a spirit of Christian philosophy, which, he thought, would be more consonant with the pious mind and loving heart displayed in every line she wrote,

We may find it where a hedgerow showers its  
blossoms o'er our way,  
Or a cottage window sparkles forth in the last  
red light of day.

We may find it where a spring shines clear be-  
neath an aged tree,  
With the foxglove o'er the water's glass, borne  
downwards by the bee;  
Or where a swift and sunny gleam on the birchen  
stems is thrown,  
As a soft wind playing parts the leaves, in copse  
green and lone.

We may find it in the winter boughs, as they  
cross the cold blue sky,  
While soft on icy pool and stream their pen-  
cilled shadows lie,  
When we look upon their tracery, by the fairy  
frostwork bound,  
Whence the flitting redbreast shakes a shower  
of crystals to the ground.

Yes! beauty dwells in all our paths — but sorrow  
too is there:  
How oft some cloud within us dims the bright,  
still summer air!  
When we carry our sick hearts abroad amidst  
the joyous things,  
That through the leafy places glance on many-  
colored wings,

With shadows from the past we fill the happy  
woodland shades,  
And a mournful memory of the dead is with us  
in the glades;

than dwelling on what was painful and depressing, however beautifully and touchingly such subjects might be treated of. This message was faithfully transmitted, and almost by return of post, Mrs. Hemans (who was then residing in Wales) sent to the kind friend to whom it had been forwarded, the poem of "Our Daily Paths," requesting it might be given to Mr. Stewart, with an assurance of her gratitude for the interest he took in her writings, and alleging as the reason of the mournful strain which pervaded them, "that a cloud hung over her life which she could not always rise above."

The letter reached Mr. Stewart just as he was stepping into the carriage, to leave his country residence (Kinneil House, the property of the Duke of Hamilton) for Edinburgh — the last time, alas! his presence was ever to gladden that happy home, as his valuable life was closed very shortly afterwards. The poem was read to him by his daughter, on his way to Edinburgh, and he expressed himself in the highest degree charmed and gratified with the result of his suggestions; and some of the lines which pleased him more particularly were often repeated to him during the few remaining weeks of his life.



And our dream-like fancies lend the wind an  
echo's plaintive tone  
Of voices, and of melodies, and of silvery laugh-  
ter gone.

But are we free to do e'en thus — to wander as  
we will,  
Bearing sad visions through the grove, and o'er  
the breezy hill?  
No! in our daily paths lie cares, that oftentimes  
bind us fast,  
While from their narrow round we see the  
golden day fleet past.

They hold us from the woodlark's haunts, and  
violet dingles, back,  
And from all the lovely sounds and gleams in  
the shining river's track;  
They bar us from our heritage of spring time,  
hope, and mirth,  
And weigh our burdened spirits down with the  
cumbering dust of earth.

Yet should this be? Too much, too soon, de-  
spondingly we yield!

A better lesson we are taught by the lilies of  
the field!

A sweeter by the birds of heaven — which tell  
us, in their flight,

Of One that through the desert air forever guides  
them right.

Shall not this knowledge calm our hearts, and  
bid vain conflicts cease?

Ay, when they commune with themselves in  
holy hours of peace,

And feel that by the lights and clouds through  
which our pathway lies,

By the beauty and the grief alike, we are train-  
ing for the skies!

### THE CROSS IN THE WILDERNESS.

SILENT and mournful sat an Indian chief,

In the red sunset, by a grassy tomb;

His eyes, that might not weep, were dark with  
grief,

And his arms folded in majestic gloom;

And his bow lay unstrung beneath the mound

Which sanctified the gorgeous waste around.

For a pale cross above its greensward rose,

Telling the cedars and the pines that there

Man's heart and hope had struggled with his  
woes,

And lifted from the dust a voice of prayer.

Now all was hushed; and eve's last splendor  
shone

With a rich sadness on th' attesting stone.

There came a lonely traveller o'er the wild,

And he too paused in reverence by that grave,  
Asking the tale of its memorial, piled

Between the forest and the lake's bright wave;  
Till, as a wind might stir a withered oak,  
On the deep dream of age his accents broke.

And the gray chieftain, slowly rising, said —

"I listened for the words, which, years ago,  
Passed o'er these waters. Though the voice is  
fled

Which made them as a singing fountain's flow,  
Yet, when I sit in their long-faded track,  
Sometimes the forest's murmur gives them back.

"Ask'st thou of him whose house is lone beneath?

I was an eagle in my youthful pride,  
When o'er the seas he came, with summer's  
breath,

To dwell amidst us, on the lake's green side.  
Many the times of flowers have been since then —  
Many, but bringing nought like *him* again!

"Not with the hunter's bow and spear he  
came,

O'er the blue hills to chase the flying roe;  
Not the dark glory of the woods to tame,  
Laying their cedars, like the cornstalks, low;  
But to spread tidings of all holy things,  
Gladdening our souls as with the morning's  
wings.

"Doth not yon cypress whisper how we met,  
I and my brethren that from earth are gone,  
Under its boughs to hear his voice, which yet  
Seems through their gloom to send a silvery  
tone?

He told of One the grave's dark bonds who broke,  
And our hearts burned within us as he spoke.

"He told of far and sunny lands, which lie  
Beyond the dust wherein our fathers dwell;  
Bright must they be! for *there* are none that  
die,

And none that weep, and none that say 'Fare-  
well!'

He came to guide us thither; but away  
The Happy called him, and he might not stay.

“We saw him slowly fade — athirst, perchance,  
For the fresh waters of that lovely clime;  
Yet was there still a sunbeam in his glance,  
And on his gleaming hair no touch of time:  
Therefore we hoped; but now the lake looks dim,  
For the green summer comes — and finds not  
him!

“We gathered round him in the dewy hour  
Of one still morn, beneath his chosen tree;  
From his clear voice, at first, the words of power  
Came low, like moanings of ■ distant sea;  
But swelled and shook the wilderness ere long,  
As if the spirit of the breeze grew strong.

“And then once more they trembled on his  
tongue,  
And his white eyelids fluttered, and his head  
Fell back, and mist upon his forehead hung —  
Know'st thou not how we pass to join the  
dead?

It is enough! he sank upon my breast —  
Our friend that loved us, he was gone to rest!

“We buried him where he was wont to pray,  
By the calm lake, e'en here, at eventide;  
We reared this cross in token where he lay,  
For on the cross, he said, his Lord had died.  
Now hath he surely reached, o'er mount and  
wave,  
That flowery land whose green turf hides no  
grave.

“But I am sad! I mourn the clear light taken  
Back from my people, o'er whose place it  
shone,  
The pathway to the better shore forsaken,  
And the true words forgotten, save by one,  
Who hears them faintly sounding from the  
past,  
Mingled with death songs in each fitful blast.”

Then spoke the wanderer forth with kindling  
eye —

“Son of the wilderness! despair thou not,  
Though the bright hour may seem to thee gone by,  
And the cloud settled o'er thy nation's lot!  
Heaven darkly works; yet, where the seed hath  
been,  
There shall the fruitage glowing yet be seen.

“Hope on, hope ever! — by the sudden springing  
Of green leaves which the winter hid so long;  
And by the bursts of free, triumphant singing,  
After cold silent months, the woods among;

And by the rending of the frozen chains,  
Which bound the glorious rivers on their plains

“Deem not the words of light that here were  
spoken

But as ■ lovely song, to leave no trace  
Yet shall the gloom which wraps thy hills be  
broken,

And the full dayspring rise upon thy race!  
And fading mists the better path disclose,  
And the wide desert blossom as the rose.”

So by the Cross they parted, in the wild,  
Each fraught with musings for life's after day,  
Memories to visit *one*, the forest's child,  
By many a blue stream in its lonely way;  
And upon *one*, 'midst busy throngs to press,  
Deep thoughts and sad, yet full of holiness.

[“The Cross in the Wilderness,” by Mrs. Hemans, is in every way worthy of her delightful genius; and nothing but want of room prevents us from quoting it entire. Mrs. Hemans is, indeed, the star that shines most brightly in the hemisphere; and in every thing she writes, there is, along with ■ fine spirit of poetry, a still finer spirit of moral and religious truth. Of all the female poets of the day, Mrs. Hemans is, in the best sense of the word, the most truly feminine — no false glitter about her — no ostentatious display — no gaudy and jingling ornaments — but, as an English matron ought to be, simple, sedate, cheerful, elegant and religious.” — PROFESSOR WILSON, in *Blackwood's Magazine*, December, 1826.]

#### LAST RITES.

By the mighty minster's bell,  
Tolling with a sudden swell;  
By the colors half mast high,  
O'er the sea hung mournfully;  
Know, a prince hath died!

By the drum's dull muffled sound,  
By the arms that sweep the ground,  
By the volleying muskets' tone,  
Speak ye of ■ soldier gone  
In his manhood's pride.

By the chanted psalm that fills  
Reverently the ancient hills,<sup>1</sup>  
Learn, that from his harvests done,  
Peasants bear a brother on  
To his last repose.

By the pall of snowy white  
Through the yew trees gleaming bright,

<sup>1</sup> A custom still retained at rural funerals in some parts of England and Wales

By the garland on the bier,  
Weep! ■ maiden claims thy tear —  
Broken is the rose!

Which is the tenderest rite of all?  
Buried virgin's coronal,  
Requiem o'er the monarch's head,  
Farewell gun for warrior dead,  
Herdsman's funeral hymn?

Tells not each of human woe?  
Each of hope and strength brought low?  
Number each with holy things,  
If one chastening thought it brings  
Ere life's day grow dim!

### THE HEBREW MOTHER.<sup>1</sup>

THE rose was in rich bloom on Sharon's plain,  
When ■ young mother, with her first born, thence  
Went up to Zion; for the boy was vowed  
Unto the Temple service. By the hand  
She led him, and her silent soul, the while,  
Oft as the dewy laughter of his eye  
Met her sweet serious glance, rejoiced to think  
That aught so pure, so beautiful was hers,  
To bring before her God. So passed they on  
O'er Judah's hills; and wheresoe'er the leaves  
Of the broad sycamore made sounds at noon,  
Like lulling raindrops, or the olive boughs,  
With their cool dimness, crossed the sultry blue  
Of Syria's heaven, she paused, that he might  
rest;

Yet from her own meek eyelids chased the sleep  
That weighed their dark fringe down, to sit and  
watch

The crimson deepening o'er his cheek's repose,  
As at a red flower's heart. And where ■ fount  
Lay, like ■ twilight star, 'midst palmy shades,  
Making its bank green gems along the wild,  
There too she lingered, from the diamond wave  
Drawing bright water for his rosy lips,  
And softly parting clusters of jet curls  
To bathe his brow. At last the fane was reached,  
The earth's one sanctuary — and rapture hushed  
Her bosom, as before her, through the day,  
It rose, ■ mountain of white marble, steeped  
In light like floating gold. But when that hour  
Waned to the farewell moment, when the boy  
Lifted, through rainbow-gleaming tears, his eye

Beseechingly to hers, and, half in fear,  
Turned from the white-robed priest, and round  
her arm

Clung even as joy clings — the deep spring tide  
Of nature then swelled high, and o'er her  
child

Bending, her soul broke forth in mingled sounds  
Of weeping and sad song. "Alas!" she cried,

"Alas! my boy, thy gentle grasp is on me,  
The bright tears quiver in thy pleading eyes;  
And now fond thoughts arise,  
And silver cords again to earth have won me,  
And like a vine thou claspest my full heart —  
How shall I hence depart?"

"How the lone paths retrace where thou wert  
playing

So late, along the mountains, at my side?  
And I, in joyous pride,

By every place of flowers my course delaying,  
Wove, e'en as pearls, the kiles round thy hair,  
Beholding thee so fair!

"And, O, the home whence thy bright smile  
hath parted,

Will it not seem as if the sunny day  
Turned from its door away?

While through its chambers wandering, weary  
hearted,

I languish for thy voice, which past me still  
Went like a singing rill?

"Under the palm trees thou no more shalt meet  
me,

When from the fount at evening I return,  
With the full water urn;

Nor will thy sleep's low dove-like breathings  
greet me,

As 'midst the silence of the stars I wake,  
And watch for thy dear sake.

"And thou — will slumber's dewy cloud fall  
round thee,

Without thy mother's hand to smooth thy bed?  
Wilt thou not vainly spread

Thine arms, when darkness as a veil hath wound  
thee,

To fold my neck, and lift up, in thy fear,  
A cry which none shall hear?

"What have I said, my child! Will He not hear  
thee,

Who the young ravens heareth from their nest  
Shall he not guard thy rest.

<sup>1</sup> "It is long since ■ have read any thing more beautiful  
than the following poem by Mrs. Hemans." — *Blackwood's*  
*Magazine*. January, 1826.





*The Hebrew Mother*



And, in the hush of holy midnight near thee,  
Breathe o'er my soul, and fill its dreams with  
joy?

Thou shalt sleep soft, my boy.

"I give thee to thy God — the God that gave  
thee,

A wellspring of deep gladness to my heart!

And, precious as thou art,

And pure — dew of Hermon, he shall have thee,  
My own, my beautiful, my undefiled!

And thou shalt be his child.

"Therefore, farewell! I go — my soul may fail  
me,

As the hart panteth for the water brooks,

Yearning for thy sweet looks.

But thou, my first born, droop not, nor bewail  
me;

Thou in the Shadow of the Rock shalt dwell,  
The Rock of Strength. Farewell!"

### THE WRECK.

ALL night the booming minute gun

Had pealed along the deep,

And mournfully the rising sun

Looked o'er the tide-worn steep.

A bark from India's coral strand,

Before the raging blast,

Had veiled her topsails to the sand,

And bowed her noble mast.

The queenly ship! — brave hearts had striven,

And true ones died with her!

We saw her mighty cable riven,

Like floating gossamer.

We saw her proud flag struck that morn,—

A star once o'er the seas, —

Her anchor gone, her deck upturn,

And sadder things than these!

We saw her treasures cast away,

The rocks with pearls were sown;

And, strangely sad, the ruby's ray

Flashed out o'er fretted stone.

And gold was strewn the wet sands o'er,

Like ashes by a breeze;

And gorgeous robes — but O, that shore

Had sadder things than these!

We saw the strong man still and low,

A crushed reed thrown aside;

Yet, by that rigid lip and brow,

Not without strife he died.

And near him on the seaweed lay —

Till then we had not wept —

But well our gushing hearts might say,

That there a mother slept!

For her pale arms a babe had pressed

With such a wreathing grasp,

Billows had dashed o'er that fond breast,

Yet not undone the clasp.

Her very tresses had been flung

To wrap the fair child's form,

Where still their wet long streamers hung

All tangled by the storm.

And beautiful, 'midst that wild scene,

Gleamed up the boy's dead face,

Like slumber's, trustingly serene,

In melancholy grace.

Deep in her bosom lay his head,

With half-shut, violet eye —

He had known little of her dread,

Nought of her agony.

O human love! whose yearning heart,

Through all things vainly true,

So stamps upon thy mortal part

Its passionate adieu —

Surely thou hast another lot:

There is some home for thee,

Where thou shalt rest, remembering —

The moaning of the sea!

### THE TRUMPET.

THE trumpet's voice hath roused the

Light up the beacon pyre!

A hundred hills have seen the brand,

And waved the sign of fire.

A hundred banners to the breeze

Their gorgeous folds have cast —

And, hark! was that the sound of seas?

A king to war went past.

The chief is arming in his hall,

The peasant by his hearth;

The mourner hears the thrilling call,

And rises from the earth.

The mother on her first-born son

Looks with a boding eye —

They come not back, though all be won.

Whose young hearts leap so high.



The bard hath ceased his song, and bound  
 The falchion to his side ;  
 E'en, for the marriage altar crowned,  
 The lover quits his bride.  
 And all this haste, and change, and fear,  
 By *earthly* clarion spread ! —  
 How will it be when kingdoms hear  
 The blast that wakes the dead ?

### EVENING PRAYER,

AT A GIRL'S SCHOOL.

"Now in thy youth, beseech of Him  
 Who giveth, upbraiding not,  
 That his light in thy heart become not dim,  
 And his love be unforgot ;  
 And thy God, in the darkest of days, will be  
 Greenness, and beauty, and strength to thee."

BERNARD BARTON.

Hush ! 'tis a holy hour. The quiet room  
 Seems like a temple, while yon soft lamp  
 sheds  
 A faint and starry radiance, through the gloom  
 And the sweet stillness, down on fair young  
 heads,  
 With all their clustering locks, untouched by  
 care,  
 And bowed, as flowers are bowed with night, in  
 prayer.

Gaze on — 'tis lovely ! Childhood's lip and  
 cheek,  
 Mantling beneath its earnest brow of thought !  
 Gaze — yet what seest thou in those fair, and  
 meek,  
 And fragile things, as but for sunshine  
 wrought ? —  
 Thou seest what grief must nurture for the sky,  
 What death must fashion for eternity !

O joyous creatures ! that will sink to rest,  
 Lightly, when those pure orisons are done,  
 As birds with slumber's honey dew oppressed,  
 'Midst the dim folded leaves, at set of sun —  
 Lift up your hearts ! though yet no sorrow lies  
 Dark in the summer heaven of those clear eyes.

Though fresh within your breasts the untrou-  
 bled springs

Of hope make melody where'er ye tread,  
 And o'er your sleep bright shadows, from the  
 wings

Of spirits visiting but youth, be spread ;  
 Yet in those flute-like voices, mingling low,  
 Is woman's tenderness — how soon her woe !

Her lot is on you — silent tears to weep,  
 And patient smiles to wear through suffer-  
 ing's hour,  
 And sumless riches, from affection's deep,  
 To pour on broken reeds — a wasted shower  
 And to make idols, and to find them clay,  
 And to bewail that worship. Therefore pray !

Her lot is on you — to be found untired,  
 Watching the stars out by the bed of pain,  
 With a pale cheek, and yet a brow inspired,  
 And a true heart of hope, though hope be  
 vain ;  
 Meekly to bear with wrong, to cheer decay,  
 And, O, to love through all things. Therefore  
 pray !

And take the thought of this calm vesper time,  
 With its low murmuring sounds and silvery  
 light,  
 On through the dark days fading from their  
 prime,  
 As a sweet dew to keep your souls from  
 blight !  
 Earth will forsake — O, happy to have given  
 Th' unbroken heart's first fragrance unto  
 heaven.

### THE HOUR OF DEATH.

"Il est dans la Nature d'aimer a se livrer a l'idée qu'on  
 redoute." — CORINNE.

LEAVES have their time to fall,  
 And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,  
 And stars to set — but all,  
 Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death !

Day is for mortal care ;  
 Eve, for glad meetings round the joyous hearth ;  
 Night, for the dreams of sleep, the voice of  
 prayer ;  
 But all for thee, thou mightiest of the earth.

The banquet hath its hour —  
 Its feverish hour — of mirth, and song, and wine .  
 There comes a day for grief's o'erwhelming  
 power,  
 A time for softer tears — but all are thine.

Youth and the opening rose  
 May look like things too glorious for decay,  
 And smile at thee — but thou art not of those  
 That wait the ripened bloom to seize their  
 prey.

Leaves have their time to fall,  
 And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,  
 And stars to set — but all,  
 Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death!

We know when moons shall wane,  
 When summer birds from far shall cross the sea,  
 When autumn's hue shall tinge the golden  
 grain —  
 But who shall teach us when to look for thee?

Is it when spring's first gale  
 Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie?  
 Is it when roses in our paths grow pale?  
 They have *one* season — *all* are ours to die!

Thou art where billows foam;  
 Thou art where music melts upon the air;  
 Thou art around us in our peaceful home;  
 And the world calls us forth — and thou art  
 there.

Thou art where friend meets friend,  
 Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest;  
 Thou art where foe meets foe, and trumpets  
 rend  
 The skies, and swords beat down the princely  
 crest.

Leaves have their time to fall,  
 And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,  
 And stars to set — but all,  
 Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

### THE LOST PLEIAD.

"Like the lost Pleiad seen no more below." — BYRON.

And is there glory from the heavens departed?  
 O void unmarked! — thy sisters of the sky  
 Still hold their place on high,  
 Though from its rank thine orb so long hath  
 started,  
 Thou, that no more art seen of mortal eye!

Hath the night lost a gem, the regal night?  
 She wears her crown of old magnificence,  
 Though thou art exiled thence —  
 No desert seems to part those urns of light,  
 'Midst the far depths of purple gloom intense.

They rise in joy, the starry myriads burning —  
 The shepherd greets them on his mountains  
 free!  
 And from the silvery sea

To them the sailor's wakeful eye is turning —  
 Unchanged they rise, they have not mourned  
 for thee.

Couldst thou be shaken from thy radiant place,  
 Even as a dewdrop from the myrtle spray,  
 Swept by the wind away?  
 Wert thou not peopled by some glorious race,  
 And was there power to smite them with de-  
 cay?

Why, who shall talk of thrones, of sceptres riven  
 Bowed be our hearts to think on what *we* are,  
 When from its height afar  
 A world sinks thus — and yon majestic heaven  
 Shines not the less for that one vanished star

### THE CLIFFS OF DOVER.

"The inviolate Island of the sage and free." — BYRON

Rocks of my country! let the cloud  
 Your crested heights array.  
 And rise ye like a fortress proud  
 Above the surge and spray!

My spirit greets you as ye stand,  
 Breasting the billow's foam!  
 O, thus forever guard the land,  
 The severed land of home!

I have left rich blue skies behind,  
 Lighting up classic shrines,  
 And music in the southern wind,  
 And sunshine on the vines.

The breathings of the myrtle flowers  
 Have floated o'er my way;  
 The pilgrim's voice, at vesper hours,  
 Hath soothed me with its lay.

The isles of Greece, the hills of Spain,  
 The purple heavens of Rome, —  
 Yes, all are glorious, — yet again  
 I bless thee, land of home!

For thine the Sabbath peace, my land!  
 And thine the guarded hearth;  
 And thine the dead — the noble band  
 That make thee holy earth.

Their voices meet me in thy breeze,  
 Their steps are on thy plains;  
 Their names, by old majestic trees,  
 Are whispered round thy fanes.

Their blood hath mingled with the tide  
Of thine exulting sea ;  
O, be it still ■ joy, ■ pride,  
To live and die for thee !

### THE GRAVES OF MARTYRS.

The kings of old have shrine and tomb  
In many ■ minster's haughty gloom ;  
And green, along the ocean side,  
The mounds arise where heroes died ;  
But show me, on thy flowery breast,  
Earth ! where thy *nameless* martyrs rest !

The thousands that, uncheered by praise,  
Have made one offering of their days ;  
For Truth, for Heaven, for Freedom's sake,  
Resigned the bitter cup to take ;  
And silently, in fearless faith,  
Bowing their noble souls to death.

Where sleep they, Earth ? By no proud stone  
Their narrow couch of rest is known ;  
The still sad glory of their name  
Hallows no fountain unto fame ;  
No — not ■ tree the record bears  
Of their deep thoughts and lonely prayers.

Yet haply all around lie strewed  
The ashes of that multitude :  
It may be that each day we tread  
Where thus devoted hearts have bled ;  
And the young flowers our children sow,  
Take root in holy dust below.

O that the many rustling leaves,  
Which round our homes the summer weaves,  
Or that the streams, in whose glad voice  
Our own familiar paths rejoice,  
Might whisper though the starry sky,  
To tell where those blest slumberers lie !

Would not our inmost hearts be stilled,  
With knowledge of their presence filled,  
And by its breathings taught to prize  
The meekness of self-sacrifice ?  
— But the old woods and sounding waves  
Are silent of those hidden graves.

Yet what if no light footstep there  
In pilgrim love and awe repair,  
So let it be ! Like him, whose clay  
Deep buried by his Maker lay,  
They sleep in secret — but their sod,  
Unknown to man, is marked of God !

### THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

"Pregar, pregar, pregar,  
Ch' altro ponno i mortali al pianger nati ?" ALFIERI

CHILD, amidst the flowers at play,  
While the red light fades away ;  
Mother, with thine earnest eye  
Ever following silently ;  
Father, by the breeze of eve —  
Called thy harvest work to leave —  
Pray : ere yet the dark hours be,  
Lift the heart and bend the knee !

Traveller, in the stranger's land,  
Far from thine own household band ;  
Mourner, haunted by the tone  
Of a voice from this world gone ;  
Captive, in whose narrow cell  
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell ;  
Sailor on the darkening sea —  
Lift the heart and bend the knee !

Warrior, that from battle won  
Breatest now at set of sun ;  
Woman, o'er the lowly slain  
Weeping on his burial plain ;  
Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,  
Kindred by one holy tie,  
Heaven's first star alike ye see —  
Lift the heart and bend the knee !

### THE VOICE OF HOME TO THE PRODIGAL.

"Von Baumen, aus Wellen, aus Mauern,  
Wie ruft es dir freundlich und lind ;  
Was hast du zu wandern, zu trauern ?  
Komm' spielen, du freundliches Kind !" LA MOTTE FOUQUA

O, WHEN wilt thou return  
To thy spirit's early loves ?  
To the freshness of the morn,  
To the stillness of the groves ?

The summer birds are calling  
Thy household porch around,  
And the merry waters falling  
With sweet laughter in their sound.

And a thousand bright-veined flowers,  
From their banks of moss and fern,  
Breathe of the sunny hours —  
But when wilt thou return ?



O, thou hast wandered long  
From thy home without ■ guide;  
And thy native woodland song  
In thine altered heart hath died.

Thou hast flung the wealth away,  
And the glory of thy spring;  
And to thee the leaves' light play  
Is ■ long-forgotten thing.

But when wilt thou return? —  
Sweet dews may freshen soon  
The flower, within whose urn  
Too fiercely gazed the noon.

O'er the image of the sky,  
Which the lake's clear bosom wore,  
Darkly may shadows lie —  
But not forevermore.

Give back thy heart again  
To the freedom of the woods,  
To the birds' triumphant strain,  
To the mountain solitudes!

But when wilt thou return?  
Along thine own pure air  
There are young sweet voices borne —  
O, should not thine be there?

Still at thy father's board  
There is kept a place for thee;  
And, by thy smile restored,  
Joy round the hearth shall be.

Still hath thy mother's eye,  
Thy coming step to greet,  
A look of days gone by,  
Tender and gravely sweet.

Still, when the prayer is said,  
For thee kind bosoms yearn,  
For thee fond tears are shed —  
O, when wilt thou return?

### THE WAKENING.

How many thousands are wakening now!  
Come to the songs from the forest bough,  
To the rustling of leaves at the lattice pane,  
To the chiming fall of the early rain.

And some, far out on the deep mid sea,  
To the dash of the waves in their foaming glee

As they break into spray on the ship's tall side,  
That holds through the tumult her path of pride.

And some — O, well may *their* hearts rejoice! —  
To the gentle sound of a mother's voice:  
Long shall they yearn for that kindly tone,  
When from the board and the hearth 'tis gone.

And some, in the camp, to the bugle's breath,  
And the tramp of the steed on the echoing heath,  
And the sudden roar of the hostile gun,  
Which tells that a field must ere night be won.

And some, in the gloomy convict cell,  
To the dull deep note of the warning bell,  
As it heavily calls them forth to die,  
When the bright sun mounts in the laughing sky.

And some to the peal of the hunter's horn,  
And some to the din from the city borne,  
And some to the rolling of torrent floods,  
Far 'midst old mountains and solemn woods.

So are we roused on this checkered earth:  
Each unto light hath ■ daily birth;  
Though fearful or joyous, though sad or sweet,  
Are the voices which first our upspringing meet

But *one* must the sound be, and *one* the call,  
Which from the dust shall awaken us all:  
One! — but to severed and distant dooms,  
How shall the sleepers arise from the tombs!

### THE BREEZE FROM SHORE.

["Poetry reveals to us the loveliness of nature, brings back the freshness of youthful feeling, revives the relish of simple pleasures, keeps unquenched the enthusiasm which warmed the spring time of our being, refines youthful love, strengthens our interest in human nature, by vivid delineations of its tenderest and loftiest feelings; and, through the brightness of its prophetic visions, helps faith to lay hold ■ the future life." — CHANNING.]

Joy is upon the lonely seas,  
When Indian forests pour  
Forth, to the billow and the breeze,  
Their odors from the shore;  
Joy, when the soft air's fanning sigh  
Bears on the breath of Araby.

O, welcome are the winds that tell  
A wanderer of the deep  
Where, far away, the jasmines dwell,  
And where the myrrh trees weep!

Blest on the sounding surge and foam  
Are tidings of the citron's home !

The sailor at the helm they meet,  
And hope his bosom stirs,  
Upspringing, 'midst the waves, to greet  
The fair earth's messengers,  
That woo him, from the moaning main,  
Back to her glorious bowers again.

They woo him, whispering lovely tales  
Of many a flowering glade,  
And fount's bright gleam, in island vales  
Of golden-fruited shade :  
Across his lone ship's wake they bring  
A vision and a glow of spring.

And, O ye masters of the lay !  
Come not even thus your songs  
That meet us on life's weary way,  
Amidst her toiling throngs ?  
Yes ! o'er the spirit thus they bear  
A current of celestial air.

Their power is from the brighter clime  
That in our birth hath part ;  
Their tones are of the world, which time  
Sears not within the heart :  
They tell us of the living light  
In its green places ever bright.

They call us with a voice divine,  
Back to our early love, —  
Our vows of youth at many a shrine,  
Whence far and fast we rove.  
Welcome high thought and holy strain  
That make us Truth's and Heaven's again !

#### THE DYING IMPROVISATOR.<sup>1</sup>

" My heart be poured over thee — and break."  
PROPHECY OF DANTE.

The spirit of my land,  
Visits me once more ! — though I must die  
Far from the myrtles which thy breeze hath  
fanned,  
My own bright Italy !

It is, it is thy breath,  
Which stirs my soul e'en yet, as wavering flame

<sup>1</sup> Sestini, the Roman improvisator, when on his death bed at Paris, is said to have poured forth a Farewell to Italy, his most impassioned poetry.

Is shaken by the wind, — in life and death  
Still trembling, yet the same !

O that love's quenchless power  
Might waft my voice to fill thy summer sky,  
And through thy groves its dying music shower,  
Italy ! Italy !

The nightingale is there,  
The sunbeam's glow, the citron flower's per-  
fume,  
The south wind's whisper in the scented air —  
It will not pierce the tomb !

Never, O, nevermore,  
On thy Rome's purple heaven mine eye shall  
dwell,  
Or watch the bright waves melt along thy  
shore —  
My Italy ! farewell !

Alas ! — thy hills among  
Had I but left a memory of my name,  
Of love and grief one deep, true, fervent song,  
Unto immortal fame !

But like a lute's brief tone,  
Like a rose odor on the breezes cast,  
Like a swift flush of dayspring, seen and gone,  
So hath my spirit passed —

Pouring itself away  
As a wild bird amidst the foliage turns  
That which within him triumphs, beats, or  
burns,  
Into a fleeting lay !

That swells, and floats, and dies,  
Leaving no echo to the summer woods  
Of the rich breathings and impassioned sighs  
Which thrilled their solitudes.

Yet, yet remember me !  
Friends ! that upon its murmurs oft have hung,  
When from my bosom, joyously and free,  
The fiery fountain sprung.

Under the dark rich blue  
Of midnight heavens, and on the starlit sea,  
And when woods kindle into spring's first hue,  
Sweet friends ! remember me !

And in the marble halls,  
Where life's full glow the dreams of beauty  
wear,

And poet thoughts embodied light the walls,  
Let me be with you there !

Fain would I bind, for you,  
My memory with all glorious things to dwell !  
Fain bid all lovely sounds my name renew —  
Sweet friends ! bright land ! farewell !

### MUSIC OF YESTERDAY.

\* O, mein Geist, ich fühle es in mir, strebt nach etwas Ueberirdischem, das keinem Menschen gegönnt ist. — *TIECK.*

The chord, the harp's full chord is hushed,  
The voice hath died away,  
Whence music, like sweet waters, gushed  
But yesterday.

Th' awakening note, the breeze-like swell,  
The full o'ersweeping tone,  
The sounds that sighed "Farewell, farewell !"  
Are gone — all gone !

The love, whose fervent spirit passed  
With the rich measure's flow ;  
The grief, to which it sank at last —  
Where are they now ?

They are with the scents by summer's breath  
Borne from a rose now shed :  
With the words from lips long sealed in death —  
Forever fled.

The sea shell of its native deep  
A moaning thrill retains ;  
But earth and air no record keep  
Of parted strains.

And all the memories, all the dreams,  
They woke in floating by ;  
The tender thoughts, th' Elysian gleams —  
Could these too die ?

They died ! As on the water's breast  
The ripple melts away,  
When the breeze that stirred it sinks to rest —  
So perished they !

Mysterious in their sudden birth,  
And mournful in their close,  
Passing, and finding not on earth  
Aim or repose.

Whence were they ? — like the breath of flowers  
Why thus to come and go ?  
A long, long journey must be ours  
Ere this we know !

### THE FORSAKEN HEARTH.

" Was mir fehlt ? — Mir fehlt ja alles,  
Bin ganz verlassen hier ! "

TYROLESE MELODY.

The hearth, the hearth is desolate ! the fire  
quenched and gone  
That into happy children's eyes once brightly  
laughing shone ;  
The place where mirth and music met is hushed  
through day and night.  
O for one kind, one sunny face, of all that  
there made light !

But scattered are those pleasant smiles afar by  
mount and shore,  
Like gleaming waters from one spring dispersed  
to meet no more.  
Those kindred eyes reflect not now each other's  
joy or mirth,  
Unbound is that sweet wreath of home — alas !  
the lonely hearth !

The voices that have mingled here now speak  
another tongue,  
Or breathe, perchance, to alien ears the songs  
their mother sung.  
Sad, strangely sad, in stranger lands, must sound  
each household tone :  
The hearth, the hearth is desolate ! the bright  
fire quenched and gone !

But are they speaking, singing yet, as in their  
days of glee ?  
Those voices, are they lovely still, still sweet on  
earth or sea ?  
O, some are hushed and some are changed, and  
never shall one strain  
Blend their fraternal cadences triumphantly  
again.

And of the hearts that here were linked by long-  
remembered years,  
Alas ! the brother knows not now when fall the  
sister's tears !  
One haply revels at the feast, while one may  
droop alone :  
For broken is the household chain, the bright  
fire quenched and gone !



Not so — 'tis *not* a broken chain : thy memory  
binds them still,  
Thou holy hearth of other days ! though silent  
now and chill.

The smiles, the tears, the rites, beheld by thine  
attesting stone,  
Have yet a living power to mark thy children  
for thine own.

The father's voice, the mother's prayer, though  
called from earth away,

With music rising from the dead, their spirits  
yet shall sway ;

And by the past, and by the grave, the parted  
yet are one,

Though the loved hearth be desolate, the bright  
fire quenched and gone !

### THE DREAMER.

"There is no such thing as forgetting possible to the mind ; a thousand accidents may, and will, interpose a veil between our present consciousness and the secret inscription on the mind ; but alike, whether veiled or unveiled, the inscription remains forever."  
ENGLISH OPIUM EATER.

"Thou hast been called, O Sleep ! the friend of woe ;  
But 'tis the happy who have called thee so." SOUTHEY.

PEACE to thy dreams ! thou art slumbering  
now —

The moonlight's calm is upon thy brow ;  
All the deep love that o'erflows thy breast  
Lies 'midst the hush of thy heart at rest —  
Like the scent of a flower in its folded bell,  
When eve through the woodlands hath sighed  
farewell.

Peace ! The sad memories that through the day  
With a weight on thy lonely bosom lay,  
The sudden thoughts of the changed and dead,  
That bowed thee as winds bow the willow's  
head,

The yearnings for faces and voices gone —  
All are forgotten ! Sleep on, sleep on !

Are they forgotten ? It is not so !  
Slumber divides not the heart from its woe.  
E'en now o'er thine aspect swift changes pass,  
Like lights and shades over wavy grass :  
Tremblest thou, dreamer ? O love and grief !  
Ye have storms that shake e'en the closed-up  
leaf !

Or thy parted lips there's a quivering thrill,  
As on a lyre ere its chords are still ;

On the long silk lashes that fringe thine eye,  
There's a large tear gathering heavily —  
A rain from the clouds of thy spirit pressed :  
Sorrowful dreamer ! this is not rest !

It is Thought at work amidst buried hours —  
It is Love keeping vigil o'er perished flowers.  
— O, we bear within us mysterious things !  
Of Memory and Anguish, unfathomed springs  
And Passion — those gulfs of the heart to fill  
With bitter waves, which it ne'er may still.

Well might we pause ere we gave them sway,  
Flinging the peace of our couch away !  
Well might we look on our souls in fear —  
They find no fount of oblivion here !  
They forget not, the mantle of sleep beneath —  
How know we if under the wings of death ?

### THE WINGS OF THE DOVE.

"O that I had wings like a dove ! for then would I fly away, and  
be at rest." — PSALM IV.

O FOR thy wings, thou dove !  
Now sailing by with sunshine on thy breast ;  
That, borne like thee above,  
I too might flee away, and be at rest !

Where wilt thou fold those plumes,  
Bird of the forest shadows, holiest bird ?  
In what rich leafy glooms,  
By the sweet voice of hidden waters stirred ?

Over what blessed home,  
What roof with dark, deep summer foliage  
crowned,  
O, fair as ocean's foam !  
Shall thy bright bosom shed a gleam around ?

Or seek'st thou some old shrine  
Of nymph or saint, no more by votary wooed,  
Though still, as if divine,  
Breathing a spirit o'er the solitude ?

Yet wherefore ask thy way ?  
Blessed, ever blessed, whate'er its aim, thou art !  
Unto the greenwood spray,  
Bearing no dark remembrance at thy heart !

No echoes that will blend  
A sadness with the whispers of the grove ;  
No memory of a friend  
Far off, or dead, or changed to thee, thou dove

O, to some cool recess  
**Take**, take me with thee on the summer wind,  
 Leaving the weariness  
**And** all the fever of this life behind :

The aching and the void  
 Within the heart, whereunto none reply,  
 The young bright hopes destroyed —  
**Bird !** bear me with thee through the sunny sky !

Wild wish, and longing vain,  
**And** brief upspringing to be glad and free !  
 Go to thy woodland reign :  
**My** soul is bound and held — I may not flee.

For even by all the fears  
**And** thoughts that haunt my dreams — untold,  
 unknown,  
 And burning woman's tears,  
**Pour'd** from mine eyes in silence and alone

*Had* I thy wings, thou dove !  
**High** 'midst the gorgeous isles of cloud to soar,  
 Soon the strong cords of love  
**Would** draw me earthwards — homewards — yet  
 once more.

#### PSYCHE BORNE BY ZEPHYRS TO THE ISLAND OF PLEASURE.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "Souvent l'ame, fortifiée par la contemplation des choses divines, voudroit deployer ses ailes vers le ciel. Elle croit qu'au terme de sa carrière un rideau va se lever pour lui decouvrir des scenes de lumiere : mais quand la mort touche son corps perissable, elle jette un regard en arriere vers les plaisirs terrestres et ses compagnes mortelles."

SCHLEGEL, translated by MADAME DE STAEL.

**FEARFULLY** and mournfully  
 Thou bidd'st the earth farewell ;  
**And** yet thou'rt passing, loveliest one !  
 In a brighter land to dwell.

**Ascend**, ascend rejoicing !  
 The sunshine of that shore  
**Around** thee, as a glorious robe,  
 Shall stream forevermore.

The breezy music wandering  
 There through the Elysian sky  
**Hath** no deep tone that seems to float  
 From a happier time gone by.

<sup>1</sup> Written for a picture in which Psyche, on her flight upwards, is represented looking back sadly and anxiously to the earth.

**And** there the day's last crimson  
 Gives no sad memories birth,  
**No** thought of dead or distant friends,  
 Or partings — as on earth.

Yet fearfully and mournfully  
 Thou bidd'st that earth farewell,  
**Although** thou'rt passing, loveliest !  
 In a brighter land to dwell.

A land where all is deathless —  
 The sunny wave's repose,  
**The** wood with its rich melodies,  
 The summer and its rose :

A land that sees no parting,  
 That hears no sound of sighs,  
**That** waits thee with immortal air —  
 Lift, lift those anxious eyes !

O, how like *thee*, thou trembler !  
 Man's spirit fondly clings  
**With** timid love, to this, its world  
 Of old familiar things !

We pant, we thirst for fountains  
 That gush not here below !  
**On**, on we toil, allured by dreams  
 Of the living water's flow :

We pine for kindred natures  
 To mingle with our own ;  
**For** communings more full and high  
 Than aught by mortal known :

We strive with brief aspirings  
 Against our bonds in vain ;  
**Yet** summoned to be free at last,  
 We shrink — and clasp our chain ;

**And** fearfully and mournfully  
 We bid the earth farewell,  
**Though** passing from its mists, like *thee*,  
 In a brighter world to dwell.

#### THE BOON OF MEMORY

<sup>1</sup> "Many things answered me." — MANFRED.

I go, I go ! — and must mine image fade  
 From the green spots wherein my childhood  
 played.  
 By my own streams ?

Must my life part from each familiar place,  
As a bird's song, that leaves the woods no trace  
Of its lone themes?

Will the friend pass my dwelling, and forget  
The welcomes there, the hours when we have  
met

In grief or glee?

All the sweet counsel, the communion high,  
The kindly words of trust, in days gone by,  
Poured full and free?

A boon, a talisman, O Memory! give,  
To shrine my name in hearts where I would live  
Forevermore!

Bid the wind speak of me where I have dwelt,  
Bid the stream's voice, of all my soul hath felt,  
A thought restore!

In the rich rose, whose bloom I loved so well,  
In the dim brooding violet of the dell,  
Set deep that thought;  
And let the sunset's melancholy glow,  
And let the spring's first whisper, faint and low,  
With me be fraught!

And Memory answered me: "Wild wish, and  
vain!

I have no hues the loveliest to detain  
In the heart's core.  
The place they held in bosoms all their own,  
Soon with new shadows filled, new flowers o'er-  
grown,  
Is theirs no more."

Hast *thou* such power, O Love? And Love re-  
plied:

"It is not mine! Pour out thy soul's full tide  
Of hope and trust,  
Prayer, tear, devotedness, that boon to gain —  
'Tis but to write, with the heart's fiery rain,  
Wild words on dust!"

Song, is the gift with thee? I ask a lay,  
Soft, fervent, deep, that will not pass away  
From the still breast;  
Filled with a tone — O, not for deathless fame,  
But a sweet haunting murmur of my name,  
Where it would rest.

## DRAMATIC SCENE BETWEEN BRONWYLFA AND RHYLLON.

BRONWYLFA,<sup>1</sup> after standing for some time in  
silent contemplation of RHYLLON, breaks out into  
the following vehement strain of vituperation.

You ugliest of fabrics! you horrible eyesore!  
I wish you would vanish, or put on a visor!  
In the face of the sun, without covering ■  
rag on,

You stand and outstare me, like any red dragon.  
With your great green-eyed windows, in bold-  
ness a host,  
(The only green things which, indeed, you can  
boast,)

With your forehead as high, and as bare ■ the  
pate

Which an eagle once took for a stone or a slate,<sup>2</sup>  
You lift yourself up, o'er the country afar,  
As who would say, "Look at me! — here stands  
great R!"

I plant — I rear forest trees — shrubs great and  
small,

To wrap myself up in — you peer through them  
all!

With your lean scraggy neck o'er my poplars  
you rise;

You watch all my guests with your wide saucer  
eyes.

(In a paroxysm of rage.)

You monster! I would I could waken some  
morning,

And find you had taken French leave without  
warning;

You should never be sought like Aladdin's  
famed palace.

You spoil my sweet temper — you make me  
bear malice:

For it is a hard fate, I will say it and sing,  
Which has fixed me to gaze on so frightful ■  
thing.

RHYLLON — (with dignified equanimity.)

Content thee, Bronwylfa, what means all this  
rage?

This sudden attack on my quiet old age?

I am no *parvenu*: you and I, my good brother,  
Have stood here this century facing each other;  
And I can remember the days that are gone,  
When your sides were no better arrayed than  
my own.

<sup>1</sup> Bronwylfa is pronounced as written *Bronwylfa*; and perhaps the nearest English approach to the pronunciation of Rhyllon would be by supposing it to be spelt *Ruthln*, the ■ sounded ■ in *but*.

<sup>2</sup> Bronwylfa is here supposed to allude to the pate ■ Aeschylus, upon which an eagle dropped a tortoise to crack the shell.



Nay, the truth shall be told — since you flout  
me, restore

The tall scarlet woodbine you took from my  
door !

Since my baldness is mocked, and I'm forced to  
explain,

May give me my large laurustinus again.

(With a tone of prophetic solemnity.)

Bronwylfa ! Bronwylfa ! thus insolent grown,  
Your pride and your poplars alike must come  
down !

I look through the future, (and far I can see,  
As St. Asaph and Denbigh will answer for  
me,)

And in spite of thy scorn, and of all thou nast  
done,

From my kind heart's brick bottom, I pity thee,  
Bron !

The end of thy toiling and planting will be,  
That thou wilt want sunshine, and ask it of me.  
Thou wilt say, when thou wakest, looking out  
for the light,

"I suppose it is morning, for Rhyllon looks  
bright ;"

While I — my green eyes with their tears over-  
flow.

(Tenderly.

Come ! — let us be friends, ■ we were long ago.

## RECORDS OF WOMAN.

TO

MRS. JOANNA BAILLIE,

IN VOLUME, AS A SLIGHT TOKEN OF GRATEFUL RESPECT AND ADMIRATION, IS AFFECTIONATELY  
INSCRIBED BY THE AUTHOR.

" Mightier far

Than strength of nerve and sinew, or the sway

Of magic, potent over sun and star,

Is love, though oft to agony distressed,

And though his favorite seat be feeble woman's breast."

WORDSWORTH.

" Das ist sas Loos des Schonen auf der erde."

SCHILLER.

### ARABELLA STUART.

["THE LADY ARABELLA," as she has been frequently entitled, was descended from Margaret, eldest daughter of Henry VII., and consequently allied by birth to Elizabeth as well as James I. This affinity to the throne proved the misfortune of her life, as the jealousies which it constantly excited in her royal relatives, who were anxious to prevent her marrying, shut her out from the enjoyment of that domestic happiness which her heart appears to have so fervently desired. By a secret but early discovered union with William Seymour, son of Lord Beauchamp, she alarmed the cabinet of James, and the wedded lovers were immediately placed in separate confinement. From this they found means to concert a romantic plan of escape ; and having won over a female attendant, by whose assistance she was disguised in male attire, Arabella, though faint from recent sickness and suffering, stole out in the night, and at last reached an appointed spot, where a boat and servants were in waiting. She embarked ; and at break of day a French vessel engaged to receive her was discovered and gained. As Seymour, however, had not yet arrived, she was desirous that the vessel should lie at anchor for him ; but this wish was overruled by her companions, who, contrary to her entreaties, hoisted sail, " which," says D'Israeli, " oc-

casioned so fatal a termination to this romantic adventure. Seymour, indeed, had escaped from the Tower ; he reached the wharf, and found his confidential man waiting with a boat, and arrived at Lee. The time passed ; the waves were rising ; Arabella was not there ; but in the distance he descried a vessel. Hiring a fisherman to take him on board, he discovered, to his grief, on hailing it, that it was not the French ship charged with his Arabella : in despair and confusion he found another ship from Newcastle, which for a large sum altered its course, and landed him in Flanders." Arabella, meantime, whilst imploring her attendants to linger, and earnestly looking out for the expected boat of her husband, was overtaken in Calais Roads by a vessel in the king's service, and brought back to a captivity, under the suffering of which her mind and constitution gradually sank. " What passed in that dreadful imprisonment cannot perhaps be recovered for authentic history, but enough is known — that her mind grew impaired, that she finally lost her reason, and, if the duration of her imprisonment was short, that it was only terminated by her death. Some effusions, often begun and never ended, written and erased, incoherent and rational, yet remain among her papers." — D'ISRAELI'S *Curiosities of Literature*.

The following poem, meant as some record of her fate, and the imagined fluctuations of her thoughts and feelings

is supposed to commence during the time of her first imprisonment, whilst her mind was yet buoyed up by the consciousness of Seymour's affection, and the cherished hope of eventual deliverance.]

"And is not love in vain  
Torture enough without a living tomb?" BYRON.

"Fermossi al fin il cor che balzo tanto." PINDEMONTE.

I.

'Twas but a dream! I saw the stag leap free,  
Under the boughs where early birds were  
singing;

I stood o'ershadowed by the greenwood tree,  
And heard, it seemed, a sudden bugle ringing  
Far through a royal forest. Then the fawn  
Shot, like a gleam of light, from grassy lawn  
To secret covert; and the smooth turf shook,  
And lilies quiver'd by the glade's lone brook,  
And young leaves trembled, as, in fleet career,  
A princely band, with horn, and hound, and  
spear,

Like a rich mask swept forth. I saw the dance  
Of their white plumes, that bore a silvery glance  
Into the deep wood's heart; and all passed by  
Save one — I met the smile of *one* clear eye,  
Flashing out joy to mine. Yes, *thou* wert there,  
Seymour! A soft wind blew the clustering  
hair

Back from thy gallant brow, as thou didst

I still

Thy courser, turning from that gorgeous train,  
And fling, methought, thy hunting spear away,  
And, lightly graceful in thy green array,  
Bound to my side. And we, that met and parted

Ever in dread of some dark watchful power,  
Won back to childhood's trust, and fearless  
hearted,

Blent the glad fulness of our thoughts that  
hour

Even like the mingling of sweet streams, be-  
neath

Dim woven leaves, and 'midst the floating breath  
of hidden forest flowers.

II.

'Tis past! I wake,

A captive, and alone, and far from thee,  
My love and friend! Yet, fostering, for thy  
sake,

A quenchless hope of happiness to be;  
And feeling still my woman spirit strong,  
In the deep faith which lifts from earthly wrong  
A heavenward glance. I know, I know our love  
Shall yet call gentle angels from above,  
By its undying fervor, and prevail —  
Sending a breath, as of the spring's first gale,

Through hearts now cold; and, raising its bright  
face,

With a free gush of sunny tears, erase  
The characters of anguish. In this trust,  
I bear, I strive, I bow not to the dust,  
That I may bring thee back no faded form,  
No bosom chill'd and blighted by the storm,  
But all my youth's first treasures, when we meet,  
Making past sorrow, by communion, sweet.

III.

And thou too art in bonds! Yet droop thou not,  
O my beloved! there is *one* hopeless lot,  
But one, and that not ours. Beside the dead  
There sits the grief that mantles up its head,  
Loathing the laughter and proud pomp of light.  
When darkness, from the vainly-doting sight  
Covers its beautiful! If thou wert gone

To the grave's bosom, with thy radiant brow —  
If thy deep-thrilling voice, with that low tone  
Of earnest tenderness, which now, even now  
Seems floating through my soul, were music  
taken

Forever from this world — O, thus forsaken  
Could I bear on? Thou livest, thou livest,  
thou'rt mine!

With this glad thought I make my heart a shrine,  
And by the lamp which quenchless there shall  
burn,

Sit a lone watcher for the day's return.

IV.

And lo! the joy that cometh with the morning,  
Brightly victorious o'er the hours of care!

I have not watch'd in vain, serenely scorning  
The wild and busy whispers of despair!

Thou hast sent tidings, as of heaven — I wait  
The hour, the sign, for blessed flight to  
thee.

O for the skylark's wing that seeks its mate  
As a star shoots! — but on the breezy sea  
We shall meet soon. To think of such an hour!

Will not my heart, o'erburdened by its bliss,  
Faint and give way within me, as a flower  
Borne down and perishing by noontide's kiss!  
Yet shall I *fear* that lot — the perfect rest,  
The full deep joy of dying on thy breast,  
After long suffering won? So rich a close  
Too seldom crowns with peace affection's woes.

1 "Wheresoever you are, or in what state soever you be,  
it sufficeth me you are mine. *Rachel wept and would not be  
comforted, because her children were no more. And that, indeed,  
is the remediless sorrow, and none else!*" — From a  
letter of Arabella Stuart's to her husband. — See *Curiosities  
of Literature*.

## V.

Sunset! I tell each moment. From the skies

The last red splendor floats along my wall,  
Like a king's banner! Now it melts, it dies!

I see one star — I hear — 'twas not the call,  
Th' expected voice; my quick heart throbbed  
too soon.

I must keep vigil till yon rising moon  
Shower down less golden light. Beneath her  
beam

Through my lone lattice poured, I sit and dream  
Of summer lands afar, where holy love,  
Under the vine or in the citron grove,  
May breathe from terror.

Now the night grows deep,  
And silent as its clouds, and full of sleep.  
I hear my veins beat. Hark! a bell's slow  
chime!

My heart strikes with it. Yet again — 'tis time!  
A step! — a voice! — or but a rising breeze?  
Hark! — haste! — I come to meet thee on the  
seas!

## VI.

Now nevermore, O, never in the worth  
Of its pure cause, let sorrowing love on earth  
Trust fondly — nevermore! The hope is crushed  
That lit my life, the voice within me hushed  
That spoke sweet oracles; and I return  
To lay my youth, as in a burial urn,  
Where sunshine may not find it. All is lost!  
No tempest met our barks — no billow tossed;  
Yet were they severed, even as we must be,  
That so have loved, so striven our hearts to free  
From their close-coiling fate! In vain — in vain!  
The dark links meet, and clasp themselves again,  
And press out life. Upon the deck I stood,  
And a white sail came gliding o'er the flood,  
Like some proud bird of ocean; then mine eye  
Strained out, one moment earlier to descry  
The form it ached for, and the bark's career  
Seemed slow to that fond yearning: it drew  
near,

Fraught with our foes! What boots it to re-  
call

The strife, the tears? Once more a prison wall  
Shuts the green hills and woodlands from my  
sight,

And joyous glance of waters to the light,  
And thee, my Seymour! — thee!

I will not sink!

Thou, thou hast rent the heavy chain that  
bound thee!

And this shall be my strength — the joy to think  
That thou mayst wander with heaven's breath  
around thee,

And all the laughing sky! This thought shall  
yet

Shine o'er my heart a radiant amulet,  
Guarding it from despair. Thy bonds are  
broken;

And unto me, I know, thy true love's token  
Shall one day be deliverance, though the years  
Lie dim between, o'erhung with mists of tears.

## VII.

My friend! my friend! where art thou? Day  
by day,

Gliding like some dark mournful stream away,  
My silent youth flows from me. Spring, the  
while,

Comes and rains beauty on the kindling boughs  
Round hall and hamlet; summer with her smile  
Fills the green forest; young hearts breathe  
their vows;

Brothers long parted meet; fair children rise  
Round the glad board; hope laughs from loving  
eyes:

All this is in the world! — these joys lie sown,  
The dew of every path! On *one* alone  
Their freshness may not fall — the stricken  
deer

Dying of thirst with all the waters near.

## VIII.

Ye are from dingle and fresh glade, ye flowers.  
By some kind hand to cheer my dungeon  
sent;

O'er you the oak shed down the summer  
showers,

And the lark's nest was where your bright  
cups bent,

Quivering to breeze and raindrop, like the sheen  
Of twilight stars. On you heaven's eye hath  
been,

Through the leaves pouring its dark sultry blue  
Into your glowing hearts; the bee to you  
Hath murmured, and the rill. My soul grows  
faint

With passionate yearning, as its quick dreams  
paint

Your haunts by dell and stream — the green,  
the free,

The full of all sweet sound — the shut from me!

## IX.

There went a swift bird singing past my cell —  
O Love and Freedom! ye are lovely things



With you the peasant on the hills may dwell,  
And by the streams. But I—the blood of  
kings,

A proud unmingling river, through my veins  
Flows in lone brightness, and its gifts are chains!  
Kings!—I had silent visions of deep bliss,  
Leaving their thrones far distant; and for this  
I am cast under their triumphal car,  
An insect to be crushed! O, heaven is far—  
Earth pitiless!

Dost thou forget me, Seymour? I am proved  
So long, so sternly! Seymour, my beloved!  
There are such tales of holy marvels done  
By strong affection, of deliverance won  
Through its prevailing power! Are these things  
told

Till the young weep with rapture, and the old  
Wonder, yet dare not doubt; and thou! O  
thou!

Dost thou forget me in my hope's decay?—  
Thou canst not! Through the silent night,  
even now,

I, that need prayer so much, awake and pray  
Still first for thee. O gentle, gentle friend!  
How shall I bear this anguish to the end?

Aid!—comes there yet no aid? The voice of  
blood

Passes heaven's gate, even ere the crimson flood  
Sinks through the greensward! Is there not  
■ cry

From the wrung heart, of power, through agony,  
To pierce the clouds? Hear, Mercy!—hear me!  
None

That bleed and weep beneath the smiling sun  
Have heavier cause! Yet hear!—my soul  
grows dark!—

Who hears the last shriek from the sinking bark  
On the mid seas, and with the storm alone,  
And bearing to the abyss, unseen, unknown,  
Its freight of human hearts? The o'ermaster-  
ing wave!

Who shall tell how it rushed—and none to save!

Thou hast forsaken me! I feel, I know,  
There would be rescue if this were not so.  
Thou'rt at the chase, thou'rt at the festive board,  
Thou'rt where the red wine free and high is  
poured,

Thou'rt where the dancers meet! A magic  
glass

Is set within my soul, and proud shapes pass,  
Flushing it o'er with pomp from bower and hall!  
see one shadow, stateliest there of all—

Thine! What dost thou amidst the bright and  
fair,

Whispering light words, and mocking my de-  
spair?

It is not well of thee! My love was more  
Than fiery song may breathe, deep thought ex-  
plore;

And there thou smilest, while my heart is dying,  
With all its blighted hopes around it lying:  
Even thou, on whom they hung their last green  
leaf—

Yet smile, smile on! too bright art thou for  
grief!

Death! What! is death a locked and treasured  
thing,

Guarded by swords of fire? <sup>1</sup> ■ hidden spring,  
A fabled fruit, that I should thus endure,  
As if the world within me held no cure?

Wherefore not spread free wings—Heaven,  
Heaven! control

These thoughts!—they rush—I look into my  
soul

As down a gulf, and tremble at the array  
Of fierce forms crowding it! Give strength to  
pray!

So shall their dark host pass.

The storm is stilled.

Father in heaven! thou, only thou, canst  
sound

The heart's great deep, with floods of anguish  
filled,

For human line too fearfully profound.  
Therefore, forgive, my Father! if thy child,  
Rocked on its heaving darkness, hath grown  
wild,

And sinned in her despair! It well may be  
That thou wouldst lead my spirit back to thee,  
By the crushed hope too long on this world  
poured—

The stricken love which hath perchance adored  
A mortal in thy place! Now let me strive  
With thy strong arm no more! Forgive, forgive!  
Take me to peace!

And peace at last is nigh.  
A sign is on my brow, a token sent  
The o'erwearied dust from home: no breeze  
flits by,

But calls me with a strange sweet whisper, blent  
Of many mysteries.

<sup>1</sup> "And if you remember of old, *I dare die*. Consider what the world would conceive if I should be violently forced to do it."—*Fragments of her Letters*.

Hark! the warning tone  
 Deepens — its word is *Death!* Alone, alone,  
 And sad in youth, but chastened, I depart,  
 Bowing to heaven. Yet, yet my woman's heart  
 Shall wake a spirit and a power to bless,  
 Even in this hour's o'ershadowing fearfulness,  
 Thee, its first love! O, tender still, and true!  
 Be it forgotten if mine anguish threw  
 Drops from its bitter fountain on thy name,  
 Though but a moment!

Now, with fainting frame,  
 With soul just lingering on the flight begun,  
 To bind for thee its last dim thoughts in one,  
 I bless thee! Peace be on thy noble head,  
 Years of bright fame, when I am with the dead!  
 I bid this prayer survive me, and retain  
 Its might, again to bless thee, and again!  
 Thou hast been gathered into my dark fate  
 Too much; too long, for my sake, desolate  
 Hath been thine exiled youth: but now take  
 back,

From dying hands, thy freedom, and retrack  
 (After a few kind tears for her whose days  
 Went out in dreams of thee) the sunny ways  
 Of hope, and find thou happiness! Yet send  
 Even then, in silent hours, a thought, dear  
 friend!

Down to my voiceless chamber; for thy love  
 Hath been to me all gifts of earth above,  
 Though bought with burning tears! It is the  
 sting

Of death to leave that vainly-precious thing  
 In this cold world! What were it then, if thou,  
 With thy fond eyes, wert gazing on me now?  
 Too keen a pang! Farewell! and yet once more,  
 Farewell! The passion of long years I pour  
 Into that word! Thou hearest not — but the  
 woe

And fervor of its tones may one day flow  
 To thy heart's holy place: there let them dwell.  
 We shall o'ersweep the grave to meet. Farewell!

### THE BRIDE OF THE GREEK ISLE.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Fear! I'm a Greek, and how should I fear death?  
 A slave, and wherefore should I dread my freedom?

I will not live degraded."

SARDANAPALUS.

Come from the woods with the citron flowers,  
 Come with your lyres for the festal hours,

<sup>1</sup> Founded on a circumstance related in the Second Series  
 of the *Curiosities of Literature*, and forming part of a picture  
 in the "Painted Biography" there described.

Maids of bright Scio! They came, and the  
 breeze

Bore their sweet songs o'er the Grecian seas;  
 They came, and Eudora stood robed and crowned  
 The bride of the morn, with her train around.  
 Jewels flashed out from her braided hair,  
 Like starry dew 'midst the roses there;  
 Pearls on her bosom quivering shone,  
 Heaved by her heart through its golden zone  
 But a brow, as those gems of the ocean pale,  
 Gleamed from beneath her transparent veil;  
 Changeful and faint was her fair cheek's hue,  
 Though clear as a flower which the light looks  
 through;

And the glance of her dark resplendent eye,  
 For the aspect of woman at times too high,  
 Lay floating in mists, which the troubled stream  
 Of the soul sent up o'er its fervid beam.

She looked on the vine at her father's door,  
 Like one that is leaving his native shore;  
 She hung o'er the myrtle once called her own,  
 As it greenly waved by the threshold stone;  
 She turned — and her mother's gaze brought back  
 Each hue of her childhood's faded track.

O, hush the song, and let her tears  
 Flow to the dream of her early years!  
 Holy and pure are the drops that fall  
 When the young bride goes from her father's  
 hall;

She goes unto love yet untried and new,  
 She parts from love which hath still been  
 true:

Mute be the song and the choral strain,  
 Till her heart's deep wellspring is clear again!  
 She wept on her mother's faithful breast,  
 Like a babe that sobs itself to rest;  
 She wept — yet laid her hand a while  
 In his that waited her dawning smile —  
 Her soul's affianced, nor cherished less  
 For the gush of nature's tenderness!  
 She lifted her graceful head at last —  
 The choking swell of her heart was past;  
 And her lovely thoughts from their cells found  
 way

In the sudden flow of a plaintive lay.<sup>2</sup>

### THE BRIDE'S FAREWELL.

Why do I weep? To leave the vine  
 Whose clusters o'er me bend;

<sup>2</sup> A Greek bride, on leaving her father's house, takes  
 leave of her friends and relatives frequently in extemporaneous  
 verses. — See FAURIEL's *Chants Populaires de la Grèce Moderne*

The myrtle — yet, O, call it mine! —  
 The flowers I loved to tend.  
 A thousand thoughts of all things dear  
 Like shadows o'er me sweep;  
 I leave my sunny childhood here,  
 O, therefore let me weep!

I leave thee, sister! We have played  
 Through many ■ joyous hour,  
 Where the silvery green of the olive shade  
 Hung dim o'er fount and bower.  
 Yes! thou and I, by stream, by shore,  
 In song, in prayer, in sleep,  
 Have been as we may be no more —  
 Kind sister, let me weep!

I leave thee, father! Eve's bright moon  
 Must now light other feet,  
 With the gathered grapes, and the lyre in tune,  
 Thy homeward step to greet.  
 Thou, in whose voice, to bless thy child,  
 Lay tones of love so deep,  
 Whose eye o'er all my youth hath smiled —  
 Leave thee! let me weep!

Mother! I leave thee! On thy breast  
 Pouring out joy and woe,  
 I have found that holy place of rest  
 Still changeless — yet I go!  
 Lips, that have lulled me with your strain!  
 Eyes, that have watched my sleep!  
 Will earth give love like *yours* again? —  
 Sweet mother! let me weep!

And like a slight young tree, that throws  
 The weight of rain from its drooping boughs,  
 Once more she wept. But a changeful thing  
 Is the human heart — as a mountain spring  
 That works its way, through the torrent's foam,  
 To the bright pool near it, the lily's home!  
 It is well! — The cloud on her soul that lay  
 Hath melted in glittering drops away.  
 Wake again, mingle, sweet flute and lyre!  
 She turns to her lover, she leaves her sire.  
 Mother! on earth it must still be so:  
 Thou rearest the lovely to see them go!

They are moving onward, the bridal throng;  
 Ye may track their way by the swells of song;  
 Ye may catch through the foliage their white  
 robes' gleam,  
 Like a swan 'midst the reeds of a shadowy  
 stream;  
 Their arms bear up garlands, their gliding tread  
 Is over the deep-veined violet's bed;

They have light leaves around them, blue skies  
 above,  
 An arch for the triumph of youth and love!

## II.

Still and sweet was the home that stood  
 In the flowering depths of ■ Grecian wood,  
 With the soft green light o'er its low roof spread,  
 As if from the glow of an emerald shed,  
 Pouring through lime leaves that mingled ■  
 high,  
 Asleep in the silence of noon's clear sky.  
 Citrons amidst their dark foliage glowed,  
 Making a gleam round the lone abode;  
 Laurels o'erhung it, whose faintest shiver  
 Scattered out rays like a glancing river;  
 Stars of the jasmine its pillars crowned,  
 Vine stalks its lattice and walls had bound;  
 And brightly before it a fountain's play  
 Flung showers through a thicket of glossy bay  
 To ■ cypress which rose in that flashing rain,  
 Like one tall shaft of some fallen fane.

And thither Ianthi had brought his bride,  
 And the guests were met by that fountain  
 side.

They lifted the veil from Eudora's face —  
 It smiled out softly in pensive grace,  
 With lips of love, and a brow serene,  
 Meet for the soul of the deep wood scene.  
 Bring wine, bring odors! — the board is spread  
 Bring roses! a chaplet for every head!  
 The wine cups foamed, and the rose was show-  
 ered

On the young and fair from the world embow-  
 ered;

The sun looked not on them in that sweet shade.  
 The winds amid scented boughs were laid;  
 And there came by fits, through some wavy tree  
 A sound and a gleam of the moaning sea.

Hush! be still! Was that no more  
 Than the murmur from the shore?  
 Silence! — did thick raindrops beat  
 On the grass like trampling feet?  
 Fling down the goblet, and draw the sword!  
 The groves are filled with a pirate horde!  
 Through the dim olives their sabres shine! —  
 Now must the red blood stream for wine!

The youths from the banquet to battle sprang,  
 The woods with the shriek of the maidens rang,  
 Under the golden-fruited boughs  
 There were flashing poniards and darkening  
 brows —



Footsteps, o'er garland and lyre that fled,  
And the dying soon on a greensward bed.  
Eudora, Eudora! *thou* dost not fly! —  
She saw but Ianthis before her lie,  
With the blood from his breast in a gushing  
flow,

Like a child's large tears in its hour of woe,  
And a gathering film in his lifted eye,  
That sought his young bride out mournfully.  
She knelt down beside him — her arms she  
wound,

Like tendrils, his drooping neck around,  
As if the passion of that fond grasp  
Might chain in life with its ivy clasp.  
But they tore her thence in her wild despair,  
The sea's fierce rovers — they left him there:  
They left to the fountain a dark-red vein,  
And on the wet violets a pile of slain,  
And a hush of fear through the summer grove. —  
So closed the triumph of youth and love!

## III.

Gloomy lay the shore that night,  
When the moon, with sleeping light,  
Bathed each purple Sciote hill —  
Gloomy lay the shore, and still.  
O'er the wave no gay guitar  
Sent its floating music far;  
No glad sound of dancing feet  
Woke the starry hours to greet.  
But a voice of mortal woe,  
In its changes wild or low,  
Through the midnight's blue repose,  
From the sea-beat rocks arose,  
As Eudora's mother stood  
Gazing o'er th' Ægean flood,  
With a fixed and straining eye —  
O, was the spoilers' vessel nigh?  
Yes! there, becalmed in silent sleep,  
Dark and alone on a breathless deep,  
On a sea of molten silver, dark  
Brooding it frowned, that evil bark!  
There its broad pennon a shadow cast,  
Moveless and black from the tall still mast;  
And the heavy sound of its flapping sail  
Idly and vainly wooed the gale.  
Hushed was all else — had ocean's breast  
Rocked e'en Eudora that hour to rest?

To rest? The waves tremble! — what piercing  
cry

Bursts from the heart of the ship on high?  
What light through the heavens, in a sudden  
spire,

Shoots from the deck up? Fire! 'tis fire!

There are wild forms hurrying to and fro,  
Seen darkly clear on that lurid glow;  
There are shout, and signal gun, and call,  
And the dashing of water — but fruitless all!  
Man may not fetter, nor ocean tame,  
The might and wrath of the rushing flame!  
It hath twined the mast, like a glittering snake  
That coils up a tree from a dusky brake;  
It hath touched the sails, and their canvas rolls  
Away from its breath into shrivelled scrolls;  
It hath taken the flag's high place in the air,  
And reddened the stars with its wavy glare;  
And sent out bright arrows, and soared in glee,  
To a burning mount 'midst the moonlight sea.  
The swimmers are plunging from stern and  
prow —

Eudora! Eudora! where, where art thou?  
The slave and his master alike are gone. —  
Mother! who stands on the deck alone?  
The child of thy bosom! — and lo! a brand  
Blazing up high in her lifted hand!  
And her veil flung back, and her free dark hair  
Swayed by the flames as they rock and flare;  
And her fragile form to its loftiest height  
Dilated, as if by the spirit's might;  
And her eye with an eagle gladness fraught —  
O, could this work be of woman wrought?  
Yes! 'twas her deed! — by that haughty smile,  
It was hers: she hath kindled her funeral pile!  
Never might shame on that bright head be:  
Her blood was the Greek's, and hath made her  
free!

Proudly she stands, like an Indian bride  
On the pyre with the holy dead beside;  
But a shriek from her mother hath caught her  
ear,

As the flames to her marriage robe draw near,  
And starting, she spreads her pale arms in vain  
To the form they must never infold again.  
— One moment more, and her hands are clasped —  
Fallen is the torch they had wildly grasped —  
Her sinking knee unto Heaven is bowed,  
And her last look raised through the smoke'  
dim shroud,

And her lips as in prayer for her pardon move  
Now the night gathers o'er youth and love!

## THE SWITZER'S WIFE.

[Werner Stauffacher, one of the three confederates of the field of Grutli, had been alarmed by the envy with which the Austrian bailiff, Landenberg, had noticed the appearance of wealth and comfort which distinguished his dwelling. It was not, however, until roused by the entreaties ■

his wife, a woman who seems to have been of an heroic spirit, that he was induced to deliberate with his friends upon  
[ ] measures by which Switzerland was finally delivered.]

"Nor look nor tone revealeth aught  
Save woman's quietness of thought;  
And yet around her is a light  
Of inward majesty and might."

M. J. J.

"Wer solch ein herz [ ] sienens Busen druckt  
Der kann fur herd und hof mit freuden fechten."

WILLHELM TELL.

It was the time when children bound to meet  
Their father's homeward step from field or  
hill,

And when the herd's returning bells are sweet  
In the Swiss valleys, and the lakes grow still,  
And the last note of that wild horn swells by  
Which haunts the exile's heart with melody.

And lovely smiled full many an Alpine home,  
Touch'd with the crimson of the dying hour,  
Which lit its low roof by the torrent's foam,  
And pierced its lattice through the vine-hung  
bower;

But one, the loveliest o'er the land that rose,  
Then first looked mournful in its green repose.

For Werner sat beneath the linden tree  
That sent its lulling whispers through his  
door,

Even as man sits whose heart alone would be  
With some deep care, and thus can find no  
more

Th' accustomed joy in all which evening brings,  
Gathering [ ] household with her quiet wings.

His wife stood hushed before him — sad, yet  
mild

In her beseeching mien! — he marked it not.  
The silvery laughter of his bright-haired child  
Rang from the greensward round the sheltered  
spot,

But seemed unheard; until at last the boy  
Raised from his heaped-up flowers a glance of  
joy,

And met his father's face. But then a change  
Passed swiftly o'er the brow of infant glee,  
And a quick sense of something dimly strange  
Brought him from play to stand beside the  
knee

So often climbed, and lift his loving eyes  
That shone through clouds of sorrowful sur-  
prise.

Then the proud bosom of the strong man shook;  
But tenderly his babe's fair mother laid

Her hand on his, and with a pleading look,  
Through tears half quivering, o'er him bent  
and said,

"What grief, dear friend, hath made thy heart  
its prey —

That thou shouldst turn thee from our love  
away?

"It is too sad to see thee thus, my friend!  
Mark'st thou the wonder on thy boy's fair  
brow,

Missing the smile from thine? O, cheer thee!  
bend

To his soft arms: unseal thy thoughts e'en  
now!

Thou dost not kindly to withhold the share  
Of tried affection in thy secret care."

He look'd up into that sweet earnest face,  
But sternly, mournfully: not yet the band  
Was loosen'd from his soul; its inmost place  
Not yet unveil'd by love's o'ermastering hand  
"Speak low!" he cried, and pointed where on  
high

The white Alps glitter'd through the solemn sky

"We must speak low amidst our ancient hills  
And their free torrents; for the days are  
come

When tyranny lies couched by forest rills,  
And meets the shepherd in his mountain home  
Go, pour the wine of our own grapes in fear —  
Keep silence by the hearth! its foes are near.

"The envy of th' oppressor's eye hath been  
Upon my heritage. I sit to-night  
Under my household tree, if not serene,  
Yet with the faces best beloved in sight:  
To-morrow eve may find me chained, and thee —  
How can I bear the boy's young smiles to see?"

The bright blood left that youthful mother's  
cheek:

Back on the linden stem she leaned her form;  
And her lip trembled as it strove to speak,  
Like a frail harp string shaken by the storm.  
'Twas but a moment, and the faintness passed,  
And the free Alpine spirit woke at last.

And she, that ever through her home had  
moved

With the meek thoughtfulness and quiet  
smile

Of woman, calmly loving and beloved,  
And timid in her happiness the while,

Stood brightly forth, and steadfastly, that hour—  
Her clear glance kindling into sudden power.

Ay, pale she stood, but with an eye of light,  
And took her fair child to her holy breast,  
And lifted her soft voice, that gathered might  
As it found language — “Are we thus oppressed?”

Then must we rise upon our mountain sod,  
And man must arm, and woman call on God!

“I know what thou wouldst do; — and be it done!

Thy soul is darkened with its fears for me.  
Trust me to Heaven, my husband! This, thy son,

The babe whom I have borne thee, must be free!

And the sweet memory of our pleasant hearth  
May well give strength — if aught be strong on earth.

“Thou hast been brooding o’er the silent dread  
Of my desponding tears; now lift once more,  
My hunter of the hills! thy stately head,

And let thine eagle glance my joy restore!  
I can bear all but seeing thee subdued —  
Take to thee back thine own undaunted mood.

“Go forth beside the waters, and along  
The chamois paths, and through the forests go;  
And tell, in burning words, thy tale of wrong  
To the brave hearts that ’midst the hamlets glow.

God shall be with thee, my beloved! Away!  
Bless but thy child, and leave me — I can pray!”

He sprang up, like a warrior youth awaking  
To clarion sounds upon the ringing air;  
He caught her to his heart, while proud tears breaking

From his dark eyes fell o’er her braided hair;  
And “Worthy art thou,” was his joyous cry,  
“That man for thee should gird himself to die!

“My bride, my wife, the mother of my child!  
Now shall thy name be armor to my heart;  
And this our land, by chains no more defiled,  
Be taught of thee to choose the better part!  
I go — thy spirit on my words shall dwell:  
Thy gentle voice shall stir the Alps. Farewell!”

And thus they parted, by the quiet lake,  
In the clear star-light: he the strength to rouse

Of the free hills; she, thoughtful for his sake,  
To rock her child beneath the whispering boughs,  
Singing its blue half-curtained eyes to sleep  
With a low hymn, amidst the stillness deep.

### PROPERZIA ROSSI.

[Properzia Rossi, a celebrated female sculptor of Bologna, possessed also of talents for poetry and music, died in consequence of an unrequited attachment. A painting, by Ducis, represents her showing her last work, a basso relievo of Ariadne, to a Roman knight, the object of her affection who regards it with indifference.]

“Tell me no more, no more  
Of my soul’s lofty gifts! Are they not vain  
To quench its haunting thirst for happiness?  
Have I not loved, and striven, and failed to bind  
One true heart unto me, whereon my own  
Might find a resting-place, a home for all  
Its burden of affections? I depart,  
Unknown, though fame goes with me; I must leave  
The earth unknown. Yet it may be that death  
Shall give my name a power to win such tears  
As would have made life precious.”

#### I.

ONE dream of passion and of beauty more!  
And in its bright fulfilment let me part  
My soul away! Let earth retain a trace  
Of that which lit my being, though its race  
Might have been loftier far. Yet one more dream!

From my deep spirit one victorious gleam  
Ere I depart! For thee alone, for thee!  
May this last work, this farewell triumph be  
Thou, loved so vainly! I would leave enshrined  
Something immortal of my heart and mind,  
That yet may speak to thee when I am gone,  
Shaking thine inmost bosom with a tone  
Of lost affection — something that may prove  
What she hath been, whose melancholy love  
On thee was lavished; silent pang and tear,  
And fervent song that gushed when none were near,

And dream by night, and weary thought by day,  
Stealing the brightness from her life away —  
While thou — Awake! not yet within me die!  
Under the burden and the agony  
Of this vain tenderness — my spirit, wake!  
Even for thy sorrowful affection’s sake,  
Live! in thy work breathe out! — that he may yet,

Feeling sad mastery there, perchance regret  
Thine unrequited gift.



## II.

It comes, the power

Within me born flows back — my fruitless  
dower

That could not win me love. Yet once again  
I greet it proudly, with its rushing train  
Of glorious images: they throng — they press  
A sudden joy lights up my loneliness —  
I shall not perish all!

The bright work grows

Beneath my hand, unfolding, as a rose,  
Leaf after leaf, to beauty — line by line,  
Through the pale marble's veins. It grows!  
— and now

I fix my thought, heart, soul, to burn, to shine:

I give my own life's history to thy brow,  
Forsaken Ariadne! — thou shalt wear  
My form, my lineaments; but O, more fair,  
Touched into lovelier being by the glow

Which in me dwells, as by the summer light  
All things are glorified. From thee my woe

Shall yet look beautiful to meet his sight,  
When I am passed away. Thou art the mould,  
Wherein I pour the fervent thoughts, th' untold,  
The self-consuming! Speak to him of me,  
Thou, the deserted by the lonely sea,  
With the soft sadness of thine earnest eye —  
Speak to him, lorn one! deeply, mournfully,  
Of all my love and grief! O, could I throw  
Into thy frame a voice — a sweet, and low,  
And thrilling voice of song! when he came  
nigh,

To send the passion of its melody  
Through his pierced bosom — on its tones to  
bear

My life's deep feeling, as the southern air  
Wafts the faint myrtle's breath — to rise, to  
swell,

To sink away in accents of farewell,  
Winning but one, *one* gush of tears, whose flow  
Surely my parted spirit yet might know,  
If love be strong as death!

## III.

Now fair thou art,

Thou form, whose life is of my burning heart!  
Yet all the vision that within me wrought,

I cannot make thee. O, I might have given  
Birth to creations of far nobler thought;

I might have kindled, with the fire of heaven,  
Things not of such as die! But I have been  
Too much alone! A heart whereon to lean,  
With all these deep affections that o'erflow  
My aching soul, and find no shore below;

An eye to be my star; a voice to bring  
Hope o'er my path, like sounds that breathe of  
spring;

These are denied me — dreamt of still in vain.  
Therefore my brief aspirings from the chain  
Are ever but as some wild fitful song,  
Rising triumphantly, to die ere long  
In dirge-like echoes.

## IV.

Yet the world will see

Little of this, my parting work! in thee.

Thou shalt have fame! O mockery! give  
the reed

From storms a shelter — give the drooping vine  
Something round which its tendrils may in-  
twine —

Give the parched flower a raindrop, and the  
meed

Of love's kind words to woman! Worthless  
fame!

That in *his* bosom wins not for my name  
Th' abiding-place it asked! Yet how my  
heart,

In its own fairy world of song and art,  
Once beat for praise! Are those high longings  
o'er?

That which I have been can I be no more?  
Never! O, nevermore! though still thy sky  
Be blue as then, my glorious Italy!  
And though the music, whose rich breathings  
fill

Thine air with soul, be wandering past me still;  
And though the mantle of thy sunlight streams  
Unchanged on forms, instinct with poet dreams.  
Never! O, nevermore! Where'er I move,  
The shadow of this broken-hearted love  
Is on me and around! Too well *they* know

Whose life is all within, too soon and well,  
When there the blight hath settled! But I go  
Under the silent wings of peace to dwell,  
From the slow wasting, from the lonely pain,  
The inward burning of those words — "*in vain*,"

Seared on the heart — I go. 'Twill soon be  
past!

Sunshine and song, and bright Italian heaven,  
And thou, O thou, on whom my spirit cast  
Unvalued wealth — who know'st not what was  
given

In that devotedness — the sad, and deep,  
And unrepaid — farewell! If I could weep  
Once, only once, beloved one! on thy breast,  
Pouring my heart fourth ere I sink to rest!  
But that were happiness! — and unto me  
Earth's gift is *fame*. Yet I was formed to be

So richly blessed! With thee to watch the sky,  
 Speaking not, feeling but that thou wert nigh;  
 With thee to listen, while the tones of song  
 Swept even as part of our sweet air along —  
 To listen silently; with thee to gaze  
 On forms, the deified of olden days —  
 This had been joy enough; and hour by hour,  
 From its glad wellsprings drinking life and power,  
 How had my spirit soared, and made its fame  
 A glory for thy brow! Dreams, dreams! — The fire  
 Burns faint within me. Yet I leave my name —  
 As a deep thrill may linger on the lyre  
 When its full chords are hushed — a while to live,  
 And one day happy in thy heart revive  
 Sad thoughts of me. I leave it, with ■ sound,  
 A spell o'er memory, mournfully profound;  
 I leave it on my country's air to dwell —  
 Say proudly yet — "*'Twas hers who loved me well!*"

### GERTRUDE; OR, FIDELITY TILL DEATH.

[The Baron Von der Wart, accused — though it is believed unjustly — as an accomplice in the assassination of the Emperor Albert, was bound alive on the wheel, and attended by his wife Gertrude, throughout his last agonizing hours, with the most heroic devotedness. Her own sufferings, with those of her unfortunate husband, are most affectingly described in a letter which she afterwards addressed to a female friend, and which was published some years ago, at Haarlem, in a book entitled *Gertrude Von de Wart; or, Fidelity unto Death*.

"Dark lowers our fate,  
 And terrible the storm that gathers o'er us;  
 But nothing, till that latest agony  
 Which severs thee from nature, shall unloose  
 This fixed and sacred hold. In thy dark prison house,  
 In the terrific face of armed law,  
 Yea, on the scaffold, if it needs must be,  
 I never will forsake thee." JOANNA BAILLIE.

HER hands were clasped, her dark eyes  
 raised,  
 The breeze threw back her hair;  
 Up to the fearful wheel she gazed —  
 All that she loved was there.  
 The night was round her clear and cold,  
 The holy heaven above,  
 Its pale stars watching to behold  
 The might of earthly love.

"And bid me not depart," she cried;  
 "My Rudolph, say not so!  
 This is no time to quit thy side —  
 Peace! peace! I cannot go.  
 Hath the world aught for me to fear,  
 When death is on thy brow?  
 The world! what means it? *Mine is here* —  
 I will not leave thee now.

"I have been with thee in thine hour  
 Of glory and of bliss;  
 Doubt not its memory's living power  
 To strengthen me through *this*!  
 And thou, mine honored love and true,  
 Bear on, bear nobly on!  
 We have the blessed heaven in view,  
 Whose rest shall soon be won."

And were not these high words to flow  
 From woman's breaking heart?  
 Through all that night of bitterest woe  
 She bore her lofty part;  
 But O, with such a glazing eye,  
 With such a curdling cheek  
 Love, Love! of mortal agony  
 Thou, only thou, shouldst speak!

The wind rose high — but with it rose  
 Her voice that he might hear: —  
 Perchance that dark hour brought repose

To happy bosoms near;  
 While she sat striving with despair  
 Beside his tortured form,  
 And pouring her deep soul in prayer  
 Forth on the rushing storm.

She wiped the death damps from his brow

With her pale hands and soft,  
 Whose touch upon the lute chords low  
 Had stilled his heart so oft.  
 She spread her mantle o'er his breast,  
 She bathed his lips with dew,  
 And on his cheek such kisses pressed  
 As hope and joy ne'er knew.

O, lovely are ye, Love and Faith,  
 Enduring to the last!  
 She had her meed — one smile in death —  
 And his worn spirit passed!  
 While even as o'er a martyr's grave  
 She knelt on that sad spot,  
 And, weeping, blessed the God who gave  
 Strength to forsake it not.

## IMELDA

"Sometimes

The young forgot the lessons they had learnt,  
And loved when they should hate — like thee, Imelda!" 1

ITALY; a Poem.

"Passa la bella Donna, e par che dorma." — TASSO.

We have the myrtle's breath around us here,  
Amidst the fallen pillars : this hath been  
Some Naiad's fane of old. How brightly clear,  
Flinging a vein of silver o'er the scene,  
Up through the shadowy grass the fountain  
wells,

And music with it, gushing from beneath  
The ivied altar ! That sweet murmur tells  
The rich wild flowers no tale of woe or death ;  
Yet once the wave was darkened, and a stain  
Lay deep, and heavy drops — but not of rain —  
On the dim violets by its marble bed,  
And the pale shining water-lily's head.

Sad is that legend's truth. — A fair girl met  
One whom she loved, by this lone temple's  
spring,

Just as the sun behind the pine grove set,  
And eve's low voice in whispers woke, to  
bring

All wanderers home. They stood, that gentle  
pair,

With the blue heaven of Italy above,  
And citron odors dying on the air,  
And light leaves trembling round, and early  
love

Deep in each breast. What recked *their* souls  
of strife

Between their fathers? Unto them young  
life

Spread out the treasures of its vernal years ;  
And if they wept, they wept far other tears  
Than the cold world brings forth. They stood,  
that hour,

Speaking of hope ; while tree, and fount, and  
flower,

And star, just gleaming through the cypress  
boughs,

Seemed holy things, as records of their vows.

But change came o'er the scene. A hurrying  
tread

Broke on the whispery shades. Imelda knew  
The footstep of her brother's wrath, and fled  
Up where the cedars make yon avenue

1 The tale of Imelda is related in Sismondi's *Histoire des Républiques Italiennes*, vol. iii. p. 443.

Dim with green twilight : pausing there, she  
caught —

Was it the clash of swords? A swift, dark  
thought

Struck down her lip's rich crimson as it  
passed,

And from her eye the sunny sparkle took  
One moment with its fearfulness, and shook

Her slight frame fiercely, as a stormy blast  
Might rock the rose. Once more, and yet once  
more,

She still'd her heart to listen — all was o'er ;  
Sweet summer winds alone were heard to sigh,  
Bearing the nightingale's deep spirit by.

That night Imelda's voice was in the song —  
Lovely it floated through the festive throng  
Peopling her father's halls. That fatal night  
Her eye look'd starry in its dazzling light,  
And her cheek glowed with beauty's flushing  
dyes,

Like a rich cloud of eve in southern skies —  
A burning, ruby cloud. There were, whose  
gaze

Followed her from beneath the clear lamp's  
blaze,

And marvelled at its radiance. But a few  
Beheld the brightness of that feverish hue  
With something of dim fear ; and in that glance  
Found strange and sudden tokens of unrest,  
Startling to meet amidst the mazy dance,

Where Thought, if present, an unbidden guest,  
Comes not unmasked. Howe'er this were, the  
time

Sped as it speeds with joy, and grief, and crime  
Alike : and when the banquet's hall was left  
Unto its garlands of their bloom bereft ;  
When trembling stars looked silvery in their  
wane,

And heavy flowers yet slumbered, once again  
There stole a footstep, fleet, and light, and lone,  
Through the dim cedar shade — the step of one  
That started at a leaf, of one that fled,  
Of one that panted with some secret dread.

What did Imelda there? She sought the scene  
Where love so late with youth and hope had  
been.

Bodings were on her soul ; a shuddering thrill  
Ran through each vein, when first the Naiad's  
rill

Met her with melody — sweet sounds and low —  
We hear them yet, they live along its flow —  
Her voice is music lost! The fountain side  
She gained — the wave flashed forth — 'twas  
darkly dyed



Even as from warrior hearts ; and on its edge,  
 Amidst the fern, and flowers, and moss tufts  
 deep,  
 There lay, as lulled by stream and rustling sedge,  
 A youth, a graceful youth. "O, dost thou  
 sleep?  
 Azzo!" she cried, "my Azzo! is this rest?"  
 But then her low tones faltered — "On thy  
 breast  
 Is the stain — yes, 'tis blood! And that cold  
 cheek —  
 That moveless lip! — thou dost not slumber? —  
 speak,  
 Speak, Azzo, my beloved! No sound — no  
 breath —  
 What hath come thus between our spirits?  
 Death!  
 Death? — I but dream — I dream!" And there  
 she stood,  
 A faint fair trembler, gazing first on blood,  
 With her fair arm around yon cypress thrown,  
 Her form sustained by that dark stem alone,  
 And fading fast, like spell-struck maid of old,  
 Into white waves dissolving, clear and cold;  
 When from the grass her dimmed eye caught a  
 gleam —  
 'Twas where a sword lay shivered by the  
 stream —  
 Her brother's sword! — she knew it; and she  
 knew  
 'Twas with a venom'd point that weapon  
 slew!  
 Woe for young love! But love is strong.  
 There came  
 Strength upon woman's fragile heart and frame;  
 There came swift courage! On the dewy ground  
 She knelt, with all her dark hair floating round  
 Like a long silken stole; she knelt, and pressed  
 Her lips of glowing life to Azzo's breast,  
 Drawing the poison forth. A strange, sad  
 sight!  
 Pale death, and fearless love, and solemn night!  
 — So the moon saw them last.

The morn came singing

Through the green forests of the Apennines,  
 With all her joyous birds their free flight wing-  
 ing,  
 And steps and voices out amongst the vines.  
 What found that dayspring here? Two fair  
 forms laid  
 Like sculptured sleepers; from the myrtle shade  
 Casting a gleam of beauty o'er the wave,  
 Still, mournful, sweet. Were such things for  
 the grave?

Could it be so indeed? That radiant girl,  
 Decked as for bridal hours! — long braids o'  
 pearl  
 Amidst her shadowy locks were faintly shining.  
 As tears might shine, with melancholy light  
 And there was gold her slender waist intertwining;  
 And her pale graceful arms — how sadly  
 bright;  
 And fiery gems upon her breast were lying,  
 And round her marble brow red roses dying.  
 But she died first! — the violet's hue had spread  
 O'er her sweet eyelids with repose oppressed;  
 She had bowed heavily her gentle head,  
 And on the youth's hushed bosom sunk to rest.  
 So slept they well! — the poison's work was  
 done;  
 Love with true heart had striven — but Death  
 had won.

### EDITH.<sup>1</sup>

#### A TALE OF THE WOODS.

"Du Heilige! rufe dein Kind zurück!  
 Ich habe genossen das irdische Glück,  
 Ich habe gelebt und geliebet." WALLENSTEIN.

THE woods — O, solemn are the boundless  
 woods

Of the great western world when day declines,  
 And louder sounds the roll of distant floods,  
 More deep the rustling of the ancient pines.  
 When dimness gathers on the stilly air,  
 And mystery seems o'er every leaf to brood.  
 Awful it is for human heart to bear  
 The might and burden of the solitude!  
 Yet, in that hour, 'midst those green wastes,  
 there sate

One young and fair; and O, how desolate!  
 But undismayed — while sank the crimson light,  
 And the high cedars darkened with the night.  
 Alone she sate; though many lay around,  
 They, pale and silent on the bloody ground,  
 Were sever'd from her need and from her woe,  
 Far as death severs life. O'er that wild spot  
 Combat had raged, and brought the valiant low  
 And left them, with the history of their lot,  
 Unto the forest oaks — a fearful scene  
 For her whose home of other days had been  
 'Midst the fair halls of England! But the love  
 Which filled her soul was strong to cast out  
 fear;

<sup>1</sup> Founded on incidents related in an American work  
 "Sketches of Connecticut."

And by its might upborne all else above,  
She shrank not — marked not that the dead  
were near.

Of him alone she thought, whose languid head  
Faintly upon her wedded bosom fell;  
Memory of aught but him on earth was fled,  
While heavily she felt his lifeblood well  
Fast o'er her garments forth, and vainly bound  
With her torn robe and hair the streaming  
wound —

Yet hoped, still hoped! O, from such hope how  
long

Affection wooes the whispers that deceive,  
Even when the pressure of dismay grows strong!  
And we, that weep, watch, tremble, ne'er  
believe

The blow indeed can fall. So loved she there  
Over the dying, while unconscious prayer  
Filled all her soul. Now poured the moonlight  
down,

Veining the pine stems through the foliage  
brown,

And fireflies, kindling up the leafy place,  
Cast fitful radiance o'er the warrior's face,  
Whereby she caught its changes. To her eye,  
The eye that faded looked through gathering  
haze,

Whence love, o'er-mastering mortal agony,  
Lifted a long, deep, melancholy gaze,  
When voice was not; that fond, sad meaning  
passed —

She knew the fulness of her woe at last!  
One shriek the forests heard — and mute she  
lay

And cold, yet clasping still the precious clay  
To her scarce-heaving breast. O Love and  
Death!

Ye have sad meetings on this changeable  
earth,

Many and sad! — but airs of heavenly breath  
Shall melt the links which bind you, for your  
birth  
Is far apart.

Now light, of richer hue  
Then the moon sheds, came flushing mist and  
dew;  
The pines grew red with morning; fresh winds  
played;  
Bright-colored birds with splendor crossed the  
shade,  
Flitting on flower-like wings; glad murmurs  
broke  
From reed, and spray, and leaf — the living  
strings

Of earth's Æolian lyre, whose music woke  
Into young life and joy all happy things.  
And she, too, woke from that long dreamless  
trance,

The widowed Edith: fearfully her glance  
Fell, as in doubt, on faces dark and strange,  
And dusky forms. A sudden sense of change  
Flashed o'er her spirit, even ere memory swept  
The tide of anguish back with thoughts that  
slept;

Yet half instinctively she rose, and spread  
Her arms, as 'twere for something lost or fled,  
Then faintly sank again. The forest bough,  
With all its whispers, waved not o'er her now.  
Where was she? 'Midst the people of the wild,  
By the red hunter's fire: an aged chief,  
Whose home looked sad — for therein played no  
child —

Had borne her, in the stillness of her grief,  
To that lone cabin of the woods; and there,  
Won by a form so desolately fair,  
Or touched with thoughts from some past sor-  
row sprung,

O'er her low couch an Indian matron hung;  
While in grave silence, yet with earnest eye,  
The ancient warrior of the waste stood by,  
Bending in watchfulness his proud gray head,  
And leaning on his bow.

And life returned —  
Life, but with all its memories of the dead,  
To Edith's heart; and well the sufferer  
learned

Her task of meek endurance — well she wore  
The chastened grief that humbly can adore  
'Midst blinding tears. But unto that old pair,  
Even as breath of spring's awakening air,  
Her presence was; or as a sweet wild tune  
Bringing back tender thoughts, which all too  
soon

Depart with childhood. Sadly they had seen  
A daughter to the land of spirits go;  
And ever from that time her fading mien,  
And voice, like winds of summer, soft and low,  
Had haunted their dim years: but Edith's face  
Now looked in holy sweetness from her place,  
And they again seemed parents. O, the joy,  
The rich deep blessedness, though earth's alloy,  
Fear, that still bodes, be there — of pouring forth  
The heart's whole power of love, its wealth and  
worth

Of strong affection, in one healthful flow,  
On something all its own! that kindly glow,  
Which to shut inward is consuming pain,  
Gives the glad soul its flowering time again.

When, like the sunshine, freed. And gentle  
cares

The adopted Edith meekly gave for theirs  
Who loved her thus. Her spirit dwelt the while  
With the departed, and her patient smile  
Spoke of farewells to earth; yet still she prayed,  
E'en o'er her soldier's lowly grave, for aid  
One purpose to fulfil, to leave one trace  
Brightly recording that her dwelling-place  
Had been among the wilds; for well she knew  
The secret whisper of her bosom true,  
Which warned her hence.

And now, by many a word  
Linked unto moments when the heart was  
stirred —

By the sweet mournfulness of many a hymn,  
Sung when the woods at eve grew hushed and  
dim —

By the persuasion of her fervent eye,  
All eloquent with childlike piety —  
By the still beauty of her life she strove  
To win for heaven, and heaven-born truth, the  
love

Poured out on her so freely. Nor in vain  
Was that soft-breathing influence to enchain  
The soul in gentle bonds; by slow degrees  
Light followed on, as when a summer breeze  
Parts the deep masses of the forest shade,  
And lets the sunbeam through. Her voice was  
made

Even such a breeze; and she, a lowly guide,  
By faith and sorrow raised and purified,  
So to the Cross her Indian fosterers led,  
Until their prayers were one. When morning  
spread

O'er the blue lake, and when the sunset's glow  
Touched into golden bronze the cypress bough,  
And when the quiet of the Sabbath time  
Sank on her heart, though no melodious chime  
Wakened the wilderness, their prayers were one.  
Now might she pass in hope — her work was  
done!

And she was passing from the woods away —  
The broken flower of England might not stay  
Amidst those alien shades. Her eye was bright  
Even yet with something of a starry light;  
But her form wasted, and her fair young cheek  
Wore oft and patiently a fatal streak,  
A rose whose root was death. The parting sigh  
Of autumn through the forests had gone by,  
And the rich maple o'er her wanderings lone  
A crimson leaves in many a shower had strewn,  
Flushing the air, and winter's blast had been  
Ar'ds' the pines, and now a softer green

Fringed their dark boughs: for spring again  
had come,

The sunny spring! but Edith to her home  
Was journeying fast. Alas! we think it sad  
To part with life when all the earth looks glad  
In her young lovely things — when voices break  
Into sweet sounds, and leaves and blossoms  
wake;

Is it not brighter, then, in that far clime  
Where graves are not, nor blights of changeeful  
time,

If *here* such glory dwell with passing blooms,  
Such golden sunshine rest around the tombs?  
So thought the dying one. 'Twas early day.  
And sounds and odors, with the breezes' play  
Whispering of spring time, through the cabin  
door,

Unto her couch life's farewell sweetness bore.  
Then with a look where all her hope awoke,  
"My father!" — to the gray-haired chief she  
spoke —

"Know'st thou that I depart?" "I know, I  
know,"

He answered mournfully, "that thou must go  
To thy beloved, my daughter!" "Sorrow not  
For me, kind mother!" with meek smiles  
once more

She murmured in low tones: "one happy lot  
Awaits us, friends! upon the better shore.  
For we have prayed together in one trust,  
And lifted our frail spirits from the dust  
To God, who gave them. Lay me by mine own,  
Under the cedar shade; where he is gone,  
Thither I go. There will my sisters be,  
And the dead parents, lisping at whose knee  
My childhood's prayer was learned — the Sa-  
vior's prayer

Which now ye know — and I shall meet you  
there.

Father and gentle mother! ye have bound  
The bruised reed, and mercy shall be found  
By Mercy's children." From the matron's eye  
Dropped tears, her sole and passionate reply.  
But Edith felt them not; for now a sleep  
Solemnly beautiful — a stillness deep,  
Fell on her settled face. Then, sad and slow,  
And mantling up his stately head in woe,  
"Thou'rt passing hence," he sang, that warrior  
old,

In sounds like those by plaintive waters rolled

"Thou'rt passing from the lake's green side,  
And the hunter's hearth away:

For the time of flowers, for the summer's pride  
Daughter! thou canst not stay.



"Thou'rt journeying to thy spirit's home,  
Where the skies are ever clear;  
The corn month's golden hours will come,  
But they shall not find thee here.

"And we shall miss thy voice, my bird!  
Under our whispering pine;  
Music shall 'midst the leaves be heard,  
But not a song like thine.

"A breeze that roves o'er stream and hill,  
Telling of winter gone,  
Hath such sweet falls — yet caught we still  
A farewell in its tone.

"But thou, my bright one! thou shalt be  
Where farewell sounds are o'er:  
Thou, in the eyes thou lov'st, shalt see  
No fear of parting more.

"The mossy grave thy tears have wet,  
And the wind's wild moanings by,  
Thou with thy kindred shalt forget,  
'Midst flowers — not such as die.

"The shadow from thy brow shall melt  
The sorrow from thy strain,  
But where thine earthly smile hath dwelt  
Our hearts shall thirst in vain.

"Dim will our cabin be, and lone,  
When thou, its light, art fled;  
Yet hath thy step the pathway shown  
Unto the happy dead.

"And we will follow thee, our guide!  
And join that shining band;  
Thou'rt passing from the lake's green side —  
Go to the better land!"

The song had ceased, the list'ners caught no  
breath:

That lovely sleep had melted into death.

### 'THE INDIAN CITY.'

"What deep wounds ever closed without a scar?  
The heart bleeds longest, and but heals to wear  
That which disfigures it." CHILDE HAROLD.

#### I.

ROYAL in splendor went down the day  
On the plain where an Indian city lay,

<sup>1</sup> From a tale in Forbes's *Oriental Memoirs*.

With its crown of domes o'er the forest high,  
Red, as if fused in the burning sky;  
And its deep groves pierced by the rays which  
made

A bright stream's way through each long arcade,  
Till the pillared vaults of the banian stood  
Like torchlit aisles 'midst the solemn wood;  
And the plantain glittered with leaves of gold,  
As a tree midst the genii gardens old,  
And the cypress lifted a blazing spire,  
And the stems of the cocoas were shafts of fire.  
Many a white pagoda's gleam  
Slept lovely round upon lake and stream,  
Broken alone by the lotus flowers,  
As they caught the glow of the sun's last hours,  
Like rosy wine in their cups, and shed  
Its glory forth on their crystal bed.

Many a graceful Hindoo maid,  
With the water vase from the palmy shade,  
Came gliding light as the desert's roe,  
Down marble steps, to the tanks below;  
And a cool sweet plashing was ever heard,  
As the molten glass of the wave was stirred,  
And a murmur, thrilling the scented air,  
Told where the Bramin bowed in prayer.  
— There wander'd a noble Moslem boy  
Through the scene of beauty in breathless  
joy;

He gazed where the stately city rose,  
Like a pageant of clouds, in its red repose;  
He turned where birds through the gorgeous  
gloom

Of the woods went glancing on starry plume;  
He tracked the brink of the shining lake,  
By the tall canes feathered in tuft and brake;  
Till the path he chose, in its mazes, wound  
To the very heart of the holy ground.

And there lay the water, as if enshrined  
In a rocky urn, from the sun and wind,  
Bearing the hues of the grove on high,  
Far down through its dark still purity.  
The flood beyond, to the fiery west,  
Spread out like a metal mirror's breast;  
But that lone bay, in its dimness deep,  
Seemed made for the swimmer's joyous leap,  
For the stag athirst from the noontide chase,  
For all free things of the wildwood's race.

Like a falcon's glance on the wide blue sky  
Was the kindling flash of the boy's glad eye,  
Like a sea-bird's flight to the foaming wave,  
From the shadowy bank was the bound he gave  
Dashing the spraydrops, cold and white,  
O'er the glossy leaves in its young delight,

And bowing his locks to the waters clear —  
Alas ! he dreamt not that fate was near.

His mother looked from her tent the while  
O'er heaven and earth with a quiet smile :  
She, on her way unto Mecca's fane,  
Had stayed the march of her pilgrim train,  
Calmly to linger a few brief hours  
In the Bramin city's glorious bowers :  
For the pomp of the forest, the wave's bright  
fall,  
The red gold of sunset — she loved them all.

## II.

The moon rose clear in the splendor given  
To the deep-blue night of an Indian heaven ;  
The boy from the high-arched woods came  
back —

O, what had he met in his lonely track ?  
The serpent's glance, through the long reeds  
bright ?

The arrowy spring of the tiger's might ?  
No ! yet as one by a conflict worn,  
With his graceful hair all soiled and torn,  
And a gloom on the lids of his darkened eye,  
And a gash on his bosom — he came to die !  
He looked for the face to his young heart sweet,  
And found it, and sank at his mother's feet.  
"Speak to me ! whence doth the swift blood  
run ?

What hath befallen thee, my child, my son ?"  
The mist of death on his brow lay pale,  
But his voice just lingered to breathe the tale,  
Murmuring faintly of wrongs and scorn,  
And wounds from the children of Brahma borne.  
This was the doom for a Moslem found  
With a foot profane on their holy ground —  
This was for sullyng the pure waves, free  
Unto them alone — 'twas their god's decree.

A change came o'er his wandering look —  
The mother shrieked not then nor shook :  
Breathless she knelt in her son's young blood,  
Rending her mantle to stanch its flood ;  
But it rushed like a river which none may stay,  
Bearing a flower to the deep away.  
That which our love to the earth would chain,  
Fearfully striving with heaven in vain —  
That which fades from us, while yet we hold,  
Clasped to our bosoms, its mortal mould,  
Was fleeting before her, afar and fast ;  
One moment — the soul from the face had  
passed !

Are there no words for that common woe ?  
Ask of the thousands its depth that know !

The boy had breathed, in his dreaming rest,  
Like a low-voiced dove, on her gentle breast ;  
He had stood, when she sorrowed, beside her  
knee,

Painfully stilling his quick heart's glee ;  
He had kissed from her cheek the widow's tears,  
With the loving lip of his infant years ;  
He had smiled o'er her path like a bright spring  
day —

Now in his blood on the earth he lay !  
*Murdered !* Alas ! and we love so well  
In a world where anguish like this can dwell !

She bowed down mutely o'er her dead —  
They that stood round her watched in dread ;  
They watched — she knew not they were by —  
Her soul sat veiled in its agony.

On the silent lip she pressed no kiss —  
Too stern was the grasp of her pangs for this ;  
She shed no tear, as her face bent low  
O'er the shining hair of the lifeless brow ;  
She looked but into the half-shut eye  
With a gaze that found there no reply,  
And, shrieking, mantled her head from sight,  
And fell, struck down by her sorrow's might.

And what deep change, what work of power,  
Was wrought on her secret soul that hour ?  
How rose the lonely one ? She rose  
Like a prophetess from dark repose !  
And proudly flung from her face the veil,  
And shook the hair from her forehead pale,  
And 'midst her wondering handmaids stood,  
With the sudden glance of a dauntless mood —  
Ay, lifting up to the midnight sky  
A brow in its regal passion high,  
With a close and rigid grasp she pressed  
The blood-stained robe to her heaving breast  
And said — "Not yet, not yet I weep,  
Not yet my spirit shall sink or sleep !  
Not till yon city, in ruins rent,  
Be piled for its victim's monument.  
Cover his dust ! bear it on before !  
It shall visit those temple gates once more."

And away in the train of the dead she turned,  
The strength of her step was the heart that  
burned ;  
And the Bramin groves in the starlight smiled,  
As the mother passed with her slaughtered  
child.

## III.

Hark ! a wild sound of the desert's horn  
Through the woods round the Indian city borne

A peal of the cymbal and tambour afar —  
 War ! 'tis the gathering of Moslem war !  
 The Bramin looked from the leaguered towers —  
 He saw the wild archer amidst his bowers ;  
 And the lake that flashed through the plantain  
     shade,  
 As the light of the lances along it played ;  
 And the canes that shook as if winds were  
     high,  
 When the fiery steed of the waste swept by ;  
 And the camp as it lay like a billowy sea,  
 Wide round the sheltering banian tree.

There stood one tent from the rest apart —  
 That was the place of a wounded heart.  
 O, deep is a wounded heart, and strong  
 A voice that cries against mighty wrong ;  
 And full of death as a hot wind's blight,  
 Doth the ire of ■ crushed affection light.

Maimuna from realm to realm had passed,  
 And her tale had rung like a trumpet's blast.  
 There had been words from her pale lips poured,  
 Each one a spell to unsheathe the sword.  
 The Tartar had sprung from his steed to hear,  
 And the dark chief of Araby grasped his spear,  
 Till a chain of long lances begirt the wall,  
 And a vow was recorded that doomed its fall.  
 Back with the dust of her son she came,  
 When her voice had kindled that lightning  
     flame ;

She came in the might of a queenly foe,  
 Banner, and javelin, and bended bow ;  
 But a deeper power on her forehead sate —  
 There sought the warrior his star of fate :  
 Her eye's wild flash through the tented line  
 Was hailed as a spirit and a sign,  
 And the faintest tone from her lip was caught  
 As a sibyl's breath of prophetic thought.

Vain, bitter glory ! — the gift of grief  
 That lights up vengeance to find relief,  
 Transient and faithless ! It cannot fill  
 So the deep void of the heart, nor still  
 The yearning left by a broken tie,  
 That haunted fever of which we die !

Sickening she turned from her sad renown,  
 As ■ king in death might reject his crown.  
 Slowly the strength of the walls gave way —  
 She withered faster from day to day :  
 All the proud sounds of that bannered plain,  
 To stay the flight of her soul were vain ;  
 Like an eagle caged, it had striven, and worn  
 The frail dust, ne'er for such conflicts born,

Till the bars were rent, and the hour was come  
 For its fearful rushing through darkness home.

The bright sun set in his pomp and pride,  
 As on that eve when the fair boy died :  
 She gazed from her couch, and a softness fell  
 O'er her weary heart with the day's farewell ;  
 She spoke, and her voice, in its dying tone,  
 Had an echo of feelings that long seemed flown.  
 She murmured a low sweet cradle song,  
 Strange 'midst the din of a warrior throng —  
 A song of the time when her boy's young cheek  
 Had glowed on her breast in its slumber meek.  
 But something which breathed from that mourn-  
     ful strain

Sent a fitful gust o'er her soul again ;  
 And starting, as if from ■ dream, she cried —  
 " Give him proud burial at my side !  
 There, by yon lake, where the palm bough  
     wave,  
 When the temples are fallen, make there our  
     grave."

And the temples fell, though the spirit passed,  
 That staid not for victory's voice at last ;  
 When the day was won for the martyr dead,  
 For the broken heart and the bright blood shed.

Through the gates of the vanquished the Tartar  
     steed

Bore in the avenger with foaming speed ;  
 Free swept the flame through the idol fanes,  
 And the streams glowed red, as from warrior  
     veins ;

And the sword of the Moslem, let loose to slay,  
 Like the panther leaped on its flying prey,  
 Till a city of ruin begirt the shade  
 Where the boy and his mother at rest were laid.

Palace and tower on that plain were left,  
 Like fallen trees by the lightning cleft ;  
 The wild vine mantled the stately square,  
 The Rajah's throne was the serpent's lair,  
 And the jungle grass o'er the altar sprung —  
 This was the work of one deep heart wrung !

## THE PEASANT GIRL OF THE RHONE

— " There is but one place in the world  
 Thither, where he lies buried !

There, there is all that still remains of him :  
 That single spot is the whole earth to me."

COLERIDGE'S "Wallenstein."

" Alas ! our young affections run to waste,  
 Or water but the desert." — CHILDE HAROLD



There went a warrior's funeral through the night,

A waving of tall plumes, a ruddy light  
Of torches, fitfully and wildly thrown  
From the high woods, along the sweeping Rhone,

Far down the waters. Heavily and dead,  
Under the moaning trees, the horse-hoof's tread  
In muffled sounds upon the greensward fell,  
As chieftains passed; and solemnly the swell  
Of the deep requiem, o'er the gleaming river  
Borne with the gale, and with the leaves' low shiver,

Floated and died. Proud mourners there, yet pale,

Wore man's mute anguish sternly; — but of one,

O, who shall speak? What words *his* brow unveil?

A father following to the grave his son! —  
That is no grief to picture! Sad and slow,  
Through the wood shadows, moved the knightly train,

With youth's fair form upon the bier laid low —  
Fair even when found amidst the bloody slain,

Stretched by its broken lance. They reached the lone

Baronial chapel, where the forest gloom  
Fell heaviest, for the massy boughs had grown  
Into thick archways, as to vault the tomb.  
Stately they trode the hollow-ringing aisle,  
A strange deep echo shuddered through the pile,

Till crested heads at last in silence bent  
Round the De Coucis' antique monument,  
When dust to dust was given: — and Aymer slept

Beneath the drooping banners of his line,  
Whose brodered folds the Syrian wind had swept

Proudly and oft o'er fields of Palestine.  
So the sad rite was closed. The sculptor gave  
Trophies, ere long, to deck that lordly grave;  
And the pale image of a youth arrayed  
As warrior's are for fight, but calmly laid

In slumber on his shield. Then all was done,  
All still around the dead. His name was heard  
Perchance when wine cups flowed, and hearts  
were stirred

By some old song, or tale of battle won  
Told round the hearth. But in his father's breast

Manhood's high passions woke again, and pressed

On to their mark; and in his friend's clear eye  
There dwelt no shadow of a dream gone by;  
And with the brethren of his fields, the feast  
Was gay as when the voice whose sounds had ceased

Mingled with theirs. Even thus life's rushing tide

Bears back affection from the grave's dark side  
Alas! to think of this! — the heart's void place  
Filled up so soon! — so like a summer cloud,  
All that we loved to pass and leave no trace! —

He lay forgotten in his early shroud.  
Forgotten? — not of all! The sunny smile  
Glancing in play o'er that proud lip ere while,  
And the dark locks, whose breezy waving threw  
A gladness round, whene'er their shade withdrew

From the bright brow; and all the sweetness lying

Within that eagle eye's jet radiance deep,  
And all the music with that young voice dying,  
Whose joyous echoes made the quick heart leap

As at a hunter's bugle — these things lived  
Still in one breast, whose silent love survived  
The pangs of kindred sorrow. Day by day,  
On Aymer's tomb fresh flowers in garlands lay,  
Through the dim fane soft summer odors breathing,

And all the pale sepulchral trophies wreathing,  
And with a flush of deeper brilliance glowing  
In the rich light, like molten rubies flowing  
Through storied windows down. The violet there

Might speak of love — a secret love and lowly;

And the rose image all things fleet and fair;  
And the faint passion flower, the sad and holy,

Tell of diviner hopes. But whose light hand,  
As for an altar, wove the radiant band?  
Whose gentlenurture brought, from hidden dells,  
That gem-like wealth of blossoms and sweet bells,

To blush through every season? Blight and chill

Might touch the changing woods; but duly still  
For years those gorgeous coronals renewed,  
And brightly clasping marble spear and helm,  
Even through midwinter, filled the solitude

With a strange smile — a glow of summer's realm.

Surely some fond and fervent heart was pouring  
Its youth's vain worship on the dust, adoring  
In lone devotedness!

One spring morn rose,  
And found within that tomb's proud shadow  
laid —

O, not as 'midst the vineyards, to repose  
From the fierce noon — a dark-haired peasant  
maid.

Who could reveal her story? That still face  
Had once been fair; for on the clear arched  
brow

And the curved lip there lingered yet such grace  
As sculpture gives its dreams; and long and  
low

The deep black lashes, o'er the half-shut eye —  
For death was on its lids — fell mournfully.  
But the cold cheek was sunk, the raven hair  
Dimmed, the slight form all wasted, as by  
care.

Whence came that early blight! *Her* kindred's  
place

Was not amidst the high De Couci race;  
Yet there her shrine had been! She grasped a  
wreath,

The tomb's last garland! — This was love in  
death.

### INDIAN WOMAN'S DEATH SONG.

[An Indian woman, driven to despair by her husband's desertion of her for another wife, entered a canoe with her children, and rowed it down the Mississippi towards a cataract. Her voice was heard from the shore singing a mournful death song, until overpowered by the sound of the waters in which she perished. The tale is related in Long's "Expedition to the Source of St. Peter's River."]

"Non, je ne puis vivre avec un cœur brisé. Il faut que je retrouve la joie, et que je m'unisse aux esprits libres de l'air."

"Bride of Messina." Translated by MADAME DE STAEL.

"Let not my child be a girl, for very sad is the life of a woman."  
"The Prairie."

Down a broad river of the western wilds,  
Piercing thick forest glooms, a light canoe  
Swept with the current: fearful was the speed  
Of the frail bark, as by a tempest's wing  
Borne leaf-like on to where the mist of spray  
Rose with the cataract's thunder. Yet within,  
Proudly, and dauntlessly, and all alone,  
Save that a babe lay sleeping at her breast,  
A woman stood! Upon her Indian brow  
Sat a strange gladness, and her dark hair waved  
As if triumphantly. She pressed her child,  
In its bright slumber, to her beating heart,  
And lifted her sweet voice, that rose a while  
Above the sound of waters high and clear,  
Wafting a wild proud strain — a song of death.

"Roll swiftly to the spirit's land, thou mighty  
stream and free!

Father of ancient waters, roll! and bear our  
lives with thee!

The weary bird that storms have tossed would  
seek the sunshine's calm,

And the deer that hath the arrow's hurt flies to  
the woods of balm.

"Roll on! — my warrior's eye hath looked upon  
another's face,

And mine hath faded from his soul, as fades a  
moonbeam's trace:

My shadow comes not o'er his path, my whis-  
per to his dream —

He flings away the broken reed. Roll swifter  
yet, thou stream!

"The voice that spoke of other days is hushed  
within *his* breast,

But *mine* its lonely music haunts, and will not  
let me rest;

It sings a low and mournful song of gladness  
that is gone —

I cannot live without that light. Father of  
waves! roll on!

"Will he not miss the bounding step that met  
him from the chase?

The heart of love that made his home an ever-  
sunny place?

The hand that spread the hunter's board, and  
decked his couch of yore? —

He will not! Roll, dark foaming stream, on to  
the better shore!

"Some blessed fount amidst the woods of that  
bright land must flow,

Whose waters from my soul may lave the mem-  
ory of this woe;

Some gentle wind must whisper there, whose  
breath may waft away

The burden of the heavy night, the sadness of  
the day.

"And thou, my babe! though born, like me,  
for woman's weary lot,

Smile! — to that wasting of the heart, my own!  
I leave thee not;

Too bright a thing art thou to pine in aching  
love away —

Thy mother bears thee far, young fawn! from  
sorrow and decay.

<sup>1</sup> "Father of waters," the Indian name for the Mississippi.

"She bears thee to the glorious bowers where  
none are heard to weep,  
And where th' unkind one hath no power again  
to trouble sleep;  
And where the soul shall find its youth, as  
wakening from a dream:  
One moment, and that realm is ours. On, on,  
dark-rolling stream!"

### JOAN OF ARC IN RHEIMS.

[*"Jeanne d'Arc avait eu la joie de voir à Chalons quelques amis de son enfance. Une joie plus ineffable encore l'attendait à Rheims, au sein de son triomphe: Jacques d'Arc, son père, y se trouva, aussitôt que de troupes de Charles VII. y furent entrées; et comme les deux frères de notre héroïne l'avaient accompagnée, elle se vit pour un instant au milieu de sa famille, dans les bras d'un père vertueux."*—*Vie de Jeanne d'Arc.*]

Thou hast a charmed cup, O Fame!  
A draught that mantles high,  
And seems to lift this earth-born frame  
Above mortality!  
Away! to me—a woman—bring  
Sweet waters from affection's spring!

THAT WAS a joyous day in Rheims of old,  
When peal on peal of mighty music rolled  
Forth from her thronged cathedral; while  
around,

A multitude, whose billows made no sound,  
Chained to a hush of wonder, though elate  
With victory, listened at their temple's gate.  
And what was done within? Within, the light,  
Through the rich gloom of pictured windows  
flowing,

Tinged with soft awfulness a stately sight—  
The chivalry of France their proud heads  
bowing

In martial vassalage! While 'midst that ring,  
And shadowed by ancestral tombs, a king  
Received his birthright's crown. For this, the  
hymn

Swelled out like rushing waters, and the day  
With the sweet censer's misty breath grew dim,

As through long aisles it floated o'er th' array  
Of arms and sweeping stoles. But who, alone  
And unapproached, beside the altar stone,  
With the white banner forth like sunshine  
streaming,

And the gold helm through clouds of fragrance  
gleaming,

Silent and radiant stood? The helm was raised,  
And the fair face revealed, that upward gazed,  
Intensely worshipping—a still, clear face,

Youthful, but brightly solemn! Woman's cheek  
And brow were there, in deep devotion meek,  
Yet glorified, with inspiration's trace  
On its pure paleness; while, enthroned above,  
The pictured Virgin, with her smile of love,  
Seemed bending o'er her votaress. That slight  
form!

Was that the leader through the battle storm?  
Had the soft light in that adoring eye  
Guided the warrior where the swords flashed  
high?

'Twas so, even so!—and thou, the shepherd's  
child,

Joanne, the lowly dreamer of the wild!  
Never before, and never since that hour,  
Hath woman, mantled with victorious power,  
Stood forth as *thou* beside the shrine didst stand,  
Holy amidst the knighthood of the land,  
And, beautiful with joy and with renown,  
Lift thy white banner o'er the olden crown,  
Ransomed for France by thee!

The rites are done.

Now let the dome with trumpet notes be shaken,  
And bid the echoes of the tomb awaken,

And come thou forth, that heaven's rejoicing  
sun

May give thee welcome from thine own blue  
skies,

Daughter of victory! A triumphant strain.  
A proud rich stream of warlike melodies,  
Gushed through the portals of the antique  
fane,

And forth she came. Then rose a nation's sound:  
O, what a power to bid the quick heart bound,  
The wind bears onward with the stormy cheer  
Man gives to glory on her high career!

Is there indeed such power?—far deeper dwells  
In one kind household voice, to reach the  
cells

Whence happiness flows forth! The shouts that  
filled

The hollow heaven tempestuously were stilled  
One moment; and in that brief pause, the tone,  
As of a breeze that o'er her home had blown,  
Sank on the bright maid's heart. "Joanne!"

— Who spoke

Like those whose childhood with *her* child-  
hood grew  
Under one roof? "Joanne!"—that murmur  
broke

With sounds of weeping forth! She turned  
— she knew

Beside her, marked from all the thousands there,  
In the calm beauty of his silver hair.



The stately shepherd; and the youth, whose joy  
From his dark eye flashed proudly; and the boy,  
The youngest born, that ever loved her best:—  
“Father! and ye, my brothers!” On the breast  
Of that gray sire she sank—and swiftly back,  
Even in an instant, to their native track  
Her free thoughts flowed. She saw the pomp  
no more,

The plumes, the banners: to her cabin door,  
And to the Fairy’s Fountain in the glade,<sup>1</sup>  
Where her young sisters by her side had played,  
And to her hamlet’s chapel, where it rose  
Hallowing the forest unto deep repose,  
Her spirit turned. The very wood note, sung  
In early spring time by the bird which dwelt  
Where o’er her father’s roof the beech leaves  
hung,

Was in her heart; a music heard and felt,  
Winning her back to nature. She unbound  
The helm of many battles from her head,  
And, with her bright locks bowed to sweep the  
ground,

Lifting her voice up, wept for joy, and said—  
“Bless me, my father! bless me! and with thee,  
To the still cabin and the beechen tree,  
Let me return!”

O, never did thine eye

Through the green haunts of happy infancy  
Wander again, Joanne! Too much of fame  
Had shed its radiance on thy peasant name;  
And bought alone by gifts beyond all price—  
The trusting heart’s repose, the paradise  
Of home, with all its loves—doth fate allow  
The crown of glory unto woman’s brow.

#### PAULINE.

To die for what we love! O, there is power  
In the true heart, and pride, and joy, for this:  
It is to live without the vanished light  
That strength is needed.

“Così trapassa al trapassar d’un Giorno  
Della vita mortal il fiore e’l verde.” TASSO.

ALONG the starlit scene went music swelling,  
Till the air thrilled with its exulting mirth;  
Proudly it floated, even as if no dwelling  
For cares or stricken hearts were found on  
earth;  
And a glad sound the measure lightly beat,  
A happy chime of many dancing feet.

For in a palace of the land that night  
Lamps, and fresh roses, and green leaves  
hung;

And from the painted walls a stream of light  
On flying forms beneath soft splendor flung;  
But loveliest far amidst the revel’s pride  
Was one—the lady from the Danube side.\*

Pauline, the meekly bright! though now no more  
Her clear eye flashed with youth’s all-tameless  
glee,

Yet something holier than its dayspring wore,  
There in soft rest lay beautiful to see;  
A charm with graver, tenderer sweetness  
fraught—

The blending of deep love and matron thought.

Through the gay throng she moved, serenely fair,  
And such calm joy as fills a moonlight sky  
Sat on her brow beneath its graceful hair,  
As her young daughter in the dance went by  
With the fleet step of one that yet hath known  
Smiles and kind voices in this world alone.

Lurked there no secret boding in her breast?

Did no faint whisper warn of evil nigh?  
Such oft awake when most the heart seems  
blest

’Midst the light laughter of festivity.  
Whence come those tones? Alas! enough we  
know

To mingle fear with all triumphal show!

Who spoke of evil when young feet were flying  
In fairy rings around the echoing hall?  
Soft airs through braided locks in perfume sigh-  
ing,

Glad pulses beating unto music’s call?  
Silence!—the minstrels pause—and hark! ■  
sound,

A strange quick rustling which their notes had  
drowned!

And lo! a light upon the dancers breaking—  
Not such their clear and silvery lamps had  
shed!

From the gay dream of revelry awaking,  
One moment holds them still in breathless  
dread.

The wild fierce lustre grows: then bursts ■ cry—  
Fire! through the hall and round it gathering  
— fly!

<sup>1</sup> A beautiful fountain, near Domremi, believed to be  
naunte. by fairies, and a favorite resort of Jeanne d’Arc in  
her childhood.

<sup>2</sup> The Princess Pauline Schwartzberg. The story of  
her fate is beautifully related in *L’Allemagne*, vol. ■  
p. 336.

And forth they rush, as chased by sword and spear,

To the green coverts of the garden bowers —  
A gorgeous mask of pageantry and fear,  
Startling the birds and trampling down the flowers :

While from the dome behind, red sparkles driven  
Pierce the dark stillness of the midnight heaven.

And where is she — Pauline? The hurrying throng

Have swept her onward, as a stormy blast  
Might sweep some faint o'erwearied bird along —

Till now the threshold of that death is past,  
And free she stands beneath the starry skies,  
Calling her child — but no sweet voice replies.

"Bertha! where art thou? Speak! O, speak, my own!"

Alas! unconscious of her pangs the while,  
The gentle girl, in fear's cold grasp alone,  
Powerless had sunk within the blazing pile;  
A young bright form, decked gloriously for death,  
With flowers all shrinking from the flame's fierce breath!

But O, thy strength, deep love! There is no power

To stay the mother from that rolling grave,  
Though fast on high the fiery volumes tower,  
And forth like banners from each lattice wave;  
Back, back she rushes through a host combined —  
Mighty is anguish, with affection twined!

And what bold step may follow, 'midst the roar

Of the red billows, o'er their prey that rise?  
None! — Courage there stood still — and never more

Did those fair forms emerge on human eyes!  
Was one bright meeting theirs, one wild farewell?

And died they heart to heart? — O, who can tell?

Freshly and cloudlessly the morning broke

On that sad palace, 'midst its pleasure shades;  
Its painted roofs had sunk — yet black with smoke

And lonely stood its marble colonnades:  
But yestereve their shafts with wreaths were bound,

Now lay the scene one shrivelled scroll around!

And bore the ruins no recording trace

Of all that woman's heart had dared and done?

Yes! there were gems to mark its mortal place,  
That forth from dust and ashes dimly shone!  
Those had the mother, on her gentle breast,  
Worn round her child's fair image, there at rest

And they were all! — the tender and the true  
Left this alone her sacrifice to prove,  
Hallowing the spot where mirth once lightly flew,

To deep, lone chastened thoughts of grief and love.

O, we have need of patient faith below,  
To clear away the mysteries of such woe!

### JUANA.

[Juana, mother of the Emperor Charles V., upon the death of her husband, Philip the Handsome, of Austria, who had treated her with uniform neglect, had his body laid upon a bed of state, in a magnificent dress; and being possessed with the idea that it would revive, watched it for a length of time, incessantly waiting for the moment of its turning life.]

It is but dust thou look'st upon. This love,  
This wild and passionate idolatry,  
What doth it in the shadow of the grave?  
Gather it back within thy lonely heart.  
So must it ever end: too much we give  
Unto the things that perish.

THE night wind shook the tapestry round an ancient palace room,  
And torches, as it rose and fell, waved through the gorgeous gloom,  
And o'er a shadowy regal couch threw fitful gleams and red,  
Where a woman with long raven hair sat watching by the dead.

Pale shone the features of the dead, yet glorious still to see,

Like a hunter or a chief struck down while his heart and step were free:

No shroud he wore, no robe of death, but there majestic lay,

Proudly and sadly glittering in royalty's array

But she that with the dark hair watch'd by the cold slumberer's side,

On her wan cheek no beauty dwelt, and in her garb no pride;

Only her full impassioned eyes, as o'er that clay she bent,

A wildness and a tenderness in strange splendence blent.

And ■ the swift thoughts crossed her soul, like  
 shadows of ■ cloud,  
 Amidst the silent room of death the dreamer  
 spoke aloud;  
 She spoke to him that could not hear, and cried,  
 "Thou yet wilt wake,  
 And learn my watchings and my tears, beloved  
 one ! for thy sake.

"They told me this was death, but well I knew  
 it could not be;  
 Fairest and stateliest of the earth ! who spoke  
 of death for *thee*?  
 They would have wrapped the funeral shroud  
 thy gallant form around,  
 But I forbade — and there thou art, a monarch,  
 robed and crowned !

"With all thy bright locks gleaming still, their  
 coronal beneath,  
 And thy brow so proudly beautiful — who said  
 that this was death?  
 Silence hath been upon thy lips, and stillness  
 round thee long,  
 But the hopeful spirit in my breast is all un-  
 dimmed and strong.

"I know thou hast not loved me yet ; I am not  
 fair like thee,  
 The very glance of whose clear eye threw round  
 a light of glee!  
 A frail and drooping form is mine — a cold un-  
 smiling cheek —  
 O, I have but ■ woman's heart wherewith *thy*  
 heart to seek.

"But when thou wak'st, my prince, my lord !  
 and hear'st how I have kept  
 A lonely vigil by thy side, and o'er thee prayed  
 and wept —  
 How in one long deep dream of thee my nights  
 and days have passed —  
 Surely that humble patient love *must* win back  
 love at last !

"And thou wilt smile — my own, my own, shall  
 be the sunny smile,  
 Which brightly fell, and joyously, on all *but* me  
 ere while !  
 No more in vain affection's thirst my weary soul  
 shall pine —  
 O, years of hope deferred were paid by one fond  
 glance of thine !

"Thou'lt meet me with that radiant look ~~when~~  
 thou comest from the chase —  
 For me, for me, in festal halls it shall kindle o'er  
 thy face !  
 Thou'lt reck no more though beauty's gift mine  
 aspect may not bless ;  
 In thy kind eyes this deep, deep love shall give  
 me loveliness.

"But wake ! my heart within me burns, yet  
 once more to rejoice  
 In the sound to which it ever leap'd, the music  
 of thy voice.  
 Awake ! I sit in solitude, that thy first look and  
 tone,  
 And the gladness of thine opening eyes, may all  
 be mine alone."

In the still chambers of the dust, thus poured  
 forth day by day,  
 The passion of that loving dream from ■ troubled  
 soul found way,  
 Until the shadows of the grave had swept o'er  
 every grace,  
 Left 'midst the awfulness of death on the prince-  
 ly form and face.

And slowly broke the fearful truth upon the  
 watcher's breast,  
 And they bore away the royal dead with re-  
 quiems to his rest,  
 With banners and with knightly plumes all  
 waving in the wind —  
 But a woman's broken heart was left in its lone  
 despair behind.

#### THE AMERICAN FOREST GIRL.

A fearful gift upon thy heart is laid,  
 Woman ! — a power to suffer and to love ;  
 Therefore thou so canst pity.

WILDLY and mournfully the Indian drum  
 On the deep hush of moonlight forests broke —  
 "Sing us ■ death song, for thine hour is come" —  
 So the red warriors to their captive spoke.  
 Still, and amidst those dusky forms alone,  
 A youth, a fair-hair'd youth of ~~England~~,  
 stood,  
 Like ■ king's son / though from his cheek had  
 flown  
 The mantling crimson of the island blood.



And his pressed lips looked marble. Fiercely  
bright

And high around him blazed the fires of night,  
Rocking beneath the cedars to and fro,  
As the wind passed, and with a fitful glow  
Lighting the victim's face: but who could tell  
Of what within his secret heart befell,  
Known but to Heaven that hour? Perchance a  
thought

Of his far home then so intensely wrought,  
That its full image, pictured to his eye  
On the dark ground of mortal agony,  
Rose clear as day! — and he might see the band  
Of his young sisters wandering hand in hand,  
Where the laburnums drooped; or haply binding  
The jasmine up the door's low pillars winding;  
Or, as day closed upon their gentle mirth,  
Gathering, with braided hair, around the hearth,  
Where sat their mother; and that mother's face  
Its grave sweet smile yet wearing in the place  
Where so it ever smiled! Perchance the prayer  
Learned at her knee came back on his despair;  
The blessing from her voice, the very tone  
Of her "Good night" might breathe from boy-  
hood gone!

- He started, and looked up: thick cypress  
boughs,

Full of strange sound, waved o'er him, dark-  
ly red

In the broad stormy firelight; savage brows,  
With tall plumes crested and wild hues o'er-  
spread,

Girt him like feverish phantoms; and pale stars  
Looked through the branches as through dun-  
geon bars,

Shedding no hope. He knew, he felt his doom —  
O, what a tale to shadow with its gloom  
That happy hall in England! Idle fear!

Would the winds tell it? Who might dream or  
hear —

The secret of the forests? To the stake

They bound him; and that proud young sol-  
dier strove

His father's spirit in his breast to wake,

Trusting to die in silence! He, the love  
Of many hearts! — the fondly reared — the fair,  
Gladdening all eyes to see! And fettered there  
He stood beside his death pyre, and the brand  
Flamed up to light it in the chieftain's hand.  
He thought upon his God. Hush! hark! a cry  
Breaks on the stern and dread solemnity —

A step hath pierced the ring! Who dares intrude  
On the dark hunters in their vengeful mood?  
A girl — a young slight girl — a fawn-like child  
Of green savannas and the leafy wild,

Springing unmarked till then, as some lone  
flower,

Happy because the sunshine is its dower;  
Yet one that knew how early tears are shed,  
For hers had mourned a playmate brother dead

She had sat gazing on the victim long,  
Until the pity of her soul grew strong;  
And, by its passion's deepening fervor swayed,  
Even to the stake she rushed, and gently laid  
His bright head on her bosom, and around  
His form her slender arms to shield it wound  
Like close Liannes; then raised her glittering eye,  
And clear-toned voice, that said, "He shall not  
die!"

"He shall not die!" — the gloomy forest thrilled  
To that sweet sound. A sudden wonder fell  
On the fierce throng; and heart and hand were  
stilled,

Struck down as by the whisper of a spell.  
They gazed; their dark souls bowed before the  
maid,

She of the dancing step in wood and glade!  
And, — her cheek flushed through its olive hue,  
As her black tresses to the night wind flew,  
Something o'ermastered them from that young  
mien —

Something of heaven in silence felt and seen;  
And seeming, to their childlike faith, a token  
That the Great Spirit by her voice had spoken.

They loosed the bonds that held their captive's  
breath;

From his pale lips they took the cup of death;  
They quenched the brand beneath the cypress  
tree:

"Away," they cried, "young stranger, thou  
free!"

### COSTANZA.

Art thou then desolate?

Of friends, of hopes forsaken? Come to me!  
I am thine own. Have trusted hearts proved false?  
Flatterers deceived thee? Wanderer, come to me!  
Why didst thou ever leave me? Know'st thou all  
I would have borne, and called it joy to bear,  
For thy sake? Know'st thou that thy voice hath power  
To shake me with a thrill of happiness  
By one kind tone? — to fill mine eyes with tears  
Of yearning love? And thou — O, thou didst throw  
That crushed affection back upon my heart;  
Yet come to me! — it died not.

She knelt in prayer. A stream of sunset fell  
Through the stained window of her lonely cell,  
And with its rich, deep, melancholy glow,  
Flushing her cheek and pale Madonna brow.

While o'er her long hair's flowing jet it threw  
Bright waves of gold—the autumn forest's  
hue—

Seemed all a vision's mist of glory, spread  
By painting's touch around some holy head,  
Virgin's or fairest martyr's. In her eye,  
Which glanced as dark clear water to the sky,  
What solemn fervor lived! And yet what woe,  
Lay like some buried thing, still seen below  
The glassy tide! O, he that could reveal  
What life had taught that chastened heart to feel,  
Might speak indeed of woman's blighted years,  
And wasted love, and vainly bitter tears!  
But she had told her griefs to Heaven alone,  
And of the gentle saint no more was known  
Than that she fled the world's cold breath, and  
made

A temple at the pine and chestnut shade,  
Filling its depths with soul, whene'er her hymn  
Rose through each murmur of the green, and  
dim,

And ancient solitude; where hidden streams  
Went moaning through the grass, like sounds  
in dreams—

Music for weary hearts! 'Midst leaves and  
flowers

She dwelt, and knew all secrets of their powers,  
All nature's balms, wherewith her gliding tread  
To the sick peasant on his lowly bed  
Came and brought hope! while scarce of mortal birth

He deemed the pale fair form that held on earth  
Communion but with grief.

Ere long, a cell,

A rock-hewn chapel rose, a cross of stone  
Gleamed through the dark trees o'er a sparkling  
well;

And a sweet voice, of rich yet mournful tone,  
Told the Calabrian wilds that duly there  
Costanza lifted her sad heart in prayer.  
And now 'twas prayer's own hour. That voice  
again

Through the dim foliage sent its heavenly strain,  
That made the cypress quiver where it stood,  
In day's last crimson soaring from the wood  
Like spiry flame. But as the bright sun set,  
Other and wilder sounds in tumult met  
The floating song. Strange sounds!—the  
trumpet's peal,

Made hollow by the rocks; the clash of steel;  
The rallying war cry. In the mountain pass  
There had been combat; blood was on the grass,  
Banners had strewn the waters; chiefs lay dying,  
And the pine branches crashed before the flying.

And all was changed within the still retreat,  
Costanza's home: there entered hurrying feet,  
Dark looks of shame and sorrow—mail-clad men,  
Stern fugitives from that wild battle glen,  
Scaring the ringdoves from the porch roof,  
bore

A wounded warrior in. The rocky floor  
Gave back deep echoes to his clanging sword,  
As there they laid their leader, and implored  
The sweet saint's prayers to heal him: then for  
flight,

Through the wide forest and the mantling night,  
Sped breathlessly again. They passed; but he,  
The stateliest of a host—alas! to see  
What mother's eyes have watched in rosy sleep,  
Till joy, for very fulness, turned to weep,  
Thus changed!—a fearful thing! His golden  
crest

Was shivered, and the bright scarf on his  
breast—

Some costly love gift—rent: but what of these?  
There were the clustering raven locks—the  
breeze,

As it came in through lime and myrtle flowers,  
Might scarcely lift them; steeped in bloody  
showers,

So heavily upon the pallid clay  
Of the damp cheek they hung. The eyes' dark  
ray,

Where was it? And the lips!—they gasped  
apart,

With their light curve, as from the chisel's art,  
Still proudly beautiful! But that white hue—  
Was it not death's?—that stillness—that cold  
dew

On the scarred forehead? No! his spirit broke  
From its deep trance ere long, yet but awoke  
To wander in wild dreams; and there he lay,  
By the fierce fever as a green reed shaken,  
The haughty chief of thousands—the forsaken  
Of all save one. *She* fled not. Day by day—  
Such hours are woman's birthright—she, un-  
known,

Kept watch beside him, fearless and alone;  
Binding his wounds, and oft in silence laying  
His brow with tears that mourned the strong  
man's raving.

He felt them not, nor marked the light veiled  
form

Still hovering nigh! yet, sometimes, when that  
storm

Of frenzy sank, her voice, in tones as low  
As a young mother's by the cradle singing,  
Would soothe him with sweet *aves*, gently  
bringing

Moments of slumber, when the fiery glow  
Ebb'd from his hollow cheek.

At last faint gleams  
Of memory dawned upon the cloud of dreams ;  
And feebly lifting, as ■ child, his head,  
And gazing round him from his leafy bed,  
He murmured forth, " Where am I ? What soft  
strain

Passed like ■ breeze across my burning brain ?  
Back from my youth it floated, with a tone  
Of life's first music, and a thought of one —  
Where is she now ? and where the gauds of pride,  
Whose hollow splendor lured me from her side ?  
All lost ! — and this is death ! — I *cannot* die  
Without forgiveness from that mournful eye ;  
Away ! the earth hath lost her. Was she born  
To brook abandonment, to strive with scorn ?  
My first, my holiest love ! — her broken heart  
Lies low, and I — unpardoned I depart."

But then Costanza raised the shadowy veil  
From her dark locks and features brightly pale,  
And stood before him with ■ smile — O, ne'er  
Did aught that *smiled* so much of sadness wear —  
And said, " Cesario ! look on me ; I live  
To say my heart hath bled, and can forgive.  
I loved thee with such worship, such deep trust,  
As should be Heaven's alone — and Heaven is  
just !  
I bless thee — be at peace !"

But o'er his frame  
Too fast the strong tide rushed — the sudden  
shame,  
The joy, th' amaze ! He bowed his head — it fell  
On the wronged bosom which had loved so well ;  
And love, still perfect, gave him refuge there —  
His last faint breath just waved her floating hair.

### MADELINE.

#### A DOMESTIC TALE.

Who should it be ? Where shouldst thou look for kindness ?  
When we ■ sick, where can we turn for succor ?  
When we are wretched, where can we complain ?  
And when the world looks cold and surly on us,  
Where can we go to meet a warmer eye  
With such sure confidence as to ■ mother ?" — JOANNA BAILLIE.

" My child, my child, thou leavest me ! I shall  
hear

The gentle voice no more that blessed mine ear  
With its first utterance : I shall miss the sound  
Of thy light step amidst the flowers around,

And thy soft-breathing hymn at twilight's close,  
And thy ' Good night ' at parting for repose.  
Under the vine leaves I shall sit alone,  
And the low breeze will have a mournful tone  
Amidst their tendrils, while I think of thee,  
My child ! and thou, along the moonlight sea,  
With a soft sadness haply in thy glance,  
Shalt watch thine own, thy pleasant land of  
France,

Fading to air. Yet blessings with thee go !  
Love guard thee, gentlest ! and the exile's woe  
From thy young heart be far ! And sorrow not  
For me, sweet daughter ! in my lonely lot,  
God shall be with me. Now, farewell ! farewell !  
Thou that hast been what words may never tel  
Unto thy mother's bosom, since the days  
When thou wert pillowed there, and wont to  
raise

In sudden laughter thence thy loving eye  
That still sought mine : these moments are gone  
by —

Thou too must go, my flower ! Yet with thee  
dwell

The peace of God ? One, one more gaze : fare-  
well !"

This was ■ mother's parting with her child —  
A young meek bride, on whom fair fortune smiled,  
And wooed her with a voice of love away  
From childhood's home : yet there, with fond  
delay,

She lingered on the threshold, heard the note  
Of her caged bird through trellised rose leaves  
float,

And fell upon her mother's neck and wept,  
Whilst old remembrances, that long had slept  
Gushed o'er her soul, and many ■ vanished day,  
As in one picture traced, before her lay.

But the farewell was said ; and on the deep,  
When its breast heaved in sunset's golden sleep,  
With ■ calmed heart, young Madeline ere long  
Poured forth her own sweet, solemn vesper song,  
Breathing of home. Through stillness heard  
afar,

And duly rising with the first pale star,  
That voice was on the waters ; till at last  
The sounding ocean solitudes were passed,  
And the bright land was reached, the youthful  
world

That glows along the West : the sails were furled  
In its clear sunshine, and the gentle bride  
Looked on the home that promised hearts untried  
A bower of bliss to come. Alas ! we trace

The map of our own paths, and long ere years



With their dull steps the brilliant lines efface,  
On sweeps the storm, and blots them out with  
tears !

That home was darkened soon : the summer  
breeze

Welcomed with death the wanderers from the  
seas :

Death unto one, and anguish — how forlorn !

To her that, widowed in her marriage morn,  
Sat in her voiceless dwelling, whence with him,  
Her bosom's first beloved, her friend and guide,

Joy had gone forth, and left the green earth dim,  
As from the sun shut out on every side

By the close veil of misery. O, but ill,  
When with rich hopes o'erfraught, the young  
high heart

Bears its first blow ! It knows not yet the  
part

Which life will teach — to suffer and be still,  
And with submissive love to count the flowers  
Which yet are spared, and through the future  
hours

To send no busy dream ! *She* had not learned  
Of sorrow till that hour, and therefore turned  
In weariness from life. Then came th' unrest,  
The heart-sick yearning of the exile's breast,  
The haunting sounds of voices far away,  
And household steps : until at last she lay  
On her lone couch of sickness, lost in dreams  
Of the gay vineyards and blue rushing streams  
In her own sunny land ; and murmuring oft  
Familiar names, in accents wild yet soft,  
To strangers round that bed, who knew not aught  
Of the deep spells wherewith each word was  
fraught.

To strangers ? O, could strangers raise the head  
Gently as *hers* was raised ? Did strangers shed  
The kindly tears which bathed that feverish brow  
And wasted cheek with half-unconscious flow ?  
Something was there that, through the linger-  
ing night,

Outwatches patiently the taper's light —  
Something that faints not through the day's dis-  
tress,

That fears not toil, that knows not weariness —  
Love, true and perfect love ! Whence came  
that power,

Uprearing through the storm the drooping  
flower ?

Whence ? — who can ask ? The wild delirium  
passed,

And from her eyes the spirit looked at last  
Into her *mother's* face, and waking knew  
The brow's calm grace, the hair's dear silvery  
hue,

The kind sweet smile of old ! — and had *she*  
come,

Thus in life's evening from her distant home,  
To save her child ? Even so — nor yet in vain  
In that young heart a light sprang up again,  
And lovely still, with so much love to give,  
Seemed this fair world, though faded ; still to live  
Was not to pine forsaken. On the breast  
That rocked her childhood, sinking in soft rest,  
“ Sweet mother ! gentlest mother ! can it be ? ”  
The lorn one cried, “ and do I look on thee ?  
Take back thy wanderer from this fatal shore :  
Peace shall be ours beneath our vines once  
more.”

### THE QUEEN OF PRUSSIA'S TOMB.

[“ This tomb is in the garden of Charlottenburg, near Berlin. It was not without surprise that I came suddenly, among trees, upon a fair white Doric temple. I might and should have deemed it a mere adornment of the grounds ; but the cypress and the willow declare it a habitation of the dead. Upon a sarcophagus of white marble lay a sheet, and the outline of the human form was plainly visible beneath its folds. The person with me reverently turned it back, and displayed the statue of his queen. It is a portrait statue recumbent, said to be a perfect resemblance — not as in death, but when she lived to bless and be blessed. Nothing can be more calm and kind than the expression of her features. The hands are folded on the bosom ; the limbs are sufficiently crossed to show the repose of life. Here the king brings her children annually, to offer garlands at her grave. These hang in withered mournfulness above this living image of their departed mother.” — *SHEERER'S Notes and Reflections during a Ramble in Germany.* ]

“ In sweet pride upon that insult keen  
She smiled ; then drooping mute and broken hearted,  
To the cold comfort of the grave departed.” **MILMAN.**

It stands where northern willows weep,

A temple fair and lone ;

Soft shadows o'er its marble sweep

From cypress branches thrown ;

While silently around it spread,

Thou feel'st the presence of the dead.

And what within is richly shrined

A sculptured woman's form,

Lovely, in perfect rest reclined,

As one beyond the storm :

Yet not of death, but slumber, lies

The solemn sweetness on those eyes.

The folded hands, the calm pure face,

The mantle's quiet flow,

The gentle yet majestic grace

Throned on the matron brow ;

These, in that scene of tender gloom,  
With a still glory robe the tomb.

There stands an eagle, at the feet  
Of the fair image wrought;  
A kingly emblem -- nor unmeet  
To wake yet deeper thought:  
She whose high heart finds rest below  
Was royal in her birth and woe.

There are pale garlands hung above,  
Of dying scent and hue;  
She was a mother -- in her love  
How sorrowfully true!  
O, hallowed long be every leaf,  
The record of her children's grief!

She saw their birthright's warrior crown  
Of olden glory spoiled,  
The standard of their sires borne down,  
The shield's bright blazon soiled:  
She met the tempest, meekly brave,  
Then turned o'erwearied to the grave.

She slumbered: but it came -- it came,  
Her land's redeeming hour,  
With the glad shout, and signal flame  
Sent on firm tower to tower!  
Fast through the realm a spirit moved --  
'Twas hers, the lofty and the loved.

Then was her name a note that rung  
To rouse bold hearts from sleep;  
Her memory, as a banner flung  
Forth by the Baltic deep;  
Her grief, a bitter vial poured  
To sanctify th' avenger's sword.

And the crowned eagle spread again  
His pinion to the sun;  
And the strong land shook off its chain --  
So was the triumph won!  
But woe for earth, where sorrow's tone  
Still blends with victory's! -- *She was gone!*

#### THE MEMORIAL PILLAR.

[On the roadside, between Penrith and Appleby, stands a small pillar, with this inscription: "This pillar was erected in the year 1656, by Ann, Countess Dowager of Pembroke, for a memorial of her last parting, in this place, with her good and pious mother, Margaret, Countess Dowager of Cumberland, on the 2d April, 1616." -- See notes to the *Pleasures of Memory*.]

MOTHER and child! whose blending tears  
Have sanctified the place,  
Where, to the love of many years,  
Was given one last embrace --  
O, ye have shrined a spell of power  
Deep in your record of that hour!

A spell to waken solemn thought --  
A still, small undertone,  
That calls back days of childhood, fraught  
With many a treasure gone;  
And smites, perchance, the hidden source,  
Though long untroubled -- of remorse.

For who, that gazes on the stone  
Which marks your parting spot,  
Who but a mother's love hath known --  
The *one* love changing not?  
Alas! and haply learned its worth  
First with the sound of "Earth to earth!"

But thou, high-hearted daughter! thou,  
O'er whose bright honored head  
Blessings and tears of holiest flow  
E'en here were fondly shed --  
Thou from the passion of thy grief,  
In its full burst, couldst draw relief.

For O, though painful be th' excess,  
The might wherewith it swells,  
In nature's fount no bitterness  
Of nature's mingling dwells;  
And thou hadst not, by wrong or pride,  
Poisoned the free and healthful tide.

But didst thou meet the face no more  
Which thy young heart first knew?  
And all -- was all in this world o'er  
With ties thus close and true?  
It was! On earth no other eye  
Could give thee back thine infancy

No other voice could pierce the maze  
Where, deep within thy breast,  
The sounds and dreams of *other days*  
With memory lay at rest;  
No other smile to thee could bring  
A gladdening, like the breath of spring

Yet, while thy place of weeping still  
Its lone memorial keeps,  
While on thy name, 'midst wood and hill  
The quiet sunshine sleeps,  
And touches, in each graven line,  
Of reverential thought a sign, --

Can I, while yet these tokens wear  
 The impress of the dead,  
 Think of the love embodied there  
 As of ■ vision fled?  
 A perished thing, the joy, and flower,  
 And glory of one earthly hour?

Not so! — I will not bow me so  
 To thoughts that breathe despair!  
 A loftier faith we need below,  
 Life's farewell words to bear.  
 Mother and child! — your tears are past —  
 Surely your hearts have met at last.

### THE GRAVE OF A POETESS.<sup>1</sup>

I stood beside thy lowly grave;  
 Spring odors breathed around,  
 And music, in the river wave,  
 Passed with a lulling sound.

All happy things that love the sun  
 In the bright air glanced by,  
 And ■ glad murmur seemed to run  
 Through the soft azure sky.

Fresh leaves were on the ivy bough  
 That fringed the ruins near;  
 Young voices were abroad — but thou  
 Their sweetness couldst not hear.

And mournful grew my heart for thee!  
 Thou in whose woman's mind  
 The ray that brightens earth and sea,  
 The light of song, was shrined.

Mournful, that thou wert slumbering low,  
 With ■ dread curtain drawn

Between thee and the golden glow  
 Of this world's vernal dawn.

Parted from all the song and bloom  
 Thou wouldst have loved so well,  
 To thee the sunshine round thy tomb  
 Was but ■ broken spell.

The bird, the insect on the wing,  
 In their bright reckless play,  
 Might feel the flush and life of spring —  
 And thou wert passed away.

But then, e'en then, a nobler thought  
 O'er my vain sadness came;  
 Th' immortal spirit woke, and wrought  
 Within my thrilling frame.

Surely on lovelier things, I said,  
 Thou must have looked ere now,  
 Than all that round our pathway shed  
 Odors and hues below.

The shadows of the tomb are here,  
 Yet beautiful is earth!  
 What seest thou, then, where no dim fear,  
 No haunting dream, hath birth?

Here a vain love to passing flowers  
 Thou gavest; but where thou art  
 The sway is not with changeful hours —  
 There love and death must part.

Thou hast left sorrow in thy song,  
 A voice not loud but deep!  
 The glorious bowers of earth among,  
 How often didst thou weep?

Where couldst thou fix on mortal ground  
 Thy tender thoughts and high?  
 Now peace the woman's heart hath found,  
 And joy the poet's eye.

<sup>1</sup> "Extrinsic interest has lately attached to the fine scenery of Woodstock, near Kilkenny, on account of its having been the last residence of the author of *Psyche*. Her grave is one of many in the churchyard of the village. The river

runs smoothly by. The ruins of an ancient abbey, ■ have been partially converted into a church, reverently throw their mantle of tender shadow over it — *Tales by the O'Hara Family.*



## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

## THE HOMES OF ENGLAND.

"Where's the coward that would not dare  
To fight for such a land?" MARMION.

**THE** stately homes of England !  
How beautiful they stand,  
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,  
O'er all the pleasant land !  
The deer across their greensward bound,  
Through shade and sunny gleam ;  
And the swan glides past them with the  
sound  
Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry homes of England !  
Around their hearths, by night,  
What gladsome looks of household love  
Meet in the ruddy light !  
There woman's voice flows forth in song,  
Or childhood's tale is told,  
Or lips move tunefully along  
Some glorious page of old.

The blessed homes of England !  
How softly on their bowers  
Is laid the holy quietness  
That breathes from Sabbath hours !  
Solemn, yet sweet, the church-bell's chime  
Floats through their woods at morn ;  
All other sounds, in that still time,  
Of breeze and leaf are born.

The cottage homes of England !  
By thousands, on her plains,  
They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks,  
And round the hamlet fanes.  
Through glowing orchards forth they peep,  
Each from its nook of leaves ;  
And fearless there the lowly sleep,  
As the bird beneath their eaves.

The free, fair homes of England !  
— Long, long, in hut and hall,  
May hearts of native proof be reared  
To guard each hallowed wall !  
And green forever be the groves,  
And bright the flowery sod,  
Where first the child's glad spirit loves  
Its country and its God !

## THE SICILIAN CAPTIVE.

" I have dreamt thou wert  
A captive in thy hopelessness ; afar  
From the sweet home of thy young infancy,  
Whose image unto thee is as a dream  
Of fire and slaughter. I can see thee wasting,  
Sick for thy native air." L. E. L.

**THE** champions had come from their fields of  
war,  
Over the crests of the billows far ;  
They had brought back the spoils of a hundred  
shores,  
Where the deep had foamed to their flashing  
oars.

They sat at their feast round the Norse king's  
board ;  
By the glare of the torchlight the mead was  
poured ;  
The hearth was heaped with the pine boughs  
high,  
And it flung a red radiance on shields thrown  
by.

The Scalds had chanted in Runic rhyme  
Their songs of the sword and the olden time ;  
And a solemn thrill, — the harp chords rung,  
Had breathed from the walls where the bright  
spears hung.

But the swell was gone from the quivering  
string ;  
They had summoned a softer voice to sing ;  
And a captive girl, at the warriors' call,  
Stood forth in the midst of that frowning  
hall.

Lonely she stood — in her mournful eyes  
Lay the clear midnight of southern skies ;  
And the drooping fringe of their lashes low  
Half veiled a depth of unfathomed woe.

Stately she stood — though her fragile frame  
Seemed struck with the blight of some inward  
flame,  
And her proud pale brow had a shade of scorn,  
Under the waves of her dark hair worn.

And a deep flush passed, like a crimson haze,  
O'er her marble cheek by the pine fire's blaze —

No soft hue caught from the south wind's breath,  
But a token of fever at strife with death.

She had been torn from her home away,  
With her long locks crowned for her bridal  
day,

And brought to die of the burning dreams  
That haunt the exile by foreign streams.

They bade her sing of her distant land —  
She held its lyre with a trembling hand,  
Till the spirit its blue skies had given her  
woke,

And the stream of her voice into music broke.

Faint was the strain in its first wild flow —  
Troubled its murmur, and sad, and low;  
But it swelled into deeper power ere long,  
As the breeze that swept o'er her soul grew  
strong.

"They bid me sing of thee, mine own, my sunny  
land! of thee!

Am I not parted from thy shores by the mourn-  
ful-sounding sea?

Doth not thy shadow wrap my soul? In silence  
let me die,

In ■ voiceless dream of thy silvery founts, and  
thy pure, deep sapphire sky:

How should thy lyre give *here* its wealth of  
buried sweetness forth —

Its tones of summer's breathings born, to the  
wild winds of the north?

"Yet thus it shall be once, once more! My  
spirit shall awake,

And through the mists of death shine out, my  
country, for thy sake!

That I may make *thee* known, with all the  
beauty and the light,

And the glory nevermore to bless thy daughter's  
yearning sight!

Thy woods shall whisper in my song, thy  
bright streams warble by,

Thy soul flow o'er my lips again — yet once,  
my Sicily!

"There are blue heavens — far hence, far hence!  
but O, their glorious blue!

Its very night is beautiful with the hyacinth's  
deep hue!

It is above my own fair land, and round my  
laughing home,

And arching o'er my vintage hills, they hang  
their cloudless dome;

And making all the waves ■ gems, that men  
along the shore,

And steeping happy hearts in joy — that now is  
mine no more.

"And there are haunts in that green land — O,  
who may dream or tell

Of all the shaded loveliness it hides in grot and  
dell?

By fountains flinging rainbow spray on dark  
and glossy leaves,

And bowers wherein the forest dove her nest  
untroubled weaves;

The myrtle dwells there, sending round the  
richness of its breath,

And the violets gleam like amethysts from the  
dewy moss beneath.

"And there are floating sounds that fill the  
skies through night and day —

Sweet sounds! the soul to hear them faints in  
dreams of heaven away;

They wander through the olive woods, and o'er  
the shining seas —

They mingle with the orange scents that load  
the sleepy breeze;

Lute, voice, and bird are blending there — it  
were a bliss to die,

As dies a leaf thy groves among, my flowery  
Sicily!

"I may not thus depart — farewell! Yet no,  
my country! no!

Is not love stronger than the grave? I feel it  
must be so!

My fleeting spirit shall o'ersweep the mountains  
and the main,

And in thy tender starlight rove, and through  
thy woods again.

Its passion deepens — it prevails! — I break my  
chain — I come

To dwell a viewless thing, yet blessed — in thy  
sweet air, my home!"

And her pale arms dropped the ringing lyre —

There came a mist o'er her eye's wild fire —

And her dark rich tresses in many a fold,

Loosed from their braids, down her bosom  
rolled.

For her head sank back on the rugged wall —

A silence fell o'er the warriors' hall;

She had poured out her soul with her song's  
last tone:

The lyre was broken, the minstrel gone!

IVAN THE CZAR.

[“Ivan le Terrible, étant déjà devenu vieux, assiégeait Novgorod. Les Boyards, le voyant affaibli, lui demandèrent s’il ne voulait pas donner le commandement de l’armée à son fils. Sa fureur fut si grande à cette proposition, que rien ne pût l’apaiser ; son fils se prosterna à ses pieds ; il le repoussa avec un coup d’une telle violence, que deux jours après le malheureux en mourut. Le père, alors au désespoir, devint indifférent à la guerre comme au pouvoir, et ne survécut que peu de mois à son fils.” — *Dix Années d’Exil, par MADAME DE STAEL.*]

“Gieb diesen Todten mir heraus. Ich muss  
Ihn wieder haben !  
Trostlose, allmacht,  
Die nicht einmal in Gräber ihren arm  
Verlangern, eine kleine Ueberilang  
Mit Menschenleben nicht verbessern kann !”

SCHILLER.

He sat in silence on the ground,  
The old and haughty Czar,  
Lonely, though princes girt him round,  
And leaders of the war ;  
He had cast his jewelled sabre,  
That many a field had won,  
To the earth beside his youthful dead —  
His fair and first-born son.

With a robe of ermine for its bed  
Was laid that form of clay,  
Where the light a stormy sunset shed  
Through the rich tent made way ;  
And ■ sad and solemn beauty  
On the pallid face came down,  
Which the lord of nations mutely watched,  
In the dust, with his renown.

Low tones at last, of woe and fear,  
From his full bosom broke —  
A mournful thing it was to hear  
How then the proud man spoke !  
The voice that through the combat  
Had shouted far and high,  
Came forth in strange, dull, hollow tones,  
Burdened with agony.

“There is no crimson on thy cheek,  
And on thy lip no breath ;  
I call thee, and thou dost not speak —  
They tell me this is death !  
And fearful things are whispering  
That I the deed have done —  
For the honor of thy father’s name,  
Look up, look up, my son !

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“Well might I know death’s hue and mien —  
But on *thine* aspect, boy !  
What, till this moment, have I ■■■■  
Save pride and tameless joy ?  
Swiftest thou wert to battle,  
And bravest there of all —  
How could I think a warrior’s frame  
Thus like a flower should fall ?

“I will not bear that still cold look —  
Rise up, thou fierce and free !  
Wake as the storm wakes ! I will brook  
All, save this calm, from thee !  
Lift brightly up, and proudly,  
Once more thy kindling eyes !  
Hath my word lost its power on earth ?  
I say to thee, Arise !

“Didst thou not know I loved thee well ?  
Thou didst not ! and art gone,  
In bitterness of soul, to dwell  
Where man must dwell alone.  
Come back, young fiery spirit !  
If but one hour, to learn  
The secrets of the folded heart  
That seemed to thee so stern.

“Thou wert the first, the first, fair child  
That in mine arms I pressed :  
Thou wert the bright one, that hast smiled  
Like summer on my breast !  
I reared thee as an eagle,  
To the chase thy steps I led,  
I bore thee on my battle horse,  
I look upon thee — dead !

“Lay down my warlike banners here,  
Never again to wave,  
And bury my red sword and spear,  
Chiefs ! in my first-born’s grave !  
And leave me ! — I have conquered,  
I have slain : my work is done !  
Whom have I slain ? Ye answer not —  
Thou too art mute, my son !”

And thus his wild lament was poured  
Through the dark resounding night,  
And the battle knew no more his sword,  
Nor the foaming steed his might.  
He heard strange voices moaning  
In every wind that sighed ;  
From the searching stars of heaven he shrank —  
Humbly the conqueror died.



## CAROLAN'S PROPHECY.

“It is somewhat remarkable that Carolan, the Irish bard, even in his gayest mood, never could compose a planxty for a Miss Brett, in the county of Sligo, whose father's house he frequented, and where he always met with a reception due to his exquisite taste and mental endowments. One day, after an unsuccessful attempt to compose something in a sprightly strain for this lady, he threw aside his harp with a mixture of rage and grief; and addressing himself in Irish to her mother, ‘Madam,’ said he, ‘I have often, from my great respect to your family, attempted a planxty in order to celebrate your daughter's perfections, but to no purpose. Some evil genius hovers over me; there is not a string in my harp that does not vibrate a melancholy sound when I set about this task. I fear she is not doomed to remain long among us; nay,’ said he emphatically, ‘she will not survive twelve months.’ The event verified the prediction, and the young lady died within the period limited by the unconsciously prophetic bard.” — *Percy Anecdotes.*]

Thy cheek too swiftly flushes; o'er thine eye  
The lights and shadows come and go too fast;  
Thy tears gush forth too soon; and in thy voice  
Are sounds of tenderness too passionate  
For peace on earth; O, therefore, child of song!  
'Tis well thou shouldst depart.

A sound of music, from amidst the hills,  
Came suddenly, and died; a fitful sound  
Of mirth, soon lost in wail. Again it rose,  
And sank in mournfulness. There sat a bard  
By a blue stream of Erin, where it swept  
Flashing through rock and wood: the sunset's  
light

Was on his wavy, silver-gleaming hair,  
And the wind's whisper in the mountain ash,  
Whose clusters drooped above. His head was  
bowed,

His hand was on his harp, yet thence its touch  
Had drawn but broken strains; and many stood  
Waiting around, in silent earnestness,  
Th' unchaining of his soul the gush of song —  
Many and graceful forms! — yet one alone  
Seemed present to his dream; and she, indeed,  
With her pale virgin brow, and changeful cheek,  
And the clear starlight of her serious eyes,  
Lovely amidst the flowing of dark locks  
And pallid braiding flowers, was beautiful,  
E'en painfully! — a creature to behold  
With trembling 'midst our joy, lest aught unseen  
Should waft the vision from us, leaving earth  
Too dim without its brightness! Did such fear  
O'ershadow in that hour the gifted one,  
By his own rushing stream? Once more he  
gazed

Upon the radiant girl, and yet once more  
From the deep chords his wandering hand  
brought out

A few short festive notes, an opening strain  
Of bridal melody, soon dashed with grief —  
As if some wailing spirit in the strings  
Met and o'ermastered him; but yielding then  
To the strong prophet impulse, mournfully,  
Like moaning waters o'er the harp he poured  
The trouble of his haunted soul, and sang: —

“Voice of the grave!

I hear thy thrilling call;  
It comes in the dash of the foaming wave,  
In the sere leaf's trembling fall!  
In the shiver of the tree  
I hear thee, O thou voice!  
And I would thy warning were but for me,  
That my spirit might rejoice.

“But thou art sent

For the sad earth's young and fair,  
For the graceful heads that have not bent  
To the wintry hand of care!  
They hear the wind's low sigh,  
And the river sweeping free,  
And the green reeds murmuring heavily,  
And the woods — but they hear not thee!

“Long have I striven

With my deep-foreboding soul;  
But the full tide now its bounds hath riven,  
And darkly on must roll.  
There's a young brow smiling near,  
With a bridal white-rose wreath —  
Unto me it smiles from a flowery bier,  
Touched solemnly by death!

“Fair art thou, Morna!

The sadness of thine eye  
Is beautiful as silvery clouds  
On the dark-blue summer sky!  
And thy voice comes like the sound  
Of a sweet and hidden rill,  
That makes the dim woods tuneful round —  
But soon it must be still!

“Silence and dust

On thy sunny lips must lie —  
Make not the strength of love thy trust,  
A stronger yet is nigh!  
No strain of festal flow  
That my hand for thee hath tried,  
But into dirge notes wild and low  
Its ringing tones have died.

“Young art thou, Morna!

Yet on thy gentle head,

Like heavy dew on the lily's leaves,  
 A spirit hath been shed !  
 And the glance is thine which sees  
 Through nature's awful heart —  
 But bright things go with the summer breeze,  
 And thou too must depart !

“ Yet, shall I weep ?  
 I know that in thy breast  
 There swells a fount of song too deep,  
 Too powerful for thy rest !  
 And the bitterness I know,  
 And the chill of this world's breath —  
 Go — all undimmed in thy glory, go !  
 Young and crowned bride of death !

“ Take hence to heaven  
 Thy holy thoughts and bright,  
 And soaring hopes, that were not given  
 For the touch of mortal blight !  
 Might we follow in thy track,  
 This parting should not be !  
 But the spring shall give us violets back,  
 And every flower but thee ! ”

There was a burst of tears around the bard :  
 All wept but one — and she serenely stood,  
 With her clear brow and dark religious eye  
 Raised to the first faint star above the hills,  
 And cloudless ; though it might be that her  
 cheek  
 Was paler than before. So Morna heard  
 The minstrel's prophecy.

And spring returned,  
 Bringing the earth her lovely things again —  
 All, save the loveliest far ! A voice, a smile,  
 A young sweet spirit gone.

### THE LADY OF THE CASTLE.

FROM THE “ PORTRAIT GALLERY,” AN UNFINISHED POEM.

If there be but one spot on thy name,  
 One eye thou fear'st to meet, one human voice  
 Whose tones thou shrink'st from — Woman ! veil thy face,  
 And bow thy head — and die !

THOU seest her pictured with her shining hair,  
 (Famed were those tresses in Provençal song,)  
 Half braided, half o'er cheek and bosom fair  
 Let loose, and pouring sunny waves along  
 Her gorgeous vest. A child's light hand is roving  
 Midst the rich curls ; and O, how meekly loving  
 Its earnest looks are lifted to the face  
 Which bends to meet its lip in laughing grace !

Yet that bright lady's eye, methinks, hath less  
 Of deep, and still, and pensive tenderness  
 Than might beseem a mother's ; on her brow  
 Something too much there sits of native scorn,  
 And her smile kindles with a conscious glow  
 As from the thought of sovereign beauty born.  
 These may be dreams — but how shall woman  
 tell

Of woman's shame, and not with tears ? She  
 fell !

That mother left that child ! — went hurrying by  
 Its cradle — haply not without a sigh,  
 Haply one moment o'er its rest serene  
 She hung. But no ! it could not thus have been,  
 For *she went on* ! — forsook her home, her hearth,  
 All pure affection, all sweet household mirth,  
 To live ■ gaudy and dishonored thing,  
 Sharing in guilt the splendors of a king.

Her lord, in very weariness of life,  
 Girt on his sword for scenes of distant strife.  
 He recked no more of glory : grief and shame  
 Crushed out his fiery nature, and his name  
 Died silently. A shadow o'er his halls  
 Crept year by year : the minstrel passed their  
 walls ;

The warder's horn hung mute. Meantime the  
 child

On whose first flowering thoughts no parent  
 smiled,

A gentle girl, and yet deep-hearted, grew  
 Into sad youth ; for well, too well, she knew  
 Her mother's tale ! Its memory made the sky  
 Seem all too joyous for her shrinking eye ;  
 Checked on her lip the flow of song, which fain  
 Would there have lingered ; flushed her cheek  
 to pain,

If met by sudden glance ; and gave a tone  
 Of sorrow, as for something lovely gone,  
 E'en to the spring's glad voice Her own was  
 low

And plaintive. O, there lie such depths of woe  
 In a *young* blighted spirit ! Manhood rears  
 A haughty brow, and age has done with tears ;  
 But youth bows down to misery, in amazement  
 At the dark cloud o'ermantling its fresh days : —  
 And thus it was with her. A mournful sight

In one so fair — for she indeed was fair ;  
 Not with her mother's dazzling eyes of light —  
 Hers were more shadowy, full of thought and  
 prayer,

And with long lashes o'er a white-rose cheek  
 Drooping in gloom, yet tender still and meek.  
 Still that fond child's — and O, the brow above  
 So pale and pure ! so formed for holy love

To gaze upon in silence ! But she felt  
 That love was not for her, though hearts would  
     melt  
 Where'er she moved, and reverence mutely given  
 Went with her ; and low prayers, that called on  
     heaven  
 To bless the young Isaure.

One sunny morn  
 With alms before her castle gate she stood,  
 'Midst peasant groups : when, breathless and  
     o'erworn,

And shrouded in long weeds of widowhood,  
 A stranger through them broke. The orphan  
     maid,

With her sweet voice and proffered hand of  
     aid,

Turned to give welcome ; but a wild sad look  
 Met hers — a gaze that all her spirit shook ;  
 And that pale woman, suddenly subdued  
 By some strong passion, in its gushing mood,  
 Kneelt at her feet, and bathed them with such  
     tears

As rain the hoarded agonies of years  
 From the heart's urn ; and with her white lips  
     pressed

The ground they trod ; then, burying in her vest  
 Her brow's deep flush, sobbed out — " O unde-  
     filed !

I am thy mother — spurn me not, my child ! "

Isaure had prayed for that lost mother ; wept  
 O'er her stained memory, while the happy slept  
 In the hushed midnight ; stood with mournful  
     gaze

Before yon picture's smile of other days,  
 But never breathed in human ear the name  
 Which weighed her being to the earth, with  
     shame.

What marvel if the anguish, the surprise,  
 The dark remembrances, the altered guise,  
 A while o'erpowered her ? From the weeper's  
     touch

She shrank — 'twas but a moment — yet too  
     much

For that all-humbled one ; its mortal stroke  
 Came down like lightning, and her full heart  
     broke

At once in silence. Heavily and prone  
 She sank, while o'er her castle's threshold stone,  
 Those long fair tresses — *they* still brightly wore  
 Their early pride, though bound with pearls no  
     more —

Bursting their fillet, in sad beauty rolled,  
 And swept the dust with coils of wavy gold.

Her child bent o'er her — called her : 'twas too  
     late —

Dead lay the wanderer at her own proud gate !  
 The joy of courts, the star of night and bard —  
 How didst thou fall, O bright-haired Ermen-  
     garde !

#### THE MOURNER FOR THE BARMECIDES.

" O good old man ! how well in thee appears  
 The constant service of the antique world !  
 Thou art not for the fashion of these times."

AS YOU LIKE IT.

FALLEN was the house of Giafar ; and its name,  
 The high romantic name of Barmecide,  
 A sound forbidden on its own bright shores,  
 By the swift Tigris' wave. Stern Haroun's  
     wrath,

Sweeping the mighty with their fame away,  
 Had so passed sentence : but man's chainless  
     heart

Hides that within its depths which never yet  
 Th' oppressor's thought could reach.

'Twas desolate  
 Where Giafar's halls, beneath the burning sun,  
 Spread out in ruin lay. The songs had ceased ;  
 The lights, the perfumes, and the genii tales  
 Had ceased ; the guests were gone. Yet still  
     one voice

Was there — the fountain's ; through those East-  
     ern courts,

Over the broken marble and the grass,  
 Its low clear music shedding mournfully.

And still another voice ! An aged man,  
 Yet with a dark and fervent eye beneath  
 His silvery hair, came day by day, and sate  
 On a white column's fragment ; and drew forth,  
 From the forsaken walls and dim arcades,  
 A tone that shook them with its answering thrill,  
 To his deep accents. Many a glorious tale  
 He told that sad yet stately solitude,  
 Pouring his memory's fulness o'er its gloom,  
 Like waters in the waste ; and calling up,  
 By song or high recital of their deeds,  
 Bright solemn shadows of its vanished race  
 To people their own halls : with these alone,  
 In all this rich and breathing world, his thoughts  
 Held still unbroken converse. He had been  
 Reared in this lordly dwelling, and was now  
 The ivy of its ruins, unto which  
 His fading life seemed bound. Day rolled on day  
 And from that scene the loneliness was fled ;



For crowds around the gray-haired chromeler  
Met as men meet within whose anxious hearts  
Fear with deep feeling strives; till, as a  
breeze

Wanders through forest branches, and is met  
By one quick sound and shiver of the leaves,  
The spirit of his passionate lament,  
As through their stricken souls it passed, awoke  
One echoing murmur. But this might not  
be

Under ■ despot's rule, and, summoned thence,  
The dreamer stood before the Caliph's throne:  
Sentenced to death he stood, and deeply pale,  
And with his white lips rigidly compressed;  
Till, in submissive tones, he asked to speak  
Once more, ere thrust from earth's fair sunshine  
forth.

Was it to sue for grace? His burning heart  
Sprang, with a sudden lightning, to his eye,  
And he was changed!—and thus, in rapid  
words,  
Th' d'er mastering thoughts, more strong than  
death, found way:—

“And shall I not rejoice to go, when the noble  
and the brave,  
With the glory on their brows, are gone before  
me to the grave?  
What is there left to look on now, what bright-  
ness in the land?  
I hold in scorn the faded world, that wants their  
princely band!

“My chiefs! my chiefs! the old man comes  
that in your halls was nursed—  
That followed you to many ■ fight, where flashed  
your sabres first—  
That bore your children in his arms, your name  
upon his heart:  
O, must the music of that name with him from  
earth depart?

“It shall not be! A thousand tongues, though  
human voice were still,  
With that high sound the living air triumphantly  
shall fill;  
The wind's free flight shall bear it on as wan-  
dering seeds are sown,  
And the starry midnight whisper it with a deep  
and thrilling tone.

“For it is not ■ a flower whose scent with the  
dropping leaves expires;  
And it is not as a household lamp, that ■ breath  
should quench its fires;

It is written on our battle fields with the writing  
of the sword,  
It hath left upon our desert sands a light in bless-  
ings poured.

“The founts, the many-gushing founts which to  
the wild ye gave,  
Of you, my chiefs! shall sing aloud, as they pour  
a joyous wave;  
And the groves, with whose deep lovely gloom  
ye hung the pilgrim's way,  
Shall send from all their sighing leaves your  
praises on the day.

“The very walls your bounty reared for the  
stranger's homeless head  
Shall find a murmur to record your tale, my  
glorious dead!  
Though the grass be where ye feasted once,  
where lute and cittern rung,  
And the serpent in your palaces lie coiled amidst  
its young.

“It is enough! Mine eye no more of joy or  
splendor sees—  
I leave your name in lofty faith to the skies and  
to the breeze!  
I go, since earth her flower hath lost, to join the  
bright and fair,  
And call the grave a kindly house, for ye, my  
chiefs! are there.”

But while the old man sang, ■ mist of tears  
O'er Haroun's eyes had gathered, and a  
thought—  
O, many ■ sudden and remorseful thought—  
Of his youth's once-loved friends, the martyred  
race,  
O'erflowed his softening heart. “Live! live!”  
he cried,  
“Thou faithful unto death! Live on, and still  
Speak of thy lords— they were a princely band!”

#### THE SPANISH CHAPEL.<sup>1</sup>

“Weep not for those whom the veil of the tomb,  
In life's early morning, hath hid from our eyes,  
Ere sin threw a veil o'er the spirit's young bloom,  
Or earth had profaned what ■ born for the skies.”  
MOORE

I MADE a mountain brook my guide  
Through a wild Spanish glen,

<sup>1</sup> Suggested by a scene beautifully described in the *Rece-  
lections of the Peninsula*

And wandered on its grassy side,  
Far from the homes of men.

It lured me with a singing tone,  
And many ■ sunny glance,  
To a green spot of beauty lone,  
A haunt for old romance.

A dim and deeply-bosomed grove  
Of many an aged tree,  
Such ■ the shadowy violets love,  
The fawn and forest bee.

The darkness of the chestnut bough  
There on the waters lay,  
The bright stream reverently below  
Checked its exulting play,

And bore a music all subdued,  
And led ■ silvery sheen  
On through the breathing solitude  
Of that rich leafy scene.

For something viewlessly around  
Of solemn influence dwelt,  
In the soft gloom and whispery sound,  
Not to be told, but felt ;

While, sending forth a quiet gleam  
Across the wood's repose,  
And o'er the twilight of the stream,  
A lowly chapel rose.

A pathway to that still retreat  
Through many ■ myrtle wound,  
And there ■ sight — how strangely sweet !  
My steps in wonder bound.

For on a brilliant bed of flowers,  
E'en at the threshold made,  
As if to sleep through sultry hours,  
A young fair child was laid.

To sleep ? — O, ne'er, on childhood's eye  
And silken lashes pressed,  
Did the warm *living* slumber lie  
With such ■ weight of rest !

Yet still ■ tender crimson glow  
Its cheeks' pure marble dyed —  
'Twas but the light's faint streaming flow  
Through roses heaped beside.

I stooped — the smooth round arm was chill,  
The soft lips' breath was fled,

And the bright ringlets hung ■ still —  
The lovely child was dead !

"Alas !" I cried, "fair faded thing !  
Thou hast wrung bitter tears,  
And thou hast left a woe, to cling  
Round yearning hearts for years !"

But then ■ voice came sweet and low —  
I turned, and near me sate  
A woman with a mourner's brow,  
Pale, yet not desolate.

And in her still, clear, matron face,  
All solemnly serene,  
A shadowed image I could trace  
Of that young slumberer's mien.

"Stranger ! thou pitiest me," she said  
With lips that faintly smiled,  
"As here I watch beside my dead,  
My fair and precious child.

"But know, the time-worn heart may be  
By pangs in this world riven,  
Keener than theirs who yield, like me,  
An angel thus to heaven !"

#### THE KAISER'S FEAST.

[Louis, Emperor of Germany, having put his brother, ■ Palsgrave Rodolphus, under the ban of the empire in the twelfth century, that unfortunate prince fled to England where he died in neglect and poverty. "After his decease, his mother Matilda privately invited his children to return to Germany ; and, by her mediation, during a season of festivity, when Louis kept wassail in the castle of Heidelberg, the family of his brother presented themselves before him in the garb of suppliants, imploring pity and forgiveness. To this appeal the victor softened." — *Miss Benger's Memoir of the Queen of Bohemia.*]

The Kaiser feasted in his hall —  
The red wine mantled high ;  
Banners were trembling on the wall  
To the peals of minstrelsy :  
And many a gleam and sparkle came  
From the armor hung around,  
As it caught the glance of the torch's flame,  
Or the hearth with pine boughs crowned.

Why fell there silence on the chord  
Beneath the harper's hand ?  
And suddenly from that rich board  
Why rose the wassail band ?

The strings were hushed — the knights made  
way

For the queenly mother's tread,  
As up the hall, in dark array,  
Two fair-haired boys she led.

She led them e'en to the Kaiser's place,  
And still before him stood;  
Till, with strange wonder, o'er his face  
Flushed the proud warrior blood:  
And "Speak, my mother! speak!" he cried,  
"Wherefore this mourning vest?  
And the clinging children by thy side,  
In weeds of sadness dressed?"

"Well may a mourning vest be mine,  
And theirs, my son, my son!  
Look on the features of thy line  
In each fair little one!  
Though grief a while within their eyes  
Hath tamed the dancing glee,  
Yet there thine own quick spirit lies —  
Thy brother's children see!

"And where is he, thy brother — where?  
He in thy home that grew,  
And smiling, with his sunny hair,  
Ever to greet thee flew?  
How would his arms thy neck intwine,  
His fond lips press thy brow!  
My son! O, call these orphans thine! —  
Thou hast no brother now!

"What! from their gentle eyes doth nought  
Speak of thy childhood's hours,  
And smite thee with a tender thought  
Of thy dead father's towers?  
Kind was thy boyish heart and true,  
When reared together there,  
Through the old woods like fawns ye flew —  
Where is thy brother — where?

"Well didst thou love him then, and he  
Still at thy side was seen!  
How is it that such things can be  
As though they ne'er had been?  
Evil was this world's breath, which came  
Between the good and brave!  
Now must the tears of grief and shame  
Be offered to the grave.

"And let them, let them there be poured!  
Though all unfelt below —  
Thine own wrung heart, to love restored,  
Shall soften as they flow.

O, death is mighty to make peace;  
Now bid his work be done!  
So many an inward strife shall cease —  
Take, take these babes, my son!"

His eye was dimmed — the strong man's look  
With feelings long suppressed;  
Up in his arms the boys he took,  
And strained them to his breast.  
And a shout from all in the royal hall  
Burst forth to hail the sight;  
And eyes were wet 'midst the brave that met  
At the Kaiser's feast that night.

### TASSO AND HIS SISTER.

"Devant vous est Sorrente; la demouroit la sœur de Tasse, quand il vint en pelerin demander à cette obscure amie un asyle contre l'injustice des princes. — Ses longues douleurs avoient presque egare sa raison; il ne lui restoit plus que son genie." — COBENNE.

SHE sat, where on each wind that sighed  
The citron's breath went by,  
While the red gold of eventide  
Burned in th' Italian sky.  
Her bower was one where daylight's close  
Full oft sweet laughter found,  
As thence the voice of childhood rose  
To the high vineyards round.

But still and thoughtful at her knee  
Her children stood that hour,  
Their bursts of song and dancing glee  
Hushed as by words of power.  
With bright fixed wondering eyes, that gazed  
Up to their mother's face,  
With brows through parted ringlets raised,  
They stood in silent grace.

While she — yet something o'er her look  
Of mournfulness was spread —  
Forth from a poet's magic book  
The glorious numbers read;  
The proud undying lay, which poured  
Its light on evil years;  
His of the gifted pen and sword,<sup>1</sup>  
The triumph, and the tears.

She read of fair Erminia's flight,  
Which Venice once might hear

<sup>1</sup> It is scarcely necessary to recall the well-known Italian saying, that Tasso, with his sword and pen was superior to all men.



Sung on her glittering seas at night  
 By many a gondolier :  
 Of him she read, who broke the charm  
 That wrapped the myrtle grove ;  
 Of Godfrey's deeds, of Tancred's arm,  
 That slew his Paynim love.

Young cheeks around that bright page glowed,  
 Young holy hearts were stirred ;  
 And the meek tears of woman flowed  
 Fast o'er each burning word.  
 And sounds of breeze, and fount, and leaf,  
 Came sweet, each pause between,  
 When a strange voice of sudden grief  
 Burst on the gentle scene.

The mother turned — a way-worn man,  
 In pilgrim garb, stood nigh,  
 Of stately mien, yet wild and wan,  
 Of proud yet mournful eye.  
 But drops which would not stay for pride  
 From that dark eye gushed free,  
 As pressing his pale brow, he cried,  
 "Forgotten ! e'en by thee !

"Am I so changed ! — and yet we two  
 Oft hand in hand have played ;  
 This brow hath been all bathed in dew  
 From wreaths which thou hast made ;  
 We have knelt down and said one prayer,  
 And sung one vesper strain ;  
 My soul is dim with clouds of care —  
 Tell me those words again !

"Life hath been heavy on my head —  
 I come a stricken deer,  
 Bearing the heart, 'midst crowds that bled,  
 To bleed in stillness here."  
 She gazed, till thoughts that long had slept  
 Shook all her thrilling frame —  
 She fell upon his neck and wept,  
 Murmuring her brother's name.

Her brother's name ! — and who was he,  
 The weary one, th' unknown,  
 That came, the bitter world to flee,  
 A stranger to his own ?  
 He was the bard of gifts divine  
 To sway the souls of men ;  
 He of the song for Salem's shrine,  
 He of the sword and pen !

## ULLA ; OR, THE ADJURATION.

"Yet speak to me ! I have outwatched the stars,  
 And gazed o'er heaven in vain, in search of thee.  
 Speak to me ! I have wandered o'er the earth,  
 And never found thy likeness. Speak to me  
 This once — once more !" MANFRED

"Thou'rt gone ! — thou'rt slumbering low,  
 With the sounding seas above thee :  
 It is but a restless woe,  
 But a haunting dream, to love thee !  
 Thrice the glad swan has sung  
 To greet the spring-time hours,  
 Since thine oar at parting flung  
 The white spray up in showers.  
 There's a shadow of the grave on thy hearth and  
 round thy home ;  
 Come to me from the ocean's dead ! — thou'rt  
 surely of them — come !"

'Twas Ulla's voice ! Alone she stood  
 In the Iceland summer night,  
 Far gazing o'er a glassy flood  
 From a dark rock's beetling height.

"I know thou hast thy bed  
 Where the seaweed's coil hath bound thee ;  
 The storm sweeps o'er thy head,  
 But the depths are hushed around thee.  
 What wind shall point the way  
 To the chambers where thou'rt lying ?  
 Come to me thence, and say  
 If thou thought'st on me in dying ?  
 I will not shrink to see thee with a bloodless  
 lip and cheek.  
 Come to me from the ocean's dead ! — thou'rt  
 surely of them — speak !"

She listened — 'twas the wind's low moan,  
 'Twas the ripple of the wave,  
 'Twas the wakening osprey's cry alone  
 As it startled from its cave.

"I know each fearful spell  
 Of the ancient Runic lay,  
 Whose muttered words compel  
 The tempest to obey.  
 But I adjure not thee  
 By magic sign or song ;  
 My voice shall stir the sea  
 By love — the deep, the strong !  
 By the might of woman's tears, by the passion  
 of her sighs,  
 Come to me from the ocean's dead ! — by the  
 vows we pledged, arise !"

Again she gazed with an eager glance,  
Wandering and wildly bright ; —  
She saw but the sparkling waters dance  
To the arrowy northern light.

"By the slow and struggling death  
Of hope that loathed to part,  
By the fierce and withering breath  
Of despair on youth's high heart —  
By the weight of gloom which clings  
To the mantle of the night,  
By the heavy dawn which brings  
Nought lovely to the sight —  
By all that from my weary soul thou hast wrung  
Of grief and fear,  
Come to me from the ocean's dead ! Awake,  
arise, appear !"

Was it her yearning spirit's dream ?  
Or did a pale form rise,  
And o'er the hushed wave glide and gleam,  
With bright, still, mournful eyes ?

"Have the depths heard ? They have !  
My voice prevails : thou'rt there,  
Dim from thy watery grave —  
O thou that wert so fair !  
Yet take me to thy rest !  
There dwells no fear with love ;  
Let me slumber on thy breast,  
While the billow rolls above !  
Where the long-lost things lie hid, where the  
bright ones have their home,  
We will sleep among the ocean's dead. Stay for  
me, stay ! — I come !"

There was a sullen plunge below,  
A flashing on the main ;  
And the wave shut o'er that wild heart's  
woe —  
Shut, and grew still again.

### TO WORDSWORTH.

THINE is a strain to read among the hills,  
The old and full of voices — by the source  
Of some free stream, whose gladdening presence  
fills  
The solitude with sound ; for in its course  
Even such is thy deep song, that seems a part  
Of those high scenes, a fountain from their  
heart.

Or its calm spirit fitly may be taken  
To the still breast in sunny garden bowers,  
Where vernal winds each tree's low tones  
awaken,  
And bud and bell with changes mark the  
hours.  
There let thy thoughts be with me, while the  
day  
Sinks with a golden and serene decay.

Or by some hearth where happy faces meet,  
When night hath hushed the woods with all  
their birds,  
There, from some gentle voice, that lay were  
sweet  
As antique music, linked with household  
words ;  
While in pleased murmurs woman's lip might  
move,  
And the raised eye of childhood shine in love.

Or where the shadows of dark solemn yews  
Brood silently o'er some lone burial ground,  
Thy verse hath power that brightly might dif-  
fuse  
A breath, a kindling, as of spring, around ;  
From its own glow of hope and courage high,  
And steadfast faith's victorious constancy.

True bard and holy ! — thou art e'en as one  
Who, by some secret gift of soul or eye,  
In every spot beneath the smiling sun,  
Sees where the springs of living waters lie :  
Unseen a while they sleep — till, touched by  
thee,  
Bright healthful waves flow forth, to each glad  
wanderer free.

### A MONARCH'S DEATH BED.

[The Emperor Albert of Hapsburg, who was assassinated  
by his nephew, afterwards called John the Parricide, was  
left to die by the wayside, and only supported in his last  
moments by a female peasant, who happened to be passing.]

A MONARCH on his death bed lay —  
Did censers waft perfume,  
And soft lamps pour their silvery ray,  
Through his proud chamber's gloom ?  
He lay upon a greensward bed,  
Beneath a darkening sky —  
A lone tree waving o'er his head,  
A swift stream rolling by.

Had he then fallen ■ warriors fall,  
 Where spear strikes fire with spear?  
 Was there ■ banner for his pall,  
 A buckler for his bier?  
 Not so — nor cloven shields nor helms  
 Had strewn the bloody sod,  
 Where he, the helpless lord of realms,  
 Yielded his soul to God.

Were there not friends with words of cheer,  
 And princely vassals nigh?  
 And priests, the crucifix to rear  
 Before the glazing eye?  
 A peasant girl that royal head  
 Upon her bosom laid,  
 And, shrinking not for woman's dread,  
 The face of death surveyed.

Alone she sat : from hill and wood  
 Red sank the mournful sun;  
 Fast gushed the fount of noble blood —  
 Treason its worst had done.  
 With her long hair she vainly pressed  
 The wounds, to stanch their tide —  
 Unknown, on that meek humble breast,  
 Imperial Albert died!

#### TO THE MEMORY OF HEBER.

"Umile in tanta gloria." — PETRARCH.

If it be sad to speak of treasures gone,  
 Of sainted genius called too soon away,  
 Of light from this world taken, while it shone  
 Yet kindling onward to the perfect day —  
 How shall our grief, if mournful these things  
 be,  
 Flow forth, O thou of many gifts! for thee?

Hath not thy voice been here amongst us heard?  
 And that deep soul of gentleness and power,  
 Have we not felt its breath in every word  
 Wont from thy lip as Hermon's dew to  
 shower?  
 Yes! in our hearts thy fervent thoughts have  
 burned —  
 Of heaven they were, and thither have returned.

How shall we mourn thee? With a lofty trust,  
 Our life's immortal birthright from above!  
 With ■ glad faith, whose eye, to track the just,  
 Through shades and mysteries lifts a glance  
 of love,

And yet can weep! — for nature thus deplores  
 The friend that leaves us, though for happier  
 shores.

And one high tone of triumph o'er thy bier,  
 One strain of solemn rapture, be allowed!  
 Thou, that rejoicing on thy mid career,  
 Not to decay, but unto death, hast bowed,  
 In those bright regions of the rising sun,  
 Where victory ne'er a crown like thine had won

Praise! for yet one more name with power ■  
 dowed  
 To cheer and guide us, onward as we press;  
 Yet one more image on the heart bestowed  
 To dwell there, beautiful in holiness!  
 Thine, Heber, thine! whose memory from the  
 dead  
 Shines as the star which to the Savior led!

#### THE ADOPTED CHILD.

"WHY wouldst thou leave me, O gentle child?  
 Thy home on the mountain is bleak and wild,  
 A straw-roofed cabin, with lowly wall —  
 Mine is a fair and pillared hall,  
 Where many an image of marble gleams,  
 And the sunshine of picture forever streams."

"O, green is the turf where my brothers play,  
 Through the long bright hours of the summer  
 day;  
 They find the red cup moss where they climb,  
 And they chase the bee o'er the scented thyme.  
 And the rocks where the heath flower bloom  
 they know —  
 Lady, kind lady! O, let me go!"

"Content thee, boy! in my bower to dwell —  
 Here are sweet sounds which thou lovest well  
 Flutes on the air in the stillly noon,  
 Harps which the wandering breezes tune,  
 And the silvery wood note of many a bird  
 Whose voice was ne'er in thy mountains heard

"O, my mother sings, at the twilight's fall,  
 A song of the hills far more sweet than all;  
 She sings it under our own green tree  
 To the babe half slumbering on her knee:  
 I dreamt last night of that music low —  
 Lady, kind lady! O, let me go!"

"Thy mother is gone from her cares to rest  
 She hath taken the babe on her quiet breast;



Thou wouldst meet her footstep, my boy ! no  
more,  
Nor hear the song at the cabin door.  
Come thou with me to the vineyards nigh,  
And we'll pluck the grapes of the richest dye."

"Is my mother gone from her home away !  
But I know that my brothers are there at play —  
I know they are gathering the foxglove's bell,  
Or the long fern leaves by the sparkling well ;  
Or they launch their boats where the bright  
streams flow —  
Lady, kind lady ! O, let me go !"

"Fair child ! thy brothers are wanderers now,  
They sport no more on the mountain's brow ;  
They have left the fern by the spring's green  
side,  
And the streams where the fairy barks were  
tried.  
Be thou at peace in thy brighter lot,  
For thy cabin home is a lonely spot."

"Are they gone, all gone, from the sunny hill ?  
But the bird and the blue flower rove o'er it still ;  
And the red deer bound in their gladness  
free,  
And the heath is bent by the singing bee,  
And the waters leap, and the fresh winds blow —  
Lady, kind lady ! O, let me go !"

### INVOCATION.

"I called on dreams and visions to disclose  
That which is veiled from waking thought ; conjured  
Eternity, men constrain a ghost  
To appear and answer." WORDSWORTH.

ANSWER me, burning stars of night !  
Where is the spirit gone,  
That past the reach of human sight  
As a swift breeze hath flown ?  
And the stars answered me — "We roll  
In light and power on high ;  
But, of the never-dying soul,  
Ask that which cannot die."

O many-toned and chainless wind !  
Thou art a wanderer free ;  
Tell me if thou its place canst find  
Far over mount and sea ?  
And the wind murmured in reply —  
"The blue deep I have crossed,  
And met its bars and billows high,  
But not what thou hast lost."

Ye clouds that gorgeously repose  
Around the setting sun,  
Answer ! have ye a home for those  
Whose earthly race is run ?  
The bright clouds answered — "We depart  
We vanish from the sky ;  
Ask what is deathless in thy heart,  
For that which cannot die"

Speak then, thou voice of God within,  
Thou of the deep low tone !  
Answer me, through life's restless din —  
Where is the spirit flown ?  
And the voice answered — "Be thou still !  
Enough to know is given :  
Clouds, winds, and stars their part fulfil  
Thine is, to trust in Heaven."

### KÖRNER AND HIS SISTER.

["Charles Theodore Körner, the celebrated young German poet and soldier, was killed in a skirmish with a detachment of French troops on the 20th of August, 1813, a few hours after the composition of his popular piece, *The Sword Song*. He was buried at the village of Wöbbelin in Mecklenburg, under a beautiful oak, in a recess of which he had frequently deposited verses composed by him while campaigning in its vicinity. The monument erected to his memory is of cast iron ; and the upper part is wrought into a lyre and sword, a favorite emblem of Körner's, from which one of his works had been entitled. Near the grave of the poet is that of his only sister, who died of grief for his loss, having only survived him long enough to complete his portrait and a drawing of his burial-place. Over the gate of the cemetery is engraved one of his own lines : —

"Vergiss die treuen Todten nicht."  
(Forget not the faithful dead.)"

— See RICHARDSON'S *Translation of Körner's Life and Works*, and DOWNE'S *Letters from Mecklenburg*.]

GREEN wave the oak forever o'er thy rest,  
Thou that beneath its crowning foliage sleepest,  
And, in the stillness of thy country's breast,  
Thy place of memory as an altar keepest ;  
Brightly thy spirit o'er her hills was poured,  
Thou of the Lyre and Sword !

Rest, bard ! rest, soldier ! By the father's  
hand  
Here shall the child of after years be led,  
With his wreath offering silently to stand  
In the hushed presence of the glorious  
dead —  
Soldier and bard ! for thou thy path hast trod  
With freedom and with God.

The oak waved proudly o'er thy burial rite,  
 On thy crowned bier to slumber warriors  
 bore thee,  
 And with true hearts thy brethren of the fight  
 Wept ■ they veiled their drooping banners  
 o'er thee;  
 And the deep guns with rolling peal gave token  
 That Lyre and Sword were broken.

*Thou* nast ■ hero's tomb: ■ lowlier bed  
 Is hers, the gentle girl beside thee lying —  
 The gentle girl that bowed her fair young head  
 When thou wert gone, in silent sorrow dying,  
 Brother, true friend! the tender and the brave!  
 She pined to share thy grave.

Fame was thy gift from others; — but for *her*,  
 To whom the wide world held that only  
 spot,  
*She* loved thee! — lovely in your lives ye were,  
 And in your early deaths divided not.  
 Thou hast thine oak, thy trophy, — what hath  
 she?  
 Her own blessed place by thee!

It was thy spirit, brother! which had made  
 The bright earth glorious to her youthful eye,  
 Since first in childhood 'midst the vines ye  
 played,  
 And sent glad singing through the free blue  
 sky.  
 Ye were but two — and when that spirit passed,  
 Woe to the one, the last!

Woe, yet not long! She lingered but to trace  
 Thine image from the image in her breast —  
 Once, once again to see that buried face  
 But smile upon her ere she went to rest.  
 Too sad a smile! its living light was o'er —  
 It answered hers no more.

The earth grew silent when thy voice departed,  
 The home too lonely whence thy step had  
 fled;

What then was left for her, the faithful hearted?  
 Death, death, to still the yearning for the  
 dead!

**Softly** she perished: be the Flower deplored  
 Here with the Lyre and Sword!

Have ye not met ere now? — so let those trust  
 That meet for moments but to part for years —  
 That weep, watch, pray, to hold back dust from  
 dust —  
 That love, where love is but ■ fount of tears.

Brother! sweet sister! peace around ye dwell  
 Lyre, Sword, and Flower, farewell!<sup>1</sup>

### THE DEATH DAY OF KÖRNER.<sup>2</sup>

A SONG for the death day of the brave —  
 A song of pride!  
 The youth went down to a hero's grave,  
 With the sword, his bride.<sup>3</sup>

He went, with his noble heart unworn,  
 And pure, and high —  
 An eagle stooping from clouds of morn,  
 Only to die.

He met with the lyre, whose lofty tone  
 Beneath his hand  
 Had thrilled to the name of his God alone  
 And his fatherland.

And with all his glorious feelings yet  
 In their first glow,  
 Like a southern stream that no frost hath  
 met  
 To chain its flow.

A song for the death day of the brave —  
 A song of pride!  
 For him that went to ■ hero's grave,  
 With the sword, his bride.

He hath left a voice in his trumpet lays  
 To turn the flight,  
 And a guiding spirit for after days,  
 Like a watchfire's light.

<sup>1</sup> The following lines, addressed to the author of the above, by the venerable father of Körner, who, with the mother, survived the "Lyre, Sword, and Flower," here commemorated, may not be uninteresting to the German reader: —

"Wohllaut tont aus der Ferne von freundlichen Luftten getragen,  
 Schmeichelt mit lindernder Kraft sich in der Trauernden Ohr,  
 Starkt den erhebenden Glauben ■ solcher seelen Verwandtschaft,  
 Die zum Tempel die Brust nur für das Würdige weihn.  
 Aus dem Lande zu dem sich stets der gefeyerte Jungling  
 Hingezogen gefühlt, wird ihm ein glänzender Lohn.  
 Heil dem Britischen Volke, wenn ihm das Deutsche nicht ■  
 ist!

Über Lander und Meer reichen sich beyde die Hand."

THEODOR KÖRNER'S VATER.

<sup>2</sup> On reading part of ■ letter from Körner's father, addressed to Mr. Richardson, the translator of his works, in which he speaks of "The death day of his son."

<sup>3</sup> See *The Sword Song*, composed on the morning of his death

And a grief in his father's soul to rest,  
 'Midst all high thought;  
 And a memory unto his mother's breast,  
 With healing fraught.

And a name and fame above the blight  
 Of earthly breath,  
 Beautiful — beautiful and bright,  
 In life and death!

A song for the death day of the brave —  
 A song of pride!  
 For him that went to a hero's grave,  
 With the sword, his bride!

### AN HOUR OF ROMANCE.

"I come  
 To this sweet place for quiet. Every tree,  
 And bush, and fragrant flower, and hilly path,  
 And thymy mound that flings unto the winds  
 Its morning incense, is my friend." — BARRY CORNWALL.

THERE were thick leaves above me and around,  
 And low sweet sighs like those of childhood's  
 sleep,

Amidst their dimness, and a fitful sound  
 As of soft showers on water; dark and deep  
 Lay the oak shadows o'er the turf, so still  
 They seemed but pictured glooms; a hidden  
 rill

Made music such as haunts us in a dream,  
 Under the fern tufts; and a tender gleam  
 Of soft green light, as by the glowworm shed,  
 Came pouring through the woven beech  
 boughs down,

And steeped the magic page wherein I read  
 Of royal chivalry and old renown,  
 A tale of Palestine.<sup>1</sup> Meanwhile the bee  
 Swept past me with a tone of summer hours —

A drowsy bugle, wafting thoughts of flowers,  
 Blue skies, and amber sunshine: brightly free,  
 On filmy wings, the purple dragon fly  
 Shot glancing like a fairy javelin by:  
 And a sweet voice of sorrow told the dell  
 Where sat the lone wood pigeon.

But ere long,  
 All sense of these things faded, as the spell  
 Breathing from that high gorgeous tale grew  
 strong

On my chained soul. 'Twas not the leaves I  
 heard:

A Syrian wind the lion banner stirred,

Through its proud floating folds. 'Twas not the  
 brook

Singing in secret through its grassy glen;  
 A wild shrill trumpet of the Saracen  
 Pealed from the desert's lonely heart, and shook  
 The burning air. Like clouds when winds ~~are~~  
 high,

O'er glittering sands flew steeds of Araby,  
 And tents rose up, and sudden lance and spear  
 Flashed where a fountain's diamond wave lay  
 clear,

Shadowed by graceful palm trees. Then the  
 shout

Of merry England's joy swelled freely out,  
 Sent through an Eastern heaven, whose glorious  
 hue

Made shields dark mirrors to its depths of  
 blue:

And harps were there — I heard their sounding  
 strings,

As the waste echoed to the mirth of kings.  
 The bright mask faded. Unto life's worn track,  
 What called me from its flood of glory back?  
 A voice of happy childhood! — and they passed,  
 Banner, and harp, and Paynim's trumpet's blast.  
 Yet might I scarce bewail the splendors gone,  
 My heart so leaped to that sweet laughter's  
 tone.

### A VOYAGER'S DREAM OF LAND.

"His very heart athirst  
 To gaze at Nature in her green array,  
 Upon the ship's tall side he stands possessed  
 With visions prompted by intense desire;  
 Fair fields appear below, such as he left  
 Far distant, such as he would die to find:  
 He seeks them headlong, and is seen no more."  
 COWPER.

THE hollow dash of waves! — the ceaseless  
 roar! —

Silence, ye billows! — vex my soul no more.  
 There's a spring in the woods by ~~my~~ sunny  
 home,

Afar from the dark sea's tossing foam;  
 O, the fall of that fountain is sweet to hear,  
 As a song from the shore to the sailor's ear!  
 And the sparkle which up to the sun ~~is~~  
 throws

Through the feathery fern and the olive boughs  
 And the gleam on its path as it steals away  
 Into deeper shades from the sultry day,  
 And the large water lilies that o'er its bed  
 Their pearly leaves to the soft light spread,

<sup>1</sup> *The Talisman — Tales of the Crusaders.*



They haunt me ! I dream of that bright spring's  
flow,  
I thirst for its rills like a wounded roe !

Be still, thou sea bird, with thy clanging cry !  
My spirit sickens as thy wing sweeps by.

Know ye my home, with the lulling sound  
Of leaves from the lime and the chestnut round ?  
Know ye it, brethren ! where bowered it lies  
Under the purple of southern skies ?  
With the streamy gold of the sun that shines  
In through the cloud of its clustering vines,  
And the summer breath of the myrtle flowers,  
Borne from the mountain in dewy hours,  
And the firefly's glance through the darkening  
shades,  
Like shooting stars in the forest glades,  
And the scent of the citron at eve's dim fall —  
Speak ! have ye known, have ye felt them  
all ?

The heavy-rolling surge ! the rocking mast ! —  
Hush ! give my dream's deep music way, thou  
blast !

O, the glad sounds of the joyous earth !  
The notes of the singing cicada's mirth,  
The murmurs that live in the mountain pines,  
The sighing of reeds as the day declines,  
The wings flitting home through the crimson  
glow

That steeps the wood when the sun is low,  
The voice of the night bird, that sends a thrill  
To the heart of the leaves when the winds are  
still —

I hear them ! — around me they rise, they swell,  
They call back my spirit with Hope to dwell —  
They come with a breath from the fresh spring  
time,

And waken my youth in its hour of prime.

The white foam dashes high — away, away !  
Shroud my green land no more, thou blinding  
spray !

It is there ! — down the mountains I see the  
sweep

Of the chestnut forests, the rich and deep,  
With the burden and glory of flowers that they  
bear

Floating upborne on the blue summer air,  
And the light pouring through them in tender  
gleams,

And the flashing forth of a thousand streams

Hold me not, brethren ! I go, I go  
To the hills of my youth, where the myrtles  
blow,  
To the depths of the woods, where the shadows  
rest,  
Massy and still, on the greensward's breast,  
To the rocks that resound to the water's  
play —  
I hear the sweet laugh of my fount — give  
way !

Give way ! — the booming surge, the tempest's  
roar,

The sea bird's wail shall vex my soul no more.

### THE EFFIGIES.

"Der rasche Kampf verewigt einen Mann:  
Er falle gleich, so preiset ihn das Lied.  
Allein die Thränen, die unendlichen  
Der überbliebenen, der verlass'nen Frau,  
Zählt keine Nachwelt." GOETHE.

WARRIOR ! whose image on thy tomb,  
With shield and crested head,  
Sleeps proudly in the purple gloom  
By the stained window shed ;  
The records of thy name and race  
Have faded from the stone,  
Yet, through a cloud of years, I trace  
What thou hast been and done.

A banner, from its flashing spear,  
Flung out o'er many a fight ;  
A war cry ringing far and clear,  
And strong to turn the flight ;  
An arm that bravely bore the lance  
On for the holy shrine ;  
A haughty heart and a kingly glance —  
Chief ! were not these things thine ?

A lofty place where leaders sate  
Around the council board ;  
In festive halls a chair of state  
When the blood-red wine was poured ,  
A name that drew a prouder tone  
From herald, harp, and bard :  
Surely these things were all thine own —  
So hadst thou thy reward.

Woman ! whose sculptured form at rest  
By the armed knight is laid,  
With meek hands folded o'er a breast  
In matron robes arrayed ;

What was *thy* tale? O gentle mate  
Of him, the bold and free,  
Bound unto his victorious fate,  
What bard hath sung of *thee*?

He wooed a bright and burning star —  
Thine was the void, the gloom,  
The straining eye that followed far  
His fast-receding plume;  
The heart-sick listening while his steed  
Sent echoes on the breeze;  
The pang — but when did *Fame* take heed  
Of griefs obscure — these?

Thy silent and secluded hours  
Through many a lonely day  
While bending o'er thy brodered flowers,  
With spirits far away;  
Thy weeping midnight prayers for him  
Who fought on Syrian plains,  
Thy watchings till the torch grew dim —  
These fill no minstrel strains.

A still, sad life was thine! — long years  
With tasks unguerdoned fraught —  
Deep, quiet love, submissive tears,  
Vigils of anxious thought;  
Prayer at the cross in fervor poured,  
Alms to the pilgrim given —  
O, happy, happier than thy lord,  
That lone path to heaven!

#### THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS IN NEW ENGLAND.

"Look now abroad! Another race has filled  
Those populous borders — wide the wood recedes,  
And towns shoot up, and fertile realms are tilled;  
The land is full of harvests and green meads."

BRYANT.

THE breaking waves dashed high  
On a stern and rock-bound coast,  
And the woods against a stormy sky  
Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark  
The hills and waters o'er,  
When a band of exiles moored their bark  
On the wild New England shore.

Not the conqueror comes,  
They, the true-hearted, came;  
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,  
And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,  
In silence and in fear; —  
They shook the depths of the desert gloom  
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,  
And the stars heard and the sea,  
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods  
To the anthem of the free!

The ocean eagle soared  
From his nest by the white wave's foam;  
And the rocking pines of the forest roared  
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair  
Amidst that pilgrim band; —  
Why had *they* come to wither there,  
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,  
Lit by her deep love's truth;  
There was manhood's brow, serenely high  
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?  
Bright jewels of the mine?  
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war? —  
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,  
The soil where first they trod;  
They have left unstained what there  
found —  
Freedom to worship God.

#### THE SPIRIT'S MYSTERIES.

"And slight, withal, may be the things which bring  
Back on the heart the weight which it would fling  
Aside forever; — it may be a sound —  
A tone of music — summer's breath, or spring —  
A flower — a leaf — the ocean — which may wound —  
Striking th' electric chain wherewith we're darkly bound."

CHILDE HAROLD

THE power that dwelleth in sweet sounds to  
waken

Vague yearnings, like the sailor's for the shore,  
And dim remembrances, whose hue seems taken  
From some bright former state, our own no  
more;

Is not this all a mystery? Who shall say  
Whence are those thoughts, and whither tends  
their way?

The sudden images of vanished things,  
That o'er the spirit flash, we know not why;  
Tones from some broken harp's deserted strings,  
Warm sunset hues of summers long gone by;  
A rippling wave — the dashing of an oar —  
A flower scent floating past our parents' door;

A word — scarce noted in its hour perchance,  
Yet back returning with a plaintive tone;  
A smile — a sunny or a mournful glance,  
Full of sweet meanings now from this world  
flown;

Are not these mysteries when to life they start,  
And press vain tears in gushes from the heart?

And the far wanderings of the soul in dreams,  
Calling up shrouded faces from the dead,  
And with them bringing soft or solemn gleams,  
Familiar objects brightly to o'erspread;  
And wakening buried love, or joy, or fear —  
These are night's mysteries — who shall make  
them clear?

And the strange inborn sense of coming ill,  
That oftentimes whispers to the haunted breast,  
In a low tone which nought can drown or still,  
'Midst feasts and melodies ■ secret guest;  
Whence doth that murmur wake, that shadow  
fall?  
Why shakes the spirit thus? 'Tis mystery all!

Darkly we move — we press upon the brink  
Haply of viewless worlds, and know it not;  
Yes! it may be, that nearer than we think  
Are those whom death has parted from our lot!  
Fearfully, wondrously our souls are made —  
Let us walk humbly on, but undismayed!

Humbly — for knowledge strives in vain to feel  
Her way amidst these marvels of the mind;  
Yet undismayed — for do they not reveal  
Th' immortal being with our dust intertwined? —  
So let us deem! and e'en the tears they wake  
Shall then be blest, for that high nature's sake.

### THE DEPARTED.

"Thou shalt lie down  
■ patriarchs of the infant world — with kings,  
The powerful of the earth — the wise — the good,  
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,  
All in one mighty sepulchre." BRYANT.

AND shrink ye from the way  
To the spirit's distant shore? —

Earth's mightiest men, in armed array,  
Are thither gone before.

The warrior kings, whose banner  
Flew far as eagles fly,  
They are gone where swords avail them not,  
From the feast of victory.

And the seers who sat of yore  
By Orient palm, or wave,  
They have passed with all their starry lore —  
Can ye still fear the grave?

We fear! we fear! The sunshine  
Is joyous to behold,  
And we reck not of the buried kings,  
Nor the awful seers of old.

Ye shrink! The bards whose lays  
Have made your deep hearts burn,  
They have left the sun, and the voice of praise  
For the land whence none return.

And the beautiful, whose record  
Is the verse that cannot die,  
They too are gone, with their glorious bloom,  
From the love of human eye.

Would ye not join that throng  
Of the earth's departed flowers,  
And the masters of the mighty song,  
In their far and fadeless bowers?

Those songs are high and holy,  
But they vanquish not our fear:  
Not from *our* path those flowers are gone —  
We fain would linger here!

Linger then yet a while,  
As the last leaves on the bough! —  
Ye have loved the light of many a smile  
That is taken from you now.

There have been sweet singing voices  
In your walks, that now are still;  
There are seats left void in your earthly homes  
Which none again may fill.

Soft eyes are seen no more,  
That made spring time in your heart;  
Kindred and friends are gone before —  
And ye still fear to part?

We fear not now, we fear not!  
Though the way through darkness bends;



Our souls are strong to follow *them*,  
Our own familiar friends !

### THE PALM TREE.<sup>1</sup>

It waved not through an Eastern sky,  
Beside ■ fount of Araby ;  
It was not fanned by Southern breeze  
In some green isle of Indian seas ;  
Nor did its graceful shadow sleep  
O'er stream of Afric, lone and deep.

But fair the exiled palm tree grew  
'Midst foliage of no kindred hue ;  
Through the laburnum's dropping gold  
Rose the light shaft of Orient mould,  
And Europe's violets, faintly sweet,  
Purpled the moss beds at its feet.

Strange looked it there ! The willow streamed  
Where silvery waters near it gleamed ;  
The lime bough lured the honey bee  
To murmur by the desert's tree,  
And showers of snowy roses made  
A lustre in its fan-like shade

There came an eve of festal hours —  
Rich music filled that garden's bowers ;  
Lamps, that from flowering branches hung,  
On sparks of dew soft color flung ;  
And bright forms glanced — a fairy show —  
Under the blossoms to and fro.

But one, ■ one one, 'midst the throng,  
Seemed reckless all of dance or song :  
He was a youth of dusky mien,  
Whereon the Indian sun had been,  
Of crested brow and long black hair —  
A stranger, like the palm tree, there.

And slowly, sadly, moved his plumes,  
Glittering athwart the leafy glooms.  
He passed the pale-green olives by,  
Nor won the chestnut flowers his eye ;  
But when to that sole palm he came,  
Then shot a rapture through his frame !

To him, to him its rustling spoke —  
The silence of his soul it broke !  
It whispered of his own bright isle,  
That lit the ocean with a smile ;

<sup>1</sup> This incident is, I think, recorded by De Lille, in his poem of *Les Jardins*.

Ay, to his ear that native tone  
Had something of the sea-wave's moan !

His mother's cabin home, that lay  
Where feathery cocoas fringed the bay ;  
The dashing of his brethren's oar —  
The conch note heard along the shore ;  
All through his wakening bosom swept —  
He clasped his country's tree, and wept !

O, scorn him not ! The strength whereby  
The patriot girds himself to die,  
Th' unconquerable power which fills  
The freeman battling on his hills,  
These have one fountain deep and clear —  
The same whence gushed that childlike tear !

### THE CHILD'S LAST SLEEP.

SUGGESTED BY A MONUMENT OF CHANTREY'S.

Thou sleepest — but when wilt thou wake, fair  
child ?

When the fawn awakes in the forest wild ?

When the lark's wing mounts with the breeze  
of morn ?

When the first rich breath of the rose is born ? —

Lovely thou sleepest ! yet something lies  
Too deep and still on thy soft-sealed eyes ;  
Mournful, though sweet, is thy rest to see —  
When will the hour of thy rising be ?

Not when the fawn wakes — not when the  
lark

On the crimson cloud of the morn floats dark. —  
Grief with vain passionate tears hath wet  
The hair, shedding gleams from thy pale brow  
yet ;

Love, with sad kisses unfelt, hath pressed  
Thy meek-dropped eyelids and quiet breast ;  
And the glad spring, calling out bird and bee,  
Shall color all blossoms, fair child ! but thee.

Thou'rt gone from us, bright one ! — that *thou*  
shouldst die,

And life be left to the butterfly !<sup>2</sup>

Thou'rt gone as a dewdrop is swept from the  
bough :

O for the world where thy home is now !  
How may we love but in doubt and fear,  
How may we anchor our fond hearts here ;

<sup>2</sup> A butterfly, as if resting on a flower, ■ sculptured ■ the monument.

How should e'en joy but a trembler be  
Beautiful dust! when we look on thee

### THE SUNBEAM.

Thou art no lingerer in monarch's hall —  
A joy thou art, and a wealth to all!  
A bearer of hope unto land and sea —  
Sunbeam! what gift hath the world like thee?

Thou art walking the billows, and Ocean smiles;  
Thou hast touched with glory his thousand isles;  
Thou hast lit up the ships and the feathery foam,  
And gladdened the sailor like words from home.

To the solemn depths of the forest shades,  
Thou art streaming on through their green  
arcades;  
And the quivering leaves that have caught thy  
glow  
Like fireflies glance to the pools below.

I looked on the mountains — a vapor lay  
Folding their heights in its dark array:  
Thou breakest forth, and the mist became  
A crown and a mantle of living flame.

I looked on the peasant's lowly cot —  
Something of sadness had wrapped the spot;  
But a gleam of *thee* on its lattice fell,  
And it laughed into beauty at that bright spell.

To the earth's wild places a guest thou art,  
Flushing the waste like the rose's heart;  
And thou scornest not from thy pomp to shed  
A tender smile on the ruin's head.

Thou takest through the dim church aisle thy  
way,  
And its pillars from twilight flash forth to-day,  
And its high, pale tombs, with their trophies old,  
Are bathed in a flood as of molten gold.

And thou turnest not from the humblest grave,  
Where a flower to the sighing winds may wave;  
Thou scatter'st its gloom like the dreams of rest,  
Thou sleepest in love on its grassy breast.

Sunbeam of summer! O, what is like thee?  
Hope of the wilderness, joy of the sea! —  
One thing is like thee to mortals given,  
The faith touching all things with hues of  
heaven:

### BREATHINGS OF SPRING.

Thou givest me flowers, thou givest me songs; bring  
The love that I have lost!

What wakest thou, Spring? Sweet voices in  
the woods,

And reed-like echoes, that have long been  
mute:

Thou bringest back, to fill the solitudes,  
The lark's clear pipe, the cuckoo's viewless  
flute,

Whose tone seems breathing mournfulness  
glee,

E'en as our hearts may be.

And the leaves greet thee, Spring! — the joyous  
leaves,

Whose tremblings gladden many a copse and  
glade,

Where each young spray a rosy flush receives,  
When thy south wind hath pierced the whis-  
pery shade,

And happy murmurs, running through the grass,  
Tell that thy footsteps pass.

And the bright waters — they too hear thy call,  
Spring, the awakener! thou hast burst their  
sleep!

Amidst the hollows of the rocks their fall  
Makes melody, and in the forests deep,  
Where sudden sparkles and blue gleams betray  
Their windings to the day.

And flowers — the fairy-peopled world of  
flowers!

Thou from the dust hast set that glory free,  
Coloring the cowslip with the sunny hours,  
And pencilling the wood anemone:

Silent they seem — yet each to thoughtful eye  
Glow with mute poesy.

But what awakest thou in the heart, O Spring!  
The human heart, with all its dreams and  
sighs?

Thou that givest back so many a buried thing,  
Restorer of forgotten harmonies!

Fresh songs and scents break forth where'er  
thou art —

What wakest thou in the heart?

Too much, O, there too much! We know not  
well

Wherefore it should be thus, yet roused by  
thee.

What fond, strange yearnings, from the soul's  
 deep cell,  
 Gush for the faces we no more may see!  
 How are we haunted, in the wind's low tone,  
 By voices that are gone!

Looks of familiar love, that nevermore,  
 Never on earth, our aching eyes shall meet,  
 Past words of welcome to our household door,  
 And vanished smiles, and sounds of parted  
 feet —

Spring! 'midst the murmurs of thy flowering  
 trees,

Why, why reviv'st thou these?

Vain longings for the dead! — why come they  
 back

With thy young birds, and leaves, and living  
 blooms?

O, is it not, that from thine earthly track  
 Hope to thy world may look beyond the  
 tombs?

Yes, gentle Spring! no sorrow dims thine air,  
 Breathed by our loved ones *there*!

### THE ILLUMINATED CITY.

THE hills all glowed with a festive light,  
 For the royal city rejoiced by night:  
 There were lamps hung forth upon tower and  
 tree,

Banners were lifted and streaming free;  
 Every tall pillar was wreathed with fire;  
 Like a shooting meteor was every spire;  
 And the outline of many a dome on high  
 Was traced, as in stars, on the clear dark  
 sky.

I passed through the streets. There were  
 throngs on throngs —

Like sounds of the deep were their mingled  
 songs;

There was music forth from each palace borne —  
 A peal of the cymbal, the harp, and horn;  
 The forests heard it, the mountains rang,  
 The hamlets woke to its haughty clang;  
 Rich and victorious was every tone,  
 Telling the land of her foes o'erthrown.

Didst thou meet not a mourner for all the slain?  
 Thousands lie dead on their battle plain!  
 Gallant and true were the hearts that fell —  
 Grief in the homes they have left must dwell:

Grief o'er the aspect of childhood spread,  
 And bowing the beauty of woman's head!  
 Didst thou hear, 'midst the songs, not one ten-  
 der moan  
 For the many brave to their slumbers gone?

I saw not the face of a weeper there —  
 Too strong, perchance, was the bright lamps  
 glare!

I heard not a wail 'midst the joyous crowd —  
 The music of victory was all too loud!  
 Mighty it rolled on the winds afar,  
 Shaking the streets like a conqueror's car —  
 Through torches and streamers its flood sweep  
 by:

How could I listen for moan or sigh?

Turn then away from life's pageants — turn,  
 If its deep story thy heart would learn!  
 Ever too bright is that outward show,  
 Dazzling the eyes till they see not woe.  
 But lift the proud mantle which hides from thy  
 view

The things thou shouldst gaze on, the sad  
 and true;

Nor fear to survey what its folds conceal:  
 So must thy spirit be taught to feel!

### THE SPELLS OF HOME.

"There blend the ties that strengthen  
 Our hearts in hours of grief,  
 The silver links that lengthen  
 Joy's visits when most brief."

BERNARD BARBO.

By the soft green light in the woody glade,  
 On the banks of moss where thy childhood  
 played,

By the household tree through which thine eyes  
 First looked in love to the summer sky,  
 By the dewy gleam, by the very breath  
 Of the primrose tufts in the grass beneath,  
 Upon thy heart there is laid a spell,  
 Holy and precious — O, guard it well!

By the sleepy ripple of the stream,  
 Which hath lulled thee into many a dream,  
 By the shiver of the ivy leaves  
 To the wind of morn at thy casement eaves,  
 By the bee's deep murmur in the limes,  
 By the music of the Sabbath chimes,  
 By every sound of thy native shade.  
 Stronger and dearer the spell is made.



By the gathering round the winter hearth,  
 When twilight called unto household mirth,  
 By the fairy tale or the legend old  
 In that ring of happy faces told,  
 By the quiet hour when hearts unite  
 In the parting prayer and the kind "Good  
 night!"  
 By the smiling eye, and the loving tone,  
 Over thy life has the spell been thrown.

And bless that gift! — it hath gentle might,  
 A guardian power and ■ guiding light.  
 It hath led the freeman forth to stand  
 In the mountain battles of his land;  
 It hath brought the wanderer o'er the seas  
 To die on the hills of his own fresh breeze;  
 And back to the gates of his father's hall  
 It hath led the weeping prodigal.

Yes! when thy heart, in its pride, would stray  
 From the pure first loves of its youth away —  
 When the sullyng breath of the world would  
 come

O'er the flowers it brought from its childhood's  
 home —

Think thou again of the woody glade,  
 And the sound by the rustling ivy made —  
 Think of the tree at thy father's door,  
 And the kindly spell shall have power once  
 more!

#### ROMAN GIRL'S SONG.

"Roma, Roma, Roma!  
 Non ■ piu come era prima."

ROME, Rome! thou art no more  
 As thou hast been!  
 On thy seven hills of yore  
 Thou satt'st a queen.

Thou hadst thy triumphs then  
 Purpling the street,  
 Leaders and sceptred men  
 Bowed at thy feet.

They that thy mantle wore,  
 As gods were seen —  
 Rome, Rome! thou art no more  
 As thou hast been!

Rome! thine imperial brow  
 Never shall rise:  
 What hast thou left thee now? —  
 Thou hast thy skies!

Blue, deeply blue, they are,  
 Gloriously bright!  
 Veiling thy wastes afar  
 With colored light.

Thou hast the sunset's glow,  
 Rome! for thy dower,  
 Flushing tall cypress bough,  
 Temple and tower!

And all sweet sounds are thine,  
 Lovely to hear,  
 While night, o'er tomb and shrine,  
 Rests darkly clear.

Many a solemn hymn,  
 By starlight sung,  
 Sweeps through the arches dim  
 Thy wrecks among.

Many a flute's low swell  
 On thy soft air  
 Lingers and loves to dwell  
 With summer there.

Thou hast the south's rich gift  
 Of sudden song —  
 A charmed fountain, swift,  
 Joyous and strong.

Thou hast fair forms that ■■■■  
 With queenly tread;  
 Thou hast proud fanes above  
 Thy mighty dead.

Yet wears thy Tiber's shore  
 A mournful mien: —  
 Rome, Rome! thou art no ■■■■  
 As thou hast been!

#### THE DISTANT SHIP.

THE sea-bird's wing o'er ocean's breast  
 Shoots like a glancing star,  
 While the red radiance of the west  
 Spreads kindling fast and far;  
 And yet that splendor wins thee not —  
 Thy still and thoughtful eye  
 Dwells but on one dark distant spot  
 Of all the main and sky.

Look round thee! O'er the slumbering deep  
 A solemn glory broods!

A fire hath touched the beauteous steep,  
And all the golden woods;  
A thousand gorgeous clouds on high  
Burn with the sunset light! —  
What spell from that rich pageantry  
Chains down thy gazing sight?

A softening thought of human cares,  
A feeling linked to earth!  
Is not yon speck a bark which bears  
The loved of many a hearth?  
O, do not Hope, and Grief, and Fear  
Crowd her frail world even now,  
And manhood's prayer and woman's tear  
Follow her venturesome prow!

Bright are the floating clouds above,  
The glittering seas below;  
But we are bound by cords of love  
To kindred weal and woe.  
Therefore, amidst this wide array  
Of glorious things and fair,  
My soul is on that bark's lone way —  
For human hearts are there.

#### THE BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

Buzz, joyous birds of the wandering wing!  
Whence is it ye come with the flowers of spring?  
"We come from the shores of the green old Nile,  
From the land where the roses of Sharon smile,  
From the palms that wave through the Indian  
sky,  
From the myrrh trees of glowing Araby.

"We have swept o'er cities in song renowned —  
Silent they lie with the deserts round!  
We have crossed proud rivers, whose tide hath  
rolled  
All dark with the warrior blood of old;  
And each worn wing hath regained its home,  
Under peasant's roof tree or monarch's dome."

And what have ye found in the monarch's dome  
Since last ye traversed the blue sea's foam?  
"We have found a change, we have found a pall,  
And a gloom o'ershadowing the banquet's hall,  
And a mark on the floor as of lifedrops spilt —  
Nought looks the same save the nest we built!"

O joyous birds! it hath still been so:  
Through the halls of kings doth the tempest go!  
But the huts of the hamlet lie still and deep,  
And the hills o'er their quiet a vigil keep:

Say, what have ye found in the peasant's cot,  
Since last we parted from that sweet spot?

"A change we have found there — and many a  
change!

Faces and footsteps, and all things strange!  
Gone are the heads of the silvery hair,  
And the young that were have a brow of care,  
And the place is hushed where the children  
played —  
Nought looks the same save the nest we made!

Sad is your tale of the beautiful earth,  
Birds that o'ersweep it in power and mirth!  
Yet through the wastes of the trackless air  
Ye have a guide, and shall we despair?  
Ye over desert and deep have passed —  
So may we reach our bright home at last!

#### THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD

They grew in beauty side by side,  
They filled one home with glee;  
Their graves are severed far and wide,  
By mount, and stream, and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night  
O'er each fair sleeping brow:  
She had each folded flower in sight —  
Where are those dreamers now?

One, 'midst the forest of the West,  
By a dark stream is laid —  
The Indian knows his place of rest,  
Far in the cedar shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one —  
He lies where pearls lie deep;  
He was the loved of all, yet none  
O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are dressed  
Above the noble slain:  
He wrapped his colors round his breast  
On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one — o'er her the myrtle showers  
Its leaves, by soft winds fanned;  
She faded 'midst Italian flowers —  
The last of that bright band.

And parted thus they rest, who played  
Beneath the same green tree;

Whose voices mingled as they prayed  
Around one parent knee!

They that with smiles lit up the hall,  
And cheered with song the hearth! —  
Alas, for love! if *thou* wert all,  
And nought beyond, O Earth!

### MOZART'S REQUIEM.

[A short time before the death of Mozart, a stranger of remarkable appearance, and dressed in deep mourning, called at his house, and requested him to prepare a requiem, in his best style, for the funeral of a distinguished person. The sensitive imagination of the composer immediately seized upon the circumstance as an omen of his own fate; and the nervous anxiety with which he labored to fulfil the task, had the effect of realizing his impression. He died within a few days after completing this magnificent piece of music, which was performed at his interment.]

"These birds of paradise but long to flee  
Back to their native mansion."

PROPHET OF DANTE.

A REQUIEM! — and for whom?  
For beauty in its bloom?  
For valor fallen — a broken rose or sword?  
A dirge for king or chief,  
With pomp of stately grief,  
Banner, and torch, and waving plume deplored?

Not so — it is not so!  
The warning voice I know,  
From other worlds a strange mysterious tone;  
A solemn funeral air  
It called me to prepare,  
And my heart answered secretly — My own!

One more then, one more strain,  
In links of joy and pain,  
Mighty the troubled spirit to intrall!  
And let me breathe my dower  
Of passion and of power  
Full into that deep lay — the last of all!

The last! — and I must go  
From this bright world below,  
This realm of sunshine, ringing with sweet sound!  
Must leave its festal skies,  
With all their melodies,  
That ever in my breast glad echoes found!

Yet have I known it long:  
Too restless and too strong

Within this clay hath been the o'ermastering  
flame;  
Swift thoughts, that came and went,  
Like torrents o'er me sent,  
Have shaken, a reed, my thrilling frame.

Like perfumes on the wind,  
Which none may stay or bind,  
The beautiful comes floating through my soul;  
I strive with yearnings vain  
The spirit to detain  
Of the deep harmonies that past me roll!

Therefore disturbing dreams  
Trouble the secret streams  
And founts of music that o'erflow my breast;  
Something far more divine  
Than may on earth be mine  
Haunts my worn heart, and will not let me rest

Shall I then *fear* the tone  
That breathes from worlds unknown?  
Surely these feverish aspirations *there*  
Shall grasp their full desire,  
And this unsettled fire  
Burn calmly, brightly, in immortal air.

One more then, one more strain;  
To earthly joy and pain  
A rich, and deep, and passionate farewell!  
I pour each fervent thought,  
With fear, hope, trembling, fraught,  
Into the notes that o'er my dust shall swell.

### THE IMAGE IN LAVA.<sup>1</sup>

Thou thing of years departed!  
What ages have gone by  
Since here the mournful seal was set  
By love and agony?

Temple and tower have mouldered,  
Empires from earth have passed,  
And woman's heart hath left a trace  
Those glories to outlast!

And childhood's fragile image,  
Thus fearfully enshrined,  
Survives the proud memorials reared  
By conquerors of mankind.

<sup>1</sup> The impression of a woman's form, with an infant clasped to the bosom, found at the uncovering of Hercules' tomb.



Babe ! wert thou brightly slumbering  
 Upon thy mother's breast  
 When suddenly the fiery tomb  
 Shut round each gentle guest ?

A strange, dark fate o'ertook you,  
 Fair babe and loving heart !  
 One moment of ■ thousand pangs —  
 Yet better than to part !

Haply of that fond bosom  
 On ashes here impressed,  
 Thou wert the only treasure, child !  
 Whereon a hope might rest.

Perchance all vainly lavished  
 Its other love had been ;  
 And where it trusted, nought remained  
 But thorns on which to lean.

Far better, then, to perish,  
 Thy form within its clasp,  
 Than live and lose thee, precious one !  
 From that impassioned grasp.

O, I could pass all relics  
 Left by the pomps of old,  
 To gaze on this rude monument  
 Cast in affection's mould.

Love ! human love ! what art thou ?  
 Thy print upon the dust  
 Outlives the cities of renown  
 Wherein the mighty trust !

Immortal, O, immortal  
 Thou art, whose earthly glow  
 Hath given these ashes holiness —  
 It must, it *must* be so !

#### CHRISTMAS CAROL.

O LOVELY voices of the sky,  
 That hymned the Savior's birth !  
 Are ye not singing still on high,  
 Ye that sang "Peace on earth" ?  
 To us yet speak the strains  
 Wherewith, in days gone by,  
 Ye blessed the Syrian swains,  
 O voices of the sky !

O clear and shining light ! whose beams  
 That hour heaven's glory shed

Around the palms, and o'er the streams,  
 And on the shepherd's head ;  
 Be near, through life and death,  
 As in that holiest night  
 Of Hope, and Joy, and Faith,  
 O clear and shining light !

O star ! which led to Him whose love  
 Brought down man's ransom free ;  
 Where art thou ? — 'Midst the hosts above  
 May we still gaze on thee ?  
 In heaven thou art not set,  
 Thy rays earth might not dim —  
 Send them to guide us yet,  
 O star which led to Him !

#### A FATHER READING THE BIBLE.

'Twas early day, and sunlight streamed  
 Soft through ■ quiet room,  
 That hushed, but not forsaken seemed,  
 Still, but with nought of gloom.  
 For there, serene in happy age  
 Whose hope is from above,  
 A father communed with the page  
 Of Heaven's recorded love.

Pure fell the beam, and meekly bright,  
 On his gray holy hair,  
 And touched the page with tenderest light,  
 As if its shrine were there !  
 But O, that patriarch's aspect shone  
 With something lovelier far —  
 A radiance all the spirit's own,  
 Caught not from sun or star.

Some word of life e'en then had met  
 His calm, benignant eye ;  
 Some ancient promise, breathing yet  
 Of immortality !  
 Some martyr's prayer, wherein the glow  
 Of quenchless faith survives !  
 While every feature said — "*I know*  
*That my Redeemer lives !*"

And silent stood his children by,  
 Hushing their very breath,  
 Before the solemn sanctity  
 Of thoughts o'ersweeping death.  
 Silent — yet did not each young breast  
 With love and reverence melt ?  
 O, blest be those fair girls, and blest  
 That home where God is felt !

THE MEETING OF THE BROTHERS.<sup>1</sup>

—“His early days  
Were with him in his heart.” WORDSWORTH.

THE voices of two forest boys,  
In years when hearts intwine,  
Had filled with childhood's merry noise  
A valley of the Rhine :  
To rock and stream that sound was known,  
Gladsome as hunter's bugle tone.

The sunny laughter of their eyes  
There had each vineyard seen ;  
Up every cliff whence eagles rise  
Their bounding step had been ;  
Ay ! their bright youth a glory threw  
O'er the wild place wherein they grew.

But this, as dayspring's flush, was brief  
As early bloom or dew ;  
Alas ! 'tis but the withered leaf  
That wears th' enduring hue !  
Those rocks along the Rhine's fair shore  
Might girdle in their world no more.

For now on manhood's verge they stood,  
And heard life's thrilling call,  
As if a silver clarion wooed  
To some high festival ;  
And parted as young brothers part,  
With love in each unsullied heart.

They parted. Soon the paths divide  
Wherein our steps were one,  
Like river branches, far and wide,  
Dissevering as they run ;  
And making strangers in their course  
Of waves that had the same bright source.

Met they no more ? Once more they met,  
Those kindred hearts and true !  
'Twas on a field of death, where yet  
The battle thunders flew,  
Though the fierce day was well nigh past,  
And the red sunset smiled its last.

But as the combat closed, they found  
For tender thoughts a space,  
And e'en upon that bloody ground  
Room for one bright embrace,  
And poured forth on each other's neck  
Such tears ■ warriors need not check.

The mists o'er boyhood's memory spread  
All melted with those tears,  
The faces of the holy dead  
Rose as in vanished years ;  
The Rhine, the Rhine, the ever blest,  
Lifted its voice in each full breast !

O, was it *then* a time to die ?  
It was ! — that not in vain  
The soul of childhood's purity  
And peace might turn again.  
A ball swept forth — 'twas guided well --  
Heart unto heart those brothers fell !

Happy, yes, happy thus to go !  
Bearing from earth away  
Affections, gifted ne'er to know  
A shadow — a decay —  
A passing touch of change or chill,  
A breath of aught whose breath can kill.

And they, between whose severed souls,  
Once in close union tied,  
A gulf is set, a current rolls  
Forever to divide ;  
Well may *they* envy such ■ lot  
Whose hearts yearn on — but mingle not.

## THE LAST WISH.

Go to the forest shade,  
Seek thou the well-known glade,  
Where, heavy with sweet dew, the violets lie,  
Gleaming through moss tufts deep,  
Like dark eyes filled with sleep,  
And bathed in hues of summer's midnight sky.

Bring me their buds, to shed  
Around my dying bed  
A breath of May and of the wood's repose ;  
For I, in sooth, depart  
With a reluctant heart,  
That fain would linger where the bright sun  
glows.

Fain would I stay with thee ! —  
Alas ! this may not be ;  
Yet bring me still the gifts of happier hours !  
Go where the fountain's breast  
Catches, in glassy rest,  
The dim green light that pours through laurel  
bowers.

<sup>1</sup> For the tale on which this little poem is founded, see  
■ *Hermite en Italie*.

I know how softly bright,  
 Steeped in that tender light,  
 The water lilies tremble there e'en now ;  
 Go to the pure stream's edge,  
 And from its whispering sedge  
 Bring me those flowers to cool my fevered brow !

Then, as in Hope's young days,  
 Track thou the antique maze  
 Of the rich garden to its grassy mound ;  
 There is a lone white rose,  
 Shedding, in sudden snows,  
 Its faint leaves o'er the emerald turf around.

Well know'st thou that fair tree —  
 A murmur of the bee  
 Dwells ever in the honeyed lime above :  
 Bring me one pearly flower  
 Of all its clustering shower —  
 For on that spot we first revealed our love.

Gather one woodbine bough,  
 Then, from the lattice low  
 Of the bowered cottage which I bade thee mark,  
 When by the hamlet last  
 Through dim wood lanes we passed,  
 While dews were glancing to the glowworm's  
 spark.

Haste ! to my pillow bear  
 Those fragrant things and fair ;  
 My hand no more may bind them up at eve —  
 Yet shall their odor soft  
 One bright dream round me waft  
 Of life, youth, summer — all that I must leave !

And O, if thou wouldst ask  
 Wherefore thy steps I task,  
 The grove, the stream, the hamlet vale to trace —  
 'Tis that some thought of me,  
 When I am gone, may be  
 The spirit bound to each familiar place.

I bid mine image dwell  
 (O, break not thou the spell !)  
 In the deep wood and by the fountain side ;  
 Thou must not, my beloved !  
 Rove where we two have roved,  
 Forgetting her that in her spring time died !

## FAIRY FAVORS.

— Give — but  
 Something whereunto I may bind my heart ;  
 Something to love, to rest upon, to clasp  
 Affection's tendrils round.

Wouldst thou wear the gift of immortal bloom ?  
 Wouldst thou smile in scorn at the shadowy  
 tomb ?

Drink of this cup ! it is richly fraught  
 With balm from the gardens of Genii brought ;  
 Drink ! and the spoiler shall pass thee by,  
 When the young all scattered like rose leaves lie

And would not the youth of my soul be gone,  
 If the loved had left me, one by one ?  
 Take back the cup that may never bless,  
 The gift that would make me brotherless.  
 How should I live, with no kindred eye  
 To reflect mine immortality !

Wouldst thou have empire, by sign or spell,  
 Over the mighty in air that dwell ?  
 Wouldst thou call the spirits of shore and steep  
 To fetch thee jewels from ocean's deep ?  
 Wave but this rod, and a viewless band,  
 Slaves to thy will, shall around thee stand.

And would not fear, at my coming, then  
 Hush every voice in the homes of men ?  
 Would not bright eyes in my presence quail ?  
 Young cheeks with a nameless thrill turn pale ?  
 No gift be mine that aside would turn  
 The human love for whose founts I yearn !

Wouldst thou then read through the hearts of  
 those

Upon whose faith thou hast sought repose ?  
 Wear this rich gem ! it is charmed to show  
 When a change comes over affection's glow :  
 Look on its flushing or fading hue,  
 And learn if the trusted be false or true !

Keep, keep the gem, that I still may trust,  
 Though my heart's wealth be but poured —  
 dust !

Let not a doubt in my soul have place,  
 To dim the light of a loved one's face ;  
 Leave to the earth its warm sunny smile —  
 That glory would pass could I look on guile !

Say, then, what boon of my power shall be,  
 Favored of spirits ! poured forth on thee ?  
 Thou scornest the treasures of wave and mine,  
 Thou wilt not drink of the cup divine,



Thou art fain with a mortal's lot to rest —  
Answer me ! how may I grace it best ?

O, give me no sway o'er the powers unseen,  
But a human heart where my own may lean !

A friend, one tender and faithful friend,  
Whose thoughts' free current with mine may  
blend ;

And, leaving not either on earth alone.  
Bid the bright, calm close of our lives be one !

## SONGS OF THE AFFECTIONS;

### AND OTHER POEMS.

They tell but dreams — a lonely spirit's dreams ;  
Yet ever through their fleeting imagery  
Wanders a vein of melancholy love,  
An aimless thought of home ; as in the song  
Of the caged skylark ye may deem there dwells  
A passionate memory of blue skies and flowers,  
And living streams — far off !

#### A SPIRIT'S RETURN.

" This is to be a mortal,  
And such things beyond mortality ! " MANFRED.

Thy voice prevails — dear friend, my gentle  
friend !

This long-shut heart for thee shall be unsealed ;  
And though thy soft eye mournfully will bend  
Over the troubled stream, yet once revealed  
Shall its freed waters flow ; then rocks must  
close

Forevermore above their dark repose.

Come while the gorgeous mysteries of the sky  
Fused in the crimson sea of sunset lie ;  
Come to the woods, where all strange wandering  
sound

Is mingled into harmony profound ;

Where the leaves thrill with spirit, while the  
wind

Fills with a viewless being, unconfined,  
The trembling reeds and fountains. Our own  
dell,

With its green dimness and Æolian breath,  
Shall suit th' unveiling of dark records well —  
Hear me in tenderness and silent faith !

Thou knew'st me not in life's fresh vernal  
morn —

I would thou hadst ! — for then my heart on  
thine

Had poured a worthier love ; now, all o'erworn  
By its deep thirst for something too divine,

It hath but fitful music to bestow,  
Echoes of harpstrings broken long ago.

Yet even in youth companionless I stood,  
As a lone forest bird 'midst ocean's foam ;  
For me the silver cords of brotherhood  
Were early loosed ; the voices from my home  
Passed one by one, and melody and mirth  
Left me a dreamer by a silent hearth.

But, with the fulness of a heart that burned  
For the deep sympathies of mind, I turned  
From that unanswering spot, and fondly sought  
In all wild scenes with thrilling murmurs  
fraught,

In every still small voice and sound of power,  
And flute note of the wind through cave and  
bower,

A perilous delight ! — for then first woke  
My life's lone passion, the mysterious quest  
Of secret knowledge ; and each tone that broke  
From the wood arches or the fountain's breast,  
Making my quick soul vibrate as a lyre,  
But ministered to that strange inborn fire.

'Midst the bright silence of the mountain dells,  
In noontide hours or golden summer eves,  
My thoughts have burst forth as a gale that swells  
Into a rushing blast, and from the leaves  
Shakes out response. O thou rich world unseen  
Thou curtained realm of spirits ! — thus my cry  
Hath troubled air and silence — dost thou lie  
Spread all around, yet by some filmy screen

Shut from us ever? The resounding woods,  
Do their depths teem with marvels? — and the  
floods,

And the pure fountains, leading secret veins  
Of quenchless melody through rock and hill,  
Have they bright dwellers? — are their lone  
domains

Peopled with beauty, which may never still  
Our weary thirst of soul? Cold, weak and cold,  
Is earth's vain language, piercing not one  
fold

Of our deep being! O for gifts more high!  
For ■ seer's glance to rend mortality!  
For ■ charmed rod, to call from each dark  
shrine

The oracles divine!

I woke from those high fantasies, to know  
My kindred with the earth — I woke to love.  
O gentle friend! to love in doubt and woe,  
Shutting the heart the worshipped name above,  
Is to love deeply; and my spirit's dower  
Was ■ sad gift, ■ melancholy power  
Of so adoring — with ■ buried care,  
And with the o'erflowing of a voiceless prayer,  
And with a deepening dream, that day by day,  
In the still shadow of its lonely sway,  
Folded me closer, till the world held nought  
Save the *one* being to my centred thought.  
There was no music but his voice to hear,  
No joy but such as with *his* step drew near;  
Light was but where he looked — life where he  
moved:

Silently, fervently, thus, thus I loved.  
O, but such love is fearful! — and I knew  
Its gathering doom: the soul's prophetic sight  
Even then unfolded in my breast, and threw  
O'er all things round a full, strong, vivid light,  
Too sorrowfully clear! — an undertone  
Was given to Nature's harp, for me alone  
Whispering of grief. Of grief? — be strong,  
awake!

Hath not thy love been victory, O my soul?  
Hath not its conflict won a voice to shake  
Death's fastnesses? — a magic to control  
Worlds far removed? — from o'er the grave to  
thee

Love hath made answer; and *thy* tale should be  
Sung like ■ lay of triumph! Now return  
And take thy treasure from its bosomed urn,  
And lift it once to light!

In fear, in pain,

I said I loved — but yet a heavenly strain  
Of sweetness floated down the tearful stream,  
A joy flashed through the trouble of my dream!

I knew myself beloved! We breathed no vow,  
No mingling visions might our fate allow,  
As unto happy hearts; but still and deep,  
Like a rich jewel gleaming in ■ grave,  
Like golden sand in some dark river's wave,  
So did my soul that costly knowledge keep,  
So jealously! — ■ thing o'er which to shed,  
When stars alone beheld the drooping head,  
Lone tears! yet oftentimes burdened with the  
excess

Of our strange nature's quivering happiness.

But O, sweet friend! we dream not of love's  
might

Till death has robed with soft and solemn light  
The image we enshrine! Before *that* hour,  
We have but glimpses of the o'ermastering  
power

Within us laid! — *then* doth the spirit flame  
With sword-like lightning rend its mortal frame;  
The wings of that which pants to follow fast  
Shake their clay bars, as with ■ prisoned blast —  
The sea is in our souls!

He died — *he* died

On whom my lone devotedness ~~was~~ cast!  
I might not keep one vigil by his side,  
I, whose wrung heart watched with him to the  
last!

I might not once his fainting head sustain,  
Nor bathe his parched lips in the hour of pain,  
Nor say to him, "Farewell!" He passed away —  
O, had *my* love been there, its conquering sway  
Had won him back from death! But thus re-  
moved,

Borne o'er the abyss no sounding line hath  
proved,  
Joined with the unknown, the viewless — he  
became

Unto my thoughts another, yet the same —  
Changed — hallowed — glorified! — and his low  
grave

Seemed a bright mournful altar — mine, all  
mine:

Brother and friend soon left me *that* sole shrine,  
The birthright of the faithful! — *their* world's  
wave

Soon swept them from its brink. O, deem thou  
not

That on the sad and consecrated spot  
My soul grew weak! I tell thee that a power  
There kindled heart and lip — a fiery shower  
My words were made — a might was given ■  
prayer,

And ■ strong grasp to passionate despair,

And a dread triumph ! Know'st thou what I sought ?

For what high boon my struggling spirit wrought ?

— Communion with the dead ! I sent a cry  
Through the veiled empires of eternity —  
A voice to cleave them ! By the mournful truth,  
By the lost promise of my blighted youth,  
By the strong chain a mighty love can bind  
On the beloved, the spell of mind o'er mind ;  
By words, which in themselves are magic high,  
Armed, and inspired, and winged with agony ;  
By tears, which comfort not, but burn, and seem  
To bear the heart's blood in their passion stream ;  
I summoned, I adjured ! — with quickened sense,  
With the keen vigil of a life intense.

I watched, an answer from the winds to wring,  
I listened, if perchance the stream might bring  
Token from worlds afar ; I taught *one* sound  
Unto a thousand echoes — one profound  
Imploring accent to the tomb, the sky —  
One prayer to night — "Awake ! appear ! reply !"  
Hast thou been told that from the viewless  
bourn

The dark way never hath allowed return ?  
That all, which tears can move, with life is fled —  
That earthly love is powerless on the dead ?  
Believe it not ! — There is a large lone star  
Now burning o'er yon western hill afar,  
And under its clear light there lies a spot  
Which well might utter forth — Believe it not !

I sat beneath that planet. I had wept  
My woe to stillness ; every night wind slept ;  
A hush was on the hills ; the very streams  
Went by like clouds, or noiseless founts in  
dreams ;

And the dark tree o'ershadowing me that hour  
Stood motionless, even as the gray church tower  
Whereon I gazed unconsciously. There came  
A low sound, like the tremor of ■ flame,  
Or like the light quick shiver of a wing,  
Flitting through twilight woods, across the air ;  
And I looked up ! O for strong words to bring  
Conviction o'er thy thought ! Before me there,  
He, the departed, stood ! Ay, face to face,  
So near, and yet how far ! His form, his mien,  
Gave to remembrance back each burning trace  
Within. Yet something awfully serene,  
Pure, sculpture-like, on the pale brow, that  
wore

Of the once beating heart no token more ;  
And stillness on the lip — and o'er the hair  
A gleam, that trembled through the breathless  
air ;

And an unfathomed calm, that seemed to lie  
In the grave sweetness of th' illumined eye,  
Told of the gulfs between our being set,  
And, as that unsheathed spirit glance I met,  
Made my soul faint : — with *fear* ? O, *not* with  
fear !

With the sick feeling that in *his* far sphere  
*My* love could be as nothing ! But he spoke —  
How shall I tell thee of the startling thrill  
In that low voice, whose breezy tones could fill  
My bosom's infinite ? O friend ! I woke  
*Then* first to heavenly life ! Soft, solemn, clear,  
Breathed the mysterious accents on mine ear,  
Yet strangely seemed as if the while they rose  
From depths of distance, o'er the wide repose  
Of slumbering waters wafted, or the dells  
Of mountains, hollow with sweet echo cells.  
But, as they murmured on, the mortal chill  
Passed from me, like a mist before the morn ;  
And, to that glorious intercourse upborne  
By slow degrees, ■ calm, divinely still,  
Possessed my frame. I sought that lighted eye —  
From its intense and searching purity  
I drank in *soul* ! — I questioned of the dead —  
Of the hushed, starry shores their footsteps tread,  
And I was answered. If remembrance there  
With dreamy whispers fill the immortal air ;  
If thought, here piled from many ■ jewel heap,  
Be treasure in that pensive land to keep ;  
If love, o'ersweeping change, and blight, and  
blast,

Find *there* the music of his home at last :  
I asked, and I was answered. Full and high  
Was that communion with eternity —  
Too rich for aught so fleeting ! Like a knell  
Swept o'er my sense its closing words, "Fare-  
well !

On earth we meet no more ' " And all was  
gone —

The pale, bright settled brow — the thrilling  
tone,

The still and shining eye ! and nevermore  
May twilight gloom or midnight hush restore  
That radiant guest ! One full-fraught hour of  
heaven,

To earthly passion's wild implorings given  
Was made my own — the ethereal fire hath  
shivered

The fragile censer in whose mould it quivered,  
Brightly, consumingly ! What now is left ?  
A faded world, of glory's hues bereft —  
A void, a chain ! I dwell 'midst throngs, apart,  
In the cold silence of the stranger's heart ;  
A fixed immortal shadow stands between  
My spirit and life's fast-receding scene ;



A gift hath severed me from human ties,  
 A power is gone from all earth's melodies,  
 Which never may return : their chords are  
 broken,  
 The music of another land hath spoken —  
 No after sound is sweet ! This weary thirst !  
 And I have heard celestial fountains burst !  
 What *here* shall quench it ?

Dost thou not rejoice

When the spring sends forth an awakening voice  
 Through the young woods ? Thou dost ! And  
 in that birth  
 Of early leaves, and flowers, and songs of mirth,  
 Thousands, like thee, find gladness ! Couldst  
 thou know  
 How every breeze then summons *me* to go !  
 How all the light of love and beauty shed  
 By those rich hours but woos me to the dead !  
 The *only* beautiful that change no more —  
 The only loved ! — the dwellers on the shore  
 Of spring fulfilled ! The dead ! *whom* call we so ?  
 They that breathe purer air, that feel, that know  
 Things wrapped from us ! Away ! within me  
 pent,  
 That which is barred from its own element  
 Still droops or struggles ! But the day *will*  
 come —  
 Over the deep the free bird finds its home ;  
 And the stream lingers 'midst the rocks, yet  
 greets  
 The sea at last ; and the winged flower seed meets  
 A soil to rest in : shall not *I*, too, be,  
 My spirit love ! upborne to dwell with thee ?  
 Yes ! by the power whose conquering anguish  
 stirred  
 The tomb, whose cry beyond the stars was heard,  
 Whose agony of triumph won thee back  
 Through the dim pass no mortal step may track,  
 Yet shall we meet ! that glimpse of joy divine  
 Proved thee forever and forever mine !

### THE LADY OF PROvence.<sup>1</sup>

■ Courage ■ cast about her like ■ dress  
 Of solemn comeliness,  
 ▲ gathered mind and an untroubled face  
 Did give her dangers grace." DONNE.

The war note of the Saracen  
 Was on the winds of France ;  
 It had stilled the harp of the Troubadour,  
 And the clash of the tourney's lance.

■ Founded ■ incident in the early French history.

The sounds of the sea, and the sounds of the  
 night,  
 And the hollow echoes of charge and flight,  
 Were around Clotilde, as she knelt to pray  
 In a chapel where the mighty lay,  
 On the old Provençal shore.  
 Many a Chatillon beneath,  
 Unstirred by the ringing trumpet's breath,  
 His shroud of armor wore ;  
 And the glimpses of moonlight that went ■  
 came  
 Through the clouds, like bursts of a dying flame  
 Gave quivering life to the slumber pale  
 Of stern forms couched in their marble mail,  
 At rest on the tombs of the knightly race,  
 The silent throngs of that burial-place.

They were imaged there with helm and spear,  
 As leaders in many ■ bold career,  
 And haughty their stillness looked and high,  
 Like a sleep whose dreams were of victory.  
 But meekly the voice of the lady rose  
 Through the trophies of their proud repose ;  
 Meekly, yet fervently, calling down aid,  
 Under their banners of battle she prayed ;  
 With her pale, fair brow, and her eyes of  
 love,  
 Upraised to the Virgin's portrayed above,  
 And her hair flung back, till it swept the grave  
 Of a Chatillon with its gleamy wave ;  
 And her fragile frame, at every blast,  
 That full of the savage war horn passed,  
 Trembling, as trembles a bird's quick heart,  
 When it vainly strives from its cage to part  
 So knelt she in her woe ;  
 A weeper alone with the tearless dead —  
 O, they reck not of tears o'er their quiet she !  
 Or the dust had stirred below !

Hark ! a swift step ! she hath caught its tone  
 Through the dash of the sea, through the wild  
 wind's moan :  
 Is her lord returned with his conquering bands ?  
 No ! a breathless vassal before her stands !  
 — "Hast thou been on the field ? — Art thou  
 come from the host ?"  
 — "From the slaughter, lady ! — All, all is lost !  
 Our banners are taken, our knights laid low,  
 Our spearmen chased by the Paynim foe ;  
 And thy lord," his voice took a sadder sound —  
 "Thy lord — he is not on the bloody ground !  
 There are those who tell that the leader's  
 plume  
 Was seen on the flight through th' gathering  
 gloom."

— A change o'er her mien and her spirit passed :  
 She ruled the heart which had beat so fast,  
 She dashed the tears from her kindling eye,  
 With a glance, as of sudden royalty :  
 The proud blood sprang in a fiery flow  
 Quick o'er bosom, and cheek, and brow,  
 And her young voice rose till the peasant  
     shook  
 At the thrilling tone and the falcon look :  
 — "Dost thou stand by the tombs of the glorious  
     dead,  
 And fear not to say that their son hath fled ?  
 — Away ! he is lying by lance and shield —  
 Point me the path to his battle field !"

The shadows of the forest  
 Are about the lady now ;  
 She is hurrying through the midnight on,  
 Beneath the dark pine bough.

There's a murmur of omens in every leaf,  
 There's a wail in the stream like the dirge of a  
     chief ;

The branches that rock to the tempest strife  
 Are groaning like things of troubled life ;  
 The wind from the battle seems rushing by  
 With a funeral march through the gloomy  
     sky ;

The pathway is rugged, and wild, and long,  
 But her frame in the daring of love is strong,  
 And her soul as on swelling seas upborne,  
 And girded all fearful things to scorn.

And fearful things were around her spread,  
 When she reached the field of the warrior dead ;  
 There lay the noble, the valiant, low —  
 Ay ! but one word speaks of deeper woe ;  
 There lay the loved — on each fallen head  
 Mothers vain blessings and tears had shed ;  
 Sisters were watching in many a home  
 For the fettered footstep, no more to come ;  
 Names in the prayer of that night were spoken,  
 Whose claim unto kindred prayer was broken ;  
 And the fire was heaped, and the bright wine  
     poured,

For those, now needing nor hearth nor board ;  
 Only a requiem, a shroud, a knell,  
 And O, ye beloved of women, farewell !

Silently, with lips compressed,  
 Pale hands clasped above her breast,  
 Stately brow of anguish high,  
 Deathlike cheek, but dauntless eye ;  
 Silently, o'er that red plain,  
 Moved the lady 'midst the slain.

Sometimes it seemed as a charging cry,  
 Or the ringing tramp of a steed, came nigh ;  
 Sometimes a blast of the Paynim horn,  
 Sudden and shrill from the mountains borne ;  
 And her maidens trembled ; — but on her  
 No meaning fell with those sounds of fear ;  
 They had less of mastery to shake her now  
 Than the quivering, ere while, of an aspen bough.  
 She searched into many an unclosed eye,  
 That looked, without soul, to the starry sky ;  
 She bowed down o'er many a shattered breast,  
 She lifted up helmet and cloven crest —

Not there, not there he lay !  
 "Lead where the most hath been dared and done,  
 Where the heart of the battle hath bled — lead  
     on !"

And the vassal took the way.

He turned to a dark and lonely tree  
 That waved o'er a fountain red :  
 O, swiftest there had the currents free  
 From noble veins been shed.

Thickest there the spear heads gleamed,  
 And the scattered plumage streamed,  
 And the broken shields were tossed,  
 And the shivered lances crossed,  
 And the mail-clad sleepers round  
 Made the harvest of that ground.

He was there ! the leader amidst his band,  
 Where the faithful had made their last, vain  
     stand ;

He was there ! but affection's glance alone  
 The darkly changed in that hour had known ;  
 With the falchion yet in his cold hand grasped,  
 And a banner of France to his bosom clasped,  
 And the form that of conflict bore fearful trace,  
 And the face — O, speak not of that dead face !  
 As it lay to answer love's look no more,  
 Yet never so proudly loved before !

She quelled in her soul the deep floods of woe —  
 The time was not yet for their waves to flow ;  
 She felt the full presence, the might of death,  
 Yet there came no sob with her struggling  
     breath ;

And a proud smile shone e'er her pale despair,  
 As she turned to his followers — "Your lord  
     there !

Look on him ! know him by scarf and crest ! —  
 Bear him away with his sires to rest !"

Another day, another night,  
 And the sailor on the deep

Hears the low chant of a funeral rite  
From the lordly chapel sweep.

It comes with a broken and muffled tone,  
As if that rite were in terror done;  
Yet the song 'midst the seas hath a thrilling  
power,  
And he knows 'tis a chieftain's burial hour.

Hurriedly, in fear and woe,  
Through the aisle the mourners go;  
With ■ hushed and stealthy tread,  
Bearing on the noble dead;  
Sheathed in armor of the field —  
Only his wan face revealed,  
Whence the still and solemn gleam  
Doth ■ strange, sad contrast seem  
To the anxious eyes of that pale band,  
With torches wavering in every hand,  
For they dread each moment the shout of  
war,  
And the burst of the Moslem cimeter.

There is no plumed head o'er the bier to bend,  
No brother of battle, no princely friend:  
No sound comes back, like the sounds of yore,  
Unto sweeping swords from the marble floor;  
By the red fountain the valiant lie,  
The flower of Provençal chivalry;  
But *one* free step, and one lofty heart,  
Bear through that scene to the last their part.

She hath led the death train of the brave  
To the verge of his own ancestral grave;  
She hath held o'er her spirit long rigid sway,  
But the struggling passion must now have way.  
In the cheek, half seen through her mourning  
veil,

By turns does the swift blood flush and fail;  
The pride on the lip is lingering still,  
But it shakes as a flame to the blast might thrill;  
Anguish and triumph are met at strife,  
Rending the cords of her frail young life;  
And she sinks at last on her warrior's bier,  
Lifting her voice, as if death might hear.  
"I have won thy fame from the breath of wrong,  
My soul hath risen for thy glory strong!  
Now call me hence, by thy side to be,  
The world thou leav'st has no place for me.  
The light goes with thee, the joy, the worth —  
Faithful and tender! O, call me forth!  
Give me my home on thy noble heart —  
Well have we loved, let us both depart!" —  
And pale on the breast of the dead she lay,  
The living cheek to the cheek of clay;

The *living* cheek! — O, it was not vain,  
That strife of the spirit to rend its chain;  
She is there at rest in her place of pride,  
In death how queen-like — a glorious bride!

Joy for the freed one! — she might not stay  
When the crown had fallen from her life away;  
She might not linger — a weary thing,  
A dove with no home for its broken wing,  
Thrown on the harshness of alien skies,  
That know not its own land's melodies.  
From the long heart withering early gone,  
She hath lived — she hath loved — her task is  
done!

### THE CORONATION OF INEZ DE CASTRO.

"Tableau, ou l'Amour fait alliance avec la Tombe union —  
doutable de la mort et de la vie." — MADAME ■ STARR

THERE was music on the midnight  
From a royal fane it rolled;  
And a mighty bell, each pause between,  
Sternly and slowly tolled.  
Strange was their mingling in the sky,  
It hushed the listener's breath;  
For the music spoke of triumph high,  
The lonely bell — of death!

There was hurrying through the midnight  
A sound of many feet;  
But they fell with a muffled fearfulness  
Along the shadowy street:  
And softer, fainter grew their tread,  
As it neared the minster gate,  
Whence a broad and solemn light was shed  
From a scene of royal state.

Full glowed the strong red radiance  
In the centre of the nave,  
Where the folds of a purple canopy  
Swept down in many ■ wave,  
Loading the marble pavement old  
With a weight of gorgeous gloom;  
For something lay 'midst their fretted gold,  
Like a shadow of the tomb.

And within that rich pavilion,  
High on a glittering throne,  
A woman's form sat silently,  
'Midst the glare of light alone.  
Her jewelled robes fell strangely still —  
The drapery on her breast  
Seemed with no pulse beneath to thrill,  
So stone-like was its rest!



But ■ peal of lordly music  
Shook e'en the dust below,  
When the burning gold of the diadem  
Was set on her pallid brow!  
Then died away that haughty sound;  
And from the encircling band  
Stepped prince and chief, 'midst the hush pro-  
found,  
With homage to her hand.

Why passed a faint, cold shuddering  
Over each martial frame,  
As one by one, to touch that hand,  
Noble and leader came?  
Was not the settled aspect fair?  
Did not ■ queenly grace,  
Under the parted ebon hair,  
Sit on the pale still face?

Death! Death! canst *thou* be lovely  
Unto the eye of life?  
Is not each pulse of the quick high breast  
With thy cold mien at strife?  
— It was a strange and fearful sight,  
The crown upon that head,  
The glorious robes, and the blaze of light,  
All gathered round the dead!

And beside her stood in silence  
One with a brow as pale,  
And white lips rigidly compressed,  
Lest the strong heart should fail:  
King Pedro, with ■ jealous eye,  
Watching the homage done  
By the land's flower and chivalry  
To her, his martyred one.

But on the face he looked not  
Which once his star had been;  
To every form his glance was turned  
Save of the breathless queen:  
Though something, won from the grave's em-  
brace,  
Of her beauty still was there,  
Its hues were all of that shadowy place,  
It was not for *him* to bear.

Alas! the crown, the sceptre,  
The treasures of the earth,  
And the priceless love that poured those gifts,  
Alike of wasted worth!  
The rites are closed — bear back the dead  
Unto the chamber deep!  
Lay down again the royal head,  
Dust with the dust to sleep!

There is music on the midnight —  
A requiem sad and slow,  
As the mourners through the sounding aisle  
In dark procession go;  
And the ring of state, and the starry crown.  
And all the rich array,  
Are borne to the house of silence down,  
With her, that queen of clay!

And tearlessly and firmly  
King Pedro led the train;  
But his face was wrapped in his folding robe  
When they lowered the dust again.  
'Tis hushed at last the tomb above —  
Hymns die, and steps depart:  
Who called thee strong as Death, O Love?  
*Mightier* thou wast and art.

#### ITALIAN GIRL'S HYMN TO THE VIRGIN.

"O sanctissima, O purissima!  
Dulcis Virgo Maria!  
Mater amata, intemerata,  
Ora, ora pro nobis."

SICILIAN MARINER'S HYMN

In the deep hour of dreams,  
Through the dark woods, and past the moaning  
sea,  
And by the starlight gleams,  
Mother of sorrows! lo, I come to thee!

Unto thy shrine I bear  
Night-blowing flowers, like my own heart, ■  
lie  
All, all unfolded there,  
Beneath the meekness of thy pitying eye.

For thou, that once didst move  
In thy still beauty through an early home —  
Thou know'st the grief, the love,  
The fear of woman's soul — to thee I come!

Many, and sad, and deep  
Were the thoughts folded in thy silent breast;  
Thou, too, couldst watch and weep —  
Hear, gentlest mother! hear a heart oppressed!

There is a wandering bark  
Bearing one from me o'er the restless wave:  
O, let thy soft eye mark  
His course! Be with him, holiest! guide and  
save!

My soul is on that way;  
 My thoughts are travellers o'er the waters  
 dim;  
 Through the long weary day  
 I walk, o'ershadowed by vain dreams of him.

Aid him — and me, too, aid!  
 O, 'tis not well, this earthly love's excess!  
 On thy weak child is laid  
 The burden of too deep a tenderness.

Too much o'er him is poured  
 My being's hope — scarce leaving heaven a part;  
 Too fearfully adored,  
 O, make not him the chastener of my heart!

I tremble with a sense  
 Of grief to be; I hear a warning low —  
 Sweet mother! call me hence!  
 This wild idolatry must end in woe.

The troubled joy of life,  
 Love's lightning happiness, my soul hath known;  
 And, worn with feverish strife,  
 Would fold its wings: take back, take back  
 thine own!

Hark! how the wind swept by!  
 The tempest's voice comes rolling o'er the wave—  
 Hope of the sailor's eye,  
 And maiden's heart, bless'd mother! guide and  
 save.

#### TO A DEPARTED SPIRIT.

From the bright stars, or from the viewless air,  
 Or from some world unreach'd by human  
 thought,  
 Spirit, sweet spirit! if thy home be there,  
 And if thy visions with the past be fraught,  
 Answer me, answer me!

Have we not communed here of life and death?  
 Have we not said that love, such love as ours,  
 Was not to perish as a rose's breath,  
 To melt away, like song from festal bowers?  
 Answer, O, answer me!

Thine eye's last light was mine — the soul that  
 shone  
 Intensely, mournfully, through gathering haze —  
 Didst thou bear with thee to the shore unknown  
 Nought of what lived in that long, earnest gaze?  
 Hear, hear, and answer me!

Thy voice — its low, soft, fervent, farewell tone  
 Thrilled through the tempest of the parting  
 strife,  
 Like a faint breeze: O, from that music flown,  
 Send back *one* sound, if love's be quenchless  
 life!

But once, O, answer me!

In the still noontide, in the sunset's hush,  
 In the dead hour of night, when thought grows  
 deep,  
 When the heart's phantoms from the darkness  
 rush,  
 Fearfully beautiful, to strive with sleep —  
 Spirit! then answer me!

By the remembrance of our blended prayer,  
 By all our tears, whose mingling made them  
 sweet;  
 By our last hope, the victor o'er despair —  
 Speak! if our souls in deathless yearnings meet,  
 Answer me, answer me!

The grave is silent: and the far-off sky,  
 And the deep midnight — silent all, and lone!  
 O, if thy buried love make no reply,  
 What voice has earth? Hear, pity, speak, mine  
 own!  
 Answer me, answer me!

#### THE CHAMOIS HUNTER'S LOVE.

"For all his wildness and proud fantasies,  
 I love him." CROLY.

Thy heart is in the upper world, where fleet the  
 chamois bounds,  
 Thy heart is where the mountain fir shakes to  
 the torrent sounds;  
 And where the snow peaks gleam like stars,  
 through the stillness of the air,  
 And where the Lauwine's<sup>1</sup> peal is heard — hunt-  
 er! thy heart is there!

I know thou lov'st me well, dear friend! but  
 better, better far  
 Thou lov'st that high and haughty life, with  
 rocks and storms at war;  
 In the green, sunny vales with me thy spirit  
 would but pine —  
 And yet I will be thine, my love! and yet I  
 will be thine!

<sup>1</sup> Lauwine, the avalanche.

And I will not seek to woo thee down from  
those thy native heights,  
With the sweet song, our land's own song, of  
pastoral delights;  
For thou must live as eagles live, thy path is  
not as mine —  
And yet I will be thine, my love! and yet I  
will be thine.

And I will leave my blessed home, my father's  
joyous hearth,  
With all the voices meeting there in tenderness  
and mirth,  
With all the kind and laughing eyes that in its  
firelight shine,  
To sit forsaken in thy hut, yet know that thou  
art mine!

It is my youth, it is my bloom, it is my glad  
free heart  
That I cast away for thee — for thee, all reckless  
■ thou art!  
With tremblings and with vigils lone I bind  
myself to dwell —  
Yet, yet I would not change that lot; O, no! I  
love too well!

A mournful thing is love which grows to one so  
wild as thou,  
With that bright restlessness of eye, that tame-  
less fire of brow!  
Mournful! — but dearer far I call its mingled  
fear and pride,  
And the trouble of its happiness, than aught on  
earth beside.

To listen for thy step in vain, to start at every  
breath,  
To watch through long, long nights of storm, to  
sleep and dream of death,  
To wake in doubt and loneliness — this doom I  
know is mine;  
And yet I will be thine, my love! and yet I  
will be thine!

Tha I may greet thee from thine Alps, when  
thence thou com'st at last,  
That I may hear thy thrilling voice tell o'er  
each danger past,  
That I may kneel and pray for thee, and win  
thee aid divine —  
For this I will be thine, my love! for this I will  
be thine!

# THE INDIAN WITH HIS DEAD CHILD

In the silence of the midnight  
I journey with my dead;  
In the darkness of the forest boughs  
A lonely path I tread.

But my heart is high and fearless,  
As by mighty wings upborne;  
The mountain eagle hath not plumes  
So strong as love and scorn.

I have raised thee from the grave sod,  
By the white man's path defiled;  
On to th' ancestral wilderness  
I bear thy dust, my child!

I have asked the ancient deserts  
To give my dead a place  
Where the stately footsteps of the ■■■  
Alone should leave a trace.

And the tossing pines made answer —  
"Go, bring us back thine own!"  
And the streams from all the hunters' hills  
Rushed with an echoing tone.

Thou shalt rest by sounding waters  
That yet untamed may roll;  
The voices of that chainless host  
With joy shall fill thy soul.

In the silence of the midnight  
I journey with the dead,  
Where the arrows of my father's bow  
Their falcon flight have sped.

I have left the spoiler's dwellings  
Forevermore behind:  
Unmingled with their household sounds  
For me shall sweep the wind.

Alone, amidst their hearthfires,  
I watched my child's decay,  
Uncheered I saw the spirit light  
From his young eyes fade away.

<sup>1</sup> An Indian, who had established himself in a township of Maine, feeling indignantly the want of sympathy evinced towards him by the white inhabitants, particularly an ■■■ death of his only child, gave up his farm soon afterwards dug up the body of his child, and carried it with him two hundred miles through the forests to join the Canadian Indians. — See *Tudor's Letters on the Eastern States of Amer-*



When his head sank on my bosom,  
 When the death sleep o'er him fell,  
 Was there one to say, "A friend is near!"  
 There was none! — pale race, farewell!

To the forests, to the cedars,  
 To the warrior and his bow,  
 Back, back! — I bore thee laughing thence,  
 I bear thee's lumbering now!

I bear thee unto burial  
 With the mighty hunters gone;  
 I shall hear thee in the forest breeze,  
 Thou wilt speak of joy, my son!

In the silence of the midnight  
 I journey with the dead;  
 But my heart is strong, my step is fleet,  
 My fathers' path I tread.

### SONG OF EMIGRATION.

THERE was heard a song on the chiming sea,  
 A mingled breathing of grief and glee;  
 Man's voice, unbroken by sighs, was there,  
 Filling with triumph the sunny air;  
 Of fresh, green lands, and of pastures new,  
 It sang, while the bark through the surges  
 flew.

But ever and anon  
 A murmur of farewell  
 Told, by its plaintive tone,  
 That from woman's lip it fell.

"Away, away o'er the foaming main!"  
 This was the free and the joyous strain,  
 "There are clearer skies than ours, afar,  
 We will shape our course by a brighter star;  
 There are plains whose verdure no foot hath  
 pressed,  
 And whose wealth is all for the first brave  
 guest."

"But, alas! that we should go,"  
 Sang the farewell voices then,  
 "From the homesteads, warm and low,  
 By the brook and in the glen!"

■ We will rear new homes under trees that glow  
 As if gems were the fruitage of every bough;  
 O'er our white walls we will train the vine,  
 And sit in its shadow at day's decline;

And watch our herds, as they range at will  
 Through the green savannas, all bright and still

"But woe for that sweet shade  
 Of the flowering orchard trees,  
 Where first our children played  
 'Midst the birds and honey bees!"

"All, all our own shall the forests be,  
 As to the bound of the roebuck free!  
 None shall say, 'Hither, no farther pass!'  
 We will track each step through the wavy  
 grass,  
 We will chase the elk in his speed and might,  
 And bring proud spoils to the hearth at night."

"But O, the gray church tower,  
 And the sound of Sabbath bell,  
 And the sheltered garden bower,  
 We have bid them all farewell!"

"We will give the names of our fearless race  
 To each bright river whose course we trace;  
 We will leave our memory with mounts and  
 floods,  
 And the path of our daring in boundless woods,  
 And our works unto many a lake's green shore  
 Where the Indians' graves lay alone before."

"But who shall teach the flowers,  
 Which our children loved, to dwell  
 In a soil that is not ours?  
 Home, home and friends, farewell!"

### THE KING OF ARRAGON'S LAMENT FOR HIS BROTHER.<sup>1</sup>

"If I could see him, it were well with me!"  
 COLERIDGE'S "Wallenstein."

THERE were lights and sounds of revelling in  
 the vanquished city's halls,  
 As by night the feast of victory was held with  
 in its walls;  
 And the conquerors filled the wine cup high  
 after years of bright blood shed;  
 But their lord, the King of Arragon, 'midst the  
 triumph wailed the dead.

<sup>1</sup> The grief of Ferdinand, King of Arragon, for the loss of his brother, Don Pedro, who was killed during the siege of Naples, is affectingly described by the historian Mariana. It is also the subject of one of the old Spanish Ballads in Lockhart's beautiful collection.

He looked down from the fortress won, on the  
tents and flowers below,  
The moonlit sea, the torchlit streets — and a  
gloom came o'er his brow :  
The voice of thousands floated up, with the horn  
and cymbal's tone ;  
But his heart, 'midst that proud music, felt more  
utterly alone.

And he cried, "Thou art mine, fair city ! thou  
city of the sea !  
But O, what portion of delight is mine at last  
in thee ? —  
I — lonely 'midst thy palaces, while the glad  
waves past them roll,  
And the soft breath of thine orange bowers is  
mournful to my soul.

"My brother ! O my brother ! thou art gone —  
the true and brave,  
And the haughty joy of victory hath died upon  
thy grave.  
There are many round my throne to stand, and  
to march where I lead on ;  
There was *one* to love me in the world — my  
brother ! thou art gone !

"In the desert, in the battle, in the ocean tem-  
pest's wrath,  
We stood together, side by side — one hope was  
ours, one path ;  
Thou hast wrapped me in thy soldier's cloak,  
thou hast fenced me with thy breast,  
Thou hast watched beside my couch of pain —  
O, bravest heart, and best !

"I see the festive lights around, — o'er a dull,  
sad world they shine ;  
I hear the voice of victory — my Pedro ! where  
is *thine* ?  
The only voice in whose kind tone my spirit  
found reply ! —  
O brother ! I have bought too dear this hollow  
pageantry !

"I have hosts and gallant fleets, to spread my  
glory and my sway,  
And chiefs to lead them fearlessly — my *friend*  
hath passed away !  
For the kindly look, the word of cheer my  
heart may thirst in vain ;  
And the face that was as light to mine — it can-  
not come again !

"I have made thy blood, thy faithful blood, the  
offering for a crown ;  
With love, which earth bestows not twice, I  
have purchased cold renown ;  
How often will my weary heart 'midst the sounds  
of triumph die,  
When I think of thee, my brother ! thou flower  
of chivalry !

"I am lonely — I am lonely ! this rest is ~~mine~~  
as death !  
Let me hear again the ringing spears, and the  
battle trumpet's breath :  
Let me see the fiery charger foam, and the royal  
banner wave —  
But where art thou, my brother ? where ? In  
thy low and early grave !"

And louder swelled the songs of joy through  
that victorious night,  
And faster flowed the red wine forth, by the  
stars' and torches' light :  
But low and deep, amidst the mirth, was heard  
the conqueror's moan —  
"My brother ! O my brother ! best and bravest !  
thou art gone !"

#### THE RETURN.

"HAST thou come with the heart of thy child-  
hood back ;  
The free, the pure, the kind ?"  
— So murmured the trees in my homeward  
track,  
As they played to the mountain wind.

"Hath thy soul been true to its early love ?"  
Whispered my native streams ;  
"Hath the spirit nursed amidst hill and grove  
Still revered its first high dreams ?"

"Hast thou borne in thy bosom the holy prayer  
Of the child in his parent halls ?"  
Thus breathed a voice on the thrilling air,  
From the old ancestral walls.

"Hast thou kept thy faith with the faithful  
dead,  
Whose place of rest is nigh ?  
With the father's blessing o'er thee shed,  
With the mother's trusting eye ?"

Then my tears gushed forth in sudden rain,  
 As I answered — "O ye shades!  
 ■ bring not my childhood's heart again  
 To the freedom of your glades."

"I have turned from my first pure love aside,  
 O bright and happy streams!  
 Light after light, in my soul have died  
 The dayspring's glorious dreams."

"And the holy prayer from my thoughts hath  
 passed —  
 The prayer at my mother's knee;  
 Darkened and troubled I come at last,  
 Home of my boyish glee!"

"But I bear from my childhood a gift of tears,  
 To soften and atone;  
 And O, ye scenes of those blessed years,  
 They shall make me again your own."

### THE VAUDOIS' WIFE.<sup>1</sup>

"Clasp me ■ little longer on the brink  
 Of fate! while I can feel thy dear caress;  
 And when this heart hath ceased to beat, O, think —  
 And let it mitigate thy woe's excess —  
 That thou hast been to me all tenderness,  
 And friend to more than human friendship just.  
 O, by that retrospect of happiness,  
 And by the hopes of ■ immortal trust,  
 God shall assuage thy pangs, when I am laid in dust."  
 GERTRUDE OF WYOMING.

Thy voice is in mine ear, beloved!  
 Thy look is in my heart,  
 Thy bosom is my resting-place,  
 And yet I must depart.  
 Earth on my soul is strong — too strong —  
 Too precious is its chain,  
 All woven of thy love, dear friend,  
 Yet vain — though mighty — vain!

Thou seest mine eye grow dim, beloved!  
 Thou seest my lifeblood flow —  
 Bow to the Chastener silently,  
 And calmly let me go!  
 A little while between our hearts  
 The shadowy gulf must lie,  
 Yet have we for their communing  
 Still, still eternity!

<sup>1</sup> The wife of a Vandois leader, in one of the attacks made on the Protestant hamlets, received ■ mortal wound, and died in her husband's arms, exhorting him to courage and endurance.

Alas! thy tears are on my cheek,  
 My spirit they detain;  
 I know that from thine agony  
 Is wrung that burning rain.  
 Best! kindest! weep not — make the pang  
 The bitter conflict less —  
 O, sad it is, and yet ■ joy,  
 To feel thy love's excess!

But calm thee! let the thought of death  
 A solemn peace restore!  
 The voice that must be silent soon  
 Would speak to thee once more,  
 That thou mayst bear its blessing on  
 Through years of after life —  
 A token of consoling love,  
 Even from this hour of strife.

I bless thee for the noble heart,  
 The tender and the true,  
 Where mine hath found the happiest  
 rest  
 That e'er fond woman's knew;  
 I bless thee, faithful friend and guide!  
 For my own, my treasured share  
 In the mournful secrets of thy soul,  
 In thy sorrow, in thy prayer

I bless thee for kind looks and words  
 Showered on my path like dew,  
 For all the love in those deep eyes,  
 A gladness ever new!  
 For the voice which ne'er to mine ■  
 plied  
 But in kindly tones of cheer;  
 For every spring of happiness  
 My soul hath tasted here!

I bless thee for the last rich boon  
 Won from affection tried —  
 The right to gaze on death with thee,  
 To perish by thy side!  
 And yet more for the glorious hope  
 Even to these moments given —  
 Did not thy spirit ever lift  
 The trust of mine to heaven?

Now be thou strong! O, knew we not  
 Our path must lead to this?  
 A shadow and a trembling still  
 Were mingled with our bliss!  
 We plighted our young hearts when storms  
 Were dark upon the sky,  
 In full, deep knowledge of their task  
 To suffer and to die!



Be strong ! I leave the living voice  
Of this, my martyred blood,  
With the thousand echoes of the hills,  
With the torrent's foaming flood —  
A spirit 'midst the caves to dwell,  
A token on the air,  
To rouse the valiant from repose,  
The fainting from despair.

Hear it, and bear thou on, my love !  
Ay, joyously endure !  
Our mountains must be altars yet,  
Inviolat and pure ;  
There must our God be worshipped still  
With the worship of the free :  
Farewell ! — there's but *one* pang in death,  
One only — leaving thee !

#### THE GUERILLA LEADER'S VOW.

" All my pretty ones !  
Did you ~~any~~ all ?  
Let us make medicine of this great revenge,  
To cure this deadly grief ! "      MACBETH.

My battle vow ! — no minster walls  
Gave back the burning word,  
Nor cross nor shrine the low deep tone  
Of smothered vengeance heard :  
But the ashes of ■ ruined home  
Thrilled ■ it sternly rose,  
With the mingling voice of blood that shook  
The midnight's dark repose.

I breathed it not o'er kingly tombs,  
But where my children lay,  
And the startled vulture at my step  
Soared from their precious clay.  
I stood amidst my dead alone —  
I kissed their lips — I poured,  
In the strong silence of that hour,  
My spirit on my sword.

The roof tree fallen, the smouldering floor,  
The blackened threshold stone,  
The bright hair torn, and soiled with blood,  
Whose fountain was my own —  
These, and the everlasting hills,  
Bore witness that wild night ;  
Before them rose th' avenger's soul  
In crushed affection's night.

The stars, the searching stars of heaven,  
With keen looks would upbraid

If from my heart the fiery vow,  
Seared on it then, could fade.  
They have no cause ! Go, ask the streams  
That by my paths have swept,  
The red waves that unstained were born —  
How hath my faith been kept ?

And other eyes are on my soul,  
That never, never close,  
The sad, sweet glances of the lost —  
They leave me no repose.  
Haunting my night watch 'midst the rocks,  
And by the torrent's foam,  
Through the dark-rolling mists they shine,  
Full, full of love and home !

Alas ! the mountain eagle's heart,  
When wronged, may yet find rest ;  
Scorning the place made desolate,  
He seeks another nest.  
But I — your soft looks wake the thirst  
That wins no quenching rain ;  
Ye drive me back, my beautiful !  
To the stormy fight again.

#### THEKLA AT HER LOVER'S GRAVE.

" Thither where he lies buried !  
That single spot is the whole world to me."  
COLERIDGE'S "Wallenstein."

Thy voice was in my soul ! it called me on ;  
O my lost friend ! thy voice was in my soul.  
From the cold, faded world whence thou art  
gone,  
To hear no more life's troubled billows roll,  
I come ! I come !

Now speak to me again ! we loved so well —  
We loved ! — O, still I know that still we love !  
I have left all things with thy dust to dwell,  
Though these dim aisles in dreams of thee ~~in~~  
rove :

This is my home !

Speak to me in the thrilling minster's gloom !  
Speak ! thou hast died, and sent me no fare-  
well !

I will not shrink — O, mighty is the tomb,  
But one thing mightier, which it cannot quell —  
This woman's heart !

This lone, full, fragile heart ! — the strong alone  
In love and grief — of both the burning shrine !

Thou, my soul's friend ! with grief hast surely  
done,  
But with the love which made thy spirit mine,  
Say, couldst thou part ?

I hear the rustling banners ; and I hear  
The wind's low singing through the fretted  
stone.

I hear not thee ; and yet I feel thee near —  
What is this bound that keeps thee from thine  
own ?

Breathe it away.

I wait thee — I adjure thee ! Hast thou known  
How I have loved thee ? couldst thou dream  
it all ?

Am I not here, with night and death alone,  
And fearing not ? And hath my spirit's call  
O'er thine no sway ?

Thou *canst* not come ! or thus I should not weep !  
Thy love is deathless — but no longer free !  
Soon would its wing triumphantly o'ersweep  
The viewless barrier, if such power might be,  
Soon, soon, and fast !

But I shall come to thee ! our souls' deep dreams,  
Our young affections, have not gushed in  
vain ;

Soon in one tide shall blend the severed streams,  
The worn heart break its bonds — and death  
and pain

Be with the past !

### THE SISTERS OF SCIO.

"As are our hearts, our way is one,  
And cannot be divided. Strong affection  
Contends with all things, and o'ercometh all things.  
Will I not live with thee ? will I not cheer thee ?  
Wouldst thou be lonely then ? wouldst thou be sad ?"

JOANNA BAILLIE.

"SISTER, sweet sister ! let me weep a while !  
Bear with me — give the sudden passion way !  
Thoughts of our own lost home, our sunny isle,  
Come as a wind that o'er a reed hath sway ;  
Till my heart dies with yearnings and sick fears —  
O, could my life melt from me in these tears !

■ Our father's voice, our mother's gentle eye,  
Our brother's bounding step — where are they,  
where ?

Desolate, desolate our chambers lie !

— How hast *thou* won thy spirit from despair ?

O'er mine swift shadows gusts of terror, sweep.  
I sink away — bear with me — let me weep !"

"Yes ! weep my sister ! weep, till from thy heart  
The weight flow forth in tears ; yet sink thou  
not.

I bind my sorry to a lofty part,

For thee, my gentle one ! our orphan lot  
To meet in quenchless trust. My soul is strong :  
Thou, too, wilt rise in holy might ere long.

"A breath of our free heavens and noble sires,  
A memory of our old victorious dead —  
These mantle me with power ; and though their  
fires

In a frail censer briefly may be shed,  
Yet shall they light us onward, side by side —  
Have the wild birds, and have not *we*, a guide ?

"Cheer then, beloved ! on whose meek brow is set  
Our mother's image — in whose voice a tone,  
A faint, sweet sound of hers is lingering yet.  
An echo of our childhood's music gone.  
Cheer thee ! thy sister's heart and faith are high.  
Our path is one — with thee I live and die !"

"[But who are they that sit, mourning in their loveliness  
beneath the shadow of a rock on the surf-beaten shore ?  
The Sisters of Scio . . . . by Felicia Dorothea Hemans  
sung. Die — rather let them die in famine amongst sea  
sand shells, than ere their virgin charms be polluted in the  
harem of the barbarian who has desolated their native isle.  
Bowed down and half dead, beneath what a load of anguish  
hangs the orphan's dishevelled head on the knee of a sister,  
in pensive resignation, and holy faith triumphant over de-  
spair, as Felicia happily singeth !]" — PROFESSOR WILSON,  
*Blackwood's Magazine*. Dec. 1829.]

### BERNARDO DEL CARPIO.

[The celebrated Spanish champion, Bernardo del Carpio,  
having made many ineffectual efforts to procure the release  
of his father, the Count Saldana, who had been imprisoned  
by King Alfonso of Asturias, almost from the time of Ber-  
nardo's birth, at last took up arms in despair. The war  
which he maintained proved so destructive, that the men  
of the land gathered round the king, and united in demand-  
ing Saldana's liberty. Alfonso, accordingly, offered Ber-  
nardo immediate possession of his father's person in ex-  
change for his castle of Carpio. Bernardo, without hesita-  
tion, gave up his stronghold, with all his captives ; and  
being assured that his father was then on his way from pri-  
son, rode forth with the king to meet him. "And when he  
saw his father approaching, he exclaimed," says the ancient  
chronicle, "'O God ! is the Count of Saldana indeed com-  
ing ?' — 'Look where he is,' replied the cruel king ; 'and  
now go and greet him whom you have so long desired to  
see.'" The remainder of the story will be found related in  
the ballad. The chronicles and romances leave us nearly  
in the dark as to Bernardo's history after this event.]

**THE** warrior bowed his crested head, and tamed  
his heart of fire,  
And sued the haughty king to free his long-  
imprisoned sire :

"I bring thee here my fortress keys, I bring my  
captive train,  
I pledge thee faith, my liege, my lord ! — O,  
break my father's chain !"

"Rise, rise ! even now thy father comes, a ran-  
somed man this day :

Mount thy good horse, and thou and I will meet  
him on his way."

Then lightly rose that loyal son, and bounded on  
his steed,

And urged, as if with lance in rest, the charger's  
foamy speed.

And lo ! from far, as on they pressed, there came  
■ glittering band,

With one that 'midst them stately rode, as a  
leader in the land ;

"Now haste, Bernardo, haste ! for there, in very  
truth, is he,

The father whom thy faithful heart hath yearned  
so long to see."

His dark eye flashed, his proud breast heaved,  
his cheek's blood came and went ;

He reached that gray-haired chieftain's side,  
and there, dismounting, bent ;

A lowly knee to earth he bent, his father's hand  
he took —

What was there in its touch that all his fiery  
spirit shook ?

That hand was cold — a frozen thing — it dropped  
from his like lead :

He looked up to the face above — the face was  
of the dead !

A plume waved o'er the noble brow — the brow  
was fixed and white ;

He met at last his father's eyes — but in them  
was no sight !

Up from the ground he sprang, and gazed, but  
who could paint that gaze ?

They hushed their very hearts, that saw its  
horror and amaze ;

They might have chained him, as before that  
stony form he stood,

For the power was stricken from his arm, and  
from his lip the blood.

"Father !" at length he murmured low, and  
wept like childhood then —

Talk not of grief till thou hast seen the tears of  
warlike men ! —

He thought on all his glorious hopes, and all his  
young renown —

He flung the falchion from his side, and in the  
dust sat down.

Then covering with his steel-gloved hands his  
darkly mournful brow,

"No more, there is no more," he said, "to lift  
the sword for now. —

My king is false, my hope betrayed, my father  
— O, the worth,

The glory and the loveliness, are passed away  
from earth !

"I thought to stand where banners waved, my  
sire ! beside thee yet —

I would that *there* our kindred blood on Spain's  
free soil had met !

Thou wouldst have known my spirit then — for  
thee my fields were won —

And thou hast perished in thy chains, as though  
thou hadst no son !"

Then, starting from the ground once more, he  
seized the monarch's rein,

Amidst the pale and wildered looks of all the  
courtier train ;

And with a fierce, o'ermastering grasp, the rear-  
ing war horse led,

And sternly set them face to face — the king  
before the dead ! —

"Came I not forth upon thy pledge, my father's  
hand to kiss ? —

Be still, and gaze thou on, false king ! and tell  
me what is this !

The voice, the glance, the heart I sought — give  
answer, where are they ? —

If thou wouldst clear thy perjured soul, send  
life through this cold clay !

"Into these glassy eyes put light — Be still !  
keep down thine ire —

Bid these white lips a blessing speak this  
earth is *not* my sire !

Give me back him for whom I strove, for whom  
my blood was shed —

Thou canst not — and a king ! His dust be  
mountains on thy head !"



He loosed the steed; his slack hand fell — upon  
the silent face  
He cast one long, deep, troubled look — then  
turned from that sad place:  
His hope was crushed, his after fate untold in  
martial strain —  
His banner led the spears no more amidst the  
hills of Spain.

## THE TOMB OF MADAME LANGHANS.

"To ■ mysteriously consorted pair  
This place is consecrate; to death and life,  
And to the best affections that proceed  
From this conjunction." WORDSWORTH.

[At Hindlebank, near Berne, she is represented as bursting from the sepulchre, with her infant in her arms, at the sound of the last trumpet. An inscription on the tomb concludes thus: "Here ■ I, O God! with the child whom thou hast given me."]

How many hopes were borne upon thy bier,  
O bride of stricken love! in anguish hither!  
Like flowers, the first and fairest of the year,  
Plucked on the bosom of the dead to wither;  
Hopes from their source all holy, though of earth,  
All brightly gathering round affection's hearth.

Of mingled prayer they told; of Sabbath hours;  
Of morn's farewell, and evening's blessed meeting;  
Of childhood's voice, amidst the household  
bowers;  
And bounding step, and smile of joyous greeting;  
—  
But thou, young mother! to thy gentle heart  
Didst take the babe, and meekly so depart.

How many hopes have sprung in radiance hence!  
Their trace yet lights the dust where thou art  
sleeping!

A solemn joy comes o'er me, and a sense  
Of triumph, blent with nature's gush of weeping,  
As, kindling up the silent stone, I see  
The glorious vision, caught by faith, of thee.

Slumberer! love calls thee, for the night is  
past!  
Put on the immortal beauty of thy waking!  
Captive! and hear'st thou not the trumpet's  
blast,  
The long, victorious note, thy bondage breaking?  
Thou hear'st, thou answer'st. "God of earth and  
heaven!  
Here am I, with the child whom thou hast  
given!"

## THE EXILE'S DIRGE.

"Fear no more the heat of the sun,  
Nor the furious winter's rages;  
Thou thy worldly task hast done,  
Home art gone and ta'en thy wages." CYMBELINE.

["I attended a funeral where there were ■ number of the German settlers present. After I had performed such ■ vice as is usual on similar occasions, a most venerable-looking old man came forward, and asked me if I were willing that they should perform some of their peculiar rites. He opened a very ancient version of Luther's Hymns, and they all began to sing, in German, so loud that the woods echoed the strain. There was something affecting in the singing of these ancient people, carrying one of their brethren to his last home, and using the language and rites which they had brought with them over the sea from the *Vaterland*, a word which often occurred in this hymn. It was a long, slow, and mournful air, which they sung as they bore the body along: the words '*mein Gott*,' '*mein Bruder*,' and '*Vaterland*,' died away in distant echoes amongst the woods. I shall long remember that funeral hymn." — FLINT'S *Recollections of the Valley of the Mississippi*.]

THERE went a dirge through the forest's gloom  
— An exile was borne to a lonely tomb.

"Brother!" (so the chant was sung  
In the slumberer's native tongue.)  
"Friend and brother! not for thee  
Shall the sound of weeping be  
Long the exile's woe hath lain  
On thy life a withering chain;  
Music from thine own blue streams  
Wander'd through thy fever dreams;  
Voices from thy country's vines  
Met thee 'midst the alien pines;  
And thy true heart died away,  
And thy spirit would not stay."

So swelled the chant; and the deep wind's  
moan  
Seemed through the cedars to murmur—"Gone!"

"Brother! by the rolling Rhine  
Stands the home that once was thine;  
Brother! now thy dwelling lies  
Where the Indian arrow flies!  
He that blessed thine infant head  
Fills ■ distant greensward bed;  
She that heard thy lisping prayer  
Slumbers low beside him there;  
They that earliest with thee played  
Rest beneath their own oak shade,  
Far, far hence! — yet sea nor shore  
Haply, brotner! part ye more;  
God hath called thee to that band  
In the immortal Fatherland!"

"The *Fatherland*!" — with that sweet word  
A burst of tears 'midst the strain was heard.

"Brother! were we there with thee  
Rich would many a meeting be!  
Many ■ broken garland bound,  
Many ■ mourned and lost one found!  
But our task is still to bear,  
Still to breathe in changeful air;  
Loved and bright things to resign,  
As even now this dust of thine;  
Yet to hope! — to hope in heaven,  
Though flowers fall, and ties be riven —  
Yet to pray! and wait the hand  
Beckoning to the Fatherland!"

And the requiem died in the forest's gloom;  
They had reached the exile's lonely tomb.

### THE DREAMING CHILD.

"Alas! what kind of grief should thy years know?  
Thy brow and cheek are smooth as waters be  
When no breath troubles them."

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

AND is there sadness in *thy* dreams, my boy?  
What should the cloud be made of? Blessed  
child!

Thy spirit, borne upon ■ breeze of joy,  
All day hath ranged through sunshine clear, yet  
mild:

And now thou tremblest! — wherefore? — in  
*thy* soul

There lies no past, no future. Thou hast heard  
No sound of presage from the distance roll,  
Thy heart bears traces of no arrowy word.

From thee no love hath gone; thy mind's young  
eye

Hath looked not into death's, and thence be-  
come

A questioner of mute eternity,  
A weary searcher for ■ viewless home:

Nor hath thy sense been quickened unto pain  
By feverish watching for some step beloved:  
Free ■ thy thoughts, an ever-changeful train,  
Glancing like dewdrops, and as lightly moved.

Yet now, on billows of strange passion tossed,  
How art thou wildered in the cave of sleep!  
My gentle child! 'midst what dim phantoms lost,  
Thus in mysterious anguish dost thou weep?

Awake! they sadden me — those early tears,  
First gushings of the strong, dark river's flow,  
That *must* o'ersweep thy soul with coming years.  
Th' unfathomable flood of human woe!

Awful to watch, even rolling through a dream,  
Forcing wild spraydrops but from childhood's  
eyes!

Wake, wake! as yet *thy* life's transparent stream  
Should wear the tinge of none but summer skies.

Come from the shadow of those realms un-  
known,

Where now thy thoughts dismayed and darkling  
rove;

Come to the kindly region all thine own,  
The home still bright for thee with guardian  
love.

Happy, fair child! that yet a mother's voice  
Can win thee back from visionary strife! —  
O, shall *my* soul, thus wakened to rejoice,  
Start from the dream-like wilderness of life?

### THE CHARMED PICTURE.

"O that those lips had language! Life hath passed  
With me but roughly since I saw thee last." COWPER.

THINE eyes are charmed — thine earnest eyes —  
Thou image of the dead!

A spell within thy sweetness lies,  
A virtue thence is shed.

Oft in their meek blue light enshrined  
A blessing seems to be,  
And sometimes there my wayward mind  
A still reproach can see:

And sometimes pity — soft and deep,  
And quivering through a tear;  
Even as if love in heaven could weep  
For grief left drooping here.

And O, my spirit needs that balm!  
Needs it 'midst fitful mirth!  
And in the night hour's haunted calm,  
And by the lonely hearth.

Look on me *thus*, when hollow praise  
Hath made the weary pine  
For one true tone of other days,  
One glance of love like thine!

Look on me *thus*, when sudden glee  
Bears my quick heart along,  
On wings that struggle to be free,  
As bursts of skylark song.

In vain, in vain! — too soon are felt  
The wounds they cannot flee :  
Better in childlike tears to melt,  
Pouring my soul on thee !

Sweet face, that o'er my childhood shone !  
Whence is thy power of change,  
Thus ever shadowing back my own,  
The rapid and the strange ?

Whence are they charmed — those earnest eyes ?  
— I know the mystery well !  
In mine own trembling bosom lies  
The spirit of the spell !

Of Memory, Conscience, Love, 'tis born —  
O, change no longer, thou !  
Forever be the blessing worn  
On thy pure thoughtful brow !

### PARTING WORDS.

" One struggle more, and I am free." — BYRON.

LEAVE me ! O, leave me ! Unto all below  
Thy presence binds me with too deep a spell ;  
Thou mak'st those mortal regions, whence I go,  
Too mighty in their loveliness. Farewell,  
That I may part in peace !

Leave me ! — thy footstep, with its lightest sound,  
The very shadow of thy waving hair,  
Wakes in my soul a feeling too profound,  
Too strong, for aught that loves and dies, to  
bear —

O, bid the conflict cease !

I hear thy whisper — and the warm tears gush  
Into mine eyes, the quick pulse thrills my heart ;  
Thou bidd'st the peace, the reverential hush,  
The still submission, from my thoughts depart :  
Dear one ! this must not be.

The past looks on me from thy mournful eye,  
The beauty of our free and vernal days ;  
Our communings with sea, and hill, and sky —  
O, take that bright world from my spirit's gaze !  
Thou art all earth to me !

Shut out the sunshine from my dying room,  
The jasmine's breath, the murmur of the bee ;  
Let not the joy of bird notes pierce the gloom !  
They speak of love, of summer, and of thee,  
Too much — and death is here !

Doth our own spring make happy music now,  
From the old beech roots flashing into day ?  
Are the pure lilies imaged in its flow ?  
Alas ! vain thoughts ! that fondly thus can  
stray

From the dread hour so near !

If I could but draw courage from the light  
Of thy clear eye, that ever shone to bless !  
— Not now ! 'twill not be now ! — my aching  
sight

Drinks from that fount a flood of tenderness,  
Bearing all strengt<sup>h</sup> away !

Leave me ! — thou com'st between my heart and  
Heaven ;

I would be still, in voiceless prayer to die ! —  
Why must our souls thus love, and then be riven !  
Return ! thy parting wakes mine agony !  
O, yet a while delay !

### THE MESSAGE TO THE DEAD.

THOU'RT passing hence, my brother !  
O my earliest friend, farewell !  
Thou'rt leaving me, without thy voice,  
In a lonely home to dwell ;  
And from the hills, and from the hearth<sup>side</sup>  
And from the household tree,  
With thee departs the lingering mirth,  
The brightness goes with thee.<sup>1</sup>

But thou, my friend, my brother !  
Thou'rt speeding to the shore  
Where the dirge-like tone of parting words  
Shall smite the soul no more !  
And thou wilt see our holy dead,  
The lost on earth and main :  
Into the sheaf of kindred hearts  
Thou wilt be bound again !

<sup>1</sup> " Messages from the living to the dead are not uncommon in the Highlands. The Gaels have such a ceaseless consciousness of immortality, that their departed friends are considered as merely absent for a time, and permitted to relieve the hours of separation by occasional intercourse with the objects of their earliest affections." — See the Notes ■ Mrs. Brunton's Works.



Tell, then, our friend of boyhood  
That yet his name is heard  
On the blue mountains, whence his youth  
Passed like a swift, bright bird.  
The light of his exulting brow,  
The vision of his glee,  
Are on me still — O, still I trust  
That smile again to see.

And tell our fair young sister,  
The rose cut down in spring,  
That yet my gushing soul is filled  
With lays she loved to sing.  
Her soft deep eyes look through my dreams,  
Tender and sadly sweet; —  
Tell her my heart within me burns  
Once more that gaze to meet.

And tell our white-haired father,  
That in the paths he trode,  
The child he loved, the last on earth,  
Yet walks and worships God.  
Say, that his last fond blessing yet  
Rests on my soul like dew,  
And by its hallowing might I trust  
Once more his face to view.

And tell our gentle mother,  
That on her grave I pour  
The sorrows of my spirit forth,  
As on her breast of yore.  
Happy thou art that soon, how soon,  
Our good and bright will see! —  
O brother, brother! may I dwell,  
Ere long, with them and thee!

### THE TWO HOMES.

"O, if the soul immortal be,  
Is not its love immortal too?"

SEEST thou my home? 'Tis where yon woods  
are waving,  
In their dark richness, to the summer air,  
Where yon blue stream, a thousand flower banks  
laving,  
Leads down the hills a vein of light — 'tis there!

'Midst those green wilds how many a fount lies  
gleaming,  
Fringed with the violet, colored with the skies!  
My boyhood's haunt, through days of summer  
dreaming,  
Under young leaves that shook with melodies.

My home! The spirit of its love is breathing  
In every wind that blows across my track;  
From its white walls the very tendrils wreathing,  
Seem with soft links to draw the wanderer back

There am I loved — there prayed for — there  
my mother  
Sits by the hearth with meekly thoughtful eye;  
There my young sisters watch to greet their  
brother —  
Soon their glad footsteps down the path will fly.

There, in sweet strains of kindred music blend-  
ing,  
All the home voices meet at day's decline;  
One are those tones, as from one heart ascending,  
There laughs my home — sad stranger! where  
is thine?

Ask'st thou of mine? In solemn peace 'tis lying,  
Far o'er the deserts and the tombs away;  
'Tis where I, too, am loved with love undying,  
And fond hearts wait my step — but where are  
they?

Ask where the earth's departed have their dwell-  
ing;  
Ask of the clouds, the stars, the trackless air!  
I know it not, yet trust the whisper, telling  
My lonely heart that love unchanged is there.

And what is home, and where, but with the  
loving  
Happy thou art, that so canst gaze on thine!  
My spirit feels but, in its weary roving,  
That with the dead, where'er they be, is mine.

Go to thy home, rejoicing son and brother!  
Bear in fresh gladness to the household scene!  
For me, too, watch the sister and the mother,  
I well believe — but dark seas roll between.

### THE SOLDIER'S DEATH BED.

"Wie herrlich die Sonne dort untergeht! da ich noch ein Bube  
war — war's mein Lieblingsgedanke, wie sie leben, wie sie  
sterben!"  
DIE RAUERER.

LIKE thee to die, thou sun! — My boyhood's dream  
Was this; and now my spirit, with thy beam,  
Ebbs from a field of victory! — yet the hour  
Bears back upon me, with a torrent's power,  
Nature's deep longings. O for some kind eye  
Wherein to meet love's fervent farewell gaze!

Some breast to pillow life's last agony,  
Some voice, to speak of home and better days,  
Beyond the pass of shadows! But I go,  
I that have been so loved, go hence alone;  
And ye, now gathering round my own hearth's  
glow,

Sweet friends! it may be that ■ softer tone,  
E'en in this moment, with your laughing glee,  
Mingles its cadence while you speak of me —  
Of me, your soldier, 'midst the mountains lying,  
On the red banner of his battles dying,  
Far, far away! And O, your parting prayer —  
Will not his name be fondly murmured there?  
It will! — A blessing on that holy hearth!  
Though clouds are darkening to o'ercast its  
mirth.

Mother! I may not hear thy voice again;  
Sisters! ye watch to greet my step in vain!  
Young brother, fare thee well! — on each dear  
head

Blessing and love ■ thousand fold be shed,  
My soul's last earthly breathings! May your  
home

Smile for you ever! May no winter come,  
No *world*, between your hearts! May e'en your  
tears,

For my sake, full of long-remembered years,  
Quicken the true affections that intwine  
Your lives in one bright bond! I may not sleep  
Amidst our fathers, where those tears might shine  
Over my slumbers; yet your love will keep  
My memory living in th' ancestral halls,  
Where shame hath never trod. The dark night  
falls,

And I depart. The brave are gone to rest,  
The brothers of my combats, on the breast  
Of the red field they reaped: — their work is  
done —

*Thou*, too, art set! — farewell, farewell, thou  
sun!

The last lone watcher of the bloody sod  
Offers ■ trusting spirit up to God.

### THE IMAGE IN THE HEART.

TO \* \* \*

"True, indeed, it is,  
That they whom death has hidden from our sight  
Are worthiest of the mind's regard; with them  
The future cannot contradict the past —  
Mortality's last exercise and proof  
Is undergone."

WORDSWORTH.

"The love where death hath set his seal,  
Nor age can chill, nor rival steal,  
Nor falsehood disavow." BYRON.

I CALL thee blessed! — though now the voice  
be fled

Which to thy soul brought dayspring with its  
tone,

And o'er the gentle eyes though dust be spread,  
Eyes that ne'er looked on thine but light was  
thrown

Far through thy breast:

And though the music of thy life be broken,  
Or changed in every chord since he is gone —  
Feeling all this, even yet, by many a token,  
O thou, the deeply, but the brightly lone!

I call thee blessed!

For in thy heart there is a holy spot,  
As 'mid the waste an isle of fount and palm,  
Forever green! — the world's breath enters not,  
The passion tempests may not break its calm;  
'Tis thine, all thine!

Thither, in trust unbaffled, mayst thou turn  
From bitter words, cold greetings, heartless eyes.  
Quenching thy soul's thirst at the hidden urn  
That, filled with waters of sweet memory, lies  
In its own shrine.

Thou hast thy *home*! — there is no power in  
change

To reach that temple of the past; no sway,  
In all time brings of sudden, dark, or strange,  
To sweep the still transparent peace away —  
From its hushed air!

And O, that glorious image of the dead!  
Sole thing whereon a deathless love may rest,  
And in deep faith and dreamy worship shed  
Its high gifts fearlessly! I call thee blessed,  
If only *there*.

Blessed, for the beautiful within thee dwelling  
Never to fade! — a refuge from distrust,  
A spring of purer life, still freshly welling,  
To clothe the barrenness of earthly dust  
With flowers divine.

And thou hast been beloved! — it is no *dream*,  
No false mirage for *thee*, the fervent love,  
The rainbow still unreached, the ideal gleam,  
That ever seems before, beyond, above,  
Far off to shine.

But thou, from all the daughters of the earth  
Singled and marked, hast *known* its home and  
place;

And the high memory of its holy worth  
To this our life a glory and a grace  
For thee hath given.

And art thou not *still* fondly, truly loved?  
Thou art! — the love his spirit bore away  
Was not for death! — ■ treasure but removed,  
A bright bird parted for ■ clearer day, —  
Thine still in heaven!

### THE LAND OF DREAMS.

"And dreams, in their development, have breath,  
And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy;  
They leave ■ weight upon our waking thoughts,  
They make us what we were not — what they will,  
And shake ■ with the vision that's gone by."

BYRON.

O SPIRIT land! thou land of dreams!  
A world thou art of mysterious gleams,  
Of startling voices, and sounds at strife —  
A world of the dead in the hues of life.

Like a wizard's magic glass thou art,  
When the wavy shadows float by and part:  
Visions of aspects, now loved, now strange,  
Glimmering and mingling in ceaseless change.

Thou art like a city of the past,  
With its gorgeous halls into fragments cast,  
Amidst whose ruins there glide and play  
Familiar forms of the world's to-day.

Thou art like the depths where the seas have  
birth,  
Rich with the wealth that is lost from earth, —  
All the sere flowers of our days gone by,  
And the buried gems in thy bosom lie.

Yes! thou art like those dim sea caves,  
A realm of treasures, ■ realm of graves!  
And the shapes through thy mysteries that come  
and go  
Are of beauty and terror, of power and woe.

But for me, O thou picture land of sleep!  
Thou art all one world of affections deep, —  
And wrung from my heart is each flushing dye  
That sweeps o'er thy chambers of imagery.

And thy bowers are fair — even as Eden fair:  
All the beloved of my soul are there!  
The forms my spirit most pines to see,  
The eyes whose love hath been life to me:

They are there — and each blessed voice I hear,  
Kindly, and joyous, and silvery clear;  
But undertones are in each, that say, —  
"It is but a dream; it will melt away!"

I walk with sweet friends in the sunset's glow;  
I listen to music of long ago;  
But one thought, like an omen, breathes faint  
through the lay, —  
"It is but a dream; it will melt away!"

I sit by the hearth of my early days;  
All the home faces are met by the blaze, —  
And the eyes of the mother shine soft, yet  
say,  
"It is but a dream; it will melt away!"

And away, like a flower's passing breath, 'tis  
gone,  
And I wake more sadly, more deeply lone!  
O, ■ haunted heart is ■ weight to bear, —  
Bright faces, kind voices! where are ye, where?

Shadow not forth, O thou land of dreams,  
The past, as it fled by my own blue streams!  
Make not my spirit within me burn  
For the scenes and the hours that may ne'er re-  
turn!

Call out from the *future* thy visions bright,  
From the world o'er the grave take thy solemn  
light,  
And O, with the loved whom no more I see,  
Show me my home, as yet it may be!

As it yet may be in some purer sphere,  
No cloud, no parting, no sleepless fear;  
So my soul may bear on through the long, long  
day,  
Till I go where the beautiful melts not away!

### WOMAN ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

"Where hath not woman stood  
Strong in affection's might? ■ reed, upborne  
By an o'er-mastering current!"

GENTLE and lovely form!  
What didst thou here,  
When the fierce battle storm  
Bore down the spear?

Banner and shivered crest,  
Beside thee strewn,



Tell that amidst the best  
Thy work was done !

Yet swangely, sadly fair,  
O'er the wild scene  
Gleams, through its golden hair,  
That brow serene.

Low lies the stately head, —  
Earth bound the free ;  
How gave those haughty dead  
A place to thee ?

Slumberer ! mine early bier  
Friends should have crowned,  
Many a flower and tear  
Shedding around ; —

Soft voices, clear and young,  
Mingling then swell,  
Should o'er thy dust have sung  
Earth's last farewell ; —

Sisters, above the grave  
Of thy repose,  
Should have bid violets wave  
With the white rose.

Now must the trumpet's note,  
Savage and shrill,  
For requiem o'er thee float,  
Thou fair and still !

And the swift charger sweep  
In full career,  
Trampling thy place of sleep —  
Why cam'st thou here ?

Why ? Ask the true heart why  
Woman hath been  
Ever where brave men die,  
Unshrinking seen.

Unto this harvest ground  
Proud reapers came, —  
Some, for that stirring sound,  
A warrior's name ; —

Some for the stormy play  
And joy of strife ;  
And some to fling away  
A weary life ; —

But thou, pale sleeper ! thou  
With the slight frame,

And the rich locks, whose glow  
Death cannot tame ; —

Only one thought, one power,  
Thee could have led,  
So, through the tempest's hour,  
To lift thy head !

Only the true, the strong,  
The love, whose trust  
Woman's deep soul too long  
Pours on the dust !

### THE DESERTED HOUSE.

Gloom is upon thy lonely hearth,  
O silent house ! once filled with mirth ;  
Sorrow is in the breezy sound  
Of thy tall poplars whispering round.

The shadow of departed hours  
Hangs dim upon thine early flowers,  
E'en in thy sunshine seems to brood  
Something more deep than solitude.

Fair art thou, fair to a stranger's gaze,  
Mine own sweet home of other days !  
My children's birthplace ! — yet for me  
It is too much to look on thee.

Too much ! for all about thee spread,  
I feel the memory of the dead,  
And almost linger for the feet  
That nevermore my step shall meet.

The looks, the smiles, all vanished now,  
Follow me where thy roses blow ;  
The echoes of kind household words  
Are with me 'midst thy singing birds.

Till my heart dies, it dies away  
In yearnings for what might not stay ;  
For love which ne'er deceived my trust,  
For all which went with " dust to dust ! "

What now is left me, but to raise  
From thee, lorn spot ! my spirit's gaze,  
To lift through tears my straining eye  
Up to my Father's house on high ?

O, many are the mansions there,<sup>1</sup>  
But not in one hath grief a share !

<sup>1</sup> " In my Father's house are many mansions."

No haunting shade from things gone by  
May there o'ersweep th' unchanging sky.

And *they* are there, whose long-loved mien  
In earthly home no more is seen ;  
Whose places, where they smiling sate,  
Are left unto us desolate.

We miss them when the board is spread ;  
We miss them when the prayer is said ;  
Upon our dreams their dying eyes  
In still and mournful fondness rise.

But they are where these longings vain  
Trouble no more the heart and brain ;  
The sadness of this aching love  
Dims not our Father's house above.

Ye are at rest, and I in tears,<sup>1</sup>  
Ye dwellers of immortal spheres !  
Under the poplar boughs I stand,  
And mourn the broken household band.

But, by your life of lowly faith,  
And by your joyful hope in death,  
Guide me, till on some brighter shore  
The severed wreath is bound once more !

Holy ye were, and good, and true !  
No change can cloud my thoughts of you ;  
Guide me, like you to live and die,  
And reach my Father's house on high !

#### THE STRANGER'S HEART.

THE stranger's heart ! O, wound it not !  
A yearning anguish is its lot ;  
In the green shadow of thy tree  
The stranger finds no rest with thee.

Thou think'st the vine's low rustling leaves  
Glad music round thy household eaves ;  
To him that sound hath sorrow's tone —  
'The stranger's heart' is with his own.

Thou think'st thy children's laughing play  
A lovely sight at fall of day ;  
Then are the stranger's thoughts oppressed —  
His mother's voice comes o'er his breast.

<sup>1</sup> From an ancient Hebrew dirge : —

"Mourn for the mourner, and not for the dead,  
For he is at rest, and we in tears !"

Thou think'st it sweet when friend with friend  
Beneath one roof in prayer may blend ;  
Then doth the stranger's eye grow dim —  
Far, far are those who prayed with him.

Thy hearth, thy home, thy vintage land,  
The voices of thy kindred band —  
O, 'midst them all when blessed thou art,  
Deal gently with the stranger's heart !

#### TO A REMEMBERED PICTURE.

THEY haunt me still — those calm, pure, holy  
eyes !

Their piercing sweetness wanders through my  
dreams ;

The soul of music that within them lies  
Comes o'er *my* soul in soft and sudden gleams :  
Life — spirit life — immortal and divine —  
Is there ; and yet how dark ■ death was thine !

Could it — O, *could* it be — meek child of song ?  
The might of gentleness on that fair brow —  
Was the celestial gift no shield from wrong ?  
Bore it no talisman to ward the blow ?  
Ask if ■ flower, upon the billows cast,  
Might brave their strife — ■ flute note hush the  
blast !

Are there not deep, sad oracles to read  
In the clear stillness of that radiant face ?  
Yes ! even like thee must gifted spirits bleed,  
Thrown on a world for heavenly things no  
place !

Bright, exiled birds that visit alien skies,  
Pouring on storms their suppliant melodies.

And seeking ever some true, gentle breast,  
Whereon their trembling plumage might re-  
pose,

And their free song notes, from that happy  
nest,

Gush as a fount that forth from sunlight flows,  
Vain dream : — the love whose precious balms  
might save

Still, still denied — they struggle to the grave.

Yet my heart shall not sink ! — another doom,  
Victim ! hath set its promise in mine eye :  
A light is there, too quenchless for the tomb,  
Bright earnest of a nobler destiny ;  
Telling of answers, in some far-off sphere,  
To the deep souls that find no echo here.

## COME HOME!

COME home! There is a sorrowing breath  
 In music since ye went,  
 And the early flower scents wander by  
 With mournful memories blent.  
 The tones in every household voice  
 Are grown more sad and deep;  
 And the sweet word — *brother* — wakes a wish  
 To turn aside and weep.

O ye beloved! come home! The hour  
 Of many a greeting tone,  
 The time of hearth light and of song  
 Returns — and ye are gone!  
 And darkly, heavily it falls  
 On the forsaken room,  
 Burdening the heart with tenderness,  
 That deepens 'midst the gloom.

Where finds it *you*, ye wandering ones!  
 With all your boyhood's glee  
 Untamed? Beneath the desert's palm,  
 Or on the lone mid sea?  
 By stormy hills of battles old?  
 Or where dark rivers foam?  
 O, life is dim where ye are not —  
 Back, ye beloved, come home!

Come with the leaves and winds of spring,  
 And swift birds, o'er the main!  
 Our love is grown too sorrowful —  
 Bring us its youth again!  
 Bring the glad tones to music back!  
 Still, still your home is fair,  
 The spirit of your sunny life  
 Alone is wanting there!

## THE FOUNTAIN OF OBLIVION.

"Implora pace!" 1

ONE draught, kind fairy! from that fountain  
 deep,  
 To lay the phantoms of a haunted breast;  
 And lone affections, which are griefs, to steep  
 In the cool honey dew of dreamless rest;  
 And from the soul the lightning marks to lave —  
 One draught of that sweet wave!

<sup>1</sup> Quoted from a letter of Lord Byron's. He describes the impression produced upon him by some tombs at Bologna, bearing this simple inscription, and adds, "When I die, I could wish that some friend would see these words, and no other, placed above my grave — 'Implora pace!'"

Yet, mortal! pause! Within thy mind is laid  
 Wealth, gathered long and slowly: thoughts  
 divine  
 Heap that full treasure house; and thou hast  
 made  
 The gems of many a spirit's ocean thine; —  
 Shall the dark waters to oblivion bear  
 A pyramid so fair?

Pour from the fount! and let the draught efface  
 All the vain lore by memory's pride amassed,  
 So it but sweep along the torrent's trace,  
 And fill the hollow channels of the past;  
 And from the bosom's inmost folded leaf  
 Raze the one master grief!

Yet pause once more! All, *all* thy soul hath  
 known,  
 Loved, felt, rejoiced in, from its grasp must fade!  
 Is there no voice whose kind, awakening tone  
 A sense of spring time in thy heart hath made?  
 No eye whose glance thy daydreams would re-  
 call?  
 Think — wouldst thou part with all!

Fill with forgetfulness! There are, there *are*  
 Voices whose music I have loved too well —  
 Eyes of deep gentleness; but they are far —  
 Never! O, never in my home to dwell!  
 Take their soft looks from off my yearning soul —  
 Fill high th' oblivious bowl!

Yet pause again! With memory wilt thou  
 The undying hope away, of memory born?  
 Hope of reunion, heart to heart at last,  
 No restless doubt between, no rankling thorn?  
 Wouldst thou erase all records of delight  
 That make such visions bright?

Fill with forgetfulness, fill high! Yet stay  
 'Tis from the past we shadow forth the land  
 Where smiles, long lost, again shall light our  
 way,  
 And the soul's friends be wreathed in one bright  
 band.  
 Pour the sweet waters back on their own rill —  
 I *must* remember still.

For their sake, for the dead — whose imagi-  
 nought  
 May dim within the temple of my breast —  
 For their love's sake, which now no earth!  
 thought  
 May shake or trouble with its own unrest,  
 Though the past haunt me as a spirit — "et  
 I ask not to forget.



## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

## THE BRIDAL DAY.

[On ■ monument in a Venetian church is an epitaph, recording that the remains beneath are those of ■ noble lady, who expired suddenly while standing as a bride at the altar.]

"We hear her home! we hear her home!  
Over the murmuring salt sea's foam;  
One who has fled from the war of life,  
From sorrow, pain, and the fever strife."

BARRY CORNWALL.

BRIDE! upon thy marriage day,  
When thy gems in rich array  
Made the glistening mirror seem  
As a star-reflecting stream;  
When the clustering pearls lay fair  
'Midst thy braids of sunny hair,  
And the white veil o'er thee streaming,  
Like a silvery halo gleaming,  
Mellowed all that pomp and light  
Into something meekly bright;  
Did the fluttering of thy breath  
Speak of joy or woe beneath?  
And the hue that went and came  
O'er thy cheek, like wavering flame,  
Flowed that crimson from th' unrest  
Or the gladness of thy breast?  
— Who shall tell us? From thy bower  
Brightly didst thou pass that hour;  
With the many-glancing oar,  
And the cheer along the shore,  
And the wealth of summer flowers  
On thy fair head cast in showers,  
And the breath of song and flute,  
And the clarion's glad salute,  
Swiftly o'er the Adrian tide  
Wert thou borne in pomp, young bride!  
Mirth and music, sun and sky,  
Welcomed thee triumphantly!  
Yet, perchance, a chastening thought  
In some deeper spirit wrought,  
Whispering, as untold it blent  
With the sounds of merriment —  
'From the home of childhood's glee,  
From the days of laughter free,  
From the love of many years,  
Thou art gone to cares and fears;  
To another path and guide,  
To ■ bosom yet untried!  
Bright one! O, there well may be  
Trambling 'midst our joy for thee!"

Bride! when through the stately *fane*,  
Circled with thy nuptial train,  
'Midst the banners hung on high  
By thy warrior ancestry,  
'Midst those mighty fathers dead,  
In soft beauty thou wast led;  
When before the shrine thy form  
Quivered to some bosom storm,  
When, like harpstrings with a sigh  
Breaking in mid harmony,  
On thy lip the murmurs low  
Died with love's unfinished vow;  
When, like scattered rose leaves *flee*  
From thy cheek each tint of red,  
And the light forsook thine eye,  
And thy head sunk heavily;  
Was that drooping but th' excess  
Of thy spirit's blessedness?  
Or did some deep feeling's might,  
Folded in thy heart from sight,  
With ■ sudden tempest shower  
Earthward bear thy life's young flower?  
— Who shall tell us? On *thy* tongue  
Silence, and forever, hung!  
Never to thy lip and cheek  
Rushed again the crimson streak;  
Never to thine eye returned  
That which there had beamed and *burned*!  
With the secret none might know,  
With thy rapture or thy woe,  
With thy marriage robe and wreath,  
Thou wert fled, young bride of death!  
One, one lightning moment there  
Struck down triumph to despair;  
Beauty, splendor, hope, and trust,  
Into darkness — terror — dust!

There were sounds of weeping o'er thee,  
Bride! as forth thy kindred bore thee,  
Shrouded in thy gleaming veil,  
Deaf to that wild funeral wail.  
Yet perchance ■ chastening thought  
In some deeper spirit wrought,  
Whispering, while the stern, sad knell  
On the air's bright stillness fell —  
"From the power of chill and change  
Souls to sever and estrange;  
From love's wane — a death in life,  
But to watch — a mortal strife;

From the secret fevers known  
To the burning heart alone,  
Thou art fled — afar, away —  
Where these blights no more have sway!  
Bright one! O, there well may be  
Comfort 'midst our tears for thee!"

### THE ANCESTRAL SONG.

"A long war disturbed your mind —  
Here your perfect peace is signed;  
'Tis now full tide 'twixt night and day —  
End your moan, and come away."  
WEBSTER, "Duchess of Malfy."

HERE were faint sounds of weeping; fear and gloom

And midnight vigil in a stately room  
Of Lusignan's old halls. Rich odors there  
Filled the proud chamber as with Indian air,  
And soft light fell from lamps of silver, thrown  
On jewels that with rainbow lustre shone  
Over a gorgeous couch: there emeralds gleamed,  
And deeper crimson from the ruby streamed  
Than in the heart leaf of the rose is set,  
Hiding from sunshine. Many a carcanet  
Starry with diamonds, many a burning chain  
Of the red gold, sent forth a radiance vain,  
And sad, and strange, the canopy beneath  
Whose shadowy curtains, round a bed of death,  
Hung drooping solemnly, — for there one lay,  
Passing from all earth's glories fast away,  
Amidst those queenly treasures. They had been  
Gifts of her lord, from far-off Paynim lands;  
And for *his* sake, upon their orient sheen  
She had gazed fondly, and with faint, cold hands  
Had pressed them to her languid heart once more,  
Melting in childlike tears. But this was o'er —  
Love's last, vain clinging unto life; and now  
A mist of dreams was hovering o'er her brow;  
Her eye was fixed, her spirit seemed removed,  
Though not from earth, from all it knew or loved,  
Far, far away! Her handmaids watched around,  
In awe, that lent to each low midnight sound  
A might, a mystery; and the quivering light  
Of wind-swayed lamps made spectral in their sight

The forms of buried beauty, sad, yet fair,  
Gleaming along the walls with braided hair,  
Long in the dust grown dim; and she, too, saw,  
But with the spirit's eye of raptured awe,  
Those pictured shapes! — a bright, yet solemn train

Reckoning, they floated o'er her dreamy brain,

Clothed in diviner hues; while on her ear  
Strange voices fell, which none besides might  
hear,  
— Sweet, yet profoundly mournful, as the  
sigh  
Of winds o'er harpstrings through a midnight  
sky;  
And thus it seemed, in that low, thrilling  
tone,  
Th' ancestral shadows called away their own.

Come, come, come!

Long thy fainting soul hath yearned  
For the step that ne'er returned;  
Long thine anxious ear hath listened,  
And thy watchful eye hath glistened  
With the hope, whose parting strife  
Shook the flower leaves from thy life.  
Now the heavy day is done:  
Home awaits thee, wearied one!  
Come, come, come!

From the quenchless thoughts that burn  
In the sealed heart's lonely urn;  
From the coil of memory's chain  
Wound about the throbbing brain;  
From the veins of sorrow deep,  
Winding through the world of sleep;  
From the haunted halls and bowers,  
Thronged with ghosts of happier hours!  
Come, come, come!

On our dim and distant shore  
Aching love is felt no more!  
*We* have loved with earth's excess —  
Past is now that weariness!  
*We* have wept, that weep not now —  
Calm is each once-beating brow!  
*We* have known the dreamer's woes —  
All is now one bright repose!  
Come, come, come!

Weary heart that long hast bled,  
Languid spirit, drooping head,  
Restless memory, vain regret,  
Pining love whose light is set,  
Come away! — 'tis hushed, 'tis well,  
Where by shadowy founts we dwell,  
All the fever thirst is stilled,  
All the air with peace is filled, —  
Come, come, come!

And with her spirit wrapped in that wild  
lay  
She passed, as twilight melts to night, away!

## THE MAGIC GLASS.

"How lived, how loved, how died they?" — BYRON.

\* THE dead! the glorious dead! — and shall  
they rise?

SHall they look on thee with their proud bright  
eyes?

Thou ask'st a fearful spell!

Yet say, from shrine or dim sepulchral hall  
What kingly vision shall obey my call?

The deep grave knows it well!

"Wouldst thou behold earth's conquerors? shall  
they pass

Before thee, flushing all the Magic Glass  
With triumph's long array?

Speak! and those dwellers of the marble urn,  
Robed for the feast of victory, shall return,  
As on their proudest day.

"Or wouldst thou look upon the lords of  
song?

O'er the dark mirror that immortal throng  
Shall waft a solemn gleam!

Passing, with lighted eyes and radiant brows,  
Under the foliage of green laurel boughs,  
But silent as a dream."

■ Not these, O mighty master! — though their  
lays

Be unto man's free heart, and tears, and praise,  
Hallowed forevermore!

And not the buried conquerors — let them sleep,  
And let the flowery earth her sabbaths keep  
In joy, from shore to shore!

"But if the narrow house may so be moved,  
Call the bright shadows of the most beloved  
Back from their couch of rest!

That I may learn if *their* meek eyes be filled  
With peace, if human love hath ever stilled  
The yearning human breast."

■ Away, fond youth! — an idle quest is thine:  
*These* have no trophy, no memorial shrine;

I know not of their place!

Midst the dim valleys, with a secret flow,  
Their lives, like shepherd reed notes, faint and  
low,

Have passed, and left no trace.

■ Haply, begirt with shadowy woods and hills,  
And the wild sounds of melancholy rills,  
Their covering turf may bloom;

But ne'er hath fame made relics of its flowers —  
Never hath pilgrim sought their household  
bowers,  
Or poet hailed their tomb."

"Adieu, then, master of the midnight spell!  
Some voice, perchance, by those lone graves  
may tell

That which I pine to know!  
I haste to seek, from woods and valleys deep,  
Where the beloved are laid in lowly sleep,  
Records of joy and woe."

## CORINNE AT THE CAPITOL.

"Les femmes doivent penser qu'il est dans cette carrière  
peu de sorte qui puissent valoir la plus obscure vie d'une femme  
aimée et d'une mère heureuse." MADAME DE STAËL

DAUGHTER of th' Italian heaven!  
Thou to whom its fires are given,  
Joyously thy car hath rolled  
Where the conqueror's passed of old;  
And the festal sun that shone  
O'er three hundred triumphs gone,<sup>1</sup>  
Makes thy day of glory bright  
With a shower of golden light.

Now thou tread'st th' ascending road  
Freedom's foot so proudly trode;  
While, from tombs of heroes borne,  
From the dust of empire shorn,  
Flowers upon thy graceful head,  
Chaplets of all hues, are shed,  
In a soft and rosy rain,  
Touched with many a gem-like stain.

Thou hast gained the summit now!  
Music hails thee from below;  
Music, whose rich notes might stir  
Ashes of the sepulchre;  
Shaking with victorious notes  
All the bright air as it floats.  
Well may woman's heart beat high  
Unto that proud harmony!

Now afar it rolls — it dies —  
And thy voice is heard to rise  
With a low and lovely tone,  
In its thrilling power alone;  
And thy lyre's deep silvery string,  
Touched as by a breeze's wing,

<sup>1</sup> "The trebly hundred triumphs." — BYRON



Murmurs tremblingly at first,  
Ere the tide of rapture burst.

All the spirit of thy sky  
Now hath lit thy large dark eye,  
And thy cheek a flush hath caught  
From the joy of kindled thought;  
And the burning words of song  
From thy lip flow fast and strong,  
With a rushing stream's delight  
In the freedom of its might.

Radiant daughter of the sun!  
Now thy living wreath is won.  
Crowned of Rome! — O, art thou not  
Happy in that glorious lot?  
Happier, happier far than thou,  
With the laurel on thy brow,  
She that makes the humblest hearth  
Lovely but to one on earth!

### THE RUIN.

O, the heart that magnifies this life,  
Making a truth and beauty of its own."

WORDSWORTH.

"Birth has gladdened it: death has sanctified it."  
GUESSES AT TRUTH.

No dower of storied song is thine,  
O desolate abode!  
Forth from thy gates no glittering line  
Of lance and spear hath flowed.  
Banners of knighthood have not flung  
Proud drapery o'er thy walls,  
Nor bugle notes to battle rung  
Through thy resounding halls.

Nor have rich bowers of *pleasaunce* here  
By courtly hands been dressed,  
For princes, from the chase of deer,  
Under green leaves to rest:  
Only some rose, yet lingering bright  
Beside thy casements lone,  
Tells where the spirit of delight  
Hath dwelt, and now is gone.

Yet minstrel tale of harp and sword,  
And sovereign beauty's lot,  
House of quenched light and silent board!  
For me thou needest not.  
It is enough to know that *here*,  
Where thoughtfully I stand,  
Sorrow and love, and hope and fear,  
Have linked one kindred band.

Thou bindest me with mighty spells!  
— A solemnizing breath,  
A presence all around thee dwells  
Of human life and death.  
I need but pluck yon garden flower  
From where the wild weeds rise,  
To wake, with strange and sudden power,  
A thousand sympathies.

Thou hast heard many sounds, thou hearth!  
Deserted now by all!  
Voices at eve here met in mirth  
Which eve may ne'er recall.  
Youth's buoyant step, and woman's tone,  
And childhood's laughing glee,  
And song and prayer, have all been known  
Hearth of the dead! to thee.

\*Thou hast heard blessings fondly poured  
Upon the infant head,  
As if in every fervent word  
The living soul were shed;  
Thou hast seen partings, such as bear  
The bloom from life away —  
Alas! for love in changeful air,  
Where nought beloved can stay!

Here, by the restless bed of pain,  
The vigil hath been kept,  
Till sunrise, bright with hope in vain,  
Burst forth on eyes that wept;  
Here hath been felt the hush, the gloom,  
The breathless influence, shed  
Through the dim dwelling, from the  
room  
Wherein reposed the dead.

The seat left void, the missing face,  
Have here been marked and mourned,  
And time hath filled the vacant place,  
And gladness hath returned;  
Till from the narrowing household chain  
The links dropped one by one!  
And homewards hither, o'er the main,  
Came the spring birds alone.

Is there not cause, then — cause for thought,  
Fixed eye and lingering tread,  
Where, with their thousand mysteries fraught,  
Even lowliest hearts have bled?  
Where, in its ever-haunting thirst  
For draughts of purer day,  
Man's soul, with fitful strength, hath  
burst  
The clouds that wrapt its way?

Holy to human nature seems  
 The long-forsaken spot —  
 To deep affections, tender dreams,  
 Hopes of a brighter lot!  
 Therefore in silent reverence here,  
 Hearth of the dead! I stand,  
 Where joy and sorrow, smile and tear,  
 Have linked one household band.

### THE MINSTER.

**S**PEAK low! The place is holy to the breath  
 Of awful harmonies, of whispered prayer;  
 I read lightly! — for the sanctity of death  
 Broods with a voiceless influence on the air,  
 Stern, yet serene! — a reconciling spell,  
 Each troubled billow of the soul to quell.

Leave me to linger silently while!  
 — Not for the light that pours its fervid  
 streams  
 Of rainbow glory down through arch and aisle,  
 Kindling old banners into haughty gleams,  
 Flushing proud shrines, or by some warrior's  
 tomb  
 Dying away in clouds of gorgeous gloom:

Not for rich music, though in triumph pealing,  
 Mighty as forest sounds when winds are  
 high!  
 Nor yet for torch, and cross, and stole, revealing  
 Through incense mists their sainted pageantry,  
 Though o'er the spirit each hath charm and  
 power,  
 Yet not for these I ask one lingering hour.

But by strong sympathies, whose silver cord  
 Links me to mortal weal, my soul is bound;  
 Thoughts of the human hearts, that here have  
 poured

Their anguish forth, are with me and around;  
 I look back on the pangs, the burning tears,  
 Known to these altars of a thousand years.

Send up a murmur from the dust, Remorse!  
 That here hast bowed with ashes on thy head;  
 And thou, still battling with the tempest's  
 force —

Thou, whose bright spirit through all time  
 has bled —

Speak, wounded Love! if penance here, or  
 prayer,

Hath laid one haunting shadow of despair!

No voice, no breath! — of conflicts past no  
 trace!

— Doth not this hush give answer to my  
 quest?

Surely the dread religion of the place  
 By every grief hath made its might con-  
 fessed! —

O that within my heart I could but keep  
 Holy to Heaven a spot thus pure, and still, and  
 deep!

### THE SONG OF NIGHT.<sup>1</sup>

"O night,  
 And storm, and darkness! ye are wondrous strong,  
 Yet lovely in your strength!" BYRON.

I come to thee, O Earth!  
 With all my gifts! — for every flower ~~is~~  
 dew  
 In bell, and urn, and chalice, to renew  
 The glory of its birth.

Not one which glimmering lies  
 Far amidst folding hills, or forest leaves,  
 But, through its veins of beauty, so receives  
 A spirit of fresh dyes.

I come with every star;  
 Making thy streams, that, on their noonday  
 track,  
 Give but the moss, the reed, the lily back,  
 Mirrors of worlds afar.

I come with peace, — I shed  
 Sleep through thy wood walks, o'er the honey  
 bee,  
 The lark's triumphant voice, the fawn's young  
 glee,  
 The hyacinth's meek head.

On my own heart I lay  
 The weary babe; and sealing with a breath  
 Its eyes of love, send fairy dreams, beneath  
 The shadowing lids to play.

I come with mightier things!  
 Who calls me silent? I have many tones —  
 The dark skies thrill with low mysterious moans,  
 Borne on my sweeping wings.

<sup>1</sup> Suggested by Thorwaldsen's bas-relief of Night, represented under the form of a winged female figure, with two infants asleep in her arms

I waft them not alone  
From the deep organ of the forest shades,  
Or buried streams, unheard amidst their  
glades

Till the bright day is done ; —

But in the human breast  
A thousand still small voices I awake,  
Strong, in their sweetness, from the soul to  
shake

The mantle of its rest.

I bring them from the past :  
From true hearts broken, gentle spirits torn,  
From crushed affections, which, though long  
o'erborne,

Make their tones heard at last.

I bring them from the tomb :  
O'er the sad couch of late repentant love  
They pass — though low as murmurs of a  
dove —

Like trumpets through the gloom.

I come with all my train :  
Who calls me lonely ? Hosts around me tread,  
The intensely bright, the beautiful, the dead —  
Phantoms of heart and brain !

Looks from departed eyes,  
These are my lightnings ! — filled with anguish  
vain.

Or tenderness too piercing to sustain,  
They smite with agonies.

I, that with soft control  
Shut the dim violet, hush the woodland song,  
I am the avenging one ! — the armed, the  
strong —

The searcher of the soul !

I, that shower dewy light  
Through slumbering leaves, bring storms — the  
tempest birth

Of memory, thought, remorse ! Be holy, Earth !

I am the solemn Night !<sup>1</sup>

## THE STORM PAINTER IN HIS DUNGEON.

"Where of ye, O tempests, is the goal ?  
Are ye like those that shake the human breast ?  
Or do ye find at length, like eagles, some high nest ?"

CHILDE HAROLD.

MIDNIGHT, and silence deep !

— The air is filled with sleep,  
With the stream's whisper, and the citron's  
breath ;

The fixed and solemn stars  
Gleam through my dungeon bars —  
Wake, rushing winds ! this breezeless calm is  
death !

Ye watchfires of the skies !  
The stillness of your eyes  
Looks too intensely through my troubled soul :  
I feel this weight of rest  
An earth load on my breast —  
Wake, rushing winds, awake ! and, dark clouds,  
roll !

I am your own, *your* child,  
O ye, the fierce, and wild,  
And kingly tempests ! — will ye not arise ?  
Hear the bold spirit's voice,  
That knows not to rejoice  
But in the peal of your strong harmonies.

By sounding ocean waves,  
And dim Calabrian caves,  
And flashing torrents, I have been your mate ;  
And with the rocking pines  
Of the olden Apennines,  
In your dark path stood fearless and elate.

Your lightnings were as rods,  
That smote the deep abodes  
Of thought and vision -- and the stream gushed  
free ;

Come ! that my soul again  
May swell to burst its chain —  
Bring me the music of the sweeping sea !

Within me dwells a flame,  
An eagle caged and tame,  
Till called forth by the harping of the blast  
Then is its triumph's hour,  
It springs to sudden power,  
As mounts the billow o'er the quivering mast.

Then, then, the canvas o'er,  
With hurried hand I pour

<sup>1</sup> Pietro Mulier, called Il Tempesta, from his surprising pictures of storms. "His compositions," says Lanzi, "inspire a real horror, presenting to our eyes death-devoted ships overtaken by tempests and darkness — fired by lightning — now rising on the mountain wave, and again submerged in the abyss of ocean." During an imprisonment of five years in Genoa, the pictures which he painted in his dungeons were marked by additional power and gloom. — See LANZI's *History of Painting*, translated by Roscoe.



The lava waves and gusts of my own soul !  
 Kindling to fiery life  
 Dreams, worlds, of pictured strife —  
 Wake, rushing winds, awake ! and, dark clouds,  
 roll !

Wake, rise ! the reed may bend,  
 The shivering leaf descend,  
 The forest branch give way before your might ;  
 But I, your strong compeer,  
 Call, summon, wait you here —  
 Answer, my spirit ! — answer, storm and night !

### THE TWO VOICES.

Two solemn Voices, in a funeral strain,  
 Met ■ rich sunbeams and dark bursts of rain  
 Meet in the sky :  
 "Thou art gone hence !" one sang ; "our light  
 is flown,  
 Our beautiful, that seemed too much our own  
 Ever to die !

"Thou art gone hence ! — our joyous hills among  
 Never again to pour thy soul in song,  
 When spring flowers rise !  
 Never the friend's familiar step to meet  
 With loving laughter, and the welcome sweet  
 Of thy glad eyes."

"Thou art gone home, gone *home* !" then, high  
 and clear,  
 Warbled that other Voice. "Thou hast no tear  
 Again to shed !  
 Never to fold the robe o'er secret pain ;  
 Never, weighed down by memory's clouds, again  
 To bow thy head.

"Thou art gone home ! O early crowned and  
 blessed !  
 Where could the love of that deep heart find rest  
 With aught below ?  
 Thou must have seen rich dream by dream decay,  
 All the bright rose leaves drop from life away —  
 Thrice blessed to go !"

Yet sighed again that breeze-like Voice of grief—  
 "Thou art gone hence ! Alas, that aught so brief  
 So loved should be !  
 Thou tak'st our summer hence ! — the flower,  
 the tone,  
 The music of our being, all in one,  
 Depart with thee !

"Fair form, young spirit, morning vision fled !  
 Canst *thou* be of the dead, the awful dead —  
 The dark unknown ?  
 Yes ! to the dwelling where no footsteps fall,  
 Never again to light up hearth or hall,  
 Thy smile is gone !"

"Home, *home* !" once more the exulting Voice  
 arose :  
 "Thou art gone home ! — from that divine ■  
 pose  
 Never to roam !  
 Never to say farewell, to weep in vain,  
 To read of change, in eyes beloved, again —  
 Thou art gone home !

"By the bright waters now thy lot is cast —  
 Joy for thee, happy friend ! thy bark hath passed  
 The rough sea's foam !  
 Now the long yearnings of thy soul are stilled,  
 Home ! home ! — thy peace is won, thy heart ■  
 filled : —  
 Thou art gone home !"

### THE PARTING SHIP.

"A glittering ship, that hath the plain  
 Of ocean for her own domain."—WORDSWORTH.

Go, in thy glory, o'er the ancient sea,  
 Take with thee gentle winds thy sails to swell ;  
 Sunshine and joy upon thy streamers be,  
 Fare thee well, bark ! farewell !

Proudly the flashing billow thou hast cleft,  
 The breeze yet follows thee with cheer and  
 song ;  
 Who now of storms hath dream or memory left  
 And yet the deep is strong !

But go thou triumphing, while still the smiles  
 Of summer tremble on the water's breast !  
 Thou shalt be greeted by a thousand isles,  
 In lone, wild beauty dressed.

To thee a welcome breathing o'er the tide  
 The genii groves of Araby shall pour ;  
 Waves that infold the pearl shall bathe thy side  
 On the old Indian shore.

Oft shall the shadow of the palm tree lie  
 O'er glassy bays wherein thy sails are furled,





THE LAST TREE OF THE FOREST.

And the merry men of wild and glen,  
In the green array they wore  
Have feasted here with the red wine's cheer,  
And the hunter's song of yore.



And its leaves whisper, as the winds sweep by,  
Tales of the elder world.

Oft shall the burning stars of southern skies,  
On the mid ocean see thee chained in sleep,  
A lonely home for human thoughts and ties,  
Between the heavens and deep.

Blue seas, that roll on gorgeous coasts renowned,  
By night shall sparkle where thy prow makes  
way ;

Strange creatures of the abyss, that none may  
sound,

In thy broad wake shall play.

From hills unknown, in mingled joy and fear,  
Free dusky tribes shall pour, thy flag to mark ;  
Blessings go with thee on thy lone career !  
Hail, and farewell, thou bark !

A long farewell ! Thou wilt not bring us back  
All whom thou bearest far from home and  
hearth :

Many are thine, whose steps no more shall  
track

Their own sweet native earth !

Some wilt thou leave beneath the plantain's  
shade,

Where through the foliage Indian suns look  
bright ;

Some in the snows of wintry regions laid,  
By the cold northern light.

And some, far down below the sounding wave,  
Still shall they lie, though tempests o'er them  
sweep ;

Never may flower be strewn above their grave,  
Never may sister weep !

And thou, the billow's queen — even thy proud  
form

On our glad sight no more perchance may  
swell ;

Yet God alike is in the calm and storm —  
Fare thee well, bark ! farewell !

### THE LAST TREE OF THE FOREST.

WHISPER, thou tree, thou lonely tree,

One, where a thousand stood !

Well might proud tales be told by thee,

Last of the solemn wood !

Dwells there no voice amidst thy boughs,  
With leaves yet darkly green ?

Stillness is round, and noontide glows —  
Tell us what thou hast seen.

" I have seen the forest shadows lie  
Where men now reap the corn ;  
I have seen the kingly chase rush by  
Through the deep glades at morn.

" With the glance of many a gallant spear,  
And the wave of many a plume,  
And the bounding of a hundred deer,  
It has lit the woodland's gloom.

" I have seen the knight and his train ride  
past,  
With his banner borne on high ;  
O'er all my leaves there was brightness cast  
From his gleaming panoply.

" The pilgrim at my feet hath laid  
His palm branch 'midst the flowers,  
And told his beads, and meekly prayed.  
Kneeling, at vesper hours.

" And the merry men of wild and glen,  
In the green array they wore,  
Have feasted here, with the red wine's cheer,  
And the hunter's song of yore.

" And the minstrel, resting in my shade,  
Hath made the forest ring  
With the lordly tales of the high Crusade,  
Once loved by chief and king.

" But now the noble forms are gone  
That walked the earth of old ;  
The soft wind has a mournful tone,  
The sunny light looks cold.

" There is no glory left us now  
Like the glory with the dead ;  
I would that, where they slumber low,  
My latest leaves were shed ! "

O thou dark tree, thou lonely tree,  
That mournest for the past !  
A peasant's home in thy shades I see,  
Embowered from every blast.

A lovely and a mirthful sound  
Of laughter meets mine ear ;  
For the poor man's children sport around  
On the turf, with nought to fear

And roses lend that cabin's wall  
A happy summer glow :  
And the open door stands free to all,  
For it recks not of a foe.

And the village bells are on the breeze  
That stirs thy leaf, dark tree !  
How can I mourn 'midst things like these,  
For the stormy past, with thee !

### THE STREAMS.

"The power, the beauty, and the majesty,  
That had their haunts in dale or piny mountain,  
Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,  
Or chasms and watery depths; all those have vanish'd !  
They live no longer in the faith of heaven,  
But still the heart doth need a language !"  
COLERIDGE'S "Wallenstein."

Ye have been holy, O founts and floods !  
Ye of the ancient and solemn woods,  
Ye that are born of the valleys deep,  
With the water flowers on your breast asleep,  
And ye that gush from the sounding caves —  
Hallowed have been your waves.

Hallowed by man, in his dreams of old,  
Unto beings not of this mortal mould —  
Viewless, and deathless, and wondrous powers,  
Whose voice he heard in his lonely hours,  
And sought with its fancied sound to still  
The heart earth could not fill.

Therefore the flowers of bright summers gone,  
O'er your sweet waters, ye streams ! were  
thrown ;  
Thousands of gifts to the sunny sea  
Have ye swept along, in your wanderings free,  
And thrill'd to the murmur of many a vow —  
Where all is silent now !

Nor seems it strange that the heart hath  
been  
So inked in love to your margins green ;  
That still, though ruined, your early shrines  
In beauty gleam through the southern vines,  
And the ivied chapels of colder skies  
On your wild banks arise.

For the loveliest scenes of the glowing earth  
Are those, bright streams ! where your springs  
have birth ;  
Whether their caverned murmur fills,  
With a tone of plaint, the hollow hills,

Or the glad sweet laugh of their healthful flow  
Is heard 'midst the hamlets low.

Or whether ye gladden the desert sands  
With a joyous music to pilgrim bands,  
And a flash from under some ancient rock,  
Where a shepherd king might have watched his  
flock,  
Where a few lone palm trees lift their heads,  
And a green acacia spreads.

Or whether, in bright old lands renowned,  
The laurels thrill to your first-born sound,  
And the shadow, flung from the Grecian  
pine,  
Sweeps with the breeze o'er your gleaming  
line,  
And the tall reeds whisper to your waves,  
Beside heroic graves.

Voices and lights of the lonely place !  
By the freshest fern your path we trace ;  
By the brightest cups on the emerald moss,  
Whose fairy goblets the turf emboss ;  
By the rainbow glancing of insect wings,  
In a thousand mazy rings.

There sucks the bee, for the richest flowers  
Are all your own through the summer hours ;  
There the proud stag his fair image knows,  
Traced on your glass beneath alder boughs ;  
And the halcyon's breast, like the skies arrayed,  
Gleams through the willow shade.

But the wild sweet tales that with elves and  
fays  
Peopled your banks in the olden days,  
And the memory left by departed love  
To your antique founts in glen and grove,  
And the glory born of the poet's dreams —  
These are your charms, bright streams.

Now is the time of your flowery rites  
Gone by with its dances and young delights :  
From your marble urns ye have burst away,  
From your chapel cells to the laughing day ;  
Low lie your altars with moss o'ergrown,  
And the woods again are lone.

Yet holy still be your living springs,  
Haunts of all gentle and gladsome things !  
Holy, to converse with nature's lore,  
That gives the worn spirit its youth once more,  
And to silent thoughts of the love divine,  
Making the heart a shrine !

# THE VOICE OF THE WIND.

"There ■ nothing in the wide world so like the voice of ■ spirit."  
GRAY's "Letters."

O, MANY a voice is thine, thou Wind ! full many  
■ voice is thine !

From every scene thy wing o'ersweeps thou  
bear'st ■ sound and sign ;

A minstrel wild and strong thou art, with a  
mastery all thine own,

And the spirit is thy harp, O Wind ! that gives  
the answering tone.

Thou hast been across red fields of war, where  
shivered helmets lie,

And thou bringest thence the thrilling note of  
■ clarion in the sky ;

A rustling of proud banner folds, ■ peal of  
stormy drums, —

All these are in thy music met, as when a leader  
comes.

Thou hast been o'er solitary seas, and from their  
wastes brought back

Each noise of waters that awoke in the mystery  
of thy track —

The chime of low, soft, southern waves on some  
green palmy shore,

The hollow roll of distant surge, the gathered  
billows' roar.

Thou art come from forests dark and deep, thou  
mighty-rushing Wind !

And thou bearest all their unisons in one full  
swell combined ;

The restless pines, the moaning stream, all hid-  
den things and free,

Of the dim, old sounding wilderness, have lent  
their soul to thee.

Thou art come from cities lighted up for the  
conqueror passing by,

Thou art wafting from their streets ■ sound of  
haughty revelry ;

The rolling of triumphant wheels, the harpings  
in the hall,

The far-off shout of multitudes, are in thy rise  
and fall.

Thou art come from kingly tombs and shrines,  
from ancient minsters vast,

Through the dark aisles of a thousand years thy  
lonely wing hath passed ;

Thou hast caught the anthem's billowy swell  
the stately dirge's tone,

For a chief, with sword, and shield, and helm,  
to his place of slumber gone.

Thou art come from long-forsaken homes, where-  
in our young days flew ;

Thou hast found sweet voices lingering there,  
the loved, the kind, the true ;

Thou callest back those melodies, though now  
all changed and fled —

Be still, be still, and haunt us not with music  
from the dead !

Are all these notes in *thee*, wild Wind ? these  
many notes in *thee* ?

Far in our own unfathomed souls their fount  
must surely be ;

Yes ! buried, but unsleeping, *there* thought  
watches, memory lies,

From whose deep urn the tones are poured  
through all earth's harmonies.

## THE VIGIL OF ARMS.

A SOUNDING step was heard by night

In a church where the mighty slept,

As a mail-clad youth, till morning's light,

'Midst the tombs his vigil kept.

He walked in dreams of power and fame,

He lifted a proud bright eye,

For the hours were few that withheld his  
name

From the roll of chivalry.

Down the moonlit aisles he paced alone,

With ■ free and stately tread ;

And the floor gave back a muffled tone

From the couches of the dead :

The silent many that round him lay,

The crowned and helmed that were,

The haughty chiefs of the war array —

Each in his sepulchre !

But no dim warning of time or fate

That youth's flushed hopes could chill ;

He moved through the trophies of buried state

With each proud pulse throbbing still.

<sup>1</sup> The candidate for knighthood was under the necessity of keeping watch, the night before his inauguration, in a church, and completely armed. This was called "the Vigil of Arms."



He heard, as the wind through the chancel  
sung,

A swell of the trumpet's breath ;  
He looked to the banners on high that hung,  
And not to the dust beneath.

And ■ royal mask of splendor seemed  
Before him to unfold ;  
Through the solemn arches on it streamed,  
With many ■ gleam of gold :  
There were crested knight, and gorgeous  
dame,  
Glittering athwart the gloom ;  
And he followed, till his bold step came  
To his warrior father's tomb.

But there the still and shadowy night  
Of the monumental stone,  
And the holy sleep of the soft lamp's light  
That over its quiet shone,  
And the image of that sire, who died  
In his noonday of renown —  
*These* had ■ power unto which the pride  
Of fiery life bowed down.

And ■ spirit from his early years  
Came back o'er his thoughts to move,  
Till his eye was filled with memory's tears,  
And his heart with childhood's love !  
And he looked, with a change in his softening  
glance,  
To the armor o'er the grave —  
For there they hung, the shield and lance,  
And the gantlet of the brave.

And the sword of many a field was there,  
With its cross for the hour of need,  
When the knight's bold war cry hath sunk in  
prayer,  
And the spear is a broken reed !  
— Hush ! did a breeze through the armor  
sigh ?  
Did the folds of the banner shake ?  
Not so ! — from the tomb's dark mystery  
There seemed a voice to break !

He had heard that voice bid clarions blow,  
He had caught its last blessing's breath —  
'Twas the same — but its awful sweetness  
now  
Had an undertone of death !  
And it said — "The sword hath conquered kings,  
And the spear through realms hath passed ;  
But the cross, alone, of all these things,  
Might aid me at the last."

### THE HEART OF BRUCE IN MELROSE ABBEY.

HEART ! that didst press forward still,<sup>1</sup>  
Where the trumpet's note rang shrill,  
Where the knightly swords were crossing,  
And the plumes like sea foam tossing,  
Leader of the charging spear,  
Fiery heart ! — and liest thou *here* ?  
May this narrow spot inurn  
Aught that so could beat and burn ?  
Heart ! that lov'dst the clarion's blast,  
Silent is thy place at last ;  
Silent — save when early bird  
Sings where once the mass was heard ;  
Silent — save when breeze's moan  
Comes through flowers or fretted stone ;  
And the wild rose waves around thee,  
And the long dark grass hath bound  
thee,  
— Sleep'st thou, as the swain might sleep,  
In his nameless valley deep ?

No ! brave heart ! though cold and lone,  
Kingly power is yet thine own !  
Feel I not thy spirit brood  
O'er the whispering solitude ?  
Lo ! at one high thought of thee,  
Fast they rise, the bold, the free,  
Sweeping past thy lowly bed,  
With a mute, yet stately tread.  
Shedding their pale armor's light  
Forth upon the breathless night,  
Bending every warlike plume  
In the prayer o'er saintly tomb.

Is the noble Douglas nigh,  
Armed to follow thee, or die ?  
Now, true heart ! as thou wert wont,  
Pass thou to the peril's front !  
Where the banner spear is gleaming,  
And the battle's red wine streaming,  
Till the Paynim quail before thee,  
Till the cross wave proudly o'er thee.  
— Dreams ! the falling of ■ leaf  
Wins me from their splendors brief ;  
Dreams, yet bright ones ! scorn them  
not,  
Thou that seek'st the holy spot ;  
Nor, amidst its lone domain,  
Call the faith in relics vain !

<sup>1</sup> "Now pass thou forward, as thou wert wont, and Douglas will follow thee, or die!" With these words, Douglas threw from him the heart of Bruce into mid battle against the Moors of Spain.

# NATURE'S FAREWELL.

"The beautiful is vanished, and returns not."  
COLERIDGE'S "Wallenstein."

A YOUTH rode forth from his childhood's home,  
Through the crowded paths of the world to  
    roam ;

And the green leaves whispered, as he passed,  
■ Wherefore, thou dreamer ! away so fast ?

"Knew'st thou with what thou art parting here,  
Long wouldst thou linger in doubt and fear ;  
Thy heart's light laughter, thy sunny hours,  
Thou hast left, in our shades with the spring's  
    wild flowers.

"Under the arch by our mingling made,  
Thou and thy brother have gayly played ;  
Ye may meet again where ye roved of yore,  
But as ye *have* met there — O, nevermore !"

On rode the youth — and the boughs among  
Thus the free birds o'er his pathway sung :  
"Wherefore so fast unto life away ?  
Thou art leaving forever thy joy in our lay !

■ Thou mayst come to the summer woods again,  
And thy heart have no echo to greet their strain ;  
Afar from the foliage its love will dwell —  
A change must pass o'er thee. Farewell, fare-  
    well !"

On rode the youth — and the founts and streams  
Thus mingled a voice with his joyous dreams :  
"We have been thy playmates through many a  
    day,  
Wherefore thus leave us ? — O, yet delay !

■ Listen but once to the sound of our mirth !  
For thee 'tis a melody passing from earth ;  
Never again wilt thou find in its flow  
The peace it could once on thy heart bestow.

"Thou wilt visit the scenes of thy childhood's  
    glee,  
With the breath of the world on thy spirit free ;  
Passion and sorrow its depths will have stirred,  
And the singing of waters be vainly heard.

■ Thou wilt bear in our gladsome laugh no  
    part —  
What should it do for a burning heart ?  
Thou wilt bring to the banks of our freshest rill  
Thirst which no fountain on earth may still.

"Farewell ! — when thou comest again to thine  
    own,

Thou wilt miss from our music its loveliest tone ;  
Mournfully true is the tale we tell —  
Yet on, fiery dreamer ! farewell, farewell !"

And a something of gloom on his spirit weighed  
As he caught the last sounds of his native  
    shade ;

But he knew not, till many ■ bright spell broke,  
How deep were the oracles Nature spoke !

# THE BEINGS OF THE MIND

"The beings of the mind are not of clay ;  
Essentially immortal, they create  
And multiply in ■ ■ a brighter ray  
And more beloved existence : that which ■ ■ ■  
Prohibits to dull life, in this our state  
Of mortal bondage." BYRON.

COME to me with your triumphs and your woes,  
Ye forms, to life by glorious poets brought !  
I sit alone with flowers, and vernal boughs,  
In the deep shadow of a voiceless thought ;  
'Midst the glad music of the spring alone,  
And sorrowful for visions that are gone !

Come to me ! make your thrilling whisper  
    heard,  
Ye, by those masters of the soul endowed  
With life, and love, and many a burning word,  
That bursts from grief like lightning from ■  
    cloud,  
And smites the heart, till all its chords reply,  
As leaves make answer when the wind sweeps by.

Come to me ! visit my dim haunt ! — the sound  
Of hidden springs is in the grass beneath ;  
The stock-dove's note above ; and all around,  
The poesy that with the violet's breath  
Floats through the air, in rich and sudden  
    streams,  
Mingling, like music, with the soul's deep  
    dreams.

Friends, friends ! — for such to my lone heart  
    ye are —  
Unchanging ones ! from whose immortal eyes  
The glory melts not as a waning star,  
And the sweet kindness never, never dies ;  
Bright children of the bard ! o'er this green  
    dell  
Pass once again, and light it with your spell !

Imogen! fair Fidele! meekly blending  
 In patient grief, "a smiling with a sigh;"<sup>1</sup>  
 And thou, Cordelia! faithful daughter, tending  
 That sire, an outcast to the bitter sky;  
 Thou of the soft low voice! — thou art not gone!  
 Still breathes for me its faint and flute-like tone.

And come to me! — sing me thy willow strain,  
 Sweet Desdemona! with the sad surprise  
 In thy beseeching glance, where still, though  
     vain,  
 Undimmed, unquenchable affection lies;  
 Come, bowing thy young head to wrong and  
     scorn,  
 As a frail hyacinth by showers o'erborne.

And thou, too, fair Ophelia! flowers are here,  
 That well might win thy footstep to the spot —  
 Pale cowslips, meet for maiden's early bier,  
 And pansies for sad thoughts,<sup>2</sup> — but needed  
     not!  
 Come with thy wreaths, and all the love and  
     light  
 In that wild eye still tremulously bright.

And Juliet, vision of the south! enshrining  
 All gifts that unto its rich heaven belong;  
 The glow, the sweetness, in its rose combining,  
 The soul its nightingales pour forth in song,  
 Thou, making death deep joy! — but *couldst*  
     thou die?  
 No! — thy young love hath immortality!

From earth's bright faces fades the light of  
     morn,

From earth's glad voices drops the joyous tone;  
 But ye, the children of the soul, were born  
 Deathless, and for undying love alone;  
 And, O ye beautiful! 'tis well, how well,  
 In the soul's world, with you, where change is  
     not, to dwell!

### THE LYRE'S LAMENT.

<sup>1</sup> A large lyre hung in an opening of the rock, and gave forth its melancholy music to the wind — but no human being was to be seen."

SALUTE.

A DEEP-TONED lyre hung murmuring  
 To the wild wind of the sea;

<sup>1</sup> "Nobly he yokes

A smiling with a sigh." — CYMBELINE.

<sup>2</sup> "Here's pansies for you — that's for thoughts."

HAMLET.

"O melancholy wind," it sighed,  
 "What would thy breath with me?"

"Thou canst not wake the spirit  
 That in me slumbering lies,  
 Thou strik'st not forth th' electric fire  
 Of buried melodies.

"Wind of the dark-sea waters!  
 Thou dost but sweep my strings  
 Into wild gusts of mournfulness,  
 With the rushing of thy wings.

"But the spell — the gift — the light-  
     ning —  
 Within my frame concealed,  
 Must I moulder on the rock away  
 With their triumphs unrevealed?"

"I have power, high power, for freedom  
 To wake the burning soul!  
 I have sounds that through the ancient  
     hills  
 Like a torrent's voice might roll.

"I have pealing notes of victory  
 That might welcome king's from war;  
 I have rich, deep tones to send the wail  
 For a hero's death afar.

"I have chords to lift the pæan  
 From the temple to the sky,  
 Full as the forest unisons  
 When sweeping winds are high.

"And love — for love's lone sorrow  
 I have accents that might swell  
 Through the summer air with the rose  
     breath,  
 Or the violet's faint farewell:

"Soft — spiritual — mournful —  
 Sighs in each note enshrined —  
 But who shall call that sweetness forth?  
 Thou canst not, ocean wind!

"I pass without my glory,  
 Forgotten I decay —  
 Where is the touch to give me life?  
 — Wild, fitful wind, away!"

So sighed the broken music  
 That in gladness had no part —  
 How like art thou, neglected lyre!  
 To many a human heart!



TASSO'S CORONATION.<sup>1</sup>

A crown of victory! ■ triumphal song!  
O, call some friend, upon whose pitying heart  
The weary one may calmly sink to rest;  
Let some kind voice, beside his lowly couch,  
Pour the last prayer for mortal agony!

A TRUMPET's note is in the sky, in the glorious  
Roman sky,  
Whose dome hath rung, so many an age, to the  
voice of victory;  
There is crowding to the Capitol, the imperial  
streets along,  
For again a conqueror must be crowned — a  
kingly child of song:

Yet his chariot lingers,  
Yet around his home  
Broods a shadow silently,  
'Midst the joy of Rome.

A thousand, thousand laurel boughs are waving  
wide and far,  
To shed out their triumphal gleams around his  
rolling car;  
A thousand haunts of olden gods have given  
their wealth of flowers,  
To scatter o'er his path of fame bright hues in  
gem-like showers.

Peace! Within his chamber  
Low the mighty lies —  
With a cloud of dreams on his noble brow,  
And a wandering in his eyes.

Sing, sing for him, the lord of song — for him,  
whose rushing strain  
In mastery o'er the spirit sweeps, like a strong  
wind o'er the main!  
Whose voice lives deep in burning hearts, for-  
ever there to dwell,  
As full-toned oracles are shrined in a temple's  
holiest cell.

Yes! for him, the victor,  
Sing — but low, sing low!  
A soft, sad *miserere* chant  
For ■ soul about to go!

The sun, the sun of Italy is pouring o'er his way,  
Where the old three hundred triumphs moved,  
■ flood of golden day;

<sup>1</sup> Tasso died at Rome on the day before that appointed  
for his coronation in the Capito.

Streaming through every haughty arch of the  
Cæsars' past renown —  
Bring forth, in that exulting light, the conqueror  
for his crown!

Shut the proud, bright sunshine  
From the fading sight!  
There needs no ray by the bed of death,  
Save the holy taper's light.

The wreath is twined — the way is strewn — ■  
lordly train are met —  
The streets are hung with coronals — why stay  
the minstrel yet?  
Shout! as an army shouts in joy around ■ royal  
chief —  
Bring forth the bard of chivalry, the bard of  
love and grief!

Silence! forth we bring him,  
In his last array;  
From love and grief the freed, the ~~flown~~ —  
Way for the bier! — make way!

THE BETTER LAND.

"I HEAR thee speak of the better land,  
Thou call'st its children a happy band;  
Mother! O, where is that radiant shore?  
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?  
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,  
And the fireflies glance through the myrtle  
boughs?"  
— "Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it where the feathery palm trees rise,  
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?  
Or 'midst the green islands of glittering  
seas,  
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,  
And strange, bright birds on their starry wings  
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?"  
— "Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it far away, in some region old,  
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold? —  
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,  
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,  
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral  
strand? —  
Is it there, sweet mother! that better land?"  
— "Not there, not there, my child!"

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy !  
 Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy ;  
 Dreams cannot picture a world so fair —  
 Sorrow and death may not enter there :  
 Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,  
 For beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,  
 It is there, it is there, my child !"

### THE WOUNDED EAGLE.

EAGLE ! this is not thy sphere !  
 Warrior bird ! what seek'st thou here ?  
 Wherefore by the fountain's brink  
 Doth thy royal pinion sink ?  
 Wherefore on the violet's bed  
 Lay'st thou thus thy drooping head ?  
 Thou, that hold'st the blast in scorn,  
 Thou, that wear'st the wings of morn !

Eagle ! wilt thou not arise ?  
 Look upon thine own bright skies !  
 Lift thy glance ! the fiery sun  
 There his pride of place hath won !  
 And the mountain lark is there,  
 And sweet sound hath filled the air ;  
 Hast thou left that realm on high ?  
 — O, it can be but to die !

Eagle ! eagle ! thou hast bowed  
 From thine empire o'er the cloud !  
 Thou, that hadst ethereal birth,  
 Thou hast stooped too near the earth,  
 And the hunter's shaft hath found thee,  
 And the toils of death have bound thee !  
 — Wherefore didst thou leave thy place,  
 Creature of a kingly race ?

Wert thou weary of thy throne ?  
 Was thy sky's dominion lone ?  
 Chill and lone it well might be,  
 Yet that mighty wing was free !  
 Now the chain is o'er it cast,  
 From thy heart the blood flows fast,  
 — Woe for gifted souls and high !  
 Is not such *their* destiny ?

### SADNESS AND MIRTH.

"Nay, these wild fits of uncurbed laughter  
 Athwart the gloomy tenor of your mind,  
 As it has lowered of late, so keenly cast,  
 Frustrated seem, and strange.

O, nothing strange !  
 Didst thou ne'er see the swallow's veering breast,  
 Winging the air beneath some murky cloud,  
 In the sunned glimpses of a troubled day,  
 Shiver in silvery brightness ?  
 Or boatman's oar, as vivid lightning, flash  
 In the faint gleam, that, like a spirit's path,  
 Tracks the still waters of some sullen lake ?  
 O gentle friend !  
 Chide not her mirth, who yesterday was sad,  
 And may be so to-morrow !" JOANNA BAILLIE.

YE met at the stately feasts of old,  
 Where the bright wine foamed over sculptured  
 gold ;  
 Sadness and Mirth ! ye were mingled there  
 With the sound of the lyre in the scented air ;  
 As the cloud and the lightning are blent on high,  
 Ye mixed in the gorgeous revelry.

For there hung o'er those banquets of yore ■  
 gloom,  
 A thought and a shadow of the tomb ;  
 It gave to the flute notes an undertone,  
 To the rose a coloring not its own,  
 To the breath of the myrtle a mournful power —  
 Sadness and Mirth ! ye had each your dower !

Ye met when the triumph swept proudly by  
 With the Roman eagles through the sky !  
 I know that even then, in his hour of pride,  
 The soul of the mighty within him died ;  
 That a void in his bosom lay darkly still,  
 Which the music of victory might never fill !

Thou wert there, O Mirth ! swelling on the  
 shout,  
 Till the temples, like echo caves, rang out ;  
 Thine were the garlands, the songs, the wine —  
 All the rich voices in air were thine,  
 The incense, the sunshine — but, Sadness, *thy*  
 part,  
 Deepest of all, was the victor's heart !

Ye meet at the bridal with flower and tear ;  
 Strangely and wildly ye meet by the bier ;  
 As the gleam from a sea bird's white wing  
 shed  
 Crosses the storm in its path of dread ;  
 As a dirge meets the breeze of a summer sky —  
 Sadness and Mirth ! so ye come and fly !

Ye meet in the poet's haunted breast,  
 Darkness and rainbow, alike its guest !  
 When the breath of the violet is out in spring,  
 When the woods with the wakening of music  
 ring,  
 O'er his dreamy spirit your currents pass,  
 Like shadow and sunlight o'er mountain grass

When will your parting be, Sadness and Mirth ?  
 Bright stream and dark one ! O, never on earth !  
 Never while triumphs and tombs are so near,  
 While death and love walk the same dim sphere,  
 While flowers unfold where the storm may  
     sweep,  
 While the heart of man is a soundless deep !

But there smiles a land, O ye troubled pair !  
 Where ye have no part in the summer air :  
 Far from the breathings of changeful skies,  
 Over the seas and the graves it lies ;  
 Where the day of the lightning and cloud is done,  
 And joy reigns alone, as the lonely sun !

### THE NIGHTINGALE'S DEATH SONG.

"Willst du nach den Nachtigallen fragen,  
 Die mit seelenvollen melodie  
 Dich entzuckten in des Lenzes Tagen ?  
 — Nur so lang sie liebten, waren sie." SCHILLER.

MOURNFULLY, sing mournfully,  
 And die away, my heart !  
 The rose, the glorious rose is gone,  
 And I, too, will depart.

The skies have lost their splendor,  
 The waters changed their tone,  
 And wherefore, in the faded world,  
 Should music linger on ?

Where is the golden sunshine,  
 And where the flower-cup's glow ?  
 And where the joy of the dancing leaves,  
 And the fountain's laughing flow ?

A voice, in every whisper  
 Of the wave, the bough, the air,  
 Comes asking for the beautiful,  
 And moaning, "Where, O, where ?"

Tell of the brightness parted,  
 Thou bee, thou lamb at play !  
 Thou lark, in thy victorious mirth !  
 — Are ye, too, passed away ?

Mournfully, sing mournfully !  
 The royal rose is gone :  
 Melt from the woods, my spirit ! melt  
 In one deep farewell tone !

Not so ! — swell forth triumphantly  
 The full, rich, fervent strain !

Hence with young love and life I go,  
 In the summer's jovous train.

With sunshine, with sweet odor,  
 With every precious thing,  
 Upon the last warm southern breeze  
 My soul its flight shall wing.

Alone I shall not linger,  
 When the days of hope are passed,  
 To watch the fall of leaf by leaf,  
 To wait the rushing blast.

Triumphantly, triumphantly !  
 Sing to the woods, I go !  
 For me, perchance, in other lands  
 The glorious rose may blow.

The sky's transparent azure,  
 And the greensward's violet breath,  
 And the dance of light leaves in the wind,  
 May there ~~be~~ nought of death.

No more, ~~no~~ more sing mournfully !  
 Swell high, then break, my heart !  
 With love, the spirit of the woods,  
 With summer I depart !

### THE DIVER.

"They learn in suffering what they teach in song." — SHELLS

Thou hast been where the rocks of coral grow,  
 Thou hast fought with eddying waves ; —  
 Thy cheek is pale, and thy heart beats low,  
 Thou searcher of ocean's caves !

Thou hast looked on the gleaming wealth of old,  
 And wrecks where the brave have striven !  
 The deep is a strong and a fearful hold,  
 But thou its bar hast riven !

A wild and weary life is thine —  
 A wasting task and lone,  
 Though treasure grotts for thee may shine,  
 To all besides unknown !

A weary life ! but a swift decay  
 Soon, soon shall set thee free,  
 Thou'rt passing fast from thy toils away.  
 Thou wrestler with the sea !

In thy dim eye, on thy hollow cheek,  
 Well are the death signs read —



Go! for the pearl in its cavern seek,  
Ere hope and power be fled!

And bright in beauty's coronal  
That glistening gem shall be;  
A star to all in the festive hall —  
But who will think on *thee*?

None! — as it gleams from the queen-like head,  
Not one 'midst throngs will say,  
"A life hath been, like a raindrop, shed  
For that pale, quivering ray!"

Woe for the wealth thus dearly bought.  
— And are not those like thee,  
Who win for earth the gems of thought?  
O wrestler with the sea!

Down to the gulfs of the soul they go,  
Where the passion fountains burn,  
Gathering the jewels far below  
From many a buried urn:

Wringing from lava veins the fire  
That o'er bright words is poured;  
Learning deep sounds, to make the lyre  
A spirit in each chord.

But O, the price of bitter tears  
Paid for the lonely power  
That throws at last, o'er desert years,  
A darkly-glorious dower!

Like flower seeds, by the wild wind spread,  
So radiant thoughts are strewed;  
— The soul whence those high gifts are shed  
May faint in solitude!

And who will think when the strain is sung  
Till a thousand hearts are stirred,  
What lifedrops, from the minstrel wrung,  
Have gushed with every word?

None, none! — his treasures live like thine,  
*He* strives and dies like *thee*; —  
Thou, that hast been to the pearl's dark shrine,  
O wrestler with the sea!

#### THE REQUIEM OF GENIUS.

"Les poètes, dont l'imagination tient la puissance d'aimer et de souffrir, ne sont-ils pas les bannis d'une autre région?"

MADAME DE SÆAEL — "De L'Allemagne."

No tears for thee! though light be from us gone  
With thy soul's radiance, bright, yet restless one!  
No tears for thee!

They that loved an exile, must not mourn  
To see him parting for his native bourn  
O'er the dark sea.

All the high music of thy spirit here  
Breathed but the language of another sphere,  
Unechoed round;  
And strange, though sweet, as 'midst our weep-  
ing skies  
Some half-remembered strain of paradise  
Might sadly sound.

Hast thou been answered? — thou, that from  
the night,  
And from the voices of the tempest's might,  
And from the past,  
Wert seeking still some oracle's reply,  
To pour the secrets of man's destiny  
Forth on the blast! —

Hast thou been answered? — thou, that through  
the gloom,  
And shadow, and stern silence of the tomb,  
A cry didst send,  
So passionate and deep? — to pierce, to move,  
To win back token of unburied love  
From buried friend!

And hast thou found where living waters burst?  
Thou that didst pine amidst us in the thirst  
Of fever dreams!  
Are the true fountains thine forevermore?  
O, lured so long by shining mists that wore  
The light of streams!

Speak! is it well with thee? We call, *■ thou*,  
With thy lit eye, deep voice, and kindled  
brow,  
Wert wont to call  
On the departed! Art thou blessed and free?  
— Alas! the lips earth covers, even to *thee*  
Were silent all!

Yet shall our hope rise, fanned by quenchless  
faith,  
As a flame, fostered by some warm wind's breath,  
In light upsprings:  
Freed soul of song! yes, thou hast found the  
sought;  
Borne to thy home of beauty and of thought  
On morning's wings.

And we will dream it is *thy* joy we hear,  
When life's young music, ringing far and clear,  
O'erflows the *sky*

No tears for thee! the lingering gleam is ours —  
Thou art for converse with all glorious powers,  
Never to die!

### TRIUMPHANT MUSIC.

"Tacete, tacete, O suoni trionfanti!  
Risvegliate in vano 'l cor che non può liberarsi."

WHEREFORE and whither bear'st thou up my  
spirit,  
O eagle wings, through every plume that  
thrill?  
It hath no crown of victory to inherit —  
Be still, triumphant harmony! be still!

Thine are no sounds for earth, thus proudly  
swelling  
Into rich floods of joy. It is but pain  
To mount so high, yet find on high no dwell-  
ing,  
To sink so fast, so heavily again!

No sounds for earth? Yes, to young chieftain  
dying  
On his own battle field, at set of sun,  
With his freed country's banner o'er him flying,  
Well mightst thou speak of fame's high guer-  
don won.

No sounds for earth? Yes, for the martyr, lead-  
ing  
Unto victorious death serenely on;  
For patriot by his rescued altars bleeding,  
Thou hast a voice in each majestic tone.

But speak not thus to one whose heart is beating  
Against life's narrow bound, in conflict vain!  
For power, for joy, high hope, and rapturous  
greeting,  
Thou wak'st lone thirst — be hushed, exult-  
ing strain!

Be hushed, or breathe of grief! — of exile yearn-  
ings  
Under the willows of the stranger shore;  
Breathe of the soul's untold and restless burn-  
ings  
For looks, tones, footsteps, that return no more.

Breathe of deep love — a lonely vigil keeping  
Through the night hours, o'er wasted wealth  
to pine

Rich thoughts and sad, like faded rose leaves,  
heaping  
In the shut heart, at once a tomb and shrine.

Or pass as if thy spirit notes came sighing  
From worlds beneath some blue Elysian sky;  
Breathe of repose, the pure, the bright, th' un-  
dying —  
Of joy no more — bewildering harmony!

### SECOND SIGHT.

"Ne'er erred the prophet heart that grief inspired,  
Though joy's illusions mock their votarist." — MATURIN

A MOURNFUL gift is mine, O friends!  
A mournful gift is mine!  
A murmur of the soul which blends  
With the flow of song and wine.

An eye that through the triumph's hour  
Beholds the coming woe,  
And dwells upon the faded flower  
'Midst the rich summer's glow.

Ye smile to view fair faces bloom  
Where the father's board is spread;  
I see the stillness and the gloom  
Of a home whence all are fled.

I see the withered garlands lie  
Forsaken on the earth,  
While the lamps yet burn, and the dancers fly  
Through the ringing hall of mirth.

I see the blood-red future stain  
On the warrior's gorgeous crest;  
And the bier amidst the bridal train  
When they come with roses dressed.

I hear the still small moan of time  
Through the ivy branches made,  
Where the palace, in its glory's prime,  
With the sunshine stands arrayed.

The thunder of the seas I hear,  
The shriek along the wave,  
When the bark sweeps forth, and song and cheer  
Salute the parting brave.

With every breeze a spirit sends  
To me some warning sign, —  
A mournful gift is mine, O friends!  
A mournful gift is mine!

O prophet heart ! thy grief, thy power  
To all deep souls belong —  
The shadow in the sunny hour,  
The wail in the mirthful song.

Their sight is all too sadly clear —  
For them a veil is riven ;  
Their piercing thoughts repose not here,  
Their home is but in heaven.

### THE SEA BIRD FLYING INLAND.

"Thy path is not mine; where thou art blessed  
My spirit would but wither; mine own grief  
Is in mine eyes a richer, holier thing  
Than all thy happiness."

HATH the summer's breath, on the south wind  
borne,  
Met the dark seas in their sweeping scorn ?  
Hath it lured thee, bird ! from their sounding  
caves

To the river shores where the osier waves ?

Or art thou come on the hills to dwell,  
Where the sweet-voiced echoes have many a  
cell ?

Where the moss bears print of the wild deer's  
tread,

And the heath like a royal robe is spread ?

Thou hast done well, O thou bright sea bird !  
There is joy where the song of the lark is heard,  
With the dancing of waters through copse and  
dell,

And the bee's low tune in the foxglove's bell.

Thou hast done well : O, the seas are lone,  
And the voice they send up hath a mournful  
tone

A mingling of dirges and wild farewells,  
Fitfully breathed through its anthem swells.

The proud bird rose as the words were said —  
The rush of his pinion swept o'er my head,  
And the glance of his eye, in its bright dis-  
dain,

Spoke him a child of the haughty main.

He hath flown from the woods to the ocean's  
breast,

To his throne of pride on the billow's crest.

O, who shall say to a spirit free —

"There lies the pathway of bliss for thee" ?

### THE SLEEPER.

O, LIGHTLY, lightly tread !  
A holy thing is sleep,  
On the worn spirit shed,  
And eyes that wake to weep.

A holy thing from heaven,  
A gracious dewy cloud,  
A covering mantle given  
The weary to enshroud.

O, lightly, lightly tread !  
Revere the pale still brow,  
The meekly-drooping head,  
The long hair's willow flow.

Ye know not what ye do,  
That call the slumberer back  
From the world unseen by you  
Unto life's dim, faded track.

Her soul is far away,  
In her childhood's land perchance,  
Where her young sisters play,  
Where shines her mother's glance.

Some old sweet native sound  
Her spirit haply weaves ;  
A harmony profound  
Of woods with all their leaves ;

A murmur of the sea,  
A laughing tone of streams : —  
Long may her sojourn be  
In the music land of dreams !

Each voice of love is there,  
Each gleam of beauty fled,  
Each lost one still more fair —  
O, lightly, lightly tread !

### THE MIRROR IN THE DESERTED HALL.

O DIM, forsaken mirror !  
How many a stately throng  
Hath o'er thee gleamed, in vanished hours  
Of the wine cup and the song

The song hath left no echo ;  
The bright wine hath been quaffed ;



And hushed is every silvery voice  
That lightly here hath laughed.

O mirror — lonely mirror !  
Thou of the silent hall !  
Thou hast been flushed with beauty's  
bloom —  
Is this, too, vanished all ?

It is, with the scattered garlands  
Of triumphs long ago,  
With the melodies of buried lyres,  
With the faded rainbow's glow.

And for all the gorgeous pageants —  
For the glance of gem and plume,  
For lamp, and harp, and rosy wreath,  
And vase of rich perfume —

Now, dim, forsaken mirror !  
Thou giv'st but faintly back  
The quiet stars, and the sailing moon  
On her solitary track.

And thus with man's proud spirit  
Thou tellest me 'twill be,  
When the forms and hues of this world  
fade  
From his memory, ■ from thee :

And his heart's long-troubled waters  
At last in stillness lie,  
Reflecting but the images  
Of the solemn world on high.

## TO THE DAUGHTER OF BERNARD BARTON,

### THE QUAKER POET.

HAPPY thou art, the child of one  
Who in each lowly flower,  
Each leaf that glances to the sun,  
Or trembles with the shower ;

In each soft shadow of the sky,  
Or sparkle of the stream,  
Will guide thy kindling spirit's eye  
To trace the Love Supreme.

So shall deep quiet fill thy breast,  
A joy in wood and wild ;

And e'en for this I call thee blessed.  
The gentle poet's child !

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## THE STAR OF THE MINE.

From the deep chambers of a mine,  
With heavy gloom o'erspread,  
I saw a star at noontide shine  
Serenely o'er my head.

I had not seen it 'midst the glow  
Of the rich upper day ;  
But in that shadowy world below  
How my heart blessed its ray !

And still, the farther from my sight  
Torches and lamps were borne,  
The purer, lovelier, seemed the light  
That wore its beams unshorn.

O, what is like that heavenly spark ?  
— A friend's kind, steadfast eye ;  
Where, brightest when the world grows dark,  
Hope, cheer, and comfort lie !

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## WASHINGTON'S STATUE.

SENT FROM ENGLAND TO AMERICA

Yes ! rear thy guardian hero's form  
On thy proud soil, thou western world !  
A watcher through each sign of storm,  
O'er freedom's flag unfurled.

There, as before a shrine, to bow,  
Bid thy true sons their children lead :  
The language of that noble brow  
For all things good shall plead.

The spirit reared in patriot fight,  
The virtue born of home and hearth,  
There calmly throned, a holy light  
Shall pour o'er chainless earth.

And let that work of England's hand,  
Sent through the blast and surge's roar,  
So girt with tranquil glory stand  
For ages on thy shore !

Such, through all time, the greetings be,  
That with th' Atlantic billow sweep !  
Telling the mighty and the free  
Of brothers o'er the deep.

## A THOUGHT OF HOME AT SEA.

WRITTEN FOR MUSIC.

'Tis lone on the waters  
When eve's mournful bell  
Sends forth to the sunset  
A note of farewell ;

When, borne with the shadows  
And winds ■ they sweep,  
There comes a fond memory  
Of home o'er the deep ;

When the wing of the sea bird  
Is turned to her nest,  
And the thought of the sailor  
To all he loves best !

'Tis lone on the waters —  
That hour hath a spell  
To bring back sweet voices,  
With words of farewell !

TO THE MEMORY OF A SISTER-  
IN-LAW.

We miss thy voice while early flowers are blow-  
ing,  
And the first blush of blossom clothes each  
bough,  
And the spring sunshine round our home is  
glowing  
Soft ■ thy smile ; thou shouldst be with us  
now.

With us? We wrong thee by the earthly thought ;  
Could our fond gaze but follow where thou art,  
Well might the glories of this world seem nought  
To the one promise given the pure in heart.

Yet wert thou blessed e'en here — O, ever blessed  
In thine own sunny thoughts and tranquil  
faith !

The silent joy that still o'erflowed thy breast  
Needed but guarding from all change, by  
death.

So is it sealed to peace ! On thy clear brow  
Never was care one fleeting shade to cast ;  
And thy calm days in brightness were to flow  
A holy stream, untroubled to the last.

Farewell ! thy life hath left surviving love  
A wealth of records, and sweet "feelings given,"

From sorrow's heart the faintness to remove  
By whispers breathing "less of earth than  
heaven." <sup>1</sup>

Thus rests thy spirit still on those with whom  
Thy step the path of joyous duty trode,  
Bidding them make an altar of thy tomb,  
Where chastened thought may offer praise ■  
God.

## TO AN ORPHAN.

Thou hast been reared too tenderly,  
Beloved too well and long,  
Watched by too many a gentle eye :  
Now look on life — be strong !

Too quiet seemed thy joys for change,  
Too holy and too deep ;  
Bright clouds, through summer skies that range  
Seem oftentimes thus to sleep, —

To sleep in silvery stillness bound,  
As things that ne'er may melt ;  
Yet gaze again — no trace is found  
To show thee where they dwelt.

This world hath no more love to give  
Like that which thou hast known ;  
Yet the heart breaks not — we survive  
Our treasures — and bear on.

But O, too beautiful and blessed  
Thy home of youth hath been !  
Where shall thy wing, poor bird ! find rest,  
Shut out from that sweet scene ?

Kind voices from departed years  
Must haunt thee many ■ day ;  
Looks that will smite the source of tears  
Across thy soul must play.

Friends — now the altered or the dead,  
And music that is gone,  
A gladness o'er thy dreams will shed,  
And thou shalt wake — alone.

Alone ! it is in that deep word  
That all thy sorrow lies ;  
How is the heart to courage stirred  
By smiles from kindred eyes !

■ Alluding to the lines she herself quoted but ■ ■  
before her death : —

"Some feelings are to mortals given  
With less of earth in them than heaven."

And are these lost? — and have I said  
To aught like *thee* — Be strong?  
— So bid the willow lift its head,  
And brave the tempest's wrong!

Thou seed! o'er which the storm hath passed —  
Thou shaken with the wind!  
On one, *one* friend thy weakness cast —  
There is but One to bind!

### HYMN BY THE SICK BED OF A MOTHER.

FATHER! that in the olive shade,  
When the dark hour came on,  
Didst, with a breath of heavenly aid,  
Strengthen thy Son;

O, by the anguish of that night,  
Send us down blessed relief;  
Or to the chastened, let thy might  
Hallow this grief!

And Thou, that when the starry sky  
Saw the dread strife begun,  
Didst teach adoring faith to cry,  
"Thy will be done;"

By thy meek spirit, Thou of all  
That e'er have mourned the chief —  
Thou Savior! if the stroke *must* fall,  
Hallow this grief!

### WHERE IS THE SEA?

#### SONG OF THE GREEK ISLANDER IN EXILE.

[A Greek Islander, being taken to the Vale of Tempe,  
and called upon to admire its beauty, only replied — "*The sea — where is it?*" ]

WHERE is the sea? — I languish here —  
Where is my own blue sea,  
With all its barks in fleet career,  
And flags, and breezes free?

I miss that voice of waves which first  
Awoke my childhood's glee;  
The measured chime — the thundering burst —  
Where is my own blue sea?

O, rich your myrtle's breath may rise,  
Soft, soft your winds may be;

Yet my sick heart within me dies —  
Where is my own blue sea?

I hear the shepherd's mountain flute,  
I hear the whispering tree;  
The echoes of my soul are mute,  
— Where is my own blue sea?

### TO MY OWN PORTRAIT.

How is it that before mine eyes,  
While gazing on thy mien,  
All my past years of life arise,  
As in a mirror seen?  
What spell within thee hath been shrined  
To image back my own deep mind?

Even as a song of other times  
Can trouble memory's springs;  
Even as a sound of vesper chimes  
Can wake departed things;  
Even as a scent of vernal flowers  
Hath records fraught with vanished hours, —

Such power is thine! They come, the dead,  
From the grave's bondage free,  
And smiling back the changed are led  
To look in love on thee;  
And voices that are music flown  
Speak to me in the heart's full tone:

Till crowding thoughts my soul oppress —  
The thoughts of happier years —  
And a vain gush of tenderness  
O'erflows in childlike tears;  
A passion which I may not stay,  
A sudden fount that must have way.

But thou, the while — O, almost strange,  
Mine imaged self! it seems  
That on *thy* brow of peace no change  
Reflects my own swift dreams;  
Almost I marvel not to trace  
Those lights and shadows in *thy* face.

To see *thee* calm, while powers thus deep  
Affection, Memory, Grief —  
Pass o'er my soul as winds that sweep  
O'er a frail aspen leaf!  
O that the quiet of thine eye  
Might sink there when the storm goes by!

Yet look thou still serenely on,  
And if sweet friends there be



That when my song and soul are gone  
 Shall seek my form in thee, —  
 Tell them of one for whom 'twas best  
 To flee away and be at rest !

NO MORE.

**No more!** A harpstring's deep and breaking tone,  
 A last, low, summer breeze, a far-off swell,  
 A dying echo of rich music gone,  
 Breathe through those words — those mur-  
 mers of farewell —

No more !

To dwell in peace, with home affections bound,  
 To know the sweetness of a mother's voice,  
 To feel the spirit of her love around,  
 And in the blessing of her eye rejoice —

No more !

A dirge-like sound ! To greet the early friend  
 Unto the hearth, his place of many days ;  
 In the glad song with kindred lips to blend,  
 Or join the household laughter by the blaze —

No more !

Through woods that shadowed our first years to  
 rove,

With all our native music in the air ;  
 To watch the sunset with the eyes we love,  
 And turn, and read our own heart's answer  
*there* —

No more !

Words of despair ! — yet earth's, all earth's the  
 woe

Their passion breathes — the desolately deep !  
 That sound in heaven — O, image then the flow  
 Of gladness in its tones — to part, to weep —

No more !

To watch, in dying hope, affection's wane,  
 To see the beautiful from life depart,  
 To wear impatiently a secret chain,  
 To waste the untold riches of the heart —

No more !

Through long, long years to seek, to strive, to  
 yearn

For human love<sup>1</sup> — and never quench that  
 thirst ;

<sup>1</sup> "Jamais, jamais, je ne serai aimé comme j'aime !" was a  
 mournful expression of Madame de Staël's.

To pour the soul out, winning no return,  
 O'er fragile idols, by delusion nursed —  
 No more !

On things that fail us, reed by reed, to lean,  
 To mourn the changed, the far away, the  
 dead ;

To send our troubled spirits through the unseer,  
 Intensely questioning for treasures fled —  
 No more !

Words of triumphant music ! Bear we on  
 The weight of life, the chain, the ungenial air ;  
 Their deathless meaning, when our tasks are  
 done,

To learn in joy — to struggle, to despair —  
 No more !

THOUGHT FROM AN ITALIAN POET.

WHERE shall I find, in all this fleeting earth,  
 This world of changes and farewells, a friend  
 That will not fail me in his love and worth,  
 Tender and firm, and faithful to the end ?

Far hath my spirit sought a place of rest —  
 Long on vain idols its devotion shed ;  
 Some have forsaken, whom I loved the best,  
 And some deceived, and some are with the  
 dead.

But *thou*, my Savior ! thou, my hope and trust,  
 Faithful art thou when friends and joys de-  
 part ;

Teach me to lift these yearnings from the dust,  
 And fix on thee, th' Unchanging One, my  
 heart !

PASSING AWAY.

"Passing away is written on the world, and all the world  
 contains."

It is written on the rose,  
 In its glory's full array ;  
 Read what those buds disclose —  
 "Passing away."

It is written on the skies  
 Of the soft blue summer day ;  
 It is traced in sunset's dyes —  
 "Passing away."

It is written on the trees,  
As their young leaves glistening play,  
And on brighter things than these —  
“Passing away.”

It is written on the brow  
Where the spirit's ardent ray  
Lives, burns, and triumphs now —  
“Passing away.”

It is written on the heart;  
Alas! that *there* Decay  
Should claim from Love a part —  
“Passing away.”

Friends, friends! — O, shall we meet  
In a land of purer day,  
Where lovely things and sweet  
Pass not away?

Shall we know each other's eyes,  
And the thoughts that in them lay  
When we mingled sympathies  
“Passing away”?

O, if this may be so,  
Speed, speed, thou closing day!  
How blest from earth's vain show  
To pass away!

### THE ANGLER.<sup>1</sup>

“I in these flowery meads would be;  
These crystal streams should solace me;  
To whose harmonious bubbling noise  
I with my angle would rejoice;

And angle on, and beg to have  
A quiet passage to a welcome grave.”

ISAAC WALTON.

Now that hast loved so long and well  
The vale's deep, quiet streams,  
Where the pure water lilies dwell,  
Shedding forth tender gleams;  
And o'er the pool the May fly's wing  
Glances in golden eves of spring!

O, lone and lovely haunts ■■■ thine!  
Soft, soft the river flows,  
Wearing the shadow of thy line,  
The gloom of alder boughs:

■ This, and the following poem, were originally written  
for a work entitled *Death's Doings*, edited by Mr. Alaric  
Watts.

And in the midst a richer hue,  
One gliding vein of heaven's own blue.

And there but low sweet sounds ■■ heard  
The whisper of the reed,  
The plashing trout, the rustling bird,  
The scythe upon the mead;  
Yet, through the murmuring osiers near,  
There steals ■ step which mortals fear.

'Tis not the stag, that comes to lave  
At noon his panting breast;  
'Tis not the bittern, by the wave  
Seeking her sedgy nest;  
The air is filled with summer's breath,  
The young flowers laugh — yet look! ti  
Death!

But if, where silvery currents rove,  
Thy heart, grown still and sage,  
Hath learned to read the words of love  
That shine o'er nature's page;  
If holy thoughts thy guests have been  
Under the shade of willows green.

Then, lover of the silent hour  
By deep lone waters passed!  
Thence hast thou drawn a faith, ■ power  
To cheer thee through the last;  
And, wont on brighter worlds to dwell,  
Mayst calmly bid thy streams farewell.

### DEATH AND THE WARRIOR.

“Ay, warrior, arm! and wear thy plume  
On a proud and fearless brow!  
I ■■ the lord of the lonely tomb,  
And a mightier one than thou!

“Bid thy soul's love farewell, young chief.  
Bid her a long farewell!  
Like the morning's dew shall pass that grief:  
Thou comest with me to dwell!

■ Thy bark may rush through the foaming deep  
Thy steed o'er the breezy hill;  
But they bear thee on to a place of sleep,  
Narrow, and cold, and chill!”

“Was the voice I heard *thy* voice, O Death!  
And is thy day so near?  
Then on the field shall my life's last breath  
Mingle with victory's cheer!

'Banners shall float, with the trumpet's note,  
Above me as I die!  
And the palm tree wave o'er my noble grave,  
Under the Syrian sky.

"High hearts shall burn in the royal hall  
When the minstrel names that spot;  
And the eyes I love shall weep my fall, —  
Death, Death, I fear thee not!"

"Warrior! thou bear'st a haughty heart,  
But I can bend its pride!  
How shouldst thou know that thy soul will part  
In the hour of victory's tide?

"It may be far from thy steel-clad bands  
That I shall make thee mine;  
It may be lone on the desert sands,  
Where men for fountains pine!

"It may be deep amidst heavy chains,  
In some deep Paynim hold;  
I have slow, dull steps and lingering pains  
Wherewith to tame the bold!"

Death, Death! I go to a doom unblest,  
If this indeed must be;  
But the Cross is bound upon my breast,  
And I may not shrink for thee!

"Sound, clarion! sound! — for my vows are  
given  
To the cause of the holy shrine;  
I bow my soul to the will of Heaven,  
O Death! — and not to thine!"

#### SONG FOR AN AIR BY HUMMEL.

O, if thou wilt not give thine heart,  
Give back my own to me;  
For if in thine I have no part,  
Why should mine dwell with thee?<sup>1</sup>

Yet no! this mournful love of mine  
I will not from me cast;  
Let me but dream 'twill win me thine  
By its deep truth at last!

Can aught so fond, so faithful, live  
Through years without reply?

<sup>1</sup> The first verse of this song is a literal translation from the German.

— O, if thy heart thou wilt not give,  
Give me a thought, a sigh

TO THE

#### MEMORY OF LORD CHARLES MURRAY

SON OF THE DUKE OF ATHOLL, WHO DIED IN THE CAUSE,  
AND LAMENTED BY THE PEOPLE, OF GREECE.

"Time cannot teach forgetfulness,  
When grief's full heart is fed by fame." — BYRON.

Thou shouldst have slept beneath the stately  
pines,  
And with th' ancestral trophies of thy race;  
Thou that hast found, where alien tombs and  
shrines  
Speak of the past, a lonely dwelling-place!  
Far from thy brethren hath thy couch been  
spread,  
Thou bright young stranger 'midst the mighty  
dead!

Yet to thy name a noble rite was given,  
Banner and dirge met proudly o'er thy grave,  
Under that old and glorious Grecian heaven,  
Which unto death so oft hath lit the brave:  
And thy dust blends with mould heroic there,  
With all that sanctifies th' inspiring air

Vain voice of fame! sad sound for those that  
weep!

For her, the mother, in whose bosom lone  
Thy childhood dwells — whose thoughts a rec-  
ord keep

Of smiles departed and sweet accents gone;  
Of all thine early grace and gentle worth —  
A vernal promise, faded now from earth!

But a bright memory claims a proud regret —  
A lofty sorrow finds its own deep springs  
Of healing balm; and she hath treasures yet  
Whose soul can number with love's holy  
things

A name like thine! Now, past all cloud or spot,  
A gem is hers, laid up where change is not.

#### THE BROKEN CHAIN.

I AM free! — I have burst through my galling  
chain,  
The life of young eagles is mine again!



I may cleave with my bark the glad sounding  
sea,  
I may rove where the wind roves — my path is  
free !

The streams dash in joy down the summer  
hill,  
The birds pierce the depths of the sky at will,  
The arrow goes forth with the singing breeze, —  
And is not my spirit as one of these ?

O, the green earth with its wealth of flowers,  
And the voices that ring through its forest bow-  
ers,  
And the laughing glance of the founts that  
shine,  
Lighting the valleys — all, all are mine !

I may urge through the desert my foaming  
steed,  
The wings of the morning shall lend him speed ;  
I may meet the storm in its rushing glee —  
Its blasts and its lightnings are not more free !

Captive ! and hast thou then rent thy chain ?  
Art thou free in the wilderness, free on the  
main ?  
Yes ! there thy spirit may proudly soar,  
But must thou not mingle with throngs the  
more ?

The bird, when he pineth, may hush his song  
Till the hour when his heart shall again be  
strong ;  
But thou — canst thou turn in thy woe aside,  
And weep, 'midst thy brethren ? No, not for  
pride.

May the fiery word from thy lip find way  
When the thoughts burning in thee shall spring  
to day ?  
May the care that sits in thy weary breast  
Look forth from thine aspect, the revel's guest ?

No ! with the shaft in thy bosom borne,  
Thou must hide the wound in thy fear of scorn ;  
Thou must fold thy mantle that none may see,  
And mask thee with laughter, and say thou'rt  
free.

No ! thou art chained till thy race is run,  
By the power of all in the soul of one ;  
On thy heart, on thy lip, must the fetter  
be —  
Dreamer ! fond dreamer ! O, who is free ?

## THE SHADOW OF A FLOWER.

"La voila telle que la mort nous l'a faite." — BOSSUET.

[“Never was a philosophical imagination more beautiful than that exquisite one of Kircher, Digby, and others, who discovered in the ashes of plants their primitive forms, which were again raised up by the power of heat. The ashes of roses, say they, will again revive in roses, unsubstantial and unodoriferous ; they are not roses which grow on rose trees, but their delicate apparitions, and, like apparitions, they are seen but for a moment.” — *Curiosities of Literature.*]

'Twas a dream of olden days  
That Art, by some strange power,  
The visionary form could raise  
From the ashes of a flower.

That a shadow of the rose,  
By its own meek beauty bowed,  
Might slowly, leaf by leaf, unclothe,  
Like pictures in a cloud.

Or the hyacinth, to grace,  
As a second rainbow, spring ;  
Of summer's path a dreary trace,  
A fair, yet mournful thing !

For the glory of the bloom  
That a flush around it shed,  
And the soul within, the rich perfume.  
Where were they ? Fled, all fled !

Nought but the dim, faint line  
To speak of vanished hours. —  
Memory ! what are joys of thine ?  
— Shadows of buried flowers !

## LINES TO A BUTTERFLY RESTING ON A SKULL.

CREATURE of air and light !  
Emblem of that which will not fade or die !  
Wilt thou not speed thy flight,  
To chase the south wind through the glowing  
sky ?  
What lures thee thus to stay  
With silence and decay,  
Fixed on the wreck of cold mortality ?

The thoughts once chambered there,  
Have gathered up their treasures, and are gone  
Will the dust tell thee where

That which hath burst the prison house is flown?  
 Rise, nursling of the day!  
 If thou wouldst trace its way—  
 Earth has no voice to make the secret known.

Who seeks the vanished bird  
 Near the deserted nest and broken shell?  
 Far thence, by us unheard,  
 He sings, rejoicing in the woods to dwell:  
 Thou of the sunshine born,  
 Take the bright wings of morn!  
 Thy hope springs heavenward from yon ruined  
 cell.

### THE BELL AT SEA.

[The dangerous islet called the Bell Rock, on the coast of Forfarshire, used formerly to be marked only by a bell, which was so placed as to be swung by the motion of the waves, when the tide rose above the rock. A lighthouse has since been erected there.]

WHEN the tide's billowy swell  
 Had reached its height,  
 Then tolled the rock's lone bell  
 Sternly by night.

Far over cliff and surge  
 Swept the deep sound,  
 Making each wild dirge  
 Still more profound.

Yet that funereal tone  
 The sailor blessed,  
 Steering through darkness on  
 With fearless breast.

E'en so may we, that float  
 On life's wide sea,  
 Welcome each warning note,  
 Stern though it be!<sup>1</sup>

### THE SUBTERRANEAN STREAM.

"Thou stream,  
 Whose source is inaccessiblely profound,  
 Whither do thy mysterious waters tend?  
 —Thou imagest my life."

DARKLY thou glidest onward,  
 Thou deep and hidden wave!

<sup>1</sup> It may be scarcely necessary to remind the reader, that the stealing of this bell by a pirate forms the subject of the poet's spirited ballad, "The Inchcape Rock."

The laughing sunshine hath not looked  
 Into thy secret cave.

Thy current makes no music—  
 A hollow sound we hear,  
 A muffled voice of mystery,  
 And know that thou art near.

No brighter line of verdure  
 Follows thy lonely way;  
 No fairy moss or lily's cup  
 Is freshened by thy play.

The halcyon doth not seek thee,  
 Her glorious wings to lave;  
 Thou know'st no tint of the summer  
 sky,  
 Thou dark and hidden wave!

Yet once will day behold thee,  
 When to the mighty sea,  
 Fresh bursting from their caverned veins,  
 Leap thy lone waters free.

There wilt thou greet the sunshine  
 For a moment, and be lost,  
 With all thy melancholy sounds,  
 In the ocean's billowy host.

O, art thou not, dark river!  
 Like the fearful thoughts untold  
 Which haply, in the hush of night,  
 O'er many a soul have rolled?

Those earth-born strange misgivings—  
 Who hath not felt their power?  
 Yet who hath breathed them to his friend,  
 E'en in his fondest hour?

They hold no heart communion,  
 They find no voice in song,  
 They dimly follow far from earth  
 The grave's departed throng.

Wild is their course and lonely,  
 And fruitless in man's breast;  
 They come and go, and leave no trace  
 Of their mysterious guest.

Yet surely must their wanderings  
 At length be like thy way;  
 Their shadows, as thy waters, lost  
 In one bright flood of day!

THE SILENT MULTITUDE.

"For ■ are many in our solitudes." — LAMENT OF TASSO.

A MIGHTY and a mingled throng  
Were gathered in one spot;  
The dwellers of a thousand homes —  
Yet 'midst them voice was not.

The soldier and his chief were there —  
The mother and her child:  
The friends, the sisters of one hearth —  
None spoke — none moved — none smiled.

There lovers met, between whose lives  
Years had swept darkly by;  
After that heartsick hope deferred,  
They met — but silently.

You might have heard the rustling leaf,  
The breeze's faintest sound,  
The shiver of an insect's wing,  
On the thick-peopled ground.

Your voice to whispers would have died  
For the deep quiet's sake;  
Your tread the softest moss have sought,  
Such stillness not to break.

What held the countless multitude  
Bound in that spell of peace?  
How could the ever-sounding life  
Amid so many cease?

Was it some pageant of the air —  
Some glory high above,  
That linked and hushed those human souls  
In reverential love?

Or did some burdening passion's weight  
Hang on their indrawn breath?  
Awe — the pale awe that freezes words?  
Fear — the strong fear of death?

A mightier thing — Death, Death himself  
Lay on each lonely heart!  
Kindred were there — yet hermits all,  
Thousands — but each apart.

THE ANTIQUE SEPULCHRE.

[*"Les sarcophages même chez les anciens, ne rappellent que des idées guerrières ou riantes: on voit des jeux, des danses, représentés en bas-relief sur les tombeaux."* — *Co-pierre.*]

O EVER-JOYOUS band  
Of revellers amidst the southern vines!  
On the pale marble, by some gifted hand,  
Fixed in undying lines!

Thou, with the sculptured bowl,  
And thou, that wearest the immortal wreath,  
And thou, from whose young lip and flute the  
soul  
Of music seems to breathe;

And ye, luxuriant flowers!  
Linking the dancers with your graceful ties,  
And clustered fruitage, born of sunny hours,  
Under Italian skies;

Ye, that ■ thousand springs,  
And leafy summers with their odorous breath,  
May yet outlast, what do ye there, bright things!  
Mantling the place of death?

Of sunlight and soft air,  
And Dorian reeds, and myrtles ever green,  
Unto the heart a glowing thought ye bear; —  
Why thus, where dust hath been?

Is it to show how slight  
The bound that severs festivals and tombs,  
Music and silence, roses and the blight,  
Crowns and sepulchral glooms?

Or, when the father laid  
Haply his child's pale ashes here to sleep,  
When the friend visited the cypress shade  
Flowers o'er the dead to heap;

Say if the mourners sought,  
In these rich images of summer mirth,  
These wine cups and gay wreaths, to lose the  
thought  
Of our last hour on earth?

Ye have no voice, no sound,  
Ye flutes and lyres! to tell me what I seek:  
Silent ye are, light forms with vine leaves  
crowned,  
Yet to my soul ye speak.

Alas! for those that lay  
Down in the dust without their hope of old!  
Backward they looked on life's rich banquet day,  
But all beyond was cold.

Every sweet wood note then,  
And through the plane trees, every sunbeam  
glow,



And each glad murmur from the homes of men,  
Made it more hard to go.

But we, when life grows dim,  
When its last melodies float o'er our way,  
Its changeful hues before us faintly swim,  
Its fitting lights decay ;

E'en though we bid farewell  
Unto the spring's blue skies and budding trees,  
Yet may we lift our hearts in hope to dwell  
'Midst brighter things than these ;

And think of deathless flowers,  
And of bright streams to glorious valleys given,  
And know the while, how little dream of ours  
Can shadow forth of heaven.

#### — EVENING SONG OF THE TYROLESE PEASANTS.<sup>1</sup>

Come to the sunset tree !  
The day is past and gone ;  
The woodman's axe lies free,  
And the reaper's work is done.

The twilight star to heaven,  
And the summer dew to flowers,  
And rest to us, is given  
By the cool, soft evening hours.

Sweet is the hour of rest !  
Pleasant the wind's low sigh,  
And the gleaming of the west,  
And the turf whereon we lie ;

When the burden and the heat  
Of labor's task are o'er,  
And kindly voices greet  
The tired one at his door.

Come to the sunset tree !  
The day is past and gone ;  
The woodman's axe lies free,  
And the reaper's work is done

Yes ! tuneful is the sound  
That dwells in whispering boughs ;  
Welcome the freshness round,  
And the gale that fans our brows !

But rest more sweet and still  
Than ever nightfall gave,  
Our yearning hearts shall fill  
In the world beyond the grave.

There shall no tempest blow,  
No scorching noontide heat ;  
There shall be no more snow,<sup>1</sup>  
No weary, wandering feet.

So we lift our trusting eyes  
From the hills our fathers trode,  
To the quiet of the skies,  
To the Sabbath of our God.

Come to the sunset tree !  
The day is past and gone ;  
The woodman's axe lies free,  
And the reaper's work is done.

#### — THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

FORGET them not!— though now their  
name  
Be but a mournful sound,  
Though by the hearth its utterance claim  
A stillness round.

Though for their sake this earth no more  
As it hath been may be,  
And shadows, never marked before,  
Brood o'er each tree ;

And though their image dim the sky,  
Yet, yet forget them not !  
Nor, where their love and life went by,  
Forsake the spot !

They have a breathing influence there,  
A charm, not elsewhere found ;  
Sad — yet it sanctifies the air,  
The stream, the ground.

Then, though the wind an altered tone  
Through the young foliage bear,  
Though every flower of something gone  
A tinge may wear ;

<sup>1</sup> The loved hour of repose is striking. Let us come  
to the sunset tree." — See CAPTAIN SHERER'S interesting  
Notes and Reflections during a Ramble in Germany

"Wohl ihm, er ist hingegangen  
Wo kein schmerz mehr ist."  
SCHILLER'S *Nadwessische Todtenklage*.

O, fly it not ! No fruitless grief,  
Thus in their presence felt,  
A record links to every leaf  
There, where they dwelt.

Still trace the path which knew their tread,  
Still tend their garden bower,  
Still commune with the holy dead  
In each lone hour !

The *holy* dead ! — O, blessed we are,  
That we may call them so,  
And to their image look afar  
Through all our woe !

Blessed, that the things they loved on earth  
As relics we may hold,  
That wake sweet thoughts of parted worth  
By springs untold !

Blessed, that a deep and chastening power  
Thus o'er our souls is given,  
If but to bird, or song, or flower,  
Yet all for heaven !

### HE WALKED WITH GOD.

GENESIS V. XXIV.

— These two little pieces," ("He walked with God," and "The Rod of Aaron,") says the author in one of her letters, "are part of a collection I think of forming, to be called Sacred Lyrics. They are all to be on scriptural subjects, and to go through the most striking events of the Old Testament, those far more deeply affecting ones of the New." Two others ("The Voice of God" and "The Fountain of Marah") are subjoined, as having been probably intended to form a part of the same series.]

He walked with God, in holy joy,  
While yet his days were few ;  
The deep, glad spirit of the boy  
To love and reverence grew.  
Whether, each nightly star to count,  
The ancient hills he trode,  
Or sought the flowers by stream and fount —  
Alike he walked with God.

The graver noon of manhood came,  
The full of cares and fears :  
One voice was in his heart — the same  
It heard through childhood's years.  
Amidst fair tents, and flocks, and swains,  
O'er his green-pasture sod,  
A shepherd king on Eastern plains —  
The patriarch walked with God.

And calmly, brightly that pure life  
Melted from earth away ;  
No cloud it knew, no parting strife,  
No sorrowful decay :  
He bowed him not, like all beside,  
Unto the spoiler's rod,  
But joined at once the glorified,  
Where angels walk with God !

So let us walk ! The night must ~~be~~  
To us that comes to all ;  
We through the darkness must go home.  
Hearing the trumpet's call.  
Closed is the path forevermore  
Which without death he trode ;  
Not so that way, wherein of yore  
His footsteps walked with God !

### THE ROD OF AARON.

NUMBERS XVII. VIII.

Was it the sigh of the southern gale  
That flushed the almond bough ?  
Brightest and first the young spring to hail,  
Still its red blossoms glow.

Was it the sunshine that woke its flowers  
With a kindling look of love ?  
O, far and deep, and through hidden bowers,  
That smile of heaven can rove !

No ! from the breeze and the living light  
Shut was the sapless rod ;  
But it felt in the stillness a secret might,  
And thrilled to the breath of God.

E'en so may that breath, like the vernal air,  
O'er our glad spirits move ;  
And all such things as are good and fair  
Be the blossoms, its track that prove !

### THE VOICE OF GOD.

"I heard thy voice in the garden, and I was afraid." — GEN. III. ■ ■ ■

AMIDST the thrilling leaves, Thy voice  
At evening's fall drew near ;  
Father ! and did not man rejoice  
That blessed sound to hear ?

Did not his heart within him burn,  
Touched by the solemn tone?  
Not so! — for, never to return,  
Its purity was gone.

Therefore, 'midst holy stream and bower,  
His spirit shook with dread,  
And called the cedars, in that hour,  
To veil his conscious head.

O, in each wind, each fountain flow,  
Each whisper of the shade,  
Grant me, my God! thy voice to know,  
And not to be afraid!

### THE FOUNTAIN OF MARAH.

"And when they came to Marah, they could not drink of the waters of Marah, for they were bitter.

"And the people murmured against Moses, saying, What shall we drink?

"And he cried unto the Lord, and the Lord showed him a tree, which when he had cast into the waters, the waters were made sweet." — EXODUS IV. 23-25.

WHERE is the tree the prophet threw  
Into the bitter wave?  
Left it no scion where it grew,  
The thirsting soul to save?

Hath nature lost the hidden power  
Its precious foliage shed?  
Is there no distant Eastern bower  
With such sweet leaves o'erspread.

Nay, wherefore ask? — since gifts are ours  
Which yet may well imbue  
Earth's many-troubled founts with showers  
Of heaven's own balmy dew.

O, mingled with the cup of grief  
Let faith's deep spirit be!  
And every prayer shall win a leaf  
From that blessed healing tree!

### THE PENITENT'S OFFERING.

ST. LUKE VII. XXXVII-IX.

Thou that with pallid cheek,  
And eyes in sadness meek,  
And faded locks that humbly swept the ground,  
From thy long wanderings won,  
Before the all-healing Son,  
Did'st bow thee to the earth — O lost and found!

When thou wouldst bathe his feet  
With odors richly sweet,  
And many a shower of woman's burning tear,  
And dry them with that hair,  
Brought low the dust to wear,  
From the crowned beauty of its festal year, —

Did he reject thee then,  
While the sharp scorn of men  
On thy once bright and stately head was cast?  
No! from the Savior's mien  
A solemn light serene  
Bore to thy soul the peace of God at last.

For thee their smiles no more  
Familiar faces wore;  
Voices, once kind, had learned the stranger's  
tone:

Who raised thee up, and bound  
Thy silent spirit's wound? —  
He, from all guilt the stainless, he alone!

But which, O erring child,  
From home so long beguiled! —  
Which of thine offerings won those words of  
Heaven,  
That o'er the bruised reed,  
Condemned of earth to bleed,  
In music passed, "Thy sins are all forgiven"?

Was it that perfume, fraught  
With balm and incense, brought  
From the sweet woods of Araby the Blest?  
Or that fast-flowing rain  
Of tears, which not in vain,  
To Him who scorned not tears, thy woes confessed?

No! not by these restored  
Unto thy Father's board,  
Thy peace, that kindled joy in heaven, was made;  
But, costlier in his eyes,  
By that blessed sacrifice,  
Thy heart, thy full deep heart, before him laid.

### THE SCULPTURED CHILDREN.

ON CHANTREY'S MONUMENT IN LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL.

["The monument by Chantrey in Lichfield Cathedral, the memory of the two children of Mrs. Robinson, is one of the most affecting works of art ever executed. He has given a pathos to marble which one who trusts to his natural feelings, and admires and is touched only at their bidding



might have thought, from any previous experience, that it was out of the power of statuary to attain. The monument is executed with all his beautiful simplicity and truth. The two children, two little girls, are represented as lying in each other's arms, and, at first glance, appear to be sleeping :—

'But something lies

Too deep and still on those soft-sealed eyes.'

It is while lying in the helplessness of innocent sleep that infancy and childhood are viewed with the most touching interest ; and this, and the loveliness of the children, the uncertainty of the expression at first view, the dim shadowing forth of that sleep from which they cannot be awakened — their hovering, as it were, upon the confines of life, as if they might still be recalled — all conspire to render the last feeling, that death is indeed before us, most deeply affecting. They were the only children of their mother, and she was a widow. A tablet commemorative of their father hangs over the monument. This stands at the end of one of the side aisles of the choir, where there is nothing to distract the attention from it, or weaken its effect. It may be contemplated in silence and alone. The inscription, in that subdued tone of strong feeling which seeks no relief in words, harmonizes with the character of the whole. It is as follows :—

'Sacred to the Memory of

ELLEN JANE and MARIANNE, only children  
of the late Rev. WILLIAM ROBINSON, and ELLEN JANE, his wife,  
Their affectionate Mother,  
In fond remembrance of their heaven-loved innocence,  
Consigns their resemblance to this sanctuary,  
In humble gratitude for the glorious assurance  
That "of such is the kingdom of God." '1 A. N. ']

Fair images of sleep,  
Hallowed, and soft, and deep,  
On whose calm lids the dreamy quiet lies,  
Like moonlight on shut bells  
Of flowers in mossy dells,  
Filled with the hush of night and summer  
skies !

How many hearts have felt  
Your silent beauty melt  
Their strength to gushing tenderness away !  
How many sudden tears,  
From depths of buried years  
All freshly bursting, have confessed your sway !

How many eyes wistled  
Still, o'er your marble bed,  
Such drops from memory's troubled fountains  
wrung —  
While hope hath blights to bear,  
While love breathes mortal air,  
While roses perish ere to glory sprung !

Yet from a voiceless home,  
If some sad mother come  
Fondly to linger o'er your lovely rest,

From *The Offering*, an American annual.

As o'er the cheek's warm glow,  
And the sweet breathings low,  
Of babes that grew and faded on her breast ;

If then the dove-like tone  
Of those faint murmurs gone  
O'er her sick sense too piercingly return ;  
If for the soft bright hair,  
And brow and bosom fair,  
And life, now dust, her soul too deeply yearn ;

O gentle forms, intertwined  
Like tendrils, which the wind  
May wave, so clasped, but never can unlink !  
Send from your calm profound  
A still, small voice — a sound  
Of hope, forbidding that lone heart to sink !

By all the pure, meek mind  
In your pale beauty shrined,  
By childhood's love — too bright a bloom to die  
O'er her worn spirit shed,  
O fairest, holiest dead !  
The faith, trust, joy, of immortality !

## WOMAN AND FAME.

THOU hast a charmed cup, O Fame !  
A draught that mantles high,  
And seems to lift this earthly frame  
Above mortality.  
Away ! to me — a woman — bring  
Sweet waters from affection's spring !

Thou hast green laurel leaves, that twine  
Into so proud a wreath,  
For that resplendent gift of thine  
Heroes have smiled in death.  
Give me from some kind hand a flower,  
The record of one happy hour !

Thou hast a voice, whose thrilling tone  
Can bid each life pulse beat,  
As when a trumpet's note hath blown,  
Calling the brave to meet :  
But mine, let mine — a woman's breast,  
By words of home-born love be blessed.

A hollow sound is in thy song,  
A mockery in thine eye,  
To the sick heart that doth but long  
For aid, for sympathy —

For kindly looks to cheer it on,  
For tender accents that are gone.

Fame ! Fame ! thou canst not be the stay  
Unto the drooping reed,  
The cool, fresh fountain in the day  
Of the soul's feverish need.  
Where must the lone one turn or flee ? —  
Not unto thee — O, not to thee !

### A THOUGHT OF THE FUTURE.

DREAMER ! and wouldst thou know  
If love goes with us to the viewless bourn ?  
Wouldst thou bear hence th' unfathomed source  
of woe  
In thy heart's lonely urn ?

What hath it been to thee,  
That power, the dweller of thy secret breast ?  
A dove sent forth across a stormy sea,  
Finding no place of rest ;

A precious odor cast  
On ■ wild stream, that recklessly swept by ;  
▲ voice of music uttered to the blast,  
And winning no reply.

Even were such answer thine,  
Wouldst thou be blessed ? Too sleepless, too  
profound,  
Are the soul's hidden springs ; there is no line  
Their depth of love to sound.

Do not words faint and fail  
When thou wouldst fill them with that ocean's  
power ?  
As thine own cheek, before high thought grows  
pale  
In some o'erwhelming hour.

Doth not thy frail form sink  
Beneath the chain that binds thee to one spot,  
When thy heart strives, held down by many a  
link,  
Where thy beloved are not ?

Is not thy very soul  
Oft in the gush of powerless blessing shed,  
Till a vain tenderness, beyond control,  
Bows down thy weary head ?

And wouldst thou bear all *this* —  
The burder and the shadow of thy life —

To trouble the blue skies of cloudless bliss  
With earthly feelings' strife ?

Not thus, not thus — O, no !  
Not veiled and mantled with dim clouds of care,  
That spirit of my soul should with me go  
To breathe celestial air.

But as the skylark springs  
To its own sphere, where night afar is driven,  
As to its place the flower seed findeth wings,  
So must love mount to heaven !

Vainly it shall not strive  
There on weak words to pour a stream of fire ;  
Thought unto thought shall kindling impulse  
give,  
As light might wake a lyre.

And O, its blessings *there*,  
Showered like rich balsam forth on ~~some~~ dear  
head,  
Powerless no more, a gift shall surely bear,  
A joy of sunlight shed.

Let me, then — let me dream  
That love goes with us to the shore *unknown* ;  
So o'er its burning tears ■ heavenly gleam  
In mercy shall be thrown !

### THE VOICE OF MUSIC.

■ Striking th' electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound.  
CHILDE HAROLD.

WHENCE is the might of thy master spell ?  
Speak to me, voice of sweet sound ! and tell :  
How canst thou wake, by one gentle breath,  
Passionate visions of love and death ?

How call'st thou back, with a note, ■ sigh,  
Words and low tones from the days gone by.  
A sunny glance, or a fond farewell ? —  
Speak to me, voice of sweet sound ! and tell.

What is thy power, from the soul's deep spring  
In sudden gushes the tears to bring ?  
Even 'midst the swells of thy festal glee  
Fountains of sorrow are stirred by thee !

Vain are those tears ! — vain and fruitless all —  
Showers that refresh not, yet still must fall ;  
For a purer bliss while the full heart burns,  
For a brighter home while the spirit yearns !

Something of mystery there surely dwells,  
Waiting thy touch, in our bosom cells;  
Something that finds not its answer here—  
A chain to be clasped in another sphere.

Therefore a current of sadness deep  
Through the stream of thy triumphs is heard to  
sweep,  
Like a moan of the breeze through a summer  
sky—  
Like a name of the dead when the wind foams  
high!

Yet speak to me still, though thy tones be fraught  
With vain remembrance and troubled thought;  
Speak! for thou tellest my soul that its birth  
Links it with regions more bright than earth.

#### THE ANGEL'S GREETING.

"Hark!—they whisper!—Angels say,  
Sister spirit! come away." POPE.

Come to the land of peace!  
Come where the tempest hath no longer sway,  
The shadow passes from the soul away,  
The sounds of weeping cease.

\* Fear hath no dwelling there!  
Come to the mingling of repose and love,  
Breathed by the silent spirit of the dove  
Through the celestial air.

Come to the bright, and blest,  
And crowned forever! 'Midst that shining band,  
Gathered to Heaven's own wreath from every  
land,  
Thy spirit shall find rest!

Thou hast been long alone:  
Come to thy mother! On the Sabbath shore,  
The heart that rocked thy childhood, back once  
more  
Shall take its wearied one.

In silence wert thou left:  
Come to thy sisters! Joyously again  
All the home voices, blent in one sweet strain,  
Shall greet their long bereft.

Over thine orphan head  
The storm hath swept, as o'er a willow's bough:  
Come to thy father! It is finished now;  
Thy tears have all been shed.

In thy divine abode  
Change finds no pathway, memory no dark trace,  
And O, bright victory—death by love no place  
Come, spirit! to thy God.

#### A FAREWELL TO WALES,

FOR THE MELODY CALLED "THE ASH GROVE," OF LEAVING  
THAT COUNTRY WITH MY CHILDREN.

The sound of thy streams in my spirit I bear—  
Farewell, and a blessing be with thee, green land!  
On thy hearths, on thy halls, on thy pure moun-  
tain air,  
On the chords of the harp, and the minstrel's  
free hand,  
From the love of my soul with my tears it is  
shed,  
As I leave thee, green land of my home and my  
dead!

I bless thee!—yet not for the beauty which  
dwells  
In the heart of thy hills, on the rocks of thy  
shore;  
And not for the memory set deep in thy dells,  
Of the bard and the hero, the mighty of yore;  
And not for thy songs of those proud ages fled—  
Green land, poet land of my home and my dead!

I bless thee for all the true bosoms that beat  
Where'er a low hamlet smiles up to thy skies;  
For thy cottage hearths burning the stranger to  
greet,  
For the soul that shines forth from thy children's  
kind eyes!  
May the blessing, like sunshine, about thee be  
spread,  
Green land of my childhood, my home, and my  
dead!

#### IMPROMPTU LINES,

ADDRESSED TO MISS F. A. L., ON RECEIVING FROM HER  
FLOWERS WHEN CONFINED BY ILLNESS.

Ye tell me not of birds and bees,  
Not of the summer's murmuring trees,  
Not of the streams and woodland bowers  
A sweeter tale is yours, fair flowers!  
Glad tidings to my couch ye bring,  
Of one still bright, still flowing spring—  
A fount of kindness ever new,  
In a friend's heart, the good and true.



## A PARTING SONG.

O amis! rappelez-vous quelquefois mes vers! mon ame y est  
empreinte."—CORINNE.

WHEN will ye think of me, my friends?

When will ye think of me?—

When the last red light, the farewell of day,  
From the rock and the river is passing away—  
When the air with a deepening hush is fraught,  
And the heart grows burdened with tender  
thought,  
Then let it be!

When will ye think of me, kind friends?

When will ye think of me?—

When the rose of the rich midsummer time  
Is filled with the hues of its glorious prime—  
When ye gather its bloom, as in bright hours fled,  
From the walks where my footsteps no more may  
tread—  
Then let it be!

When will ye think of me, sweet friends?

When will ye think of me?—

When the sudden tears o'erflow your eye  
At the sound of some olden melody—  
When ye hear the voice of a mountain stream,  
When ye feel the charm of a poet's dream—  
Then let it be!

Thus let my memory be with you, friends!

Thus ever think of me!

Kindly and gently, but as of one  
For whom 'tis well to be fled and gone—  
As of a bird from a chain unbound,  
As of a wanderer whose home is found—  
So let it be!

WE RETURN NO MORE!<sup>1</sup>

"When I stood beneath the fresh green tree,  
And saw around me the wide field revive  
With fruits and fertile promise, and the Spring  
Come forth, her work of gladness to contrive,  
With all her reckless birds upon the wing,  
I turned from all she brought to all she could not bring."

CHILDE HAROLD.

"WE return!—we return!—we return no  
more!"

So comes the song to the mountain shore

■ Ha til!—ha til!—ha til mi tukilde!—"we return!—  
we return!—we return no more!"—the burden of the  
Highland song of emigration.

From those that are leaving their Highland home  
For a world far over the blue sea's foam:

"We return no more!" and through cave and  
dell

Mournfully wanders that wild farewell.

"We return!—we return!—we return no  
more!"

So breathe sad voices our spirits o'er;  
Murmuring up from the depths of the heart,  
Where lovely things with their light depart:  
And the inborn sound hath a prophet's tone,  
And we feel that a joy is forever gone.

"We return!—we return!—we return no  
more!"

Is it heard when the days of flowers are o'er?  
When the passionate soul of the night bird's lay  
Hath died from the summer woods away?  
When the glory from sunset's robe hath passed,  
Or the leaves are borne on the rushing blast?

No! It is not the rose that returns no more;  
A breath of spring shall its bloom restore;  
And it is not the voice that o'erflows the bowers  
With a stream of love through the starry hours;  
Nor is it the crimson of sunset hues,  
Nor the frail flushed leaves which the wild wind  
strews.

"We return!—we return!—we return no  
more!"

Doth the bird sing thus from a brighter shore?  
Those wings that follow the southern breeze,  
Float they not homeward o'er vernal seas?  
Yes! from the lands of the vine and palm  
They come, with the sunshine, when waves grow  
calm.

"But we!—we return!—we return no more!"  
The heart's young dreams, when their spring  
o'er;

The love it hath poured so freely forth—  
The boundless trust in ideal worth;  
The faith in affection—deep, fond, yet vain—  
These are the lost that return not again!

## TO A WANDERING FEMALE SINGER.

THOU hast loved and thou hast suffered!

Unto feeling deep and strong,

Thou hast trembled like a harp's frail string—

I know it by thy song!

Thou hast loved — it may be vainly —  
 But well — O, but too well !  
 Thou hast suffered all that woman's breast  
 May bear — but must not tell.

Thou hast wept, and thou hast parted  
 Thou hast been forsaken long,  
 Thou hast watched for steps that came not  
 back —  
 I know it by thy song :

By the low, clear silvery gusning  
 Of its music from thy breast ;  
 By the quivering of its flute-like swell —  
 A sound of the heart's unrest ;

By its fond and plaintive lingering  
 On each word of grief so long,  
 O, thou hast loved and suffered much —  
 I know it by thy song !

### LIGHTS AND SHADES.

THE gloomiest day hath gleams of light ;  
 The darkest wave hath light foam near it ;  
 And twinkles through the cloudiest night  
 Some solitary star to cheer it.

The gloomiest soul is not all gloom ;  
 The saddest heart is not all sadness ,  
 And sweetly o'er the darkest doom  
 There shines some lingering beam of gladness.

Despair is never *quite* despair ;  
 Nor life nor death the future closes ;  
 And round the shadowy brow of Care  
 Will Hope and Fancy twine their roses.

[These spirited and graceful stanzas appeared in the  
 "Forget-me-Not" for 1829, and are here for the first time  
 admitted into the general collection of the author's works.  
 In all probability, they are an early effusion, and poured  
 forth when the poetry of Moore was fresh in her mind.]

### THE PALMER.

"The faded palm branch in his hand  
 Showed pilgrim from the Holy Land." SCOTT.

ART thou come from the far-off land at last ?  
 Thou that hast wandered long !  
 Thou art come to a home whence the smile hath  
 passed  
 With the merry voice of song.

For the sunny glance and the bounding heart  
 Thou wilt seek — but all are gone ;  
 They are parted, e'en as waters part,  
 To meet in the deep alone !

And thou — from thy lip is fled the glow,  
 From thine eye the light of morn ;  
 And the shades of thought o'erhang thy brow,  
 And thy cheek with life is worn.

Say, what hast thou brought from the distant  
 shore  
 For thy wasted youth to pay ?  
 Hast thou treasure to win thee joys once more  
 Hast thou vassals to smooth thy way ?

"I have brought but the palm branch in my hand,  
 Yet I call not my bright youth lost !  
 I have won but high thought in the Holy Land  
 Yet I count not too dear the cost !

"I look on the leaves of the deathless tree —  
 These records of my track ;  
 And better than youth in its flush of glee  
 Are the memories they give me back !

"They speak of toil, and of high emprise  
 As in words of solemn cheer ;  
 They speak of lonely victories  
 O'er pain, and doubt, and fear.

"They speak of scenes which have now  
 come  
 Bright pictures in my breast ;  
 Where my spirit finds a glorious home,  
 And the love of my heart can rest.

"The colors pass not from *these* away,  
 Like tints of shower or sun ;  
 O, beyond all treasures that know decay,  
 Is the wealth my soul hath won !

"A rich light thence o'er my life's decline,  
 An inborn light is cast ;  
 For the sake of the palm from the holy shrine,  
 I bewail not my bright days past !"

### THE CHILD'S FIRST GRIEF.

O, CALL my brother back to me !  
 I cannot play alone ;  
 The summer comes with flower and bee —  
 Where is my brother gone ?

"The butterfly is glancing bright  
Across the sunbeam's track ;  
[ care not now to chase its flight —  
O, call my brother back !

'The flowers run wild — the flowers we sowed  
Around our garden tree ;  
Our vine is drooping with its load —  
O, call him back to me !"

'He would not hear thy voice, fair child ?  
He may not come to thee ;  
The face that once like spring time smiled  
On earth no more thou'lt see.

A rose's brief, bright life of joy,  
Such unto him was given :  
Go — thou must play alone, my boy !  
Thy brother is in heaven."

'And has he left his birds and flowers ?  
And must I call in vain ?  
And through the long, long summer hours,  
Will he not come again ?

"And by the brook and in the glade  
Are all our wanderings o'er ?  
O, while my brother with me played,  
*Would I had loved him more !*"

#### TO THE NEW BORN.<sup>1</sup>

A BLESSING on thy head, thou child of many  
hopes and fears !  
A rainbow welcome thine hath been, of mingled  
smiles and tears.  
Thy father greets thee unto life with a full and  
chastened heart,  
For ■ solemn gift from God thou com'st, all  
precious as thou art !

I see thee not asleep, fair boy ! upon thy moth-  
er's breast,  
Yet well I know how guarded there shall be thy  
rosy rest ;  
And how her soul with love, and prayer, and  
gladness will o'erflow,  
While bending o'er thy soft-sealed eyes, thou  
dear one ! well I know.

<sup>1</sup> Addressed to the child of her eldest brother.

A blessing on thy gentle head ! and blessed thou  
art in truth,  
For ■ home where God is felt awaits thy child  
hood and thy youth :  
Around thee pure and holy thoughts shall dwell  
as light and air,  
And steal unto thine heart, and wake the germs  
now folded there.

Smile on thy mother ! while she feels that unto  
her is given,  
In that young dayspring glance, the pledge of ■  
soul to rear for Heaven !  
Smile ! and sweet peace be o'er thy sleep, joy  
o'er thy wakening shed !  
Blessings and blessings evermore, fair boy ! upon  
thy head !

#### THE DEATH SONG OF ALCESTIS.

SHE came forth in her bridal robes arrayed,  
And 'midst the graceful statues, round the ~~hall~~  
Shedding the calm of their celestial mien,  
Stood pale yet proudly beautiful as they :  
Flowers in her bosom, and the star-like gleam  
Of jewels trembling from her braided hair,  
And *death* upon her brow ! — but glorious death !  
Her own heart's choice, the token and the seal  
Of love, o'er-mastering love ; which, till that hour  
Almost an anguish in the brooding weight  
Of its unutterable tenderness,  
Had burdened her full soul. But now, O, now  
Its time was come — and from the spirit's depths  
The passion and the mighty melody  
Of its immortal voice in triumph broke,  
Like a strong rushing wind !

The soft pure air  
Came floating through that hall — the Grecian  
air,  
Laden with music — flute notes from the vales,  
Echoes of song — the last sweet sounds of life !  
And the glad sunshine of the golden clime  
Streamed, as a royal mantle, round her form —  
The glorified of love ! But she — she locked  
Only on *him* for whom 'twas joy to die,  
Deep — deepest, holiest joy ! Or if a thought  
Of the warm sunlight, and the scented breeze,  
And the sweet Dorian songs, o'erswept the tide  
Of her unswerving soul — 'twas but a thought  
That owned the summer loveliness of life  
For *him* a worthy offering ! So she stood,  
Rapt in bright silence, as entranced a while ;  
Till her eye kindled, and her quivering frame



With the swift breeze of inspiration shook,  
 As the pale priestess trembles to the breath  
 Of inborn oracles ! Then flushed her cheek,  
 And all the triumph, all the agony,  
 Borne on the battling waves of love and death,  
 All from her woman's heart, in sudden song,  
 Burst like a fount of fire.

“ I go, I go !  
 Thou sun ! thou golden sun ! I go  
 Far from thy light to dwell :  
 Thou shalt not find my place below,  
 Dim is that world — bright sun of Greece, fare-  
 well !

“ The laurel and the glorious rose  
 Thy glad beam yet may see ;  
 But where no purple summer glows,  
 O'er the dark wave I haste from them and thee.

“ Yet doth my spirit faint to part ?  
 — I mourn thee not, O sun !  
 Joy, solemn joy, o'erflows my heart :  
 Sing me triumphal songs ! — my crown is won !

“ Let not a voice of weeping rise —  
 My heart is girt with power !  
 Let the green earth and festal skies  
 Laugh, as to grace a conqueror's closing hour !

“ For thee, for *thee* my bosom's lord !  
 Thee, my soul's loved ! I die ;  
 Thine is the torch of life restored,  
 Mine, mine the rapture, mine the victory !

“ Now may the boundless love, that lay  
 Unfathomed still before,  
 In one consuming burst find way —  
 In one bright flood all, all its riches pour !

“ Thou know'st, thou know'st what love is  
*now* !  
 Its glory and its might —  
 Are they not written on my brow ?  
 And will that image ever quit thy sight ?

“ No ! deathless in thy faithful breast,  
 There shall my memory keep  
 Its own bright altar-place of rest,  
 While o'er my grave the cypress branches weep.

“ O, the glad light ! — the light is fair,  
 The soft breeze warm and free ;  
 And rich notes fill the scented air,  
 And all are gifts — my love's last gifts to thee !

“ Take me to thy warm heart once more !  
 Night falls — my pulse beats low :  
 Seek not to quicken, to restore —  
 Joy is in every pang. I go, I go !

“ I feel thy tears, I feel thy breath,  
 I meet thy fond look still ;  
 Keen is the strife of love and death ;  
 Faint and yet fainter grows my bosom's thrill.

“ Yet swells the tide of rapture strong,  
 Though mists o'er shade mine eye !  
 — Sing, Pæan ! sing a conqueror's song !  
 For thee, for *thee*, my spirit's lord, I die !”

### THE HOME OF LOVE.

Thou mov'st in visions, Love ! Around thy way,  
 E'en through this world's rough path and  
 changeful day,  
 Forever floats a gleam —  
 Not from the realms of moonlight or the morn,  
 But thine own soul's illumined chambers born  
 The coloring of a dream !

Love ! shall I read thy dream ? O, is it not  
 All of some sheltering wood-imbosomed spot —  
 A bower for thee and thine ?  
 Yes ! lone and lowly is that home ; yet there  
 Something of heaven in the transparent air  
 Makes every flower divine.

Something that mellows and that glorifies  
 Breathes o'er it ever from the tender skies,  
 As o'er some blessed isle ;  
 E'en like the soft and spiritual glow  
 Kindling rich woods, whereon th *ethereal*  
 bow  
 Sleeps lovingly a while.

The very whispers of the wind have there  
 A flute like harmony, that seems to bear  
 Greeting from some bright shore,  
 Where none have said *farewell* ! — where *no*  
 decay  
 Lends the faint crimson to the dying day ;  
 Where the storm's might is o'er.

And there thou dreamest of Elysian rest,  
 In the deep sanctuary of one true breast  
 Hidden from earthly ill :

There wouldst thou watch the homeward step,  
 whose sound,  
 Wakening all nature to sweet echoes round,  
 Thine inmost soul can thrill.

There by the hearth should many a glorious  
 page,  
 From mind to mind the immortal heritage,  
 For thee its treasures pour ;  
 Or music's voice at vesper hours be heard,  
 Or dearer interchange of playful word,  
 Affection's household lore.

And the rich unison of mingled prayer,  
 The melody of hearts in heavenly air,  
 Thence duly should arise ;  
 Lifting th' eternal hope, th' adoring breath,  
 Of spirits, not to be disjoined by death,  
 Up to the starry skies.

There, dost thou well believe, no storm should  
 come  
 To mar the stillness of that angel home ;  
 There should thy slumbers be  
 Weighed down with honey dew, serenely blessed,  
 Like theirs who first in Eden's grove took rest  
 Under some balmy tree.

Love ! Love ! thou passionate in joy and woe !  
 And canst *thou* hope for cloudless peace below —  
*Here*, where bright things must die ?  
 O thou ! that, wildly worshipping, dost shed  
 On the frail altar of a mortal head  
 Gifts of infinity !

Thou must be still a trembler, fearful Love !  
 Danger seems gathering from beneath, above,  
 Still round thy precious things ;  
 Thy stately pine tree, or thy gracious rose,  
 In their sweet shade can yield thee no re-  
 pose,  
*Here*, where the blight hath wings.

And as a flower, with some fine sense im-  
 bued,  
 To shrink before the wind's vicissitude,  
 So in thy prescient breast  
 Are lyrestrings quivering with prophetic thrill  
 To the low footstep of each coming ill :  
 O, canst *thou* dream of rest ?

Bear up thy dream ! thou mighty and thou  
 weak !  
 Heart, strong as death, yet as a reed to break —  
 As a flame, tempest-swayed !

He that sits calm on high is yet the source  
 Whence thy soul's current hath its trouble  
 course,  
 He that great deep hath made !

Will He not pity ? — He whose searching eye  
 Reads all the secrets of thine agony ? —  
 O, pray to be forgiven  
 Thy fond idolatry, thy blind excess,  
 And seek with *Him* that bower of blessedness.  
 Love ! *thy* sole home is heaven !

### BOOKS AND FLOWERS.

"La vue d'une fleur caresse mon imagination, et flatte  
 a un point inexprimable. Sous le tranquille abri du toit paternel  
 j'étais nourrie des l'enfance avec des fleurs et des livres ; dans  
 l'étroite enceinte d'une prison, au milieu des fers imposés par la  
 tyrannie, j'oublie l'injustice des hommes, leurs sottises et mes  
 maux, avec des livres et des fleurs."

COME ! let me make a sunny realm around thee  
 Of thought and beauty ! Here are books and  
 flowers,  
 With spells to loose the fetter which hath bound  
 thee —  
 The ravelled coil of this world's feverish hours.

The soul of song is in these deathless pages,  
 Even as the odor in the flower enshrined ;  
 Here the crowned spirits of departed ages  
 Have left the silent melodies of mind.

Their thoughts, that strove with time, and  
 change, and anguish,  
 For some high place where faith her wing  
 might rest,  
 Are burning here — a flame that may not lan-  
 guish —  
 Still pointing upward to that bright hill's  
 crest !

Their grief, the veiled infinity exploring  
 For treasures lost, is here ; — their boundless  
 love,  
 Its mighty streams of gentleness outpouring  
 On all things round, and clasping all above.

And the bright beings, their own hearts' crea-  
 tions,  
 Bright, yet all human, here are breathing  
 still ;  
 Conflicts, and agonies, and exultations  
 Are here, and victories of prevailing will !

Listen! O, listen! let their high words cheer  
thee!

Their swan-like music ringing through all  
woes;

Let my voice bring their holy influence near  
thee—

The Elysian air of their divine repose!

Or wouldst thou turn to earth? *Not* earth all  
furrowed

By the old traces of man's toil and care,  
But the green peaceful world that never sor-  
rowed,

The world of leaves, and dews, and summer  
air!

Look on these flowers! ■ o'er ■ altar shed-  
ding,

O'er Milton's page, soft light from colored  
urns!

They are the links, man's heart to nature wed-  
ding,

When to her breast the prodigal returns.

They are from lone wild places, forest dingles,  
Fresh banks of many a low-voiced, hidden  
stream,

Where the sweet star of eve looks down and  
mingles

Faint lustre with the water-lily's gleam.

They are from where the soft winds play in  
gladness,

Covering the turf with flowery blossom  
showers;

Too richly dowered, O friend! are we for  
sadness—

Look on an empire—mind and nature—ours!

#### FOR A PICTURE OF ST. CECILIA ATTENDED BY ANGELS.

"How rich that forehead's calm expanse!  
How bright that heaven-directed glance  
— Waft her to glory, wingéd powers!  
Ere sorrow be renewed,  
And intercourse with mortal hours  
Bring back ■ humbler mood!" WORDSWORTH.

How can that eye, with inspiration beaming,  
Wear yet so deep a calm? O child of song!

'Tis not the music land a world of dreaming,  
Where forms of sad, bewildering beauty  
throng?

Hath it not sounds from voices long departed?

Echoes of tones that rung in childhood's ear?  
Low haunting whispers, which the weary  
hearted,

Stealing 'midst crowds away, have wept to  
hear?

No, not to thee! *Thy* spirit, meek, yet queenly,  
On its own starry height, beyond all this,  
Floating triumphantly and yet serenely,  
Breathes no faint undertone through songs of  
bliss.

Say by what strain, through cloudless ether  
swelling,

Thou hast drawn down those wanderers from  
the skies;

Bright guests! even such as left of yore their  
dwelling

For the deep cedar shades of paradise!

What strain? O, not the nightingale's, when  
showering

Her own heart's lifedrops on the burning lay,  
She stirs the young woods in the days of flow-  
ering,

And pours her strength, but not her grief  
away;

And not the exile's—when, 'midst lonely bil-  
lows,

He wakes the Alpine notes his mother sung,  
Or blends them with the sigh of alien willows,  
Where, murmuring to the wind, his harp is  
hung;

And not the pilgrim's—though his thoughts be  
holy,

And sweet his *ave* song when day grows  
dim;

Yet, ■ he journeys, pensively and slowly,  
Something of sadness floats through that low  
hymn.

But thou!—the spirit which at eve is filling  
All the hushed air and reverential sky—

Founts, leaves, and flowers, with solemn rap-  
ture thrilling—

This is the soul of *thy* rich harmony.

This bears up high those breathings of devotion  
Wherein the currents of thy heart gush  
free;

Therefore no world of sad and vain emotion  
Is the dream-haunted music land for *thee*.



## THE BRIGAND LEADER AND HIS WIFE.

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF EASTLAKE'S.

DARK chieftain of the heath and height!  
 Wild feaster on the hills by night!  
 Seest thou the stormy sunset's glow  
 Flung back by glancing spears below?  
 Now for one strife of stern despair!  
 The foe hath tracked thee to thy lair.

Thou, against whom the voice of blood  
 Hath risen from rock and lonely wood;  
 And in whose dreams a moan should be,  
 Not of the water, nor the tree;  
 Haply thine own last hour is nigh, —  
 Yet shalt thou not forsaken die.

There's one that pale beside thee stands,  
 More true than all thy mountain bands!  
 She will not shrink in doubt and dread  
 When the balls whistle round thy head:  
 Nor leave thee, though thy closing eye  
 No longer may to hers reply.


O, many a soft and quiet grace  
 Hath faded from her form and face;  
 And many a thought, the fitting guest  
 Of woman's meek, religious breast,  
 Hath perished in her wanderings wide,  
 Through the deep forests by thy side.

Yet, mournfully surviving all,  
 A flower upon a ruin's wall —  
 A friendless thing, whose lot is cast  
 Of lovely ones to be the last —  
 Sad, but unchanged through good and ill,  
 Thine is her lone devotion still.

And O, not wholly lost the heart  
 Where that undying love hath part;  
 Not worthless all, though far and long  
 From home estranged, and guided wrong;  
 Yet may its depths by Heaven be stirred,  
 Its prayer for thee be poured and heard!

## THE CHILD'S RETURN FROM THE WOODLANDS.

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE'S.

"All good and guiltless as thou art,  
 Some transient griefs will touch thy heart —  
 Griefs that along thy altered face  
 Will breathe a more subduing grace  
 Than even those looks of joy that lie  
 On the  cheek of infancy." WILSON.

HAST thou been in the woods with the honey  
 bee?

Hast thou been with the lamb in the pastures  
 free?

With the hare through the copses and dingles  
 wild?

With the butterfly over the heath, fair child?  
 Yes! the light fall of thy bounding feet  
 Hath not startled the wren from her mossy seat  
 Yet hast thou ranged the green forest dells,  
 And brought back a treasure of buds and bells.

Thou know'st not the sweetness, by antique  
 song

Breathed o'er the names of that flowery throng:  
 The woodbine, the primrose, the violet dim,  
 The lily that gleams by the fountain's brim;  
 These are old words, that have made each grove  
 A dreaming haunt for romance and love —  
 Each sunny bank, where faint odors lie,  
 A place for the gushings of poesy.

Thou know'st not the light wherewith fairy  
 lore

Sprinkles the turf and the daisies o'er:  
 Enough for thee are the dews that sleep  
 Like hidden gems in the flower urns deep;  
 Enough the rich crimson spots that dwell  
 'Midst the gold of the cowslip's perfumed cell;  
 And the scent by the blossoming sweetbriers  
 shed,  
 And the beauty that bows the wood hyacinth's  
 head.

O happy child! in thy fawn-like glee,  
 What is remembrance or thought to thee?  
 Fill thy bright locks with those gifts of spring,  
 O'er thy green pathway their colors fling;  
 Bind them in chaplet and wild festoon —  
 What if to droop and to perish soon?  
 Nature hath mines of such wealth — and thou  
 Never will prize its delights as now!

For a day is coming to quell the tone  
 That rings in thy laughter, thou joyous one!  
 And to dim thy brow with a touch of care,  
 Under the gloss of its clustering hair;  
 And to tame the flash of thy cloudless eyes  
 Into the stillness of autumn skies;  
 And to teach thee that grief hath her needful  
 part  
 'Midst the hidden things of each human heart

Yet shall we mourn, gentle child! for this?  
 Life hath enough of yet holier bliss!

Such be thy portion! — the bliss to look,  
With ■ reverent spirit, through nature's book;  
By fount, by forest, by river's line,  
To track the paths of a love divine;  
To read its deep meanings — to see and hear  
God in earth's garden — and not to fear!

### THE FAITH OF LOVE.

Thou hast watched beside the bed of death,  
O fearless human Love!  
Thy lip received the last, faint breath,  
Ere the spirit fled above.

Thy prayer was heard by the parting bier,  
In a low and farewell tone;  
Thou hast given the grave both flower and tear —  
— O Love! thy task is done.

Then turn thee from each pleasant spot  
Where thou wert wont to rove;  
For there the friend of thy soul is not,  
Nor the joy of thy youth, O Love!

Thou wilt meet but mournful Memory there;  
Her dreams in the groves she weaves,  
With echoes filling the summer air,  
With sighs the trembling leaves.

Then turn thee to the world again,  
From those dim, haunted bowers,  
And shut thine ear to the wild, sweet strain  
That tells of vanished hours.

And wear not on thine aching heart  
The image of the dead;  
For the tie is rent that gave thee part  
In the gladness its beauty shed.

And gaze on the pictured smile no more  
That thus can life outlast:  
All between parted souls is o'er. —  
Love! Love! forget the past!

"Voice of vain boding! away, be still!  
Strive not against the faith  
That yet my bosom with light can fill,  
Unquenched, and undimmed by death.

From the pictured smile I will not turn,  
Though sadly now it shine;  
Nor quit the shades that in whispers mourn  
For the step once linked with mine;

"Nor shut mine ear to the song of old,  
Though its notes the pang renew.  
— Such memories deep in my heart I hold,  
To keep it pure and true.

"By the holy instinct of my heart,  
By the hope that bears me on,  
I have still my own undying part  
In the deep affection gone.

"By the presence that about me ■■■■■  
Through night and day to dwell,  
Voice of vain bodings and fearful dreams!  
— I have breathed no *last* farewell!"

### THE SISTER'S DREAM.

[Suggested by a picture in which a young girl is represented as sleeping, and visited during her slumbers by the spirits of her departed sisters.]

SHE sleeps! — but not the free and sunny sleep  
That lightly on the brow of childhood lies:  
Though happy be her rest, and soft, and deep,  
Yet, ere it sank upon her shadowed eyes,  
Thoughts of past scenes and kindred graves o'er-  
swept  
Her soul's meek stillness — she had prayed and  
wept.

And now in visions to her couch they come,  
The early lost — the beautiful — the dead!  
That unto her bequeathed a mournful home,  
Whence with their voices all sweet laughter  
fled;

They rise — the sisters of her youth arise,  
As from the world where no frail blossom dies.

And well the sleeper knows them not of earth —  
Not ■ they were when binding up the flowers,  
Telling wild legends round the winter hearth,  
Braiding their long, fair hair for festal hours:  
These things are past — a spiritual gleam,  
A solemn glory, robes them in that dream.

Yet, if the glee of life's fresh budding years  
In those pure aspects may no more be read,  
Thence, too, hath sorrow melted — and the tears  
Which o'er their mother's holy dust they shed,  
Are all effaced. There earth hath left no sign  
Save its deep love, still touching every line.

But O, more soft, more tender — breathing more  
A thought of pity than in vanished days!

While, hovering silently and brightly o'er  
 The lone one's head, they meet her spirit's  
 gaze  
 With their immortal eyes, that seem to say,  
 "Yet, sister! yet we love thee — come away!"

'Twill fade, the radiant dream! And will she  
 not

Wake with more painful yearning at her  
 heart?

Will not her home seem yet a lonelier spot,  
 Her task more sad, when those bright shadows  
 part?

And the green summer after them look dim,  
 And sorrow's tone be in the bird's wild hymn?

But let her hope be strong, and let the dead  
 Visit her soul in heaven's calm beauty still;  
 Be their names uttered, be their memory spread  
 Yet round the place they nevermore may fill!  
 All is not over with earth's broken tie —  
 Where, where should sisters love, if not on  
 high?

#### A FAREWELL TO ABBOTSFORD.

[These lines were given to Sir Walter Scott, at the gate of Abbotsford, in the summer of 1829. He was then apparently in the vigor of an existence whose energies promised long continuance; and the glance of his quick, smiling eye, and the very sound of his kindly voice, seemed to kindle the gladness of his own sunny and benignant spirit in all who had the happiness of approaching him.]

HOME of the gifted! fare thee well,  
 And a blessing on thee rest!  
 While the heather waves its purple bell  
 O'er moor and mountain crest;  
 While stream to stream around thee calls,  
 And braes with broom are dressed,  
 Glad be the harping in thy halls —  
 A blessing on thee rest!

While the high voice from thee sent forth  
 Bids rock and cairn reply,  
 Wakening the spirits of the North  
 Like a chieftain's gathering cry;  
 While its deep master tones hold sway  
 As a king's o'er every breast,  
 Home of the legend and the lay!  
 A blessing on thee rest!

Joy to the hearth, and board, and bower!  
 Long honors to thy line!  
 And hearts of proof, and hands of power,  
 And bright names worthy thine!

By the merry step of childhood, still  
 May thy free sword be pressed!  
 While one proud pulse in the land can thrill,  
 A blessing on thee rest!

#### O'CONNOR'S CHILD.

[This piece was suggested by a picture in the possession of Mrs. Lawrence, of Wavertree Hall. It represents the "Hero's Child" of Campbell's poem seated beside a solitary tomb of rock, marked with a cross, in a wild and desert place. A tempest seems gathering in the angry skies above her, but the attitude of the drooping figure expresses the utter carelessness of desolation, and the countenance speaks of entire abstraction from all external objects. A bow and quiver lie beside her, amongst the weeds and wild flowers of the desert.]

"I fled the home of grief  
 At Connocht Moran's tomb to fall;  
 I found the helmet of my chief,  
 His bow still hanging on our wall,  
 And took it down, and vowed to rove  
 This desert place a huntress bold;  
 Nor would I change my buried love  
 For any heart of living mould."

CAMPBELL.

THE sleep of storms is dark upon the skies,  
 The weight of omens heavy in the cloud:  
 Bid the lorn huntress of the desert rise,  
 And gird the form whose beauty grief hath  
 bowed,

And leave the tomb, as tombs are left — alone,  
 To the star's vigil, and the wind's wild moan.

Tell her of revelries in bower and hall,  
 Where gems are glittering, and bright wine is  
 poured;  
 Where to glad measures chiming footsteps fall,  
 And soul seems gushing from the harp's full  
 chord;  
 And richer flowers amid fair tresses wave  
 Than the sad *Love-lies-bleeding* of the grave.

O, little know'st thou of th' o'er-mastering spell  
 Wherewith love binds the spirit, strong in  
 pain,  
 To the spot hallowed by a wild farewell,  
 A parting agony, — intense, yet vain,  
 A look — and darkness when its gleam hath  
 flown,  
 A voice — and silence when its words are gone!

She hears thee not: her full, deep, fervent heart  
 Is set in her dark eyes; and *they* are bound  
 Unto that cross, that shrine, that world apart,  
 Where faithful blood hath sanctified the  
 ground;



And love with death striven long by tear and  
prayer,  
And anguish frozen into still despair.,

Yet on her spirit hath arisen at last  
A light, a joy, of its own wanderings born ;  
Around her path a vision's glow is cast,  
Back, back her lost one comes in hues of  
morn !

For her the gulf is filled — the dark night  
fled,  
Whose mystery parts the living and the dead.

And she can pour forth in such converse high  
All her soul's tide of love, the deep, the strong.  
O, lonelier far, perchance, *thy* destiny,  
And more forlorn, amidst the world's gay  
throng,  
Than hers — the queen of that majestic gloom,  
The tempest, and the desert, and the tomb !

#### THE PRAYER FOR LIFE.

O SUNSHINE\* and fair earth !  
Sweet is your kindly mirth ;  
Angel of death ! yet a while delay !  
Too sad it is to part,  
Thus in my spring of heart,  
With all the light and laughter of the day.

For me the falling leaf  
Touches no chord of grief,  
No dark void in the rose's bosom lies :  
Not one triumphal tone,  
One hue of hope, is gone  
From song or bloom beneath the summer skies.

Death, Death ! ere yet decay,  
Call me not hence away !  
Over the golden hours no shade is thrown :  
The poesy that dwells  
Deep in green woods and dells  
Still to my spirit speaks of joy alone.

Yet not for this, O Death !  
Not for the vernal breath  
Of winds that shake forth music from the trees :  
Not for the splendor given  
To night's dark, regal heaven,  
Spoiler ! I ask thee not reprieve for these.

"A son of light, a lovely form,  
He comes, and makes her glad." — CAMPBELL.

But for the happy love  
Whose light, where'er I rove,  
Kindles all nature to a sudden smile,  
Shedding on branch and flower  
A rainbow-tinted shower  
Of richer life — spare, spare me yet a while.

Too soon, too fast thou'rt come !  
Too beautiful is home —  
A home of gentle voices and kind eyes !  
And I the loved of all,  
On whom fond blessings fall  
From every lip. O, wilt thou rend such ties ?

Sweet sisters ! weave a chain  
My spirit to detain ;  
Hold me to earth with strong affection back ;  
Bind me with mighty love  
Unto the stream, the grove,  
Our daily paths — our life's familiar track.

Stay with me ! gird me round !  
Your voices bear a sound  
Of hope — a light comes with you and departs ;  
Hush my soul's boding swell,  
That murmurs of farewell.  
How can I leave this ring of kindest hearts ?

Death ! Grave ! — and are there those  
That woo your dark repose  
'Midst the rich beauty of the glowing earth ?  
Surely about them lies  
No world of loving eyes.  
Leave me, O, leave me unto home and hearth !

#### THE WELCOME TO DEATH.

THOU art welcome, O thou warning voice !  
My soul hath pined for thee ;  
Thou art welcome as sweet sounds from shore  
To wanderer on the sea.  
I hear thee in the rustling woods,  
In the sighing vernal airs ;  
Thou call'st me from the lonely earth  
With a deeper tone than theirs.

The lonely earth ! Since kindred steps  
From its green paths are fled,  
A dimness and a hush have lain  
O'er all its beauty spread.  
The silence of th' unanswering soul  
Is on me and around :

My heart hath echoes but for *thee*,  
Thou still, small, warning sound!

Voice after voice hath died away,  
Once in my dwelling heard;  
Sweet household name by name hath changed  
To grief's forbidden word!  
From dreams of night on each I call,  
Each of the far removed;  
And waken to my own wild cry —  
"Where are ye, my beloved?"

Ye left me! and earth's flowers were dim  
With records of the past;  
And stars poured down another light  
Than o'er my youth they cast.  
Birds will not sing as once they sung  
When ye were at my side,  
And mournful tones are in the wind  
Which I heard not till ye died!

Thou art welcome, O thou summoner!  
Why should the last remain?  
What eye can reach my heart of hearts,  
Bearing in light again?  
E'en could this be, too much of fear  
O'er love would now be thrown. —  
Away! away! from time, from change,  
Once more to meet my own!

### THE VICTOR.

"De tout ce qui t'aimoit n'est-il plus rien qui t'aime?"  
LAMARTINE.

MIGHTY ones, Love and Death!  
Ye are the strong in this world of ours;  
Ye meet at the banquets, ye dwell 'midst the  
flowers,  
— Which hath the conqueror's wreath?

Thou art the victor, Love!  
Thou art the fearless, the crowned, the free;  
The strength of the battle is given to thee —  
The spirit from above!

Thou hast looked on Death, and smiled!  
Thou hast borne up the reed-like and fragile  
form  
Through the waves of the fight, through the  
rush of the storm,  
On field, and flood, and wild!

No! *Thou* art the victor, Death!  
Thou comest, and where is that which spoke,  
From the depths of the eye, when the spirit  
woke?  
— Gone with the fleeting breath!

Thou comest — and what is left  
Of all that loved us, to say if aught  
*Yet loves* — yet answers the burning thought  
Of the spirit lone and left?

Silence is where thou art!  
Silently there must kindred meet,  
No smile to cheer, and no voice to greet,  
No bounding of heart to heart!

Boast not thy victory, Death!  
It is but as the cloud's o'er the sunbeam's  
power,  
It is but as the winter's o'er leaf and flower,  
That slumber the snow beneath.

It is but as a tyrant's reign  
O'er the voice and the lip which he bids be  
still;  
But the fiery thought and the lofty will  
Are not for him to chain!

They shall soar his might above:  
And thus with the root whence affection springs,  
Though buried, it is not of mortal things —  
*Thou art the victor, Love!*

### LINES WRITTEN FOR THE ALBUM AT ROSANNA.<sup>1</sup>

O, LIGHTLY tread through these deep chestnut  
bowers,  
Where a sweet spirit once in beauty moved!  
And touch with reverent hand these leaves and  
flowers —  
Fair things, which well a gentle heart hath  
loved!  
A gentle heart, of love and grief th' abode,  
Whence the bright stream of song in teardrops  
flowed.

And bid its memory sanctify the scene!  
And let th' ideal presence of the dead

<sup>1</sup> A beautiful place in the county of Wicklow, formerly  
the abode of the authoress of "Psyche."

Float round, and touch the woods with softer  
green,  
And o'er the streams a charm, like moonlight,  
shed,  
Through the soul's depths in holy silence felt —  
A spell to raise, to chasten, and to melt!

### THE VOICE OF THE WAVES.

WRITTEN NEAR THE SCENE OF A RECENT SHIPWRECK

"How perfect was the calm! It seemed no sleep,  
No mood which season takes away or brings;  
I could have fancied that the mighty deep  
Was even the gentlest of all gentle things.

But welcome fortitude and patient cheer,  
And frequent sights of what is to be borne."

WORDSWORTH.

ANSWER, ye chiming waves  
That now in sunshine sweep!  
Speak to me from thy hidden caves,  
Voice of the solemn deep!

Hath man's lone spirit here  
With storms in battle striven?  
Where all is now so calmly clear,  
Hath anguish cried to Heaven?

— Then the sea's voice arose  
Like an earthquake's undertone:  
"Mortal! the strife of human woes  
Where hath not nature known?

"Here to the quivering mast  
Despair hath wildly clung;  
The shriek upon the wind hath passed,  
The midnight sky hath rung.

"And the youthful and the brave,  
With their beauty and renown,  
To the hollow chambers of the wave  
In darkness have gone down.

"They are vanished from their place —  
Let their homes and hearths make moan!  
But the rolling waters keep no trace  
Of pang or conflict gone."

— Alas! thou haughty deep!  
The strong, the sounding far!  
My heart before thee dies — I weep  
To think on what we are!

To think that so we pass —  
High hope, and thought, and mind —

E'en as the breath stain from the glass,  
Leaving no sign behind!

Saw'st thou nought else, thou main?  
Thou and the midnight sky?  
Nought save the struggle, brief and vain,  
The parting agony!

— And the sea's voice replied:  
"Here nobler things have been!  
Power, with the valiant when they died,  
To sanctify the scene!

"Courage, in fragile form;  
Faith, trusting to the last;  
Prayer, breathing heavenwards through the  
storm;  
But all alike have passed."

Sound on, thou haughty sea!  
These have not passed in vain;  
My soul awakes, my hope springs free  
On victor wings again.

Thou, from thine empire driven,  
Mayst vanish with thy powers;  
But, by the hearts that here have striven  
A loftier boon is ours!

### THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

"I seem like one who treads alone  
Some banquet hall deserted,  
Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,  
And all but me departed." MOORE.

SEEST thou yon gray, gleaming hall,  
Where the deep elm shadows fall?  
Voices that have left the earth

Long ago  
Still are murmuring round its hearth.  
Soft and low:

Ever there; — yet one alone  
Hath the gift to hear their tone.  
Guests come thither, and depart,  
Free of step, and light of heart;  
Children, with sweet visions blessed,  
In the haunted chambers rest;  
One alone unslumbering lies  
When the night hath sealed all eyes,  
One quick heart and watchful ear,  
Listening for those whispers clear.

Seest thou where the woodbine flowers  
O'er yon low porch hang in showers!



Startling faces of the dead,  
 Pale, yet sweet,  
 One lone woman's entering tread  
 There still meet !  
 Some with young, smooth foreheads fair,  
 Faintly shining through bright hair ;  
 Some with reverend locks of snow —  
 All, all buried long ago !  
 All, from under deep sea waves,  
 Or the flowers of foreign graves,  
 Or the old and bannered aisle,  
 Where their high tombs gleam the while ;  
 Rising, wandering, floating by,  
 Suddenly and silently,  
 Through their earthly home and place,  
 But amidst another race.

Wherefore, unto one alone,  
 Are those sounds and visions known ?  
 Wherefore hath that spell of power  
 Dark and dread,  
 On *her* soul, a baleful dower,  
 Thus been shed ?

O, in those deep-seeing eyes  
 No strange gift of mystery lies !  
 She is lone where once she moved  
 Fair, and happy, and beloved !  
 Sunny smiles were glancing round her,  
 Tendrils of kind hearts had bound her.  
 Now those silver chords are broken,  
 Those bright looks have left no token —  
 Not one trace on all the earth,  
 Save her memory of their mirth.  
 She is lone and lingering now ;  
 Dreams have gathered o'er her brow ;  
 'Midst gay songs and children's play  
 She is dwelling far away,  
 Seeing what none else may see —  
 Haunted still her place must be !

### THE SHEPHERD POET OF THE ALPS.

" God gave him reverence of laws,  
 Yet stirring blood in freedom's cause —  
 A spirit to his rocks akin,  
 The eye of the hawk, and the fire therein ! " COLERIDGE.

SINGING of the free blue sky,  
 And the wild-flower glens that lie  
 Far amidst the ancient hills,  
 Which the fountain music fills ;  
 Singing of the snow peaks bright,  
 And the royal eagle's flight,  
 And the courage and the grace  
 Fostered by the chamois chase ;

In his fetters, day by day,  
 So the shepherd poet lay.  
 Wherefore from a dungeon cell  
 Did those notes of freedom swell,  
 Breathing sadness not their own  
 Forth with every Alpine tone ?  
 Wherefore ! — can a tyrant's ear  
 Brook the mountain winds to hear,  
 When each blast goes pealing by  
 With a song of liberty ?  
 Darkly hung th' oppressor's hand  
 O'er the shepherd poet's land ;  
 Sounding there the waters gushed,  
 While the lip of man was hushed ;  
 There the falcon pierced the cloud,  
 While the fiery heart was bowed.  
 But this might not long endure  
 Where the mountain homes were pure ;  
 And a valiant voice arose,  
 Thrilling all the silent snows ;  
 His — now singing far and lone,  
 Where the young breeze ne'er was known  
 Singing of the glad blue sky,  
 Wildly — and how mournfully !

Are none but the Wind and the Lammer-Geyser  
 To be free where the hills unto heaven  
 pire ?

Is the soul of song from the deep glens past,  
 Now that their poet is chained at last ? —  
 Think of the mountains, and deem not so !  
 Soon shall each blast like a clarion blow !  
 Yes ! though forbidden be every word  
 Wherewith that spirit the Alps hath stirred,  
 Yet even as a buried stream through earth  
 Rolls on to another and brighter birth,  
 So shall the voice that hath seemed to die  
 Burst forth with the anthem of liberty !

And another power is moving  
 In a bosom fondly loving :  
 O, a sister's heart is deep,  
 And her spirit strong to keep  
 Each light link of early hours,  
 All sweet scents of childhood's flowers  
 Thus each lay by Erni sung  
 Rocks and crystal caves among,  
 Or beneath the linden leaves,  
 Or the cabin's vine-hung eaves,  
 Rapid though as bird notes gushing,  
 Transient as a wan cheek's flushing,  
 Each in young Teresa's breast  
 Left its fiery words impressed ;  
 Treasured there lay every line,  
 As a rich book on a hidden shrine.

Fair was that lone girl, and meek,  
 With a pale, transparent cheek,  
 And a deep-fringed violet eye  
 Seeking in sweet shade to lie,  
 Or, if raised to glance above,  
 Dim with its own dews of love;  
 And a pure Madonna brow,  
 And a silvery voice and low,  
 Like the echo of a flute,  
 Even the last, ere all be mute.  
 But a loftier soul was seen  
 In the orphan sister's mien,  
 From that hour when chains defiled  
 Him, the high Alps' noble child.  
 Tones in her quivering voice awoke,  
 As if a harp of battle spoke;  
 Light, that seemed born of an eagle's nest,  
 Flashed from her soft eyes unrepressed;  
 And her form, like a spreading water flower,  
 When its frail cup swells with a sudden  
 shower,  
 Seemed all dilated with love and pride,  
 And grief for that brother, her young heart's  
 guide.  
 Well might they love! — those two had grown  
 Orphans together and alone:  
 The silence of the Alpine sky  
 Had hushed their hearts to pity;  
 The turf, o'er their dead mother laid,  
 Had been their altar when they prayed;  
 There, more in tenderness than woe,  
 The stars had seen their young tears flow;  
 The clouds, in spirit-like descent,  
 Their deep thoughts by one touch had bent  
 And the wild storms linked them to each other;  
 How dear can peril make a brother!

Now is their hearth a forsaken spot,  
 The vine waves unpruned o'er their mountain cot:  
 Away, in that holy affection's might,  
 The maiden is gone, like a breeze of the night.  
 She is gone forth alone, but her lighted face,  
 Filling with soul every secret place,  
 Hath a dower from Heaven, and a gift of sway,  
 To arouse brave hearts in its hidden way,  
 Like the sudden flinging forth on high  
 Of a banner that startleth silently!  
 She hath wandered through many a hamlet vale,  
 Telling its children her brother's tale;  
 And the strains by his spirit poured away  
 Freely as fountains might shower their spray,  
 From her fervent lip a new life have caught,  
 And a power to kindle yet bolder thought;  
 While sometimes a melody, all her own,  
 Like a gush of tears in its plaintive tone,

May be heard 'midst the rocks to flow,  
 Clear through the water chimes — clear, yet low.

“Thou’rt not where wild flowers wave  
 O’er crag and sparry cave;  
 Thou’rt not where pines are sounding,  
 Or joyous torrents bounding —  
 Alas, my brother!

“Thou’rt not where green, on high,  
 The brighter pastures lie;  
 Even those, thine own wild places,  
 Bear of our chain dark traces:  
 Alas, my brother!

“Far hath the sunbeam spread,  
 Nor found thy lonely bed;  
 Long hath the fresh wind sought thee,  
 Nor one sweet whisper brought thee —  
 Alas, my brother!

“Thou, that for joy wert born,  
 Free ■ the wings of morn!  
 Will aught thy young life cherish,  
 Where the Alpine rose would perish! —  
 Alas, my brother!

“Canst thou be singing still,  
 As once, on every hill?  
 Is not thy soul forsaken,  
 And the bright gift from thee taken? —  
 Alas, alas, my brother!”

And was the bright gift from the captive fled?  
 Like the fire on his hearth, was his spirit dead?  
 Not so! — but as rooted in stillness deep  
 The pure stream lily its place will keep  
 Though its tearful urns to the blast may quiver,  
 While the red waves rush down the foaming  
 river;

So freedom's faith in his bosom lay,  
 Trembling, yet not to be borne away!  
 He thought of the Alps and the breezy air,  
 And felt that his country no chains might bear,  
 He thought of the hunter's haughty life,  
 And knew there must yet be noble strife.  
 But O, when he thought of that orphan maid,  
 His high heart melted — he wept and prayed!  
 For he saw her not as she moved e'en then,  
 A waker of heroes in every glen.  
 With a glance inspired when no grief could  
 tame,

Bearing on hope like a torch's flame;  
 While the strengthening voice of mighty wrongs  
 Gave echoes back to her thrilling songs.

But his dreams were filled by a haunting tone,  
 Sad as ■ sleeping infant's moan ;  
 And his soul was pierced by a mournful eye,  
 Which looked on it — O, how beseechingly !  
 And there floated past him ■ fragile form,  
 With a willowy droop, as beneath the storm ;  
 Till wakening in anguish, his faint heart strove  
 In vain with its burden of helpless love !  
 Thus woke the dreamer one weary night —  
 There flashed through his dungeon a swift strong  
 light ;

He sprang up — he climbed to the grating bars.  
 — It was not the rising of moon or stars,  
 But ■ signal flame from a peak of snow,  
 Rocked through the dark skies to and fro !  
 There shot forth another — another still —  
 A hundred answers of hill to hill !  
 Tossing like pines in the tempest's way,  
 Joyously, wildly, the bright spires play,  
 And each is hailed with a pealing shout,  
 For the high Alps waving their banners out !  
 Erni ! young Erni ! the land hath risen ! —  
 Alas ! to be lone in thy narrow prison !  
 Those free streamers glancing, and thou not  
 there !

— Is the moment of rapture, or fierce despair ?  
 — Hark ! there's ■ tumult that shakes his  
 cell,

At the gates of the mountain citadel !  
 Hark ! ■ clear voice through the rude sounds  
 ringing !

Doth he know the strain, and the wild, sweet  
 singing ?

“ There may not long be fetters,  
 Where the cloud is earth's array,  
 And the bright floods leap from cave and steep,  
 Like a hunter on the prey !

“ There may not long be fetters,  
 Where the white Alps have their towers ;  
 Unto eagle homes, if the arrow comes,  
 'The chain is not for ours !' ”

It is she ! She is come like a dayspring  
 beam,

She that so mournfully shadowed his dream !  
 With her shining eyes and her buoyant  
 form,

She is come ! her tears on his cheek are warm ;  
 And O, the thrill in that weeping voice !  
 ‘ My brother ! my brother ! come forth, rejoice ! ’

Poet ! the land of thy love is free —  
 Sister ! thy brother is won by thee !

## TO THE MOUNTAIN WINDS.

— “ How divine

The liberty, for frail, for mortal man,  
 To roam at large among unpeopled glens,  
 And mountainous retirements, only trod  
 By devious footsteps — regions consecrate  
 To oldest time ! And reckless of the storm  
 That keeps the raven quiet in his nest,  
 Be ■ a presence or ■ motion — one  
 Among the many there.” WORDSWORTH.

MOUNTAIN winds ! O, whither do ye call me ?

Vainly, vainly would my steps pursue !  
 Chains of care to lower earth inthrall me,  
 Wherefore thus my weary spirit woo ?

O, the strife of this divided being !  
 Is there peace where ye are born on high ?  
 Could we soar to your proud eyries fleeing,  
 In our hearts would haunting memories die ?

Those wild places are not as a dwelling  
 Whence the footsteps of the loved are gone !  
 Never from those rocky halls came swelling  
 Voice of kindness in familiar tone !

Surely music of oblivion sweepeth  
 In the pathway of your wanderings free ;  
 And the torrent, wildly as it leapeth,  
 Sings of no lost home amidst its glee.

There the rushing of the falcon's pinion  
 Is not from some hidden pang to fly ;  
 All things breathe of power and stern dominion—  
 Not of hearts that in vain yearnings die.

Mountain winds ! O, is it, is it only  
 Where man's trace hath been that so we pine ?  
 Bear me up, to grow in thought less lonely,  
 Even at nature's deepest, loneliest shrine !

Wild, and mighty, and mysterious singers !  
 At whose tone my heart within me burns ;  
 Bear me where the last red sunbeam lingers,  
 Where the waters have their secret urns !

There to commune with a loftier spirit  
 Than the troubling shadows of regret ;  
 There the wings of freedom to inherit,  
 Where the enduring and the winged are met

Hush, proud voices ! gentle be your falling !  
 Woman's lot thus chainless may not be ;  
 Hush ! the heart your trumpet sounds ■ ■ ■  
 calling  
 Darkly still may grow — but never free !



## THE PROCESSION.

The peace which passeth all understanding ' disclosed itself  
 ■ her looks and movements. It lay on her countenance like a  
 steady, unshadowed moonlight." — COLERIDGE.

THERE were trampling sounds of many feet,  
 And music rushed through the crowded street —  
 Proud music, such as tells the sky  
 Of a chief returned from victory.

There were banners to the winds unrolled,  
 With haughty words on each blazoned fold ;  
 High battle names, which had rung of yore  
 When lances clashed on the Syrian shore.

Borne from their dwellings, green and lone,  
 There were flowers of the woods on the path-  
 way strewn ;  
 And wheels that crushed as they swept along ;  
 O, what doth the violet amidst the throng ?

I saw where a bright procession passed  
 The gates of a minster old and vast ;  
 And a king to his crowning place was led,  
 Through a sculptured line of the warrior dead.

I saw, far gleaming, the long array  
 Of trophies, on those high tombs that lay,  
 And the colored light, that wrapped them all,  
 Rich, deep, and sad, as a royal pall.

But ■ lowlier grave soon won mine eye  
 Away from th' ancestral pageantry —  
 A grave by the lordly minster's gate,  
 Unhonored, and yet not desolate.

It was a dewy greensward bed,  
 Meet for the rest of a peasant head ;  
 But Love — O, lovelier than all beside ! —  
 That lone place guarded and glorified.

For a gentle form stood watching there,  
 Young — but how sorrowfully fair !  
 Keeping the flowers of the holy spot,  
 That reckless feet might profane them not.

Clear, pale and clear, was the tender cheek,  
 And her eye, though tearful, serenely meek ;  
 And I deemed, by its lifted gaze of love,  
 That her sad heart's treasure was all above.

For alone she seemed 'midst the throng to be,  
 Like ■ bird of the waves far away at sea ;  
 Alone, in a mourner's vest arrayed,  
 And with folded hands, e'en as if she prayed.

It faded before me, that mask of pride ;  
 The haughty swell of the music died ;  
 Banner, and armor, and tossing plume  
 All melted away in the twilight's gloom.

But that orphan form, with its willowy grace,  
 And the speaking prayer in that pale, calm face,  
 Still, still o'er my thoughts in the night hour  
 glide —  
 — O, Love is lovelier than all beside !

## THE BROKEN LUTE.

" When the lamp is shattered,  
 The light in the dust lies dead ;  
 When the cloud is scattered,  
 The rainbow's glory is shed ;  
 When the lute is broken,  
 Sweet sounds ■ remembered not ;  
 When the words are spoken,  
 Loved accents are soon forgot.

As music and splendor  
 Survive not the lamp and lute,  
 The heart's echoes render  
 No song when the spirit is mute." SHELLEY.

SHE dwelt in proud Venetian halls,  
 'Midst forms that breathed from the pictured  
 walls ;

But a glow of beauty like her own,  
 There had no dream of the painter thrown.  
 Lit from within was her noble brow,  
 As an urn, whence rays from ■ lamp may flow ;  
 Her young, clear cheek had a changeful hue,  
 As if ye might see how the soul wrought through,  
 And every flash of her fervent eye  
 Seemed the bright wakening of poesy.

Even thus it was ! From her childhood's years  
 A being of sudden smiles and tears —  
 Passionate visions, quick light and shade —  
 Such was that high-born Italian maid !  
 And the spirit of song in her bosom cell  
 Dwelt, as the odors in violets dwell,  
 Or as the sounds in Æolian strings,  
 Or in aspen leaves the quiverings ;  
 There, ever there, with the life enshrined,  
 Waiting the call of the faintest wind.

Oft, on the wave of the Adrian sea,  
 In the city's hour of moonlight glee —  
 Oft would that gift of the southern sky  
 O'erflow from her lips in melody ;  
 Oft amid festal halls it came,  
 Like the springing forth of a sudden flame —  
 Till the dance was hushed, and the silvery tone  
 Of her inspiration was heard alone.

And fame went with her, the bright, the crowned,  
And music floated her steps around;  
And every lay of her soul was borne  
Through the sunny land, as on wings of morn.

And was the daughter of Venice blest,  
With a power so deep in her youthful breast?  
Could she be happy, o'er whose dark eye  
So many changes and dreams went by,  
And in whose cheek the swift crimson wrought  
As if but born from the rush of thought?  
Yes! in the brightness of joy a while  
She moved as a bark in the sunbeam's smile;  
For her spirit, as over her lyre's full chord,  
All, all on a happy love was poured!  
How loves a heart whence the stream of song  
Flows, like the lifeblood, quick, bright, and  
strong?

How loves a heart, which hath never proved  
One breath of the world? Even so she loved;  
Blessed, though the lord of her soul, afar,  
Was charging the foremost in Moslem war,  
Bearing the flag of St. Mark's on high,  
As a ruling star in the Grecian sky.  
Proud music breathed in her song, when fame  
Gave a tone more thrilling to his name;  
And her trust in his love was a woman's faith—  
Perfect, and fearing no change but death.

But the fields are won from the Othman  
host,  
In the land that quelled the Persian's boast,  
And a thousand hearts in Venice burn  
For the day of triumph and return!  
The day is come! the flashing deep  
Foams where the galleys of victory sweep;  
And the sceptred city of the wave  
With her festal splendor greets the brave;  
Cymbal, and clarion, and voice, around,  
Make the air one stream of exulting sound;  
While the beautiful, with their sunny smiles,  
Look from each hall of the hundred isles.

But happiest and brightest that day of all,  
Robed for her warrior's festival,  
Moving a queen 'midst the radiant throng,  
Was she, th' inspired one, the maid of song!  
The lute he loved on her arm she bore,  
As she rushed in her joy to the crowded shore;  
With a hue on her cheek like the damask glow  
By the sunset given unto mountain snow,  
And her eye all filled with the spirit's play,  
Like the flash of a gem to the changeful day,  
And her long hair waving in ringlets bright—  
So came the being of hope and light!

One moment, Erminia! one moment more,  
And life, all the beauty of life, is o'er!  
The bark of her lover hath touched the strand—  
Whom leads he forth with a gentle hand?  
—A young fair form, whose nymph-like grace  
Accorded well with the Grecian face,  
And the eye, in its clear, soft darkness meek,  
And the lashes that drooped o'er a pale rose  
cheek;  
And he looked on that beauty with tender  
pride—  
The warrior hath brought back an Eastern bride!

But how stood she, the forsaken, there,  
Struck by the lightning of swift despair?  
Still, as amazed with grief, she stood,  
And her cheek to her heart sent back the blood,  
And there came from her quivering lip no word,  
Only the fall of her lute was heard,  
As it dropped from her hand at her rival's feet,  
Into fragments, whose dying thrill was sweet!

What more remaineth? Her day was done;  
Her fate and the Broken Lute's were one!  
The light, the vision, the gift of power,  
Passed from her soul in that mortal hour,  
Like the rich sound from the shattered string  
Whence the gush of sweetness no more might  
spring!

As an eagle struck in his upward flight,  
So was her hope from its radiant height;  
And her song went with it forevermore,  
A gladness taken from sea and shore!  
She had moved to the echoing sound of fame—  
Silently, silently, died her name!  
Silently melted her life away,  
As ye have seen a young flower decay,  
Or a lamp that hath swiftly burned expire,  
Or a bright stream shrink from the summer's fire,  
Leaving its channel all dry and mute—  
Woe for the Broken Heart and Lute!

#### THE BURIAL IN THE DESERT.

"How weeps yon gallant band  
O'er him their valor could not save!  
For the bayonet is red with gore,  
And he, the beautiful and brave,  
Now sleeps in Egypt's sand." WILSON.

In the shadow of the pyramid  
Our brother's grave we made,  
When the battle day was done,  
And the desert's parting sun  
A field of death surveyed.

The blood-red sky above us  
Was darkening into night,  
And the Arab watching silently  
Our sad and hurried rite ;

The voice of Egypt's river  
Came hollow and profound ;  
And one lone palm tree, where we stood,  
Rocked with a shivery sound ;

While the shadow of the pyramid  
Hung o'er the grave we made,  
When the battle day was done,  
And the desert's parting sun  
A field of death surveyed.

The fathers of our brother  
Were borne to knightly tombs,  
With torchlight and with anthem note,  
And many waving plumes ;

But he, the last and noblest  
Of that high Norman race,  
With ■ few brief words of soldier love  
Was gathered to his place ;

In the shadow of the pyramid,  
Where his youthful form we laid,  
When the battle day was done,  
And the desert's parting sun  
A field of death surveyed.

But let him, let him slumber  
By the old Egyptian wave !  
It is well with those who bear their fame  
Unsullied to the grave !

When brightest names are breathed on,  
When loftiest fall so fast,  
We would not call our brother back  
On dark days to be cast, —

From the shadow of the pyramid,  
Where his noble heart we laid,  
When the battle day was done,  
And the desert's parting sun  
A field of death surveyed.

## TO A PICTURE OF THE MADONNA.

" Ave Maria! May our spirits dare  
Look up to thine, and to thy Son's above? " — BYRON.

FAIR vision! thou'rt from sunny skies,  
Born where the rose hath richest dyes ;

To thee a southern heart hath given  
That glow of love, that calm of heaven,  
And round thee cast th' ideal gleam,  
The light that is but of a dream.

Far hence, where wandering music fills  
The haunted air of Roman hills,  
Or where Venetian waves of yore  
Heard melodies they hear no more,  
Some proud old minster's gorgeous aisle  
Hath known the sweetness of thy smile.

Or haply, from a lone, dim shrine,  
'Mid forests of the Apennine,  
Whose breezy sounds of cave and dell  
Pass like ■ floating anthem swell,  
Thy soft eyes o'er the pilgrim's way  
Shed blessings with their gentle ray.

Or gleaming through ■ chestnut wood,  
Perchance thine island chapel stood,  
Where from the blue Sicilian sea  
The sailor's hymn hath risen to thee,  
And blessed thy power to guide, ■  
save,  
Madonna! watcher of the wave!

O, might ■ voice, a whisper low,  
Forth from those lips of beauty flow!  
Couldst thou but speak of all the tears,  
The conflicts, and the pangs of years,  
Which, at thy secret shrine revealed,  
Have gushed from human hearts unsealed.

Surely to thee hath woman come,  
As a tired wanderer back to home!  
Unveiling many a timid guest  
And treasured sorrow of her breast,  
A buried love — a wasting care!  
O, did those griefs win peace from prayer?

And did the poet's fervid soul  
To thee lay bare its inmost scroll?  
Those thoughts, which poured their quench  
less fire  
And passion o'er th' Italian lyre,  
Did they to still submission die  
Beneath thy calm, religious eye?

And hath the crested helmet bowed  
Before thee, 'midst the incense cloud?  
Hath the crowned leader's bosom lone  
To thee its haughty griefs made known?  
Did thy glance break their frozen sleep,  
And win th' unconquered one to weep?



Hushed is the anthem, closed the vow,  
The votive garland withered now;  
Yet holy still to me thou art,  
Thou that hath soothed so many a heart!  
And still must blessed influence flow  
From the meek glory of thy brow.

Still speak to suffering woman's love;  
Of rest for gentle hearts above;  
Of hope, that hath its treasure there;  
Of home, that knows no changeful air.  
Bright form! lit up with thoughts divine,  
Ave! such power be ever thine!

### A THOUGHT OF THE ROSE.

How much of memory dwells amidst thy bloom,  
Rose! ever wearing beauty for thy dower!  
The bridal day—the festival—the tomb—  
Thou hast thy part in each, thou stateliest  
flower!

Therefore with thy soft breath come floating by  
A thousand images of love and grief,  
Dreams, filled with tokens of mortality,  
Deep thoughts of all things beautiful and  
brief.

Not such thy spells o'er those that hailed thee  
first,

In the clear light of Eden's golden day!  
There thy rich leaves to crimson glory burst,  
Linked with no dim remembrance of decay.

Rose! for the banquet gathered, and the bier;  
Rose! colored now by human hope and pain;  
Surely where death is not—nor change, nor  
fear,  
Yet may we meet thee, joy's own flower, again!

### DREAMS OF HEAVEN.

"We color heaven with our own human thoughts,  
Our vain aspirings, fond remembrances,  
Our passionate love, that seems unto itself  
An immortality."

DREAM'ST thou of heaven? What dreams are  
thine,  
Fair child, fair gladsome child?

With eyes that like the dewdrop shine,  
And bounding footsteps wild!

Tell me what hues th' immortal shore  
Can wear, my bird! to thee,  
Ere yet one shadow hath passed o'er  
Thy glance and spirit free?

"O, beautiful is heaven, and bright  
With long, long summer days;  
I see its lilies gleam in light  
Where many a fountain plays.

"And there unchecked, methinks, I rove,  
And seek where young flowers lie.  
In vale and golden-fruited grove  
Flowers that are not to die!"

Thou poet of the lonely thought,  
Sad heir of gifts divine!  
Say with what solemn glory fraught  
Is heaven in dreams of thine?

"O, where the living waters flow  
Along that radiant shore,  
My soul, a wanderer here, shall know  
The exile thirst no more.

"The burden of the stranger's heart  
Which here alone I bear,  
Like the night shadow shall depart  
With my first wakening there.

"And borne on eagle wings afar,  
Free thought shall claim its dower  
From every realm, from every star,  
Of glory and of power."

O woman! with the soft, sad eye  
Of spiritual gleam,  
Tell me of those bright worlds on high,  
How doth thy fond heart dream?

By the sweet mournful voice I know,  
On thy pale brow I see,  
That thou hast loved, in fear, and — —  
Say, what is heaven to thee?

"O, heaven is where no secret dread  
May haunt love's meeting hour,  
Where from the past no gloom is shed  
O'er the heart's chosen bower;

"Where every severed wreath is bound—  
Where none have heard the knell

That smites the heart with that deep  
sound —

*Farewell, beloved! — farewell!"*

### THE WISH.

COME to me, when my soul  
Hath but a few dim hours to linger here;  
When earthly chains are as a shrivelled scroll,  
O, let me feel thy presence! be but near!

That I may look once more  
Into thine eyes, which never changed for me;  
That I may speak to thee of that bright  
shore  
Where, with our treasure, we have longed  
to be.

Thou friend of many days!  
Of sadness and of joy, of home and hearth! II  
Will not thy spirit aid me then to raise  
The trembling pinions of my hope from earth?

By every solemn thought  
Which on our hearts hath sunk in days gone by,  
From the deep voices of the mountains caught,  
O'er all th' adoring silence of the sky;

By every lofty theme  
Whereon, in low-toned reverence, we have  
spoken;  
By our communion in each fervent dream  
That sought from realms beyond the grave ■  
token;

And by our tears for those  
Whose loss hath touched our world with hues  
of death;  
And by the hopes that with their dust re-  
pose,  
As flowers await the south wind's vernal breath;

Come to me in that day —  
The one — the severed from all days — O friend!  
Ever then, if human thought may then have  
sway,  
My soul with thine shall yet rejoice to blend.

Nor then, nor *there* alone:  
■ ask my heart if all indeed must die —  
All that of holiest feelings it hath known?  
And my heart's voice replies — Eternity!

### WRITTEN AFTER VISITING A TOMB,

NEAR WOODSTOCK, IN THE COUNTY OF KILKENNY. I

"Yes! hide beneath the mouldering heap,  
The undelighted, slighted thing;  
There in the cold earth, buried deep,  
In silence let it wait the spring."

MRS. TIGHE'S "Poem on the Lily."

I stood where the lip of song lay low,  
Where the dust had gathered on Beauty's brow  
Where stillness hung on the heart of Love,  
And a marble weeper kept watch above.

I stood in the silence of lonely thought,  
Of deep affections that inly wrought,  
Troubled, and dreamy, and dim with fear —  
They knew themselves exiled spirits here!

Then didst *thou* pass me in radiance by,  
Child of the sunbeam, bright butterfly!  
Thou that dost bear, on thy fairy wings,  
No burden of mortal sufferings.

Thou wert flitting past that solemn tomb,  
Over a bright world of joy and bloom;  
And strangely I felt, as I saw thee shine,  
The all that severed *thy* life and *mine*.

*Mine*, with its inborn mysterious things,  
Of love and grief its unfathomed springs;  
And quick thoughts wandering o'er earth and  
sky,  
With voices to question eternity!

*Thine*, in its reckless and joyous way,  
Like an embodied breeze at play!  
Child of the sunlight! thou winged and free!  
One moment, *one* moment, I envied thee!

Thou art not lonely, though born to roam,  
Thou hast no longings that pine for home;  
Thou seek'st not the haunts of the bee and bird,  
To fly from the sickness of hope deferred.

In thy brief being no strife of mind,  
No boundless passion, is deeply slirined,  
While I, as I gazed on thy swift flight by,  
One hour of my soul seemed infinity!

And she, that voiceless below me slept,  
Flowed not her song from ■ heart that wept?

1 See the "Grave of a Poetess," p. 478, on the same sub-  
ject, and writer several years previously to visiting the  
scene

— O Love and Song! though of heaven your  
powers,  
Dark is your fate in this world of ours.

Yet, ere I turned from that silent place,  
Or ceased from watching thy sunny race,  
Thou, even thou, on those glancing wings,  
Didst waft me visions of brighter things!

Thou that dost image the freed soul's birth, 88  
And its flight away o'er the mists of earth,  
O, fitly thy path is through flowers that rise  
Round the dark chamber where Genius lies!

### EPITAPH.

FAREWELL, beloved and mourned! We miss a  
while

Thy tender gentleness of voice and smile,  
And that blessed gift of Heaven, to cheer us lent,  
That thrilling touch, divinely eloquent,  
Which breathed the soul of prayer, deep, fervent,  
high,

Through thy rich strains of sacred harmony.  
Yet from those very memories there is born  
A soft light, pointing to celestial morn:  
O, bid it guide us where *thy* footsteps trode,  
To meet at last "the pure in heart" with God!

### PROLOGUE TO THE TRAGEDY OF FIESCO,

AS TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER,  
BY COLONEL D'AGUILAR, AND PERFORMED AT THE THEATRE  
ROYAL, DUBLIN, DECEMBER, 1832.

Too long apart, ■ bright but severed band,  
The mighty minstrels of the Rhine's fair land  
Majestic strains, but not for us, had sung —  
Moulding to melody ■ stranger tongue.  
Brave hearts leaped proudly to their words of  
power,  
As a true sword bounds forth in battle's hour;  
Fair eyes rained homage o'er th' impassioned  
lays,  
In loving tears, more eloquent than praise;  
While we, far distant, knew not, dreamed not,  
aught  
Of the high marvels by that magic wrought.

But let the barriers of the sea give way,  
When mind sweeps onward with a conqueror's  
sway!

And let the Rhine divide high souls no more  
From mingling on its old heroic shore,  
Which, e'en like ours, brave deeds through many  
an age

Have made the poet's own free heritage!  
To us, though faintly, may a wandering tone  
Of the far minstrelsy at last be known;  
Sounds which the thrilling pulse, the burning  
tear,

Have sprung to greet, must not be strangers here  
And if by one, more used on march and heath  
To the shrill bugle than the muse's breath,  
With a warm heart the offering hath been  
brought,

And in a trusting loyalty of thought,  
So let it be received! — a soldier's hand  
Bears to the breast of no ungenerous land  
A seed of foreign shores. O'er this fair clime,  
Since Tara heard the harp of ancient time,  
Hath song held empire; then, if not with *fame*,  
Let the Green Isle with kindness bless his *aim*,  
The joy, the power, of kindred song to spread,  
Where once that harp "the soul of music shed!"

### TO GIULIO REGONDI,

#### THE BOY GUITARIST.

BLESSING and love be round thee still, fair boy!  
Never may suffering wake ■ deeper tone  
Than genius now, in its first fearless joy,  
Calls forth exulting from the chords which  
own  
Thy fairy touch! O, mayst thou ne'er be  
taught  
The power whose fountain is in troubled thought!

For in the light of those confiding eyes,  
And on th' ingenuous calm of that clear brow,  
A dower, more precious e'en than genius, lies,  
A pure mind's worth, a warm heart's verna-  
glow!  
God, who hath graced thee thus, O gentle child  
Keep 'midst the world thy brightness undefiled

### O YE HOURS!

O ye hours! ye sunny hours!  
Floating lightly by,  
Are ye come with birds and flowers,  
Odors and blue sky?



"Yes! we come, again we come,  
Through the wood paths free,  
Bringing many a wanderer home,  
With the bird and bee."

O ye hours! ye sunny hours!  
Are ye wafting song?  
Doth wild music stream in showers  
All the groves among?

"Yes! the nightingale is there  
While the starlight reigns,  
Making young leaves and sweet air  
Tremble with her strains."

O ye hours! ye sunny hours!  
In your silent flow  
Ye are mighty, mighty powers!  
Bring ye bliss or woe?

"Ask not this — O, seek not this!  
Yield your hearts a while  
To the soft wind's balmy kiss,  
And the heaven's bright smile."

"Throw not shades of anxious thought:  
O'er the glowing flowers!  
We are come with sunshine fraught,  
Question not the hours!"

### THE FREED BIRD.

RETURN, return, my bird!  
I have dressed thy cage with flowers;  
'Tis lovely ■ a violet bank  
In the heart of forest bowers.

"I am free, I am free — I return no more!  
The weary time of the cage is o'er;  
Through the rolling clouds I can soar on high,  
The sky is around me — the blue, bright  
sky!  
The hills lie beneath me, spread far and clear,  
With their glowing heath flowers and bounding  
deer;  
see the waves flash on the sunny shore —  
■ free, I am free — I return no more!"

Alas, alas! my bird!  
Why seek'st thou to be free?  
Wert thou not blessed in thy little bower,  
When thy song breathed nought but glee?

"Did my song of the summer breathe nought  
but glee?

Did the voice of the captive seem sweet to thee  
— O, hadst thou known its deep meaning well,  
It had tales of a burning heart to tell!  
From a dream of the forest that music sprang,  
Through its notes the peal of ■ torrent rang;  
And its dying fall, when it soothed thee best,  
Sighed for wild flowers and a leafy nest."

Was it with thee thus, my bird?  
Yet thine eye flashed clear and bright,  
I have seen the glance of sudden joy  
In its quick and dewy light.

"It flashed with the fire of ■ tameless race,  
With the soul of the wildwood, my native place!  
With the spirit that panted through heaven to  
soar:

Woo me not back — I return no more!  
My home is high, amidst rocking trees,  
My kindred things are the star and the breeze,  
And the fount unchecked in its lonely play,  
And the odors that wander afar away!"

Farewell — farewell, then, bird!  
I have called on spirits gone,  
And it may be they joyed, like thee, to part —  
Like thee, that wert all my own!

"If they were captives, and pined like me,  
Though love may guard them, they joyed to be  
free;  
They sprang from the earth with ■ burst of  
power,  
To the strength of their wings, to their tri-  
umph's hour!  
Call them not back when the chain is riven,  
When the way of the pinion is all through  
heaven!  
Farewell! — with my song through the clouds  
I soar,  
I pierce the blue skies — I am earth's no more!"

### MARGUERITE OF FRANCE.<sup>1</sup>

"Thou falcon-hearted dove!" — COLERIDGE

The Moslem spears were gleaming  
Round Damietta's towers,

<sup>1</sup> Queen of St. Louis. Whilst besieged by the Turks ■  
Damietta, during the captivity of the king her husband, ■  
there gave birth to a son, whom she named Tristan, ■

Though ■ Christian banner from her wall  
 Waved free its lily flowers.  
 Ay, proudly did the banner wave,  
 As queen of earth and air ;  
 But faint hearts throbbed beneath its folds  
 In anguish and despair.

Deep, deep in Paynim dungeon  
 Their kingly chieftain lay,  
 And low on many an Eastern field  
 Their knighthood's best array.  
 'Twas mournful, when at feasts they met,  
 The wine cup round to send ;  
 For each that touched it silently  
 Then missed ■ gallant friend !

And mournful was their vigil  
 On the beleagured wall,  
 And dark their slumber, dark with dreams  
 Of slow defeat and fall.  
 Yet a few hearts of chivalry  
 Rose high to breast the storm,  
 And one — of all the loftiest there —  
 Thrilled in ■ woman's form.

A woman, meekly bending  
 O'er the slumber of her child,  
 With her soft, sad eyes of weeping love,  
 As the Virgin Mother's mild.  
 O, roughly cradled was thy babe,  
 'Midst the clash of spear and lance,  
 And a strange, wild bower was thine, young  
 queen !  
 Fair Marguerite of France !

A dark and vaulted chamber,  
 Like a scene for wizard spell,  
 Deep in the Saracenic gloom  
 Of the warrior citadel ;  
 And there 'midst arms the couch was spread,  
 And with banners curtained o'er,  
 For the daughter of the minstrel land,  
 The gay Provençal shore !

For the bright queen of St. Louis,  
 The star of court and hall !  
 But the deep strength of the gentle heart  
 Wakes to the tempest's call !  
 Her lord was in the Paynim's hold,  
 His soul with grief oppressed,

Yet calmly lay the desolate,  
 With her young babe on her breast !

There were voices in the city,  
 Voices of wrath and fear —  
 "The walls grow weak, the strife is vain —  
 We will not perish here !  
 Yield ! yield ! and let the Crescent gleam  
 O'er tower and bastion high !  
 Our distant homes are beautiful —  
 We stay not here to die !"

They bore those fearful tidings  
 To the sad queen where she lay —  
 They told ■ tale of wavering hearts,  
 Of treason and dismay :  
 The blood rushed through her pearly cheek,  
 The sparkle to her eye —  
 "Now call me hither those recreant knights  
 From the bands of Italy !"

Then through the vaulted chambers  
 Stern iron footsteps rang ;  
 And heavily the sounding floor  
 Gave back the sabre's clang.  
 They stood around her — steel-clad men,  
 Moulded for storm and fight,  
 But they quailed before the loftier soul  
 In that pale aspect bright.

Yes ! as before the falcon shrinks  
 The bird of meaner wing,  
 So shrank they from th' imperial glare  
 Of her — that fragile thing !  
 And her flute-like voice rose clear and high  
 Through the din of arms around —  
 Sweet, and yet stirring to the soul,  
 As a silver clarion's sound.

"The honor of the Lily  
 Is in your hands to keep,  
 And the banner of the Cross, for Him  
 Who died on Calvary's steep !  
 And the city which for Christian prayer  
 Hath heard the holy bell —  
 And is it *these* your hearts would yield  
 To the godless infidel ?

"Then bring me here a breastplate  
 And a helm, before ye fly,

memoration of her misfortunes. Information being conveyed to her, that the knights intrusted with the defence of the city had resolved on capitulation, she had them summoned to her apartment; and, by her heroic words, so

wrought upon their spirits, that they vowed to defend the city and the Cross to the last extremity

<sup>1</sup> The proposal to capitulate is attributed by the French historian to the knights of Pisa.

And I will gird my woman's form,  
And on the ramparts die !  
And the boy whom I have borne for woe,  
But never for disgrace,  
Shall go within mine arms to death  
Meet for his royal race.

Look on him ■ he slumbers  
In thy shadow of the lance !  
Then go, and with the Cross forsake  
The princely babe of France !  
But tell your homes ye left *one* heart  
To perish undefiled ;  
A woman, and a queen, to guard  
Her honor and her child ! ”

Before her words they thrilled, like leaves  
When winds are in the wood ;  
And a deepening murmur told of men  
Roused to ■ loftier mood.  
And her babe awoke to flashing swords,  
Unsheathed in many a hand,  
As they gathered round the helpless one,  
Again a noble band !

“ We are thy warriors, lady !  
True to the Cross and thee ;  
The spirit of thy kindling words  
On every sword shall be !  
Rest, with thy fair child on thy breast !  
Rest — ■ will guard thee well !  
St. Denis for the Lily flower  
And the Christian citadel ! ”

### THE WANDERER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHMIDT VON LÜBECK.

I COME down from the hills alone ;  
Mist wraps the vale, the billows moan !  
I wander on in thoughtful care,  
Forever asking, sighing — *where ?*

The sunshine round seems dim and cold,  
And flowers are pale, and life is old,  
And words fall soulless on my ear —  
O, I am still a stranger here !

Where art thou, land, sweet land, mine  
own !  
Still sought for, longed for, never known ?  
The land, the land of hope, of light,  
Where glow my roses freshly bright,

And where my friends the green paths tread,  
And where in beauty rise my dead ;  
The land that speaks my native speech,  
The blessed land I may not reach !

I wander on in thoughtful care,  
Forever asking, sighing — *where ?*  
And spirit sounds come answering this —  
“ *There, where thou art not, there is bliss !* ”

### THE LAST WORDS OF THE LAST WASP OF SCOTLAND,

— A *jeu-d'esprit* produced at this time, which owed its origin to ■ simple remark on the unseasonableness of the weather, made by Mrs. Hemans to Mr. Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, whom she was in the habit of seeing at Sir David Wedderburn's. “ It is so little like summer,” she said, “ that I have not even seen a butterfly.” “ A butterfly ! ” retorted Mr. Sharpe, “ I have not even seen a wasp ! ” The next morning, as if in confutation of this calumny, ■ wasp made its appearance at Lady Wedderburn's breakfast table. Mrs. Hemans immediately proposed that it should be made a prisoner, enclosed in ■ bottle, and sent to Mr. Sharpe : this was accordingly done, and the piquant missive was acknowledged by him as follows : —

“ SONNET TO A WASP, IN THE MANNER OF  
MILTON, &c., BUT MUCH SUPERIOR.

“ Poor insect ! rash as rare ! Thy sovereign,  
sure,  
Hath driven thee to Siberia in disgrace —  
Else what delusion could thy sense allure  
To buzz and sting in this unwholesome place,  
Where e'en the hornet's hoarser, and the race  
Of filmy wing are feeble ? Honey here  
(Scarce as its rhyme) thou find'st not. Ah,  
beware

Thy golden mail, to starved Arachne dear !<sup>2</sup>  
Though fingers famed, that thrill the immortal  
lyre,  
Have pent thee up, a second Asmodeus,  
I wail thy doom — I warm thee by the fire,  
And blab our secrets — do not thou betray us !  
I give thee liberty, I give thee breath,  
To fly from Athens, Eurus, Doctors, Death.

To this Mrs. Hemans returned the following rejoinder :

Soothed by the strain, the Wasp thus made  
reply —  
(The first, last time he spoke not waspishly)

<sup>1</sup> Beelzebub is the king of flies.

<sup>2</sup> A beautiful allusion to our starving weavers.



"Too late, kind poet ! comes thine aid, thy song,  
 To aught first starved, then bottled up so long.  
 Yet for the warmth of this thy genial fire,  
 Take ■ Wasp's blessing ere his race expire : —  
 Never may provost's foot find entrance here !  
 Never may baillie's voice invade thine ear !  
 Never may housemaid wipe the verd antique  
 From coin of thine — Assyrian, Celt, or Greek !  
 Never may Eurus cross thy path ! — to thee  
 May winds and wynds' alike propitious be !  
 And when thou diest (live a thousand years !)  
 May friends fill classic bottles ■ with their tears !  
 I can no more — receive my parting gasp ! —  
 Bid Scotland mourn the last, last lingering  
 Wasp !"

### TO CAROLINE.

WHEN thy bounding step I hear,  
 And thy soft voice, low and clear ;  
 When thy glancing eyes I meet,  
 In their sudden laughter sweet —  
 Thou, I dream, wert surely born  
 For a path by care unworn !  
 Thou must be a sheltered flower,  
 With but sunshine for thy dower.

Ah, fair child ! not e'en for thee  
 May this lot of brightness be ;  
 Yet, if grief must add a tone  
 To thine accents now unknown ;  
 If within that cloudless eye  
 Sadder thought must one day lie,  
 Still I trust the signs which tell  
 On thy life a light shall dwell,  
 Light — thy gentle spirit's own,  
 From *within* around thee thrown.

### THE FLOWER OF THE DESERT.

"Who does not recollect the exultation of Vallant over ■ flower  
 ■ the torrid wastes of Africa? The affecting mention of the in-  
 fluence of a flower upon the mind, by Mungo Park, in ■ time of  
 suffering and despondency, in the heart of the same savage cou-  
 try, is familiar to every one." — HOWITT'S "Book of the Seasons."

WHY art thou thus in thy beauty cast,  
 O lonely, loneliest flower !

■ Alluding to antiquarian visits to these renowned oases.  
 ■ Referring to certain precious lachrymatories in the pos-  
 session of Mr. Sharpe.

Where the sound of song hath never passed  
 From human hearth or bower ?

I pity thee, for thy heart of love,  
 For that glowing heart, that fain  
 Would breathe out joy with each wind  
 rove —  
 In vain, lost thing ! in vain !

I pity thee, for thy wasted bloom,  
 For thy glory's fleeting hour,  
 For the desert place, thy living tomb —  
 O, lonely, loneliest flower !

I said — but a low voice made reply,  
 " Lament not for the flower !  
 Though its blossoms all unmarked must die,  
 They have had a glorious dower.

"Though it bloom afar from the minstrel's  
 way,  
 And the paths where lovers tread ;  
 Yet strength and hope, like an inborn day,  
 By its odors have been shed.

"Yes ! dews more sweet than ever fell  
 O'er island of the blest  
 Were shaken forth, from its purple bell,  
 On a suffering human breast.

"A wanderer came, as a stricken deer,  
 O'er the waste of burning sand,  
 He bore the wound of an Arab spear,  
 He fled from a ruthless band.

"And dreams of home in a troubled tide  
 Swept o'er his darkening eye,  
 As he lay down by the fountain side,  
 In his mute despair to die.

"But his glance was caught by the desert's  
 flower,  
 The precious boon of Heaven ;  
 And sudden hope, like a vernal shower,  
 To his fainting heart was given.

"For the bright flower spoke of One above —  
 Of the presence felt to brood,  
 With ■ spirit of pervading love,  
 O'er the wildest solitude.

"O, the seed was thrown those wastes among  
 In a blessed and gracious hour.  
 For the lorn rose in heart made strong,  
 By the lonely, loneliest flower !"

## HYMNS FOR CHILDHOOD.

## INTRODUCTORY VERSES.

O, BLEST art thou whose steps may rove  
Through the green paths of vale and grove,  
Or, leaving all their charms below,  
Climb the wild mountain's airy brow, —

And gaze afar o'er cultured plains,  
And cities with their stately fanes,  
And forests, that beneath thee lie,  
And ocean mingling with the sky.

For man can show thee nought so fair  
As Nature's varied marvels there ;  
And if thy pure and artless breast  
Can feel their grandeur, thou art blest !

For thee the stream in beauty flows,  
For thee the gale of summer blows ;  
And, in deep glen and wood walk free,  
Voices of joy still breathe for thee.

But happier far, if then thy soul  
Can soar to Him who made the whole,  
If to thine eye the simplest flower  
Portray His bounty and His power !

If, in whate'er is bright or grand,  
Thy mind can trace his viewless hand ;  
If Nature's music bid thee raise  
Thy song of gratitude and praise ;

If heaven and earth, with beauty fraught,  
Lead to His throne the raptured thought ;  
If there thou lov'st His love to read —  
Then, wanderer ! thou art blest indeed.

## THE RAINBOW.

So set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth." — GENESIS ix. 13.

Soft falls the mild, reviving shower  
From April's changeful skies,  
And raindrops bend each trembling flower  
They tinge with richer dyes.

Soon shall their genial influence call  
A thousand buds to-day,

Which, waiting but that balmy fall,  
In hidden beauty lay.

E'en now full many a blossom's bell  
With fragrance fills the shade,  
And verdure clothes each grassy dell,  
In brighter tints arrayed.

But mark ! what arch of varied hue  
From heaven to earth is bowed ?  
Haste, ere it vanish ! — haste to view  
The rainbow in the cloud !

How bright its glory ! there behold  
The emerald's verdant rays,  
The topaz blends its hue of gold  
With the deep ruby's blaze.

Yet not alone to charm thy sight  
Was given the vision fair —  
Gaze on that arch of colored light,  
And read God's mercy there.

It tells us that the mighty deep,  
Fast by the Eternal chained,  
No more o'er earth's domain shall sweep,  
Awful and unrestrained.

It tells that seasons, heat and cold,  
Fixed by his sovereign will,  
Shall, in their course, bid man behold  
Seed time and harvest still ;

That still the flower shall deck the field,  
When vernal zephyrs blow,  
That still the vine its fruit shall yield,  
When autumn sunbeams glow.

Then, child of that fair earth ! which yet  
Smiles with each charm endowed,  
Bless thou His name, whose mercy set  
The rainbow in the cloud !

## THE SUN.

THE sun comes forth : each mountain height  
Glow with a tinge of rosy light,  
And flowers that slumbered through the night

Their dewy leaves unfold ;  
A flood of splendor bursts on high,  
And ocean's breast gives back ■ sky  
All steeped in molten gold.

O, thou art glorious, orb of day !  
Exulting nations hail thy ray,  
Creation swells a choral lay  
To welcome thy return ;  
From thee all nature draws her hues,  
Thy beams the insect's wing suffuse,  
And in the diamond burn.

Yet must thou fade ! When earth and heaven  
By earth and tempest shall be riven,  
Thou, from thy sphere of radiance driven,  
O Sun ! must fall at last ;  
Another heaven, another earth,  
New power, new glory shall have birth,  
When all we see is past.

But He who gave the word of might,  
"Let there be light," — and there *was* light, —  
Who bade thee chase the gloom of night,  
And beam the world to bless ;  
Forever bright, forever pure,  
Alone unchanging shall endure,  
The Sun of Righteousness !

### THE RIVERS.

Go ! trace th' unnumbered streams, o'er earth  
That wind their devious course,  
That draw from Alpine heights their birth,  
Deep vale, or cavern source.

Some by majestic cities glide,  
Proud scenes of man's renown ;  
Some lead their solitary tide  
Where pathless forests frown.

Some calmly roll o'er golden sands,  
Where Afric's deserts lie ;  
Or spread, to clothe rejoicing lands  
With rich fertility.

These bear the bark, whose stately sail  
Exulting seems to swell ;  
While these, scarce rippled by ■ gale,  
Sleep in the lonely dell.

Yet on, alike, though swift or slow  
Their various waves may sweep.

Through cities or through shades, they flow  
To the same boundless deep.

O, thus, whate'er our path of life,  
Through sunshine or through gloom,  
Through scenes of quiet or of strife,  
Its end is still the tomb.

The chief whose mighty deeds we hail,  
The monarch throned on high,  
The peasant in his native vale —  
All journey on to die !

But if *thy* guardian care, my God !  
The pilgrim's course attend,  
I will not fear the dark abode  
To which my footsteps bend.

For thence thine all-redeeming Son,  
Who died the world to save,  
In light, in triumph, rose, and won  
The victory from the grave.

### THE STARS.

"The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament  
eth his handiwork." — PSALM xix. 1.

No cloud obscures the summer sky,  
The moon in brightness walks on high  
And, set in azure, every star  
Shines, a pure gem of heaven, afar !

Child of the earth ! O, lift thy glance  
To yon bright firmament's expanse ;  
The glories of its realm explore,  
And gaze, and wonder, and adore !

Doth it not speak to every sense  
The marvels of Omnipotence  
Seest thou not there the almighty Name  
Inscribed in characters of flame ?

Count o'er these lamps of quenchless light  
That sparkle through the shades of night ;  
Behold them ! can a mortal boast  
To number that celestial host ?

Mark well each little star, whose rays  
In distant splendor meet thy gaze :  
Each is a world, by Him sustained  
Who from eternity hath reigned.



Each, kindled not for earth alone,  
Hath circling planets of its own,  
And beings, whose existence springs  
From Him, the all-powerful King of kings.

Haply, those glorious beings know —  
No stain of guilt, or tear of woe;  
But, raising still th' adoring voice,  
Forever in their God rejoice.

What then art *thou*, O child of clay!  
Amid creation's grandeur, say?  
E'en as an insect on the breeze,  
E'en as a dewdrop, lost in seas!

Yet fear thou not! The sovereign Hand  
Which spread the ocean and the land,  
And hung the rolling spheres in air,  
Hath, e'en for thee, a Father's care!

Be thou at peace! Th' all-seeing Eye,  
Pervading earth, and air, and sky —  
The searching glance which none may flee,  
Is still in mercy turned on thee.

### THE OCEAN.

"They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep." — PSALM cvii. 23, 24.

HE that in venturous barks hath been  
A wanderer on the deep,  
Can tell of many an awful scene,  
Where storms forever sweep.

For many a fair, majestic sight  
Hath met his wandering eye,  
Beneath the streaming northern light,  
Or blaze of Indian sky.

Go! ask him of the whirlpool's roar,  
Whose echoing thunder peals  
Loud, as if rushed along the shore  
An army's chariot wheels;

Of icebergs, floating o'er the main,  
Or fixed upon the coast,  
Like glittering citadel or fane,  
Mid the bright realms of frost;

Of coral rocks from waves below  
In steep ascent that tower,

And, fraught with peril, daily grow  
Formed by an insect's power;

Of sea fires, which at dead of night  
Shine o'er the tides afar,  
And make th' expanse of ocean bright,  
As heaven with many a star.

O God! thy name *they* well may praise  
Who to the deep go down,  
And trace the wonders of thy ways  
Where rocks and billows frown!

If glorious be that awful deep  
No human power can bind,  
What then art *thou*, who bidd'st it keep  
Within its bounds confined!

Let heaven and earth in praise unite!  
Eternal praise to thee,  
Whose word can rouse the tempest's might  
Or still the raging sea!

### THE THUNDER STORM.

DEEP, fiery clouds o'ercast the sky  
Dead stillness reigns in air;  
There is not e'en a breeze, on high  
The gossamer to bear.

The woods are hushed, the waves at rest,  
The lake is dark and still,  
Reflecting on its shadowy breast  
Each form of rock and hill.

The lime leaf waves not in the grove,  
The rose tree in the bower;  
The birds have ceased their songs of love,  
Awed by the threatening hour.

'Tis noon; yet nature's calm profound  
Seems as at midnight deep.  
But hark! what peal of awful sound  
Breaks on creation's sleep?

The thunder burst! its rolling might  
Seems the firm hills to shake;  
And in terrific splendor bright  
The gathered lightnings break.

Yet fear not, shrink not thou, my child!  
Though by the bolt's descent

Were the tall cliffs in ruins piled,  
And the wide forests rent.

Doth not thy God behold thee still,  
With all-surveying eye?  
Doth not his power all nature fill,  
Around, beneath, on high?

Know, hadst thou eagle pinions free,  
To track the realms of air,  
Thou couldst not reach a spot, where he  
Would not be with thee there!

In the wide city's peopled towers,  
On the vast ocean's plains,  
'Midst the deep woodland's loneliest bowers,  
Alike the Almighty reigns!

Then fear not, though the angry sky  
A thousand darts should cast;  
Why should we tremble, e'en to die,  
And be with *Him* at last?

### THE BIRDS.

Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God?"—ST. LUKE xii. 6.

TRIBES of the air! whose favored race  
May wander through the realms of space,  
Free guests of earth and sky;  
In form, in plumage, and in song,  
What gifts of nature mark your throng  
With bright variety!

Nor differ less your forms, your flight,  
Your dwellings hid from hostile sight,  
And the wild haunts ye love;  
Birds of the gentle beak!<sup>1</sup> how dear  
Your wood note to the wanderer's ear,  
In shadowy vale or grove!

Far other scenes, remote, sublime,  
Where swain or hunter may not climb  
The mountain eagle seeks;  
Alone he reigns a monarch there,  
Scarce will the chamois' footstep dare  
Ascend his Alpine peaks.

Others there are that make their home  
Where the white billows roar and foam

Around the o'erhanging rock;  
Fearless they skim the angry wave,  
Or, sheltered in their sea-beat cave,  
The tempest's fury mock.

Where Afric's burning realm expands,  
The ostrich haunts the desert sands,  
Parched by the blaze of day;  
The swan, where northern rivers glide,  
Through the tall reeds that fringe their tide  
Floats graceful on her way.

The condor, where the Andes tower,  
Spreads his broad wing of pride and power  
And many a storm defies;  
Bright in the Orient realms of morn,  
All beauty's richest hues adorn  
The bird of paradise.

Some, amidst India's groves of palm,  
And spicy forests breathing balm,  
Weave soft their pendent nest;  
Some, deep in Western wilds, display  
Their fairy form and plumage gay,  
In rainbow colors dressed.

Others no varied song may pour,  
May boast no eagle plume to soar,  
No tints of light may wear;  
Yet know, our heavenly Father guideth  
The least of these, and well provides  
For each with tenderest care.

Shall he not then *thy* guardian be?  
Will not his aid extend to *thee*?  
O, safely mayst thou rest!—  
Trust in his love; and e'en should pain,  
Should sorrow, tempt thee to complain,  
Know what he wills is best!

### THE SKYLARK.

#### CHILD'S MORNING HYMN.

The skylark, when the dews of morn  
Hang tremulous on flower and thorn,  
And violets round his nest exhale  
Their fragrance on the early gale,  
To the first sunbeam spreads his wings,  
Buoyant with joy, and soars and sings.

He rests not on the leafy spray  
To warble his exulting lay;

<sup>1</sup> The Italians call all singing birds *birds of the gentle*  
*beak*.

But high above the morning cloud  
Mounts in triumphant freedom proud,  
And swells, when nearest to the sky,  
His notes of sweetest ecstasy.

Thus, my Creator ! thus the more  
My spirit's wing to thee can soar,  
The more she triumphs to behold  
Thy love in all thy works unfold,  
And bids her hymns of rapture be  
Most glad, when rising most to thee !

### THE NIGHTINGALE.

#### CHILD'S EVENING HYMN.

WHEN twilight's gray and pensive hour  
Brings the low breeze, and shuts the flower,  
And bids the solitary star  
Shine in pale beauty from afar ;

When gathering shades the landscape veil,  
And peasants seek their village dale,  
And mists from river wave arise,  
And dew in every blossom lies ;

When evening's primrose opes to shed  
Soft fragrance round her grassy bed ;  
When glowworms in the wood walk light  
Their lamp to cheer the traveller's sight ;

At that calm hour, so still, so pale,  
Awakes the lonely nightingale ;  
And from a hermitage of shade  
Fills with her voice the forest glade.

And sweeter far that melting voice  
Than all which through the day rejoice ;  
And still shall bard and wanderer love  
The twilight music of the grove.

Father in heaven ! O, thus when day  
With all its cares hath passed away,  
And silent hours waft peace on earth,  
And hush the louder strains of mirth ;

Thus may sweet songs of praise and prayer  
To thee my spirit's offering bear —  
Yon star, my signal, set on high,  
For vesper hymns of piety.

So may thy mercy and thy power  
Protect me through the midnight hour,

And balmy sleep and visions blest  
Smile on thy servant's bed of rest.

### THE NORTHERN SPRING.

WHEN the soft breath of spring goes forth  
Far o'er the mountains of the North,  
How soon those wastes of dazzling snow  
With life, and bloom, and beauty glow !

Then bursts the verdure of the plains ;  
Then break the streams from icy chains,  
And the glad reindeer seeks no more  
Amidst deep snows his mossy store.

Then the dark pine-wood's boughs are seen  
Fringed tenderly with living green ;  
And roses, in their brightest dyes,  
By Lapland's founts and lakes arise.

Thus, in a moment, from the gloom  
And the cold fetters of the tomb,  
Thus shall the blessed Redeemer's voice  
Call forth his servants to rejoice.

For He, whose word is truth, hath said,  
His power to life shall wake the dead,  
And summon those he loves on high,  
To "put on immortality !"

Then, all its transient sufferings o'er,  
On wings of light the soul shall soar,  
Exulting, to that blest abode  
Where tears of sorrow never flowed.

### PARAPHRASE OF PSALM CXLVIII

"Praise ye the Lord. Praise ye the Lord from the heavens  
praise him in the heights."

PRAISE ye the Lord ! on every height  
Songs to his glory raise !  
Ye angel hosts, ye stars of night,  
Join in immortal praise !

O heaven of heavens ! let praise far swelling  
From all thine orbs be sent !  
Join in the strain, ye waters, dwelling  
Above the firmament !



For his the word which gave you birth,  
 And majesty, and might :  
 Praise to the Highest from the earth,  
 And let the deeps unite !

O fire and vapor, hail and snow !  
 Ye servants of his will ;  
 O stormy winds ! that only blow  
 His mandates to fulfil ;

Mountains and rocks, to heaven that rise !  
 Fair cedars of the wood !

Creatures of life that wing the skies,  
 Or track the plains for food !

Judges of nations ! kings, whose hand  
 Waves the proud sceptre high !  
 O youths and virgins of the land !  
 O age and infancy !

Praise ye his name, to whom alone  
 All homage should be given ;  
 Whose glory from th' eternal throne  
 Spreads wide o'er earth and heaven !

## NATIONAL LYRICS, AND SONGS FOR MUSIC.

TO

MRS. LAWRENCE,

OF WAVERTREE HALL, HER FRIEND, AND THE SISTER OF HER FRIEND  
 COLONEL D'AGUILAR, THIS VOLUME IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED, IN REMEMBRANCE  
 MANY BRIGHTLY ASSOCIATED HOURS, BY FELICIA HEMANS.

### NATIONAL LYRICS.

#### THE THEMES OF SONG.

■ Of truth, of grandeur, beauty, love, and hope,  
 And melancholy fear subdued by faith."— WORDSWORTH.

WHERE shall the minstrel find a theme ?  
 — Where'er, for freedom shed,  
 Brave blood hath dyed some ancient stream,  
 Amidst the mountains, red.

Where'er ■ rock, ■ fount, a grove  
 Bears record to the faith  
 Of love — deep, holy, fervent love,  
 Victor o'er fear and death.

Where'er a chieftain's crested brow  
 Too soon hath been struck down,  
 Or ■ bright virgin head laid low,  
 Wearing its youth's first crown.

Where'er ■ spire points up to heaven,  
 Through storm and summer air,  
 Telling, that all around have striven  
 Man's heart, and hope, and prayer.

Where'er a blesséd home hath been  
 That now is home no more :  
 A place of ivy, darkly green,  
 Where laughter's light is o'er.

Where'er by some forsaken grave,  
 Some nameless greensward heap,  
 A bird may sing, ■ wild flower wave,  
 A star its vigil keep.

Or where a yearning heart of old,  
 A dream of shepherd men,  
 With forms of more than earthly mould  
 Hath peopled grot or glen.

There may the bard's high themes be found —  
 We die, we pass away ;  
 But faith, love, pity — these are bound  
 To earth without decay.

The heart that burns, the cheek that  
 glows,  
 The tear from hidden springs,  
 The thorn and glory of the rose —  
 These are undying things.

Wave after wave of mighty stream  
To the deep sea hath gone :  
Yet not the less, like youth's bright dream,  
Th' exhaustless flood rolls on.

## RHINE SONG OF THE GERMAN SOLDIERS AFTER VICTORY.

TO THE AIR OF "AM RHEIN, AM RHEIN."

SINGLE VOICE.

It is the Rhine ! our mountain vineyards laving,  
I see the bright flood shine ! (bis.)  
Sing on the march with every banner waving—  
Sing brothers ! 'tis the Rhine ! (bis.)

CHORUS.

The Rhine ! the Rhine ! our own imperial river !  
Be glory on thy track !  
We left thy shores, to die or to deliver—  
We bear thee freedom back !

SINGLE VOICE.

Hail ! hail ! my childhood knew thy rush of  
water,  
Even as my mother's song ;  
That sound went past me on the field of slaughter,  
And heart and arm grew strong !

CHORUS.

Roll proudly on !—brave blood is with thee  
sweeping,  
Poured out by sons of thine,  
Where sword and spirit forth in joy were leap-  
ing,  
Like thee, victorious Rhine !

SINGLE VOICE.

Home ! home ! Thy glad wave hath a tone of  
greeting,  
Thy path is by my home,  
Even now my children count the hours till  
meeting :  
O ransomed ones ! I come.

CHORUS.

Go tell the seas, that chain shall bind thee  
never !  
Sound on by hearth and shrine !  
Sing through the hills that thou art free forever—  
Lift up thy voice, O Rhine !

[“I wish you could have heard Sir Walter Scott describe  
■ glorious sight, which had been witnessed by a friend of

his—the crossing of the Rhine, at Ehrenbreitstein, by the German army of liberators on their victorious return from France. ‘At the first gleam of the river,’ he said, ‘they all burst forth into the national chant, *Am Rhein ! Am Rhein !*’ They were two days passing over ; and the rocks and the castle were ringing to the song the whole time—for each band renewed it while crossing ; and even the Cossacks with the clash and the clang, and the roll of their stormy war music, catching the enthusiasm of the scene, swelled forth the chorus, ‘*Am Rhein ! Am Rhein !*’”—*Manuscript letter.*

This anecdote, (on which was founded Mrs. Hemans's own “Rhine Song,”) and the look and tone with which it was related, made an impression on her memory which nothing could efface. The very name of the “Father Rhine,” the “exulting and abounding river,” (how often would she quote that magnificent line of Lord Byron's !) had always worked upon her like a spell, conjuring up a thousand visions of romance and beauty ; and Haydn's inspiring *Rheineinlied*, with its fine, rich tide of flowing harmony, was one of the airs she most delighted in. “You are quite right,” she wrote to a friend who had echoed her enthusiasm, “it *was* the description of that noble Rhine scene which interested me more than any part of Sir Walter's conversation ; and I wished more that you could have heard it than all the high legends and solemn scenes of which we spoke that day.”]

## A SONG OF DELOS.

[The Island of Delos was considered of such peculiar sanctity by the ancients, that they did not allow it to be desecrated by the events of birth or death. In the following poem, a young priestess of Apollo is supposed to be conveyed from its shores during the last hours of a mortal sickness, and to bid the scenes of her youth farewell in a sudden flow of unpremeditated song.]

“Terre, soleil, vallons, belle et douce nature,  
Je vous dois une larme aux bords de mon tombeau ;  
L'air est si parfume ! la lumiere est si pure !  
Aux regards d'un Mourant le soleil est si beau !”—LAMARTINE.

A song was heard of old—a low, sweet song,  
On the blue seas by Delos. From that isle,  
The Sun-god's own domain, a gentle girl—  
Gentle, yet all inspired of soul, of mien,  
Lit with a life too perilously bright—  
Was borne away to die. How beautiful  
Seems this world to the dying !—but for *her*,  
The child of beauty and of poesy,  
And of soft Grecian skies—O, who may dream  
Of all that from *her* changeful eye flashed forth,  
Or glanced more quivering through starry  
tears,  
As on her land's rich vision, fane o'er fane  
Colored with loving light, she gazed her last,  
Her young life's last, that hour ! From *her*  
pale brow  
And burning cheek she threw the ringlets back,  
And bending forward, ■ the spirit swayed

The reed-like form still to the shore beloved,  
Breathed the swan music of her wild fare-  
well

O'er dancing waves:—"O, linger yet!" she  
cried,—

"O, linger, linger on the oar!

O, pause upon the deep!

That I may gaze yet once, once more  
Where floats the golden day o'er fane and  
steep!

Never so brightly smiled mine own sweet  
shore—

O, linger, linger on the parting oar!

"I see the laurels fling back showers

Of soft light still on many a shrine;

I see the path to haunts of flowers

Through the dim olives lead its gleaming  
line;

I hear a sound of flutes— a swell of song—

*Mine* is too low to reach that joyous throng!

"O, linger, linger on the oar,

Beneath my native sky!

Let my life part from that bright shore

With day's last crimson—gazing let me die!

Thou bark, glide slowly!—slowly should be  
borne

The voyager that never shall return.

"A fatal gift hath been thy dower,

Lord of the lyre! to me;

With song and wreath from bower to bower,

Sisters went bounding like young Oreads free;

While I, through long, lone, voiceless hours  
apart,

Have lain and listened to my beating heart.

"Now, wasted by the inborn fire,

I sink to early rest;

The ray that lit the incense pyre

Leaves unto death its temple in my breast.

—O sunshine, skies, rich flowers! too soon

I go,

While round me thus triumphantly ye glow!

"Bright isle! might but thine echoes keep

A tone of my farewell,

One tender accent, low and deep,

Shrined 'midst thy founts and haunted rocks to  
dwell!

Might my last breath send music to thy  
shore!

—O, linger, seamen! linger on the oar!

## ANCIENT GREEK CHANT OF VICTORY

"Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!

Our virgins dance beneath the shade."—*BYRON*.

Io! they come, they come!

Garlands for every shrine!

Strike lyres to greet them home;

Bring roses, pour ye wine!

Swell, swell the Dorian flute

Through the blue, triumphant sky!

Let the cittern's tone salute

The sons of victory.

With the offering of bright blood

They have ransomed hearth and tomb,

Vineyard, and field, and flood;—

Io! they come, they come!

Sing it where olives wave,

And by the glittering sea,

And o'er each hero's grave—

Sing, sing, the land is free!

Mark ye the flashing oars,

And the spears that light the deep!

How the festal sunshine pours

Where the lords of battle sweep!

Each hath brought back his shield;—

Maid, greet thy lover home!

Mother, from that proud field,

Io! thy son is come!

Who murmured of the dead?

Hush, boding voice! We know

That many a shining head

Lies in its glory low.

Breathe not those names to-day!

They shall have their praise long,

And a power all hearts to sway,

In ever-burning song.

But now shed flowers, pour wine,

To hail the conquerors home!

Bring wreaths for every shrine—

Io! they come they come!

## NAPLES.

### A SONG OF THE SIREN.

"Then gentle winds arose,

With many a mingled close

Of wild Æolian sound and mountain odor keen,



Where the clear Baian Ocean  
Welters with air-like motion  
Within, above, around its bowers of starry green."  
SHELLEY.

STILL is the Siren warbling on thy shore,  
Bright city of the waves ! Her magic song  
Still, with a dreamy sense of ecstasy,  
Fills thy soft summer air :— and while my  
glance  
Dwells on thy pictured loveliness, that lay  
Floats thus o'er fancy's ear ; and thus to thee,  
Daughter of sunshine ! doth the Siren sing.

"Thine is the glad wave's flashing play,  
Thine is the laugh of the golden day —  
The golden day, and the glorious night,  
And the vine with its clusters all bathed in  
light !  
- Forget, forget, that thou art not free !  
Queen of the summer sea.

"Favored and crowned of the earth and sky !  
Thine are all voices of melody,  
Wandering in moonlight through fane and  
tower,  
Floating o'er fountain and myrtle bower ;  
Hark ! how they melt o'er thy glittering sea —  
Forget that thou art not free !

"Let the wine flow in thy marble halls !  
Let the lute answer thy fountain falls !  
And deck thy feasts with the myrtle bough,  
And cover with roses thy glowing brow !  
Queen of the day and the summer sea,  
Forget that thou art not free !"

So doth the Siren sing, while sparkling waves  
Dance to her chant. But sternly, mournfully,  
O city of the deep ! from Sibyl grotts  
And Roman tombs, the echoes of thy shore  
Take up the cadence of her strain alone,  
Murmuring — "*Thou art not free !*"

## THE FALL OF D'ASSAS.

A BALLAD OF FRANCE.

[The Chevalier D'Assas, called the French Decius, fell nobly whilst reconnoitring a wood, near Closterkamp, by night. He had left his regiment, that of Auvergne, at ■ short distance, and was suddenly surrounded by an ambusade of the enemy, who threatened him with instant death if he made the least sign of their vicinity. With their bayonets at his breast, he raised his voice, and calling aloud, "A moi, Auvergne ces sont les ennemis !" fell, pierced with mortal blows.]

ALONE through gloomy forest shades  
A soldier went by night ;  
No moonbeam pierced the dusky glades,  
No star shed guiding light.

Yet on his vigil's midnight round  
The youth all cheerly passed ;  
Unchecked by aught of boding sound  
That muttered in the blas.

Where were his thoughts that lonely hour  
— In his far home, perchance ;  
His father's hall, his mother's bower,  
'Midst the gay vines of France ;

Wandering from battles lost and won,  
To hear and bless again  
The rolling of the wide Garonne,  
Or murmur of the Seine.

Hush ! hark ! — did stealing steps go by ?  
Came not faint whispers near ?  
No ! the wild wind hath many ■ sigh  
Amidst the foliage sere.

Hark yet again ! — and from his hand  
What grasp hath wrenched the blade ?  
— O, single 'midst a hostile band,  
Young soldier ! thou'rt betrayed !

"Silence !" in undertones they cry —  
"No whisper — not a breath !  
The sound that warns thy comrades nigh  
Shall sentence thee to death."

Still, at the bayonet's point he stood,  
And strong to meet the blow ;  
And shouted, 'midst his rushing blood,  
"Arm, arm, Auvergne ! the foe !"

The stir, the tramp, the bugle call  
He heard their tumults grow ;  
And sent his dying voice through all —  
"*Auvergne, Auvergne ! the foe !*"

## THE BURIAL OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR,

AT CAEN, IN NORMANDY, 1087.

["At the day appointed for the king's interment, Prince Henry, his third son, the Norman prelates, and ■ multitude of clergy and people, assembled in the Church of St. Stephen which the conqueror had founded. The mass had been

performed, the corpse was placed on the bier, and the Bishop of Evreux had pronounced the panegyric on the deceased when a voice from the crowd exclaimed, 'He whom you have praised was a robber. The very land on which you stand is mine. By violence he took it from my father; and, in the name of God, I forbid you to bury him in it.' The speaker was Asceline Fitz-Arthur, who had often, but fruitlessly, sought reparation from the justice of William. After some debate, the prelates called him to them, paid him sixty shillings for the grave, and promised that he should receive the full value of his land. The ceremony was then continued, and the body of the king deposited in a coffin of stone" — LINGARD, vol. ii. p. 98.]

Lowly upon his bier  
The royal conqueror lay;  
Baron and chief stood near,  
Silent in war array.

Down the long minster's aisle  
Crowds mutely gazing streamed;  
Altar and tomb the while  
Through mists of incense gleamed.

And, by the torches' blaze,  
The stately priest had said  
High words of power and praise  
To the glory of the dead.

They lowered him, with the sound  
Of requiems, to repose;  
When from the throngs around  
A solemn voice arose:—

"Forbear! forbear!" it cried;  
"In the holiest Name, forbear!  
He hath conquered regions wide,  
But he shall not slumber *there*!

"By the violated hearth  
Which made way for yon proud shrine;  
By the harvests which this earth  
Hath borne for me and mine;

"By the house e'en here o'erthrown  
On my brethren's native spot;  
Hence! with his dark renown  
Cumber our birthplace not!

"Will my sire's unransomed field,  
O'er which your censers wave,  
To the buried spoiler yield  
Soft slumbers in the grave!

"The tree before him fell  
Which we cherished many a year;  
But its deep root yet shall swell,  
And heave against his bier.

"The land that I have tilled  
Hath yet its brooding breast  
With my home's white ashes filled,  
And it shall not give him rest!

"Each pillar's massy bed  
Hath been wet by weeping eyes—  
Away! bestow your dead  
Where no wrong against him cries.'

Shame glowed on each dark face  
Of those proud and steel-girt men,  
And they bought with gold a place  
For their leader's dust e'en then.

A little earth for him  
Whose banner flew so far!  
And a peasant's tale could dim  
The name, a nation's star!

One deep voice thus arose  
From a heart which wrongs had riven:  
O, who shall number those  
That were but heard in heaven?

## SONGS OF A GUARDIAN SPIRIT

### NEAR THEE, STILL NEAR THEE!

Near thee, still near thee!—o'er thy pathway  
gliding,  
Unseen I pass thee with the wind's low sigh;  
Life's veil infolds thee still, our eyes dividing,  
Yet viewless love floats round thee silently!  
Not 'midst the festal throng,  
In halls of mirth and song;  
But when thy thoughts are deepest,  
When holy tears thou weapest,  
Know then *that* love is nigh!

When the night's whisper o'er thy harpstrings  
creeping,  
Or the sea music on the sounding shore,  
Or breezy anthems through the forest sweeping,  
Shall move thy trembling spirit to adore;  
When every thought and prayer  
We loved to breathe and share,  
On thy full heart returning,  
Shall wake its voiceless yearning,  
Then feel me near once more!

Near thee, still near thee! — trust thy soul's  
deep dreaming!

O, love is not an earthly rose to die!  
Even when I soar where fiery stars are beaming,  
Thine image wanders with me through the  
sky.

The fields of air are free,  
Yet lonely, wanting thee;  
But when thy chains are falling,  
When heaven its own is calling,  
Know then, thy guide is nigh!

### O, DROOP THOU NOT.

They sin who tell us love can die!  
While life all other passions fly —  
All others are but vanity.  
In heaven ambition cannot dwell,  
Nor avarice in the vaults of hell;  
Earthly these passions, ■ of earth —  
They perish where they drew their birth.  
But love is indestructible!  
Its holy flame forever burneth —  
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth." — SOUTHEY.

O, DROOP thou not, my gentle earthly love!  
Mine still to be!

I tore through death, to brighter lands above,  
My thoughts of thee.

Yes! the deep memory of our holy tears,  
Our mingled prayer,  
Our suffering love, through long-devoted years,  
Went with me there.

It was not vain, the hallowed and the tried —  
It was not vain!  
Still, though unseen, still hovering at thy side,  
I watch again!

From our own paths, our love's attesting bowers,  
I ■ not gone;  
In the deep calm of midnight's whispering hours,  
Thou art not lone;

Not lone, when by the haunted stream thou  
weapest —  
That stream whose tone  
Murmurs of thoughts, the richest and the deepest,  
We two have known;

Not lone, when mournfully some strain awaking  
Of days long past,  
From thy soft eyes the sudden tears are breaking,  
Silent and fast;

Not lone, when upwards in fond visions turning  
Thy dreamy glance,  
Thou seek'st my home, where solemn stars are  
burning  
O'er night's expanse.

My home is near thee, loved one! and around  
thee,  
Where'er thou art;  
Though still mortality's thick cloud hath bound  
thee,  
Doubt not thy heart!

Hear its low voice, nor deem thyself forsaken:  
Let faith be given  
To the still tones which oft our being waken  
They are of heaven.

## SONGS OF SPAIN.

### ANCIENT BATTLE SONG

FLING forth the proud banner of Leon again!  
Let the high word, *Castile!* go resounding  
through Spain!  
And thou, free Asturias! encamped on the  
height,  
Pour down thy dark sons to the vintage of fight!  
Wake! wake! the old soil where thy children  
repose  
Sounds hollow and deep to the trampling of foes!

The voices are mighty that swell from the past,  
With Arragon's cry on the shrill mountain blast;  
The ancient sierras give strength to our tread,  
Their pines murmur song where bright blood  
hath been shed.  
— Fling forth the proud banner of Leon again,  
And shout ye, "Castile! to the rescue for  
Spain!"

### THE ZEGRI MAID.

[The Zegris were one of the most illustrious Moorish  
tribes. Their exploits and feuds with their celebrated rivals,  
the Abencerrages, form the subject of many ancient Span-  
ish romances.]

THE summer leaves were sighing  
Around the Zegri maid,  
To her low, sad song replying,  
As it filled the olive shade



"Alas ! for her that loveth  
Her land's, her kindred's foe !  
Where ■ Christian Spaniard roveth,  
Should a Zegri's spirit go ?

"From thy glance, my gentle mother !  
I sink, with shame oppressed,  
And the dark eye of my brother  
Is an arrow to my breast."  
Where summer leaves were sighing,  
Thus sang the Zegri maid,  
While the crimson day was dying  
In the whispering olive shade.

"And for all this heart's wealth wasted,  
This woe in secret borne,  
This flower of young life blasted,  
Should I win back aught but scorn ?  
By aught but daily dying  
Would my lone truth be repaid ?"  
Where the olive leaves were sighing,  
Thus sang the Zegri maid.

### THE RIO VERDE SONG.

[The Rio Verde, a small river of Spain, is celebrated in the old ballad romances of that country for the frequent combats on its banks between Moor and Christian. The ballad referring to this stream in *Percy's Reliques* will be remembered by many readers.

"Gentle river, gentle river !  
Lo ! thy streams are stained with gore."]

Flow, Rio Verde !  
In melody flow ;  
Win her that weepeth  
To slumber from woe ;  
Bid thy waves' music  
Roll through her dreams —  
Grief ever loveth  
The kind voice of streams.

Bear her lone spirit  
Afar on the sound  
Back to her childhood,  
Her life's fairy ground ;  
Pass like the whisper  
Of love that is gone —  
Flow, Rio Verde !  
Softly flow on !

Dark glassy water  
So crimsoned of yore !  
Love, death, and sorrow  
Know thy green shore.

Thou shouldst have echoes  
For grief's deepest tone —  
Flow, Rio Verde !  
Softly flow on !

### SEEK BY THE SILVERY DARRO

SEEK by the silvery Darro,  
Where jasmine flowers have blown .  
There hath she left no footsteps ?  
— Weep, weep ! the maid is gone !

Seek where Our Lady's image  
Smiles o'er the pine-hung steep :  
Hear ye not there her vespers ?  
— Weep for the parted, weep !

Seek in the porch where vine leaves  
O'ershade her father's head :  
Are *his* gray hairs left lonely ?  
— Weep ! her bright soul is fled

### SPANISH EVENING HYMN.

AVE ! now let prayer and music  
Meet in love on earth and sea !  
Now, sweet Mother ! may the weary  
Turn from this cold world to thee !

From the wide and restless waters  
Hear the sailor's hymn arise ?  
From his watchfire 'midst the mountains,  
Lo ! to thee the shepherd cries !

Yet, when thus full hearts find voices,  
If o'erburdened souls there be,  
Dark and silent in their anguish,  
Aid those captives ! set them free !

Touch them, every fount unsealing  
Where the frozen tears lie deep ;  
Thou, the Mother of all sorrows,  
Aid ! O, aid to pray and weep !

### BIRD THAT ART SINGING ON EBRO'S SIDE !

BIRD that art singing on Ebro's side !  
Where myrtle shadows make dim the tide,

Doth sorrow dwell 'midst the leaves with thee?  
 Doth song avail thy full heart to free?  
 — Bird of the midnight's purple sky!  
 Teach me the spell of thy melody.

Bird! is it blighted affection's pain  
 Whence the sad sweetness flows through thy  
 strain?

And is the wound of that arrow stilled  
 When thy lone music the leaves hath filled?  
 — Bird of the midnight's purple sky!  
 Teach me the spell of thy melody.

### MOORISH GATHERING SONG.

ZORZICO.<sup>1</sup>

CHAINS on the cities! gloom in the air!  
 Come to the hills! fresh breezes are there.  
 Silence and fear in the rich orange bowers!  
 Come to the rocks where freedom hath towers.

Come from the Darro! — changed is its tone;  
 Come where the streams no bondage have known;  
 Wildly and proudly foaming they leap,  
 Singing of freedom from steep to steep.

Come from Alhambra! — garden and grove  
 Now may not shelter beauty or love.  
 Blood on the waters! death 'midst the flowers.  
 — Only the spear and the rock are ours.

### THE SONG OF MINA'S SOLDIERS.

We heard thy name, O Mina!  
 Far through our hills it rang;  
 A sound more strong than tempests,  
 More keen than armor's clang.

The peasant left his vintage,  
 The shepherd grasped the spear —  
 We heard thy name, O Mina!  
 — The mountain bands are here.

As eagles to the dayspring,  
 As torrents to the sea,  
 From every dark sierra  
 So rushed our hearts to thee.

Thy spirit is our banner,  
 Thine eye our beacon sign,  
 Thy name our trumpet, Mina!  
 — The mountain bands are thine

### MOTHER! O, SING ME TO REST.

A CACION.

MOTHER! O, sing me to rest  
 As in my bright days departed:  
 Sing to thy child, the sick hearted,  
 Songs for a spirit oppressed.

Lay this tired head on thy breast!  
 Flowers from the night dew are closing.  
 Pilgrims and mourners reposing:  
 Mother! O, sing me to rest!

Take back thy bird to its nest!  
 Weary is young life when blighted,  
 Heavy this love unrequited:  
 — Mother, O, sing me to rest!

### THERE ARE SOUNDS IN THE DARK RONCESVALLES.

THERE are sounds in the dark Roncesvalles,  
 There are echoes on Biscay's wild shore;  
 There are murmurs — but not of the torrent,  
 Nor the wind, nor the pine-forest's roar.

'Tis a day of the spear and the banner,  
 Of armings and hurried farwells;  
 Rise, rise on your mountains, ye Spaniards!  
 Or start from your old battle dells.

There are streams of unconquered Asturias  
 That have rolled with your fathers' free blood  
 O, leave on the graves of the mighty  
 Proud marks where thy children have stood!

### SONGS FOR SUMMER HOURS.

#### AND I TOO IN ARCADIA.

[A celebrated picture of Poussin represents a band of shepherd youths and maidens suddenly checked in their wanderings, and affected with various emotions, by the sight of a tomb which bears this inscription — “*in Arcadia ego.*”]

<sup>1</sup> The Zorzico is an extremely wild and singularly antique Moorish melody.

THEY have wandered in their glee  
 With the butterfly and bee;  
 They have climbed o'er heathery swells,  
 They have wound through forest dells;  
 Mountain moss hath felt their tread,  
 Woodland streams their way have led;  
 Flowers, in deepest shadowy nooks,  
 Nurslings of the loneliest brooks,  
 Into them have yielded up  
 Fragrant bell and starry cup:  
 Chaplets are on every brow —  
 What hath staid the wanderers now?  
 Lo! ■ gray and rustic tomb,  
 Bowered amidst the rich wood gloom;  
 Whence these words their stricken spirits  
 melt,  
 — "I too, shepherds! in Arcadia dwelt."

There is many ■ summer sound  
 That pale sepulchre around;  
 Through the shade young birds are glancing,  
 Insect wings in sun streaks dancing;  
 Glimpses of blue festal skies  
 Pouring in when soft winds rise;  
 Violets o'er the turf below  
 Shedding out their warmest glow;  
 Yet a spirit not its own  
 O'er the greenwood now is thrown!  
 Something of an undernote  
 Through its music seems to float,  
 Something of a stillness gray  
 Creeps across the laughing day:  
 Something dimly from those old words felt,  
 — "I too, shepherds! in Arcadia dwelt."

Was some gentle kindred maid  
 In that grave with dirges laid?  
 Some fair creature, with the tone  
 Of whose voice ■ joy is gone,  
 Leaving melody and mirth  
 Poorer on this altered earth?  
 Is it thus, that so they stand,  
 Dropping flowers from every hand —  
 Flowers, and lyres, and gathered store  
 Of red wild fruit prized no more?  
 — No! from that bright band of morn  
 Not one link hath yet been torn:  
 'Tis the shadow of the tomb  
 Falling o'er the summer bloom —  
 O'er the flush of love and life  
 Passing with a sudden strife;  
 'Tis the low prophetic breath  
 Murmuring from that house of death,  
 Whose faint whisper thus their hearts can melt,  
 — "I too, shepherds! in Arcadia dwelt."

# THE WANDERING WIND.

THE Wind, the wandering Wind  
 Of the golden summer eves —  
 Whence is the thrilling magic  
 Of its tones among the leaves?  
 O, is it from the waters,  
 Or from the long tall grass?  
 Or is it from the hollow rocks  
 Through which its breathings pass?  
 Or is it from the voices  
 Of all in one combined,  
 That it wins the tone of mastery?  
 The Wind, the wandering Wind!  
 No, no! the strange, sweet accents  
 That with it come and go,  
 They are not from the osiers,  
 Nor the fir trees whispering low.

They are not of the waters,  
 Nor of the caverned hill;  
 'Tis the human love within us  
 That gives them power to thrill.  
 They touch the links of memory  
 Around our spirits twined,  
 And we start, and weep, and tremble  
 To the Wind, the wandering Wind!

# YE ARE NOT MISSED, FAIR FLOWERS!

YE are not missed, fair flowers, that late were  
 spreading  
 The summer's glow by fount and breezy  
 grot;  
 There falls the dew, its fairy favors shedding —  
 The leaves dance on, the young birds miss  
 you not.

Still plays the sparkle o'er the rippling water,  
 O lily! whence thy cup of pearl is gone;  
 The bright wave mourns not for its loveliest  
 daughter,  
 There is no sorrow in the wind's low tone.

And thou, meek hyacinth! afar is roving  
 The bee that oft thy trembling bells hath  
 kissed.  
 Cradled ye were, fair flowers! 'midst all things  
 loving,  
 A joy to all — yet, yet ye are not missed!



Ye, that were born to lend the sunbeam glad-  
ness,  
And the winds fragrance, wandering where  
they list,  
O, it were breathing words too deep in sadness,  
To say earth's human flowers not more are  
missed.

### THE WILLOW SONG.

WILLOW ! in thy breezy moan  
I can hear a deeper tone ;  
Through thy leaves come whispering low,  
Faint, sweet sounds of long ago.  
Willow, sighing willow !

Many a mournful tale of old  
Heartsick love to thee hath told,  
Gathering from thy golden bough  
Leaves to cool his burning brow.  
Willow ! sighing willow !

Many a swan-like song to thee  
Hath been sung, thou gentle tree !  
Many a lute its last lament  
Down thy moonlight stream hath sent.  
Willow ! sighing willow !

Therefore, wave and murmur on !  
Sigh for sweet affections gone,  
And for tuneful voices fled,  
And for love, whose heart hath bled,  
Ever, willow ! willow !

### LEAVE ME NOT YET.

LEAVE me not yet ! through rosy skies from far,  
But now the song birds to their nests return ;  
The quivering image of the first pale star  
On the dim lake scarce yet begins to burn :  
Leave me not yet !

Not yet ! O, hark ! low tones from hidden  
streams,  
Piercing the shivery leaves, even now arise ;  
Their voices mingle not with daylight dreams,  
They are of vesper's hymns and harmonies :  
Leave me not yet !

My thoughts are like those gentle sounds, dear  
love !  
By day shut up in their own still recess ;

They wait for dews on earth, for stars above,  
Then to breathe out their soul of tenderness  
Leave me not yet !

### THE ORANGE BOUGH.

O, BRING me one sweet orange bough,  
To fan my cheek, to cool my brow ;  
One bough, with pearly blossoms dressed,  
And bind it, mother ! on my breast !

Go, seek the grove along the shore,  
Whose odors I must breathe no more :  
The grove where every scented tree  
Thrills to the deep voice of the sea.

O, Love's fond sighs, and fervent prayer.  
And wild farewell, are lingering there :  
Each leaf's light whisper hath a tone  
My faint heart, even in death, would own.

Then bear me thence one bough, to shed  
Life's parting sweetness round my head ;  
And bind it, mother ! on my breast  
When I am laid in lonely rest.

### THE STREAM SET FREE.

Flow on, rejoice, make music,  
Bright living stream set free !  
The troubled haunts of care and strife  
Were not for thee !

The woodland is thy country,  
Thou'rt all its own again ;  
The wild birds are thy kindred race,  
That fear no chain.

Flow on, rejoice, make music  
Unto the glistening leaves !  
Thou, the beloved of balmy winds  
And golden eves !

Once more the holy starlight  
Sleeps calm upon thy breast,  
Whose brightness bears no token  
Of man's unrest.

Flow, and let free-born music  
Flow with thy wavy line.

While the stockdove's lingering, loving voice  
Comes blent with thine.

And the green reeds quivering o'er thee,  
Strings of the forest lyre,  
All filled with answering spirit sounds,  
In joy respire.

Yet, 'midst thy song's glad changes,  
O, keep one pitying tone  
For gentle hearts, that bear to thee  
Their sadness lone.

One sound, of all the deepest,  
To bring, like healing dew,  
A sense that nature ne'er forsakes,  
The meek and true.

Then, then, rejoice, make music,  
Thou stream, thou glad and free!  
The shadows of all glorious flowers  
Be set in thee!

### THE SUMMER'S CALL.<sup>1</sup>

COME away! The sunny hours  
Woo thee far to founts and bowers!  
O'er the very waters now,  
In their play,  
Flowers are shedding beauty's glow —  
Come away!  
Where the lily's tender gleam  
Quivers on the glancing stream,  
Come away!

All the air is filled with sound,  
Soft, and sultry, and profound;  
Murmurs through the shadowy grass  
Lightly stray;  
Faint winds whisper as they pass —  
Come away!

<sup>1</sup> 'The Summer's Call.' — This faculty for realizing images of the distant and the beautiful, amidst outward circumstances of apparently the most adverse influence, is thus gracefully illustrated by Washington Irving in the "Royal Poet" of his *Sketch Book*: "Some minds corrode and grow inactive under the loss of personal liberty; others grow morbid and irritable; but it is the nature of the poet to become tender and imaginative in the loneliness of confinement. He banquets upon the honey of his own thoughts, and, like the captive bird, pours forth his soul in melody."

Have you not seen the nightingale,  
A pilgrim cooped into a cage,  
How she doth chant her wonted tale  
In that her lonely hermitage!

Where the bee's deep music swells  
From the trembling foxglove bells,  
Come away!

In the skies the sapphire blue  
Now hath won its richest hue;  
In the woods the breath of song  
Night and day  
Floats with leafy scents along —  
Come away!  
Where the boughs with dewy gloom  
Darken each thick bed of bloom,  
Come away!

In the deep heart of the rose  
Now the crimson love hue glows;  
Now the glowworm's lamp by night  
Sheds a ray,  
Dreamy, starry, greenly bright —  
Come away!  
Where the fairy cup moss lies,  
With the wildwood strawberries,  
Come away!

Now each tree, by summer crowned  
Sheds its own rich twilight round;  
Glancing there from sun to shade,  
Bright wings play;  
There the deer its couch hath made —  
Come away!  
Where the smooth leaves of the lime  
Glisten in their honey time,  
Come away — away!

### O, SKYLARK, FOR THY WING

O, SKYLARK, for thy wing!  
Thou bird of joy and light,  
That I might soar and sing  
At heaven's empyreal height!

Even there her charming melody doth prove  
That all her boughs are trees, her cage a grove.

ROGER L'ESTRANGE

Indeed, it is the divine attribute of the imagination, which is irrepressible, unconfined; and that, when the real world is shut out, it can create a world for itself, and with a poetic power can conjure up glorious shapes and forms, and irradiate the gloom of the dungeon. Such was the world of pomp and pageant that lived round Tasso in his dismal cell at Ferrara, when he conceived the splendid scenes of his *Jerusalem*; and we may consider *The King's Quair*, composed by James of Scotland during his captivity at Windsor, as another of those beautiful breakings forth of the soul from the restraint and gloom of the prison house.

With the heathery hills beneath me,  
 Whence the streams in glory spring,  
 And the pearly clouds to wreathe me,  
 O Skylark ! on thy wing !

Free, free, from earth-born fear, -  
 I would range the blessed skies,  
 Through the blue, divinely clear,  
 Where the low mists cannot rise !  
 And a thousand joyous measures  
 From my chainless heart should spring,  
 Like the bright rain's vernal treasures,  
 As I wandered on thy wing.

But O, the silver cords  
 That around the heart are spun,  
 From gentle tones and words,  
 And kind eyes that make our sun !  
 To some low, sweet nest returning,  
 How soon my love would bring  
 There, *there* the dews of morning,  
 O Skylark ! on thy wing !

## SONGS OF CAPTIVITY.

### INTRODUCTION.

ONE hour for distant homes to weep  
 'Midst Afric's burning sands,  
 One silent sunset hour was given  
 To the slaves of many lands.

They sat beneath a lonely palm,  
 In the gardens of their lord ;  
 And, mingling with the fountain's tune,  
 Their songs of exile poured.

And strangely, sadly did those lays  
 Of Alp and ocean sound,  
 With Afric's wild, red skies above,  
 And solemn wastes around.

Broken with tears were oft their tones,  
 And most when most they tried  
 To breathe of hope and liberty,  
 From hearts that inly died.

So met the sons of many lands,  
 Parted by mount and main ;  
 So did they sing in brotherhood,  
 Made kindred by the chain.

### THE BROTHER'S DIRGE.

In the proud old fanes of England  
 My warrior fathers lie,  
 Banners hang drooping o'er their dust  
 With gorgeous blazonry.  
 But thou, but *thou*, my brother !  
 O'er thee dark billows sweep —  
 The best and bravest heart of all  
 Is shrouded by the deep.

In the old high wars of England  
 My noble fathers bled ;  
 For her lion kings of lance and spear,  
 They went down to the dead.  
 But thou, but thou, my brother !  
 Thy lifedrops flowed for me —  
 Would I were with thee in thy rest.  
 Young sleeper of the sea !

In a sheltered home of England  
 Our sister dwells alone,  
 With quick heart listening for the sound  
 Of footsteps that are gone.  
 She little dreams, my brother !  
 Of the wild fate we have found ;  
 I, 'midst the Afric sands a slave,  
 Thou, by the dark seas bound

### THE ALPINE HORN.

THE Alpine horn ! the Alpine horn !  
 O, through my native sky  
 Might I but hear its deep notes borne  
 Once more — but once — and die !

Yet no ! 'Midst breezy hills thy breath,  
 So full of hope and morn,  
 Would win me from the bed of death —  
 O joyous Alpine horn !

But *here* the echo of that blast,  
 To many a battle known,  
 Seems mournfully to wander past,  
 A wild, shrill, wailing tone !

Haunt me no more ! for slavery's air  
 Thy proud notes were not born ;  
 The dream but deepens my despair -  
 Be hushed, thou Alpine horn !



## O YE VOICES !

O YE voices round my own hearth singing,  
As the winds of May to memory sweet !  
Might I yet return, a worn heart bringing,  
Would those vernal tones the wanderer  
greet

Once again ?

Never, never ! Spring hath smiled and parted  
Oft since then your fond farewell was said ;  
O'er the green turf of the gentle hearted  
Summer's hand the rose leaves may have  
shed

Oft again !

Or if still around my heart ye linger,  
Yet, sweet voices ! there must change have  
come :

Years have quelled the free soul of the singer,  
Vernal tones shall greet the wanderer home  
Ne'er again !

## I DREAM OF ALL THINGS FREE.

I DREAM of all things free !  
Of ■ gallant, gallant bark  
That sweeps through storm and sea,  
Like an arrow to its mark !  
Of ■ stag that o'er the hills  
Goes bounding in his glee ;  
Of ■ thousand flashing rills —  
Of all things glad and free.

I dream of some proud bird,  
A bright-eyed mountain king !  
In my visions I have heard  
The rushing of his wing.  
I follow some wild river,  
On whose breast no sail may be ;  
Dark woods around it shiver —  
I dream of all things free !

Of a happy forest child,  
With the fawns and flowers at play ;  
Of an Indian 'midst the wild,  
With the stars to guide his way ;  
Of ■ chief his warriors leading,  
Of an archer's greenwood tree —  
My heart in chains is bleeding,  
And I dream of all things free !

## FAR O'ER THE SEA.

WHERE are the vintage songs  
Wandering in glee ?  
Where dance the peasant bands  
Joyous and free ?  
Under a kind blue sky,  
Where doth my birthplace lie ?  
— Far o'er the sea !

Where floats the myrtle scent  
O'er vale and lea,  
When evening calls the dove  
Homewards to flee ?  
Where doth the orange gleam  
Soft on my native stream ?  
— Far o'er the sea !

Where are sweet eyes of love  
Watching for me ?  
Where o'er the cabin roof  
Waves the green tree ?  
Where speaks the vesper —  
Still of ■ holy time ?  
— Far o'er the sea !

Dance on, ye vintage bands !  
Fearless and free ;  
Still fresh and greenly wave,  
My father's tree !  
Still smile, ye kind, blue skies !  
Though your son pines and dies  
Far o'er the sea !

## THE INVOCATION.

O, ART thou still on earth, my love,  
My only love ?  
Or smiling in a brighter home,  
Far, far above ?

O, is thy sweet voice fled, my love,  
Thy light step gone ?  
And art thou not, in earth or heaven,  
Still, still my own ?

I see thee with thy gleaming hair,  
In midnight dreams !  
But cold, and clear, and spirit-like  
Thy soft eye seems.

Peace in thy saddest hour, my love !  
Dwelt on thy brow ;

But something mournfully divine  
There shineth now !

And silent ever is thy lip,  
And pale thy cheek :  
O, art thou earth's, or art thou heaven's ?  
Speak to me, speak !

### THE SONG OF HOPE.

Drop not, my brothers ! I hear a glad strain ;  
We shall burst forth like streams from the winter  
night's chain ;  
A flag is unfurled, a bright star of the sea,  
A ransom approaches — we yet shall be free !

Where the pines wave, where the light chamois  
leaps,  
Where the lone eagle hath built on the steep ;  
Where the snows glisten, the mountain rills  
foam,  
Free ■ the falcon's wing, yet shall we roam.

Where the hearth shines, where the kind looks  
are met,  
Where the smiles mingle, our place shall be yet !  
Crossing the desert, o'ersweeping the sea —  
Drop not, my brothers ! we yet shall be free ?

### MISCELLANEOUS LYRICS.

#### THE CALL TO BATTLE.

" Ah ! then and there was hurrying to and fro,  
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress.  
And there were sudden partings, such as press  
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs,  
Which ne'er might be repeated." — BYRON.

The vesper bell from church and tower,  
Had sent its dying sound ;  
And the household, in the hush of eve,  
Were met their porch around.

A voice rang through the olive wood, with a  
sudden trumpet's power —  
" We rise on all our hills ! Come forth ! 'tis thy  
country's gathering hour :  
There's a gleam of spears by every stream in  
each old battle dell.  
Come forth, young Juan ! Bid thy home a brief  
and proud farewell !"

Then the father gave his son the sword  
Which ■ hundred fights had seen —  
" Away ! and bear it back, my boy !  
All that it still hath been !

" Haste, haste ! The hunters of the foe ■ up  
and who shall stand  
The lion-like awakening of the roused indig-  
nant land ?  
Our chase shall sound through each defile  
where swept the clarion's blast,  
With the flying footsteps of the Moor, in stormy  
ages past."

Then the mother kissed her son with ■ ■ ■  
That o'er his dark locks fell :  
" I bless, I bless thee o'er and o'er,  
Yet I stay thee not. Farewell !"

" One moment ! but one moment give to part-  
ing thought or word !  
It is no time for woman's tears when manhood's  
heart is stirred.  
Bear but the memory of my love about thee in  
the fight,  
To breathe upon th' avenging sword a spell of  
keener might.

And ■ maiden's fond adieu was heard,  
Though deep, yet brief and low :  
" In the vigil, in the conflict, love !  
My prayer shall with thee go !"

" Come forth ! come as the torrent comes when  
the winter's chain is burst !  
So rushes on the land's revenge, in night and  
silence nursed.  
The night is passed, the silence o'er — on all  
our hills we rise :  
We wait thee, youth ! sleep, dream no more !  
the voice of battle cries."

There were sad hearts in a darkened home,  
When the brave had left their bower ;  
But the strength of prayer and sacrifice  
Was with them in that hour

#### MIGNON'S SONG.

TRANSLATED FROM GOETHE.

[Mignon, a young and enthusiastic girl, (the character is  
one of Goethe's romances, from which Sir Walter Scott  
Fenella is partially imitated,) has been stolen away, in ■ ■ ■

ly childhood, from Italy. Her vague recollections of that land, and of her early home, with its graceful sculptures and pictured saloons, are perpetually haunting her, and at times break forth into the following song. The original has been set to exquisite music, by Zelter, the friend of Goethe.]

"Kennst du das Land wo die Citronen blühn?"

Know'st thou the land where bloom the citron  
bowers,

Where the gold orange lights the dusky grove?  
High waves the laurel there, the myrtle flowers,  
And through a still blue heaven the sweet  
winds rove.

Know'st thou it well?

There, there, with thee,  
O friend! O loved one! fain my steps would flee.

Know'st thou the dwelling? There the pillars  
rise,

Soft shines the hall, the painted chambers glow;  
And forms of marble seem with pitying eyes  
To say — "Poor child! what thus hath wrought  
thee woe?"

Know'st thou it well?

There, there, with thee,  
O my protector! homewards might I flee!

Know'st thou the mountain? High its bridge  
is hung,

Where the mule seeks through mist and cloud  
his way;

There lurk the dragon race deep caves among,  
D'er beetling rocks there foams the torrent  
spray.

Know'st thou it well?

With thee, with thee,  
There lies my path, O father! let us flee!

### THE SISTERS.<sup>1</sup>

A BALLAD.

"I go, sweet sister! yet my heart would linger  
with thee fain,

And unto every parting gift some deep remem-  
brance chain:

Take, then, the braid of Eastern pearls which  
once I loved to wear,

And with it bind for festal scenes the dark  
waves of thy hair!

<sup>1</sup> This ballad was composed for a kind of dramatic recitation, relieved by music. It was thus performed by two graceful and highly-accomplished sisters.

Its pale, pure brightness will beseech those  
tresses well,

And I shall need such pomp no more in my lone  
convent cell."

"O, speak not thus, my Leonor! why part  
from kindred love?

Through festive scenes, when thou art gone, my  
steps no more shall move!

How could I bear a lonely heart amid a reckless  
throng?

I should but miss earth's dearest voice in every  
tone of song.

Keep, keep the braid of Eastern pearls, or let  
me proudly twine

Its wreath once more around that brow, that  
queenly brow, of thine."

"O, wouldst thou strive a wounded bird from  
shelter to detain?

Or wouldst thou call a spirit freed to weary life  
again?

Sweet sister! take the golden cross that I have  
worn so long,

And bathed with many a burning tear for secret  
woe and wrong.

It could not still my beating heart! but may it  
be a sign

Of peace and hope, my gentle one! when  
meekly pressed to thine."

"Take back, take back the cross of gold, our  
mother's gift to thee—

It would but of this parting hour a bitter token  
be;

With funeral splendor to mine eye, it would but  
sadly shine,

And tell of early treasures lost, of joy no longer  
mine.

O sister! if thy heart be thus with buried grief  
oppressed,

Where wouldst thou pour it forth so well as  
my faithful breast?"

"Urge me no more! A blight hath fallen upon  
my summer years!

I should but darken thy young life with fruitless  
pangs and fears.

But take at least the lute I loved, and guard it  
for my sake,

And sometimes from its silvery strings one tone  
of memory wake!

Sing to those chords by starlight's gleam our  
own sweet vesper hymn,

And think that I too chant it then, far in my  
cloister dim."



"Yes! I will take the silvery lute — and I will  
sing to thee  
A song we heard in childhood's days, even from  
our father's knee.  
O sister! sister! are these notes amid forgotten  
things?  
Do they not linger, as in love, on the familiar  
strings?  
Seems not our sainted mother's voice to murmur  
in the strain?  
Kind sister! gentlest Leonor! say, shall it plead  
in vain?"

SONG.

"Leave us not, leave us not!  
Say not adieu!  
Have we not been to thee  
Tender and true?

"Take not thy sunny smile  
Far from our hearth!  
With that sweet light will fade  
Summer and mirth.

"Leave us not, leave us not!  
Can thy heart roam?  
Wilt thou not pine to hear  
Voices from home?

"Too sad our love would be  
If thou wert gone!  
Turn to us, leave us not!  
Thou art our own!"

"O sister! hush that thrilling lute! — O, cease  
that haunting lay!  
Too deeply pierce those wild, sweet notes — yet,  
yet I cannot stay:  
For weary, weary is my heart! I hear a whis-  
pered call  
In every breeze that stirs the leaf and bids the  
blossom fall.  
I cannot breathe in freedom here, my spirit pines  
to dwell  
Where the world's voice can reach no more! O,  
calm thee! — Fare thee well!"

THE LAST SONG OF SAPPHO.

[Suggested by a beautiful sketch, the design of the young-  
er Westmacott. It represents Sappho sitting on a rock  
above the sea, with her lyre cast at her feet. There is a  
desolate grace about the whole figure, which seems pene-  
trated with the feeling of utter abandonment.]

SOUND on, thou dark, unslumbering sea!  
My dirge is in thy moan.  
My spirit finds response in thee  
To its own ceaseless cry — "Alone, alone!"

Yet send me back one other word,  
Ye tones that never cease!  
O, let your secret caves be stirred,  
And say, dark waters! will ye give me peace?

Away! my weary soul hath sought  
In vain one echoing sigh,  
One answer to consuming thought  
In human hearts — and will the wave reply?

Sound on, thou dark unslumbering sea!  
Sound in thy scorn and pride!  
I ask not, alien world! from thee  
What my own kindred earth hath still denied.

And yet I loved that earth so well,  
With all its lovely things!  
Was it for this the death wind fell  
On my rich lyre, and quenched its living strings?

Let them lie silent at my feet!  
Since, broken even as they,  
The heart whose music made them sweet  
Hath poured on desert sands its wealth away.

Yet glory's light hath touched my name —  
The laurel wreath is mine —  
With a lone heart, a weary frame,  
O restless deep! I come to make them thine!

Give to that crown, that burning crown,  
Place in thy darkest hold!  
Bury my anguish, my renown,  
With hidden wrecks, lost gems, and wasted gold.

Thou sea bird on the billow's crest!  
Thou hast thy love, thy home;  
They wait thee in the quiet nest,  
And I, th' unsought, unwatched-for — I too come!

I, with this wingéd nature fraught,  
These visions wildly free,  
This boundless love, this fiery thought —  
Alone I come — O, give me peace, dark sea!

DIRGE.

WHERE shall we make her grave?  
O, where the wild flowers wave  
In the free air!

Where shower and singing bird  
'Midst the young leaves are heard —  
There — lay her there !

Harsh was the world to her —  
Now may sleep minister  
Balm for each ill :  
Low on sweet nature's breast  
Let the meek heart find rest,  
Deep, deep, and still !

Murmur, glad waters ! by ;  
Faint gales ! with happy sigh,  
Come wandering o'er  
That green and mossy bed,  
Where, on a gentle head,  
Storms beat no more !

What though for her in vain  
Falls now the bright spring rain,  
Plays the soft wind ?  
Yet still, from where she lies,  
Should blessed breathings rise,  
Gracious and kind.

Therefore let song and dew  
Thence in the heart renew  
Life's vernal glow !  
And o'er that holy earth  
Scents of the violet's birth  
Still come and go !

O, then, where wild flowers wave  
Make ye her mossy grave,  
In the free air !  
Where shower and singing bird  
'Midst the young leaves are heard —  
There — lay her there !

#### A SONG OF THE ROSE.

— *Costi fior diverrai che non soggiace  
All'acqua, al gelo, al vento ed allo scherno  
D'una stagione volubile e fugace ;  
E a piu fido Cultor posto in governo,  
Unir potrai nella tranquilla pace,  
All'eterna Bellezza odore eterno.* — METASTASIO.

ROSE ! what dost thou here ?  
Bridal, royal rose !  
How, 'midst grief and fear,  
Canst thou thus disclose  
That fervid hue of love, which to thy heart leaf  
glows ?

Rose ! too much arrayed  
For triumphal hours,  
Look'st thou through the shade  
Of these mortal bowers,  
Not to disturb my soul, thou crowned one  
flowers !

As an eagle soaring  
Through a sunny sky,  
As a clarion pouring  
Notes of victory,  
So dost thou kindle thoughts, for earth and life  
too high.

Thoughts of rapture, flushing  
Youthful poet's cheek ;  
Thoughts of glory, rushing  
Forth in song to break,  
But finding the springtide of rapid song  
weak.

Yet, O festal rose !  
I have seen thee lying  
In thy bright repose  
Pillowed with the dym,.  
Thy crimson by the lip whence life's quick blood  
was flying.

Summer, hope, and love  
O'er that bed of pain  
Met in thee, yet wove  
Too, too frail a chain.  
In its embracing links the lovely to detain.

Smil'st thou, gorgeous flower ?  
O, within the spells  
Of thy beauty's power  
Something dimly dwells,  
At variance with a world of sorrows and  
wells.

All the soul forth flowing  
In that rich perfume,  
All the proud life glowing  
In that radiant bloom —  
Have they no place but here, beneath the o'er-  
shadowing tomb ?

Crown'st thou but the daughters  
Of our tearful race ?  
Heaven's own purest waters  
Well might wear the trace  
Of thy consummate form, melting to softer  
grace.

Will that clime infold thee  
 With immortal air?  
 Shall we not behold thee  
 Bright and deathless there?  
 In spirit lustre clothed, transcendently more fair!

Yes! my fancy sees thee  
 In that light disclose,  
 And its dream thus frees thee  
 From the mist of woes,  
 Darkening thine earthly bowers, O bridal, royal  
 rose!

### NIGHT-BLOWING FLOWERS.

CHILDREN of night! unfolding meekly, slowly,  
 To the sweet breathings of the shadowy hours,  
 When dark-blue heavens look softest and most  
 holy,  
 And glowworm light is in the forest bowers;  
 To solemn things and deep,  
 To spirit-haunted sleep,  
 To thoughts, all purified  
 From earth, ye seem allied;  
 O dedicated flowers!

Ye, from the gaze of crowds your beauty veiling,  
 Keep in dim vestal urns the sweetness shrined;  
 Till the mild moon, on high serenely sailing,  
 Looks on you tenderly and sadly kind.  
 — So doth love's dreaming heart  
 Dwell from the throng apart,  
 And but to shades disclose  
 The inmost thought, which glows  
 With its pure life intertwined.

Shut from the sounds wherein the day rejoices,  
 To no triumphant song your petals thrill,  
 But send forth odors with the faint, soft voices  
 Rising from hidden streams, when all is still.  
 — So doth lone prayer arise,  
 Mingling with secret sighs,  
 When grief unfolds, like you,  
 Her breast, for heavenly dew  
 In silent hours to fill.

### THE WANDERER AND THE NIGHT FLOWERS.

CALL back your odors, lovely flowers!  
 From the night winds call them back;

And fold your leaves till the laughing hours  
 Come forth in the sunbeam's track!

"The lark lies couched in her grassy nest,  
 And the honey bee is gone,  
 And all bright things are away to rest—  
 Why watch ye here alone?"

"Is not your world a mournful one,  
 When your sisters close their eyes,  
 And your soft breath meets not a lingering tone  
 Of song in the starry skies?"

"Take ye no joy in the dayspring's birth  
 When it kindles the sparks of dew?  
 And the thousand strains of the forest's mirth,  
 Shall they gladden all but you?"

"Shut your sweet bells till the fawn comes  
 On the sunny turf to play,  
 And the woodland child with a fairy shout  
 Goes dancing on its way!"

"Nay! let our shadowy beauty bloom  
 When the stars give quiet light,  
 And let us offer our faint perfume  
 On the silent shrine of night.

"Call it not wasted, the scent we lend  
 To the breeze, when no step is nigh:  
 O, thus forever the earth should send  
 Her grateful breath on high!

"And love us as emblems, night's dewy flowers,  
 Of hopes unto sorrow given,  
 That spring through the gloom of the darkest  
 hours,  
 Looking alone to heaven!"

### ECHO SONG.

In thy cavern hall,  
 Echo! art thou sleeping?  
 By the fountain's fall  
 Dreamy silence keeping?  
 Yet one soft note, borne  
 From the shepherd's horn,  
 Wakes thee, Echo! into music leaping!  
 — Strange, sweet Echo! into music leaping.

Then the woods rejoice,  
 Then glad sounds swelling



From each sister voice  
Round thy rocky dwelling ;  
And their sweetness fills  
All the hollow hills

With ■ thousand notes, of *one* life telling !  
— Softly-mingled notes, of *one* life telling.

Echo ! in my heart  
Thus deep thoughts are lying,  
Silent and apart,  
Buried, yet undying ;  
Till some gentle tone  
Wakening haply *one*,  
Calls ■ thousand forth, like thee replying !  
— Strange, sweet Echo ! even like thee replying.

### THE MUFFLED DRUM.

THE muffled drum was heard  
In the Pyrenees by night,  
With a dull, deep rolling sound,  
Which told the hamlets round  
Of ■ soldier's burial rite.

But it told them not how dear,  
In ■ home beyond the main,  
Was the warrior youth laid low that hour  
By a mountain stream of Spain.

The oaks of England waved  
O'er the slumbers of his race,  
But a pine of the Ronceval made moan  
Above *his* last, lone place ;

When the muffled drum was heard  
In the Pyrenees by night,  
With ■ dull, deep rolling sound,  
Which called strange echoes round  
To the soldier's burial rite.

Brief was the sorrowing *there*,  
By the stream from battle red,  
And tossing on its wave the plumes  
Of many ■ stately head ;

But ■ mother — soon to die,  
And ■ sister — long to weep,  
Even then were breathing prayers for him  
In that home beyond the deep ;

While the muffled drum was heard  
In the Pyrenees by night,

With ■ dull, deep rolling sound,  
And the dark pines mourned around  
O'er the soldier's burial rite.

### THE SWAN AND THE SKYLARK.

" Adieu, adieu ! thy plaintive anthem fades  
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,  
Up the hillside ; and now 'tis buried deep  
In the next valley glades." KEATS.

" Higher still and higher  
From the earth thou springest  
Like a cloud of fire ;  
The blue deep thou wingest,  
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest." SHELLEY.

'MIDST the long reeds that o'er ■ Grecian stream  
Unto the faint wind sighed melodiously,  
And where the sculpture of a broken shrine  
Sent out through shadowy grass and thick wild  
flowers

Dim alabaster gleams, ■ lonely swan  
Warbled his death chant ; and a poet stood  
Listening to that strange music, as it shook  
The lilies on the wave, and made the pines  
And all the laurels of the haunted shore  
Thrill to its passion. O, the tones were *sweet*,  
Even painfully — as with the sweetness wrung  
From parting love ; and to the poet's thought  
*This* was their language : —

" Summer ! I depart —  
O light and laughing summer ! fare thee well :  
No song the less through thy rich woods will  
swell  
For one, one broken heart.

" And fare ye well, young flowers !  
Ye will not mourn ! ye will shed odor still,  
And wave in glory, coloring every rill  
Known to my youth's fresh hours.

" And ye, bright founts ! that lie  
Far in the whispering forests, lone and deep,  
My wing no more shall stir your shadowy sleep —  
Sweet waters ! I must die.

" Will ye not send one tone  
Of sorrow through the pines ? — one murmur  
low ?  
Shall not the green leaves from your voices *know*  
That I, your child, am gone ?

" No ! ever glad and free  
Ye have no sounds ■ tale of death to tell

Waves, joyous waves! flow on, and fare ye well!  
Ye will not mourn for me.

"But thou, sweet boon! too late  
Poured on my parting breath, vain gift of song!  
Why com'st thou thus, o'ermastering, rich and  
strong,  
In the dark hour of fate?"

"Only to wake the sighs  
Of echo voices from their sparry cell!  
Only to say — O sunshine and blue skies!  
O life and love! farewell."

hus flowed the death chant on; while mourn-  
fully  
Low winds and waves made answer, and the  
tones  
Buried in rocks along the Grecian stream —  
Rocks and dim caverns of old prophecy —  
Woke to respond: and all the air was filled  
With that one sighing sound — *Farewell! fare-  
well!*

Filled with that sound? High in the calm blue  
heaven  
Even then a skylark hung: soft summer clouds  
Were floating round him, all transpierced with  
light,  
And 'midst that pearly radiance his dark wings  
Quivered with song: such free, triumphant  
song,  
As if tears were not — as if breaking hearts  
Had not a place below; and *thus* that strain  
Spoke to the poet's ear exultingly:—

"The summer is come; she hath said *Rejoice!*  
The wildwoods thrill to her merry voice!  
Her sweet breath is wandering around, on high:  
Sing, sing through the echoing sky!

"There is joy in the mountains! The bright  
waves leap  
Like the bounding stag when he breaks from  
sleep;  
Mirthfully, wildly, they flash along —  
Let the heavens ring with song!

"There is joy in the forests! The bird of night  
Hath made the leaves tremble with deep delight;  
But *mine* is the glory to sunshine given —  
Sing, sing through the echoing heaven!

■ *Mine* are the wings of the soaring morn,  
■ *Mine* are the fresh gales with dayspring born:

Only young rapture can mount so high —  
Sing, sing through the echoing sky!"

So these two voices met; so Joy and Death  
Mingled their accents; and, amidst the rush  
Of many thoughts, the listening poet cried, —  
"O, thou art mighty, thou art wonderful,  
Mysterious Nature! Not in thy free range  
Of woods and wilds alone thou blindest thus  
The dirge note and the song of festival;  
But in one *heart*, one changeful human heart —  
Ay, and within one hour of that strange world —  
Thou call'st their music forth, with all its tones  
To startle and to pierce! — the dying swan's,  
And the glad skylark's — triumph and despair!"

#### THE CURFEW SONG OF ENGLAND.

HARK! from the dim church tower,  
The deep, slow curfew's chime!  
— A heavy sound unto hall and bower  
In England's olden time!  
Sadly 'twas heard by him who came  
From the fields of his toil at night,  
And who might not see his own hearth flame  
In his children's eyes make light.

Sternly and sadly heard,  
As it quenched the wood-fire's glow,  
Which had cheered the board with the mirth-  
ful word,  
And the red wine's foaming flow!  
Until that sullen, boding knell,  
Flung out from every fane,  
On harp, and lip, and spirit, fell,  
With a weight and with a chain.

Woe for the pilgrim then  
In the wild deer's forest far!  
No cottage lamp, to the haunts of men,  
Might guide him, as a star.  
And woe for him whose wakeful soul,  
With lone aspirings filled,  
Would have lived o'er some immortal scroll,  
While the sounds of earth were stilled!

And yet a deeper woe  
For the watcher by the bed,  
Where the fondly loved in pain lay low.  
In pain and sleepless dread!  
For the mother, doomed unseen to keep  
By the dying babe her place,

And to feel its sleeping pulse, and weep,  
Yet not behold its face !

Darkness in chieftain's hall !  
Darkness in peasant's cot !  
While Freedom, under that shadowy pall,  
Sat mourning o'er her lot.  
O, the fireside's peace we well may prize !  
For blood hath flowed like rain,  
Poured forth to make sweet sanctuaries  
Of England's homes again.

Heap the yule faggots high  
Till the red light fills the room !  
It is home's own hour when the stormy sky  
Grows thick with evening gloom.  
Gather ye round the holy hearth,  
And by its gladdening blaze,  
Unto thankful bliss we will change our mirth,  
With a thought of the olden days !

### GENIUS SINGING TO LOVE.

"That voice remeasures  
Whatever tones and melancholy pleasures  
The things of nature utter ; birds or trees,  
Or where the tall grass mid the heath plant waves,  
Murmur and music thin of sudden breeze." — COLERIDGE.

I HEARD a song upon the wandering wind,  
A song of many tones — though one full soul  
Breathed through them all imploringly, and  
made

All nature as they passed, all quivering leaves  
And low responsive reeds and waters, thrill  
As with the consciousness of human prayer.  
— At times the passion-kindled melody  
Might seem to gush from Sappho's fervent heart  
Over the wild sea wave ; at times the strain  
Flowed with more plaintive sweetness, as if born  
Of Petrarch's voice, beside the lone Vaucluse ;  
And sometimes, with its melancholy swell,  
A graver sound was mingled, ■ deep note  
Of Tasso's holy lyre. Yet still the tones  
Were of ■ suppliant — "*Leave me not !*" was  
still

The burden of their music ; and I knew  
The lay which Genius, in its loneliness,  
Its own still world, amidst th' o'erpeopled world,  
Hath ever breathed to Love.

"They crown me with the glistening crown,  
Borne from ■ deathless tree ;  
I hear the pealing music of renown —

O Love ! forsake me not !  
Mine were ■ lone, dark lot,  
Bereft of thee !

They tell me that my soul ■ throw  
A glory o'er the earth ;  
From thee, from thee, is caught that golden  
glow !

Shed by thy gentle eyes,  
It gives to flower and skies  
A bright, new birth !

"Thence gleams the path of morning  
Over the kindling hills, ■ sunny zone !  
Thence to its heart of hearts the rose is burning  
With lustre not its own !  
Thence every wood recess  
Is filled with loveliness,  
Each bower, to ringdoves and dim violets known.

"I see all beauty by the ray  
That streameth from thy smile ;  
O, bear it, bear it not away !  
Can that sweet light beguile ?  
Too pure, too spirit-like, it seems,  
To linger long by earthly streams ;  
I clasp it with th' alloy  
Of fear 'midst quivering joy.

Yet must I perish if the gift depart —  
Leave me not, Love ! to mine own beating  
heart !

"The music from my lyre  
With thy swift step would flee ;  
The world's cold breath would quench the starry  
fire

In my deep soul — a temple filled with thee .  
Sealed would the fountains lie,  
The waves of harmony,  
Which thou alone canst free !

"Like a shrine 'midst rocks forsaken,  
Whence the oracle hath fled ;  
Like a harp which none might waken  
But a mighty master dead ;  
Like the vase of ■ perfume scattered,  
Such would my spirit be —  
So mute, so void, so shattered,  
Bereft of thee !

"Leave me not, Love ! or if this earth  
Yield not for thee a home,  
If the bright summer land of thy pure birth  
Send thee ■ silvery voice that whispers '*Come*  
Then, with the glory from the rose,  
With the sparkle from the stream,



With the light thy rainbow presence throws  
 Over the poet's dream ;  
 With all th' Elysian hues  
 Thy pathway that suffuse,  
 With joy, with music, from the fading grove,  
 Take me, too, heavenward on thy wing, sweet  
 Love !"

## MUSIC AT A DEATH BED.

"Music ! why thy power employ  
 Only for the sons of joy ?  
 Only for the smiling guests  
 At natal or at nuptial feasts ?  
 Rather thy lenient numbers pour  
 On those whom secret griefs devour ;  
 And with some softly-whispered air  
 Smooth the brow of dumb despair !"

WARTON, from EURIPIDES.

BRING music ! stir the brooding air  
 With an ethereal breath !  
 Bring sounds, my struggling soul to bear  
 Up from the couch of death !

A voice, ■ flute, ■ dreamy lay,  
 Such as the southern breeze  
 Might waft, at golden fall of day,  
 O'er blue, transparent seas !

O, no ! not such ! That lingering spell  
 Would lure me back to life,  
 When my weaned heart hath said farewell,  
 And passed the gates of strife.

Let not ■ sigh of human love  
 Blend with the song its tone !  
 Let no disturbing echo move  
 One that must die alone !

But pour ■ solemn-breathing strain  
 Filled with the soul of prayer !  
 Let ■ life's conflict, fear, and pain,  
 And trembling hope be there.

Deeper, yet deeper ! In my thought  
 Lies more prevailing sound,  
 A harmony intensely fraught  
 With pleading more profound.

A passion unto music given,  
 A sweet, yet piercing cry ;  
 A breaking heart's appeal to Heaven,  
 A bright faith's victory !

Deeper ! O, may no richer power  
 Be in those notes enshrined ?

Can all which crowds on earth's last hour  
 No fuller language find ?

Away ! and hush the feeble song,  
 And let the chord be stilled !  
 Far in another land, ere long,  
 My dream shall be fulfilled.

## MARSHAL SCHWERIN'S GRAVE.

[“ I came upon the tomb of Marshal Schwerin — a plain, quiet cenotaph, erected in the middle of a wide cornfield on the very spot where he closed a long, faithful, and glorious career in arms. He fell here, at eighty years of age, at the head of his own regiment, the standard of it waving in his hand. His seat was in the leathern saddle — his foot in the iron stirrup — his fingers reined the young war horse to the last.” — *Notes and Reflections during a Ramble into Germany.*]

Thou didst fall in the field with thy silver hair,  
 And a banner in thy hand ;  
 Thou wert laid to rest from thy battles there,  
 By a proudly mournful band.

In the camp, on the steed, to the bugle's blast,  
 Thy long bright years had sped ;  
 And a warrior's bier was thine at last,  
 When the snows had crowned thy head.

Many had fallen by thy side, old chief !  
 Brothers and friends, perchance ;  
 But thou wert yet ■ the fadeless leaf,  
 And light was in thy glance.

The soldier's heart at thy step leaped high,  
 And thy voice the war horse knew ;  
 And the first to arm when the foe was nigh,  
 Wert thou, the bold and true.

Now mayst thou slumber — thy work is done —  
 Thou of the well-worn sword !  
 From the stormy fight in thy fame thou'rt gone  
 But not to the festal board.

The corn sheaves whisper thy grave around  
 Where fiery blood hath flowed .  
 O lover of battle and trumpet sound !  
 Thou art couched in ■ still abode !

A quiet home from the noonday's glare,  
 And the breath of the wintry blast —  
 Didst thou toil through the days of thy silver  
 hair  
 To win thee but *this* at last ?

## THE FALLEN LIME TREE.

O joy of the peasant ! O stately lime !  
 Thou art fallen in thy golden honey time !  
 Thou whose wavy shadows,  
 Long and long ago,  
 Screened our gray forefathers  
 From the noontide's glow ;  
 Thou, beneath whose branches,  
 Touched with moonlight gleams,  
 Lay our early poets  
 Rapt in fairy dreams.  
 O tree of our fathers ! O hallowed tree !  
 A glory is gone from our home with thee.

Where shall now the weary  
 Rest through summer eves ?  
 Or the bee find honey  
 As on thy sweet leaves ?  
 Where shall now the ringdove  
 Build again her nest ?  
 She so long the inmate  
 Of thy fragrant breast !

But the sons of the peasant have lost in thee  
 Far more than the ringdove, far more than the  
 bee !

These may yet find coverts  
 Leafy and profound,  
 Full of dewy dimness,  
 Odor, and soft sound ;  
 But the gentle memories  
 Clinging all to thee,  
 When shall they be gathered  
 Round another tree ?

O pride of our fathers ! O hallowed tree !  
 The crown of the hamlet is fallen in thee !

## THE BIRD AT SEA.

BIRD of the greenwood !  
 O, why art thou here ?  
 Leaves dance not o'er thee,  
 Flowers bloom not near.  
 All the sweet waters  
 Far hence are at play —  
 Bird of the greenwood !  
 Away, away !

Where the mast quivers  
 Thy place will not be,  
 As 'midst the waving  
 Of wild rose and tree.

How shouldst thou battle  
 With storm and with spray ?  
 Bird of the greenwood !  
 Away, away !

Or art thou seeking  
 Some brighter land,  
 Where by the south wind  
 Vine leaves are fanned ?  
 'Midst the wild billows  
 Why then delay ?  
 Bird of the greenwood !  
 Away, away !

"Chide not my lingering  
 Where storms are dark ;  
 A hand that hath nursed me  
 Is in the bark —  
 A heart that hath cherished  
 Through winter's long day ;  
 So I turn from the greenwood,  
 Away, away !

## THE DYING GIRL AND FLOWERS.

"I desire ■ I look on these, the ornaments and children ■  
 earth, to know whether, indeed, such things I shall ■ ■ ■ more  
 — whether they have no likeness, no archetype, in the world in  
 which my future home is to be cast — or whether they have their  
 images above, only wrought in ■ more wondrous and delightful  
 mould." — *Conversations with an ambitious Student in ill Health.*

BEAR them not from grassy dells  
 Where wild bees have honey cells ;  
 Not from where sweet water sounds  
 Thrill the greenwood to its bounds ;  
 Not to waste their scented breath  
 On the silent room of death !

Kindred to the breeze they are,  
 And the glowworm's emerald stair,  
 And the bird whose song is free,  
 And the many-whispering tree :  
 O, too deep a love, and vain,  
 They would win to earth again.

Spread them not before the eyes  
 Closing fast on summer skies !  
 Woo thou not the spirit back  
 From its lone and viewless track,  
 With the bright things which have birth  
 Wide o'er all the colored earth !

With the violet's breath would rise  
 Thoughts too sad for her who dies ;

From the lily's pearl cup shed,  
 Dreams too sweet would haunt her bed ;  
 Dreams of youth — of spring time's eves —  
 Music — beauty — all she leaves !

Hush ! 'tis thou that dreaming art,  
 Calmer is *her* gentle heart.  
 Ye o'er fountain, vale, and grove,  
 Leaf and flower, hath gushed her love ;  
 But that passion, deep and true,  
 Knows not of ■ last adieu.

Types of lovelier forms than these  
 In their fragile mould she sees ;  
 Shadows of yet richer things,  
 Born beside immortal springs,  
 Into fuller glory wrought,  
 Kindled by surpassing thought !

Therefore in the lily's leaf  
 She can read no word of grief ;  
 O'er the woodbine she can dwell,  
 Murmuring not — Farewell ! farewell !  
 And her dim, yet speaking eye  
 Greets the violet solemnly.

Therefore once, and yet again,  
 Strew them o'er her bed of pain ;  
 From her chamber take the gloom  
 With a light and flush of bloom :  
 So should one depart, who goes  
 Where ■ death can touch the rose !

### THE IVY SONG.<sup>1</sup>

O, how could fancy crown with *thee*,  
 In ancient days, the God of Wine,  
 And bid thee at the banquet be  
 Companion of the Vine ?  
 Ivy ! *thy* home is where each sound  
 Of revelry hath long been o'er ;  
 Where song and beaker once went round,  
 But now are known no more ;  
 Where long-fallen gods recline,  
 There the place is thine.

The Roman, on his battle plains,  
 Where kings before his eagles bent,

<sup>1</sup> This song, ■ originally written, the reader will have ■ with in an earlier part of this publication, (p. 419.) Being afterwards completely remodelled by Mrs. Hemans, perhaps no apology is requisite for its reinsertion here.

With thee, amidst exulting strains,  
 Shadowed the victor's tent.  
 Though, shining there in deathless green,  
 Triumphantly thy boughs might wave,  
 Better thou lov'st the silent scene  
 Around the victor's grave —  
 Urn and sculpture half divine  
 Yield their place to thine.

The cold halls of the regal dead,  
 Where lone the Italian sunbeams dwell,  
 Where hollow sounds the lightest tread —  
 Ivy ! they know thee well !  
 And far above the festal vine  
 Thou wav'st where once proud banners hung  
 Where mouldering turrets crest the Rhine —  
 The Rhine, still fresh and young !  
 Tower and rampart o'er the Rhine,  
 Ivy ! all are thine !

High from the fields of air look 'down  
 Those eyries of a vanished race,  
 Where harp, and battle, and renown  
 Have passed, and left no trace.  
 But thou art there ! — serenely bright,  
 Meeting the mountain storms with bloom,  
 Thou that wilt climb the loftiest height,  
 Or crown the lowliest tomb !  
 Ivy ! Ivy ! all are thine,  
 Palace, hearth, and shrine.

'Tis still the same : our pilgrim tread  
 O'er classic plains, through deserts free,  
 On the mute path of ages fled,  
 Still meets decay and thee.  
 And still let man his fabrics rear,  
 August in beauty, stern in power —  
 Days pass — thou Ivy never sere,<sup>2</sup>  
 And thou shalt have thy dower.  
 All are thine, or must be thine —  
 Temple, pillar, shrine !

### THE MUSIC OF ST. PATRICK'S.

[The choral music of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, ■ almost unrivalled in its combined powers of voice, organ, and scientific skill. The majestic harmony of effect thus produced is not a little deepened by the character of the church itself, which, though small, yet with its dark rich fretwork, knightly helmets and banners, and old monumental effigies, seems all filled and overshadowed by the spirit of chivalrous antiquity. The imagination never fails

<sup>2</sup> "Ye myrtles brown, and ivy never sere." — *Lycidas*



to recognize it — a fitting scene for high solemnities of old  
— a place to witness the solitary vigil of arms, or to resound  
with the funeral march at the burial of some warlike king ]

"All the choir  
Sang hallelujah, as the sound of seas." — MILTON.

AGAIN, O, send that anthem peal again  
Through the arched roof in triumph to the sky !  
Bid the old tombs ring proudly to the strain,  
The banners thrill as if with victory !

Such sounds the warrior awe-struck might have  
heard,  
While armed for fields of chivalrous renown ;  
Such the high hearts of kings might well have  
stirred,  
While throbbing still beneath the recent crown !

Those notes once more ! — they bear my soul  
away,  
They lend the wings of morning to its flight ;  
No earthly passion in th' exulting lay  
Whispers one tone to win me from that height.

All is of Heaven ! Yet wherefore to mine eye  
Gush the vain tears unbidden from their source,  
Even while the waves of that strong harmony  
Roll with my spirit on their sounding course ?

Wherefore must rapture its full heart reveal  
Thus by the burst of sorrow's token shower !  
— O, is it not, that humbly we may feel  
Our nature's limit in its proudest hour ?

#### KEENE; OR, LAMENT OF AN IRISH MOTHER OVER HER SON.

[This lament is intended to imitate the peculiar style of  
the Irish keenes, many of which are distinguished by ■  
wild and deep pathos, and other characteristics analogous to  
those of the national music.]

DARKLY the cloud of night comes rolling on ;  
Darker is thy repose, my fair-haired son !  
Silent and dark !

There is blood upon the threshold  
Whence thy step went forth at morn  
Like ■ dancer's in its fleetness,  
O my bright first born !

At the glad sound of that footstep  
My heart within me smiled ! —  
Thou wert brought me back all silent  
On thy bier, my child !

Darkly the cloud of night comes rolling on ;  
Darker is thy repose, my fair-haired son !  
Silent and dark !

I thought to see thy children  
Laugh on me with thine eyes ;  
But my sorrow's voice is lonely  
Where my life's flower lies.

I shall go to sit beside thee,  
Thy kindred's graves among ;  
I shall hear the tall grass whisper —  
I shall not hear it long.

Darkly the cloud of night comes rolling on ;  
Darker is thy repose, my fair-haired son !  
Silent and dark !

And I, too, shall find slumber  
With my lost one in the earth :  
Let none light up the ashes  
Again on our hearth !

Let the roof go down ! — let silence  
On the home forever fall,  
Where my boy lay cold, and heard not  
His lone mother's call !

Darkly the cloud of night comes rolling on,  
Darker is thy repose, my fair-haired son !  
Silent and dark !

#### FAR AWAY.

FAR away ! — my home is far away,  
Where the blue sea laves ■ mountain shore ;  
In the woods I hear my brothers play,  
'Midst the flowers my sister sings once more,  
Far away !

Far away ! — my dreams are far away,  
When at midnight stars and shadows reign :  
"Gentle child !" my mother seems to say,  
"Follow me where home shall smile again,  
Far away !"

Far away ! — my hope is far away,  
Where love's voice young gladness may ■  
store.  
— O thou dove ! now soaring through the day  
Lend me wings to reach that better shore,  
Far away !

THE LYRE AND FLOWER.

A LYRE its plaintive sweetness poured  
Forth on the wild wind's track ;  
The stormy wanderer jarred the chord,  
But gave no music back. —  
O child of song !  
Bear hence to heaven thy fire :  
What hop'st thou from the reckless throng ?  
Be not like that lost lyre !  
Not like that lyre !

A Flower its leaves and odors cast  
On a swift-rolling wave ;  
Th' unheeding torrent darkly passed,  
And back no treasure gave. —  
O heart of love !  
Waste not thy precious dower ;  
Turn to thine only home above !  
Be not like that lost flower !  
Not like that flower !

SISTER ! SINCE I MET THEE LAST.

SISTER ! since I met thee last  
O'er thy brow ■ change hath passed  
In the softness of thine eyes  
Deep and still ■ shadow lies ;  
From thy voice there thrills a tone  
Never to thy childhood known ;  
Through thy soul a storm hath moved,  
— Gentle sister ! thou hast loved !

Yes ! thy varying cheek hath caught  
Hues too bright from troubled thought ;  
Far along the wandering stream  
Thou art followed by a dream ;  
In the woods and valleys lone  
Music haunts thee, not thine own :  
Wherefore fall thy tears like rain ?  
Sister ! thou hast loved in vain !

Tell me not the tale, my flower !  
On my bosom pour that shower !  
Tell me not of kind thoughts wasted ;  
Tell me not of young hopes blasted ;  
Wring not forth one burning word,  
Let thy heart no more be stirred !  
Home alone can give thee rest.  
— Weep, sweet sister ! on my breast !

THE LONELY BIRD.

FROM a ruin thou art singing,  
O lonely, lonely bird !  
The soft blue air is ringing,  
By thy summer music stirred.  
But all is dark and cold beneath,  
Where harps no more are heard :  
Whence winn'st thou that exulting breath  
O lonely, lonely bird ?

Thy songs flow richly swelling  
To a triumph of glad sounds,  
As from its cavern dwelling  
A stream in glory bounds !  
Though the castle echoes catch no tone  
Of human step or word,  
Though the fires be quenched and the feast  
ing done,  
O lonely, lonely bird !

How can that flood of gladness  
Rush through thy fiery lay,  
From the haunted place of sadness,  
From the bosom of decay —  
While the dirge notes in the breeze's ■■■■■  
Through the ivy garlands heard,  
Come blent with thy rejoicing tone,  
O lonely, lonely bird ?

There's many ■ heart, wild singer !  
Like thy forsaken tower,  
Where joy no more may linger,  
Where Love hath left his bower :  
And there's many ■ spirit e'en like thee,  
To mirth as lightly stirred,  
Though it soar from ruins in its glee.  
O lonely, lonely bird !

DIRGE AT SEA.

SLEEP ! — we give thee to the wave,  
Red with lifeblood from the brave.  
Thou shalt find ■ noble grave.  
Fare thee well !

Sleep ! thy billowy field is won !  
Proudly may the funeral gun,  
'Midst the hush at set of sun,  
Boom thy knell !

Lonely, lonely is thy bed ;  
Never there may flower be shed,

Marble reared, or brother's head  
Bowed to weep.

Yet thy record on the sea,  
Borne through battle high and free,  
Long the red-cross flag shall be.  
Sleep ! O, sleep !

PIGRIM'S SONG TO THE EVENING  
STAR.

O soft star of the west,  
Gleaming far !  
Thou'rt guiding all things home,  
Gentle star !  
Thou bring'st from rock and wave  
The sea bird to her nest,  
The hunter from the hills,  
The fisher back to rest.  
Light of a thousand streams,  
Gleaming far !  
O soft star of the west !  
Blesséd star !

No bowery roof is mine,  
No hearth of love and rest ;  
Yet guide me to my shrine,  
O soft star of the west !  
There, there my home shall be,  
Heaven's dew shall cool my breast,  
When prayer and tear gush free,  
O soft star of the west !

O soft star of the west,  
Gleaming far !  
Thou'rt guiding all things home,  
Gentle star !  
Shine from thy rosy heaven,  
Pour joy on earth and sea !  
Shine on, though no sweet eyes  
Look forth to watch for me !  
Light of a thousand streams,  
Gleaming far !  
O soft star of the west !  
Blesséd star !

THE MEETING OF THE SHIPS.

"We take each other by the hand, and we exchange a few words  
looks of kindness, and we rejoice together for a few short  
moments; and then days, months, years intervene, and we see  
and know nothing of each other." — WASHINGTON IRVING.

Two barks met on the deep mid —  
When calms had stilled the tide ;  
A few bright days of summer glee  
There found them side by side.

And voices of the fair and brave  
Rose mingling thence in mirth ;  
And sweetly floated o'er the wave  
The melodies of earth.

Moonlight on that lone Indian main  
Cloudless and lovely slept ;  
While dancing step and festive strain  
Each deck in triumph swept.

And hands were linked, and answering eyes  
With kindly-meaning shone ;  
O, brief and passing sympathies,  
Like leaves together blown !

A little while such joy was cast  
Over the deep's repose,  
Till the loud singing winds at last  
Like trumpet music rose.

And proudly, freely on their way  
The parting vessels bore ;  
In calm or storm, by rock or bay,  
To meet — O, nevermore !

Never to blend in victory's cheer,  
To aid in hours of woe :  
And thus bright spirits mingle here ;  
Such ties are formed below !

COME AWAY.

Come away ! — the child, where flowers  
springing  
Round its footsteps on the mountain slope,  
Hears a glad voice from the upland singing,  
Like the skylark's with its tone of hope :  
Come away !

Bounding on, with sunny lands before him  
All the wealth of glowing life outspread  
Ere the shadow of a cloud comes o'er him,  
By that strain the youth in joy is led :  
Come away !

Slowly, sadly, heavy change is falling  
O'er the sweetness of the voice within ;



Yet its tones, on restless manhood calling,  
 Urge the hunter still to chase, to win :  
 Come away !

Come away ! — the heart at last forsaken,  
 Smile by smile, hath proved each hope untrue ;  
 Yet a breath can still those words awaken,  
 Though to other shores far hence they woo :  
 Come away !

In the light leaves, in the reed's faint sighing,  
 In the low, sweet sounds of early spring,  
 Still their music wanders — till the dying  
 Hears them pass, as on a spirit's wing :  
 Come away !

#### FAIR HELEN OF KIRKCONNEL.

[“ Fair Helen of Kirkconnel,” as she is called in the Scottish Minstrelsy, throwing herself between her betrothed lover and a rival by whom his life was assailed, received a mortal wound, and died in the arms of the former.]

Hold me upon thy faithful heart,  
 Keep back my flitting breath ;  
 'Tis early, early to depart,  
 Beloved ! — yet this is death !

Look on me still — let that kind eye  
 Be the last light I see !  
 O, sad it is in spring to die,  
 But yet I die for thee !

For thee, my own ! — thy stately head  
 Was never thus to bow :  
 Give tears when with me love hath fled,  
 True love, thou know'st it now !

O, the free streams looked bright, where'er  
 We in our gladness roved ;  
 And the blue skies were very fair,  
 O friend ! because we loved.

Farewell ! — I bless thee — live thou on  
 When this young heart is low !  
 Surely my blood thy life hath won —  
 Clasp me once more — I go !

#### MUSIC FROM SHORE.

A sound comes on the rising breeze,  
 A sweet and lovely sound !

Piercing the tumult of the —  
 That wildly dash around.

From land, from sunny land it comes,  
 From hills with murmuring trees,  
 From paths by still and happy homes —  
 That sweet sound on the breeze.

Why should its faint and passing sigh  
 Thus bid my quick pulse leap ?  
 No part in earth's glad melody  
 Is mine upon the deep.

Yet blessing, blessing on the spot  
 Whence those rich breathings flow !  
 Kind hearts, although they know me not,  
 Like mine there beat and glow.

And blessing, from the bark that roams  
 O'er solitary seas,  
 To those that far in happy homes  
 Give sweet sounds to the breeze !

#### LOOK ON ME WITH THY CLOUDLESS EYES.

Look on me with thy cloudless eyes,  
 Truth in their dark transparence lies ;  
 Their sweetness gives me back the tears  
 And the free trust of early years,  
 My gentle child !

The spirit of my infant prayer  
 Shines in the depths of quiet there,  
 And home and love once more are mine,  
 Found in that dewy calm divine,  
 My gentle child !

O, heaven is with thee in thy dreams,  
 Its light by day around thee gleams —  
 Thy smile hath gifts from vernal skies :  
 Look on me with thy cloudless eyes  
 My gentle child !

#### IF THOU HAST CRUSHED A FLOWER

“ O, cast thou not  
 Affection from thee ! In this bitter world  
 Hold to thy heart that only treasure fast ;  
 Watch — guard it — suffer not a breath to dim  
 The bright gem's purity ! ”

If thou hast crushed a flower,  
 The root may not be blighted ;  
 If thou hast quenched a lamp,  
 Once more it may be lighted :  
 But on thy harp, or on thy lute,  
 The string which thou hast broken  
 Shall never in sweet sound again  
 Give to thy touch a token !

If thou hast loosed a bird  
 Whose voice of song could cheer thee,  
 Still, still he may be won  
 From the skies to warble near thee :  
 But if upon the troubled sea  
 Thou hast thrown a gem unheeded,  
 Hope not that wind or wave will bring  
 The treasure back when needed.

If thou hast bruised a vine,  
 The summer's breath is healing,  
 And its clusters yet may glow  
 Through the leaves, their bloom revealing :  
 But if thou hast a cup o'erthrown  
 With a bright draught filled — O, never  
 Shall earth give back that lavished wealth  
 To cool thy parched lip's fever !

The heart is like that cup,  
 If thou waste the love that bore thee ;  
 And like that jewel gone,  
 Which the deep will not restore thee ;  
 And like that string of harp or lute  
 Whence the sweet sound is scattered —  
 Gently, O, gently touch the chords,  
 So soon forever shattered !

### BRIGHTLY HAST THOU FLED.

BRIGHTLY, brightly hast thou fled !  
 Ere one grief had bowed thy head,  
 Brightly didst thou part !  
 With thy young thoughts pure from spot,  
 With thy fond love wasted not,  
 With thy bounding heart.

Ne'er by sorrow to be wet,  
 Calmly smiles thy pale cheek yet,  
 Ere with dust o'erspread :  
 Lilies ne'er by tempest blown,  
 White rose which no stain hath known,  
 Be about thee shed !

So we give thee to the earth,  
 And the primrose shall have birth  
 O'er thy gentle head ;  
 Thou that, like a dewdrop borne  
 On a sudden breeze of morn,  
 Brightly thus hast fled !

### THE BED OF HEATH.

"SOLDIER, awake ! the night is past ;  
 Hear'st thou not the bugle's blast ?  
 Feel'st thou not the dayspring's breath ?  
 Rouse thee from thy bed of heath !  
 Arm, thou bold and strong !  
 Soldier ! what deep spell hath bound thee  
 Fiery steeds are neighing round thee —  
 Banners to the fresh wind play :  
 Rise, and arm — 'tis day, 'tis day !  
 And thou hast slumbered long."

"Brother ! on the heathery lea  
 Longer yet my sleep must be ;  
 Though the morn of battle rise,  
 Darkly night rolls o'er my eyes —  
 Brother, this is death !  
 Call me not when bugles sound,  
 Call me not when wine flows round ;  
 Name me but amidst the brave,  
 Give me but a soldier's grave —  
 But my bed of heath !"

### FAIRY SONG.

HAVE ye left the greenwood lone ?  
 Are your steps forever gone ?  
 Fairy King and Elfin Queen,  
 Come ye to the sylvan scene,  
 From your dim and distant shore,  
 Nevermore ?

Shall the pilgrim never hear  
 With a thrill of joy and fear,  
 In the hush of moonlight hours,  
 Voices from the folded flowers,  
 Faint, sweet flute notes as of yore,  
 Nevermore !

"Mortal ! ne'er shall bowers of earth  
 Hear again our midnight mirth :

By our brooks and dingles green,  
 Since unhallowed steps have been,  
 Ours shall thread the forests hoar  
 Nevermore.

'Ne'er on earth-born lily's stem  
 Will we hang the dewdrop's gem;  
 Ne'er shall reed or cowslip's head  
 Quiver to our dancing tread,  
 By sweet fount or murmuring shore —  
 Nevermore!"

#### WHAT WOKE THE BURIED SOUND.

What woke the buried sound that lay  
 In Memnon's harp of yore?  
 What spirit on its viewless way  
 Along the Nile's green shore?  
 O, not the night, and not the storm,  
 And not the lightning's fire;  
 But sunlight's torch, the kind, the warm —  
 This, this awoke the lyre.

What wins the heart's deep chords to pour  
 Thus music forth on life —  
 Like ■ sweet voice prevailing o'er  
 The truant sounds of strife?  
 O, not the conflict 'midst the throng,  
 Not e'en the trumpet's hour;  
 Love is the gifted and the strong,  
 To wake that music's power!

#### SING TO ME, GONDOLIER!

Sing to me, gondolier!  
 Sing words from Tasso's lay;  
 While blue, and still, and clear,  
 Night seems but softer day.  
 The gale is gently falling,  
 As if it paused to hear  
 Some strain the past recalling —  
 Sing to me, gondolier!

"O, ask me not to wake  
 The memory of the brave;  
 Bid no high numbers break  
 The silence of the wave.  
 Gone ■ the noble hearted,  
 Closed the bright pageants here;  
 And the glad song is departed  
 From the mournful gondolier!"

#### LOOK ON ME THUS NO MORE.

It is thy pity makes me weep,  
 My soul was strong before;  
 Silent, yet strong its griefs to keep  
 From vainly gushing o'er.  
 Turn from me, turn those gentle eyes!  
 In this fond gaze my spirit dies:  
 Look on me thus no more!

Too late that softness comes to bless  
 My heart's glad life is o'er;  
 It will but break with tenderness,  
 Which cannot now restore!  
 The lyrestrings have been jarred too long.  
 Winter hath touched the source of song!  
 Look on me thus no more!

#### O'ER THE FAR BLUE MOUNTAINS.

O'er the far blue mountains,  
 O'er the white sea foam,  
 Come, thou long-parted one!  
 Back to thine home.

When the bright fire shineth,  
 Sad looks thy place;  
 While the true heart pineth,  
 Missing thy face.

Music is sorrowful  
 Since thou art gone;  
 Sisters are mourning thee —  
 Come to thine own!

Hark! the home voices call  
 Back to thy rest;  
 Come to thy father's hall,  
 Thy mother's breast!

O'er the far blue mountains,  
 O'er the white sea foam,  
 Come, thou long-parted one!  
 Back to thine home.

#### O THOU BREEZE OF SPRING!

O thou breeze of spring,  
 Gladdening sea and shore!  
 Wake the woods to sing,  
 Wake my heart no more!



Streams have felt the sighing  
Of thy scented wing ;  
Let each fount replying  
Hail thee, breeze of spring !  
Once more !

O'er long-buried flowers  
Passing not in vain,  
Odors in soft showers  
Thou hast brought again.  
Let the primrose greet thee,  
Let the violet pour  
Incense forth to meet thee —  
Wake my heart no more !  
No more !

From a funeral urn  
Bowered in leafy gloom,  
Even *thy* soft return  
Calls not song or bloom.  
Leave my spirit sleeping  
Like that silent thing ;  
Stir the founts of weeping  
*There*, O breeze of spring !  
No more !

### COME TO ME, DREAMS OF HEAVEN !

Come to me, dreams of heaven !  
My fainting spirit bear  
On your bright wings, by morning given,  
Up to celestial air.  
Away — far, far away,  
From bowers by tempests riven,  
Fold ■ in blue, still, cloudless day,  
O blessed dreams of heaven !

Come but for one brief hour,  
Sweet dreams ! and yet again  
O'er burning thought and memory shower  
Your soft effacing rain !  
Waft me where gales divine  
With dark clouds ne'er have striven,  
Where living founts forever shine —  
O blessed dreams of heaven !

### GOOD NIGHT.

Day is past !  
Stars have set their watch at last ;  
Founts that through the deep woods flow  
Make sweet sounds, unheard till now ;

Flowers have shut with fading light —  
Good night !

Go to rest !  
Sleep sit dove-like on thy breast !  
If within that secret cell  
One dark form of memory dwell,  
Be it mantled from thy sight —  
Good night !

Joy be thine !  
Kind looks o'er thy slumbers shine !  
Go, and in the spirit land  
Meet thy home's long-parted band ;  
Be their eyes all love and light —  
Good night !

Peace to all !  
Dreams of heaven on mourners fall !  
Exile ! o'er thy couch may gleams  
Pass from thine own mountain streams ;  
Bard ! away to worlds more bright —  
Good night !

### LET HER DEPART.

Her home is far, O, far away !  
The clear light in her eyes  
Hath nought to do with earthly day —  
'Tis kindled from the skies.  
Let her depart !

She looks upon the things of earth,  
Even as some gentle star  
Seems gazing down on grief or mirth,  
How softly, yet how far !  
Let her depart !

Her spirit's hope — her bosom's love —  
O, could they mount and fly !  
She never sees a wandering dove,  
But for its wings to sigh.  
Let her depart !

She never hears a soft wind bear  
Low music on its way,  
But deems it sent from heavenly air  
For her who cannot stay.  
Let her depart !

Rapt in a cloud of glorious dreams,  
She breathes and moves alone,

Pining for those bright bowers and streams  
Where her beloved is gone.  
Let her depart !

# HOW CAN THAT LOVE SO DEEP, SO LONE.

How can that love so deep, so lone,  
So faithful unto death,  
Thus fitfully in laughing tone,  
In airy word, find breath ?

Nay ! ask how on the dark wave's breast,  
The lily's cup may gleam,  
Though many a mournful secret rest  
Low in the unfathomed stream.

That stream is like my hidden love,  
In its deep cavern's power ;  
And like the play of words above,  
That lily's trembling flower.

# WATER LILIES.

A FAIRY SONG.

COME away, elves ! — while the dew is sweet,  
Come to the dingles where fairies meet !  
Know that the lilies have spread their bells  
O'er all the pools in our forest dells ;  
Stilly and lightly their vases rest  
On the quivering sleep of the water's breast,  
Catching the sunshine through leaves that throw  
To their scented bosoms an emerald glow ;  
And a star from the depth of each pearly cup,  
A golden star, unto heaven looks up,  
As if seeking its kindred where bright they lie,  
Set in the blue of the summer sky.  
Come away ! Under arching boughs we'll float,  
Making those urns each a fairy boat ;  
We'll row them with reeds o'er the fountains  
free,  
And a tall flag leaf shall our streamer be ;  
And we'll send out wild music so sweet and low,  
It shall seem from the bright flower's heart to  
flow,  
As if 'twere a breeze with a flute's low sigh,  
Or waterdrops trained into melody.  
Come away ! for the midsummer sun grows  
strong,  
And the life of the lily may not be long.

# THE BROKEN FLOWER.

O, WEAR it on thy heart, my love !  
Still, still a little while !  
Sweetness is lingering in its leaves,  
Though faded be their smile.  
Yet, for the sake of what hath been,  
O, cast it not away !  
'Twas born to grace a summer scene,  
A long, bright, golden day,  
My love !  
A long, bright, golden day !

A little while around thee, love !  
Its fragrance yet shall cling,  
Telling, that on thy heart hath lain  
A fair, though faded thing.  
But not even that warm heart hath power  
To win it back from fate :  
O, I am like thy broken flower,  
Cherished too late, too late,  
My love !  
Cherished, alas ! too late !

# I WOULD WE HAD NOT MET AGAIN

I WOULD we had not met again !  
I had a dream of thee,  
Lovely, though sad, on desert plain —  
Mournful on midnight sea.

What though it haunted me by night,  
And troubled through the day ?  
It touched all earth with spirit light,  
It glorified my way !

O, what shall now my faith restore  
In holy things and fair ?  
We met — I saw thy soul once more —  
The world's breath had been there !

Yes ! it was sad on desert plain,  
Mournful on midnight sea ;  
Yet would I buy with life again  
That one deep dream of thee !

# FAIRIES' RECALL.

WHILE the blue is richest  
In the starry sky.

While the softest shadows  
On the greensward lie,  
While the moonlight slumbers  
In the lily's urn,  
Bright elves of the wildwood !  
O, return, return !

Round the forest fountain,  
On the river shore,  
Let your silvery laughter  
Echo yet once more ;  
While the joyous bounding  
Of your dewy feet  
Rings to that old chorus —  
"The daisy is so sweet !"<sup>1</sup>

Oberon ! Titania !  
Did your starlight mirth  
With the song of Avon  
Quit this workday earth ?  
Yet, while green leaves glisten,  
And while bright stars burn,  
By that magic memory,  
O, return, return !

#### THE ROCK BESIDE THE SEA.

O, TELL me not the woods are fair  
Now Spring is on her way !  
Well, well I know how brightly there  
In joy the young leaves play ;  
How sweet on winds of morn or eve  
The violet's breath may be ;  
Yet ask me, woo me not to leave  
My lone rock by the sea.

The wild wave's thunder on the shore,  
The curlew's restless cries,  
Unto my watching heart are more  
Than all earth's melodies.  
Come back, my ocean rover ! come !  
There's but one place for me,  
Till I can greet thy swift sail home —  
My lone rock by the sea !

#### O YE VOICES GONE !

O YE voices gone !  
Sounds of other years !

Hush that haunting tone,  
Melt me not to tears !  
All around forget,  
All who loved you well ;  
Yet, sweet voices ! yet  
O'er my soul ye swell.

With the winds of spring,  
With the breath of flowers,  
Floating back, ye bring  
Thoughts of vanished hours.  
Hence your music take,  
O ye voices gone !  
This lonely heart ye make  
But more deeply lone.

#### BY A MOUNTAIN STREAM AT REST.

By a mountain stream at rest,  
We found the warrior lying,  
And around his noble breast  
A banner clasped in dying ;  
Dark and still  
Was every hill,  
And the winds of night were sighing.

Last of his noble race,  
To a lonely bed we bore him —  
'Twas a green, still, solemn place,  
Where the mountain heath waves o'er him ;  
Woods alone  
Seem to moan,  
Wild streams to deplore him.

Yet, from festive hall and lay  
Our sad thoughts oft are flying  
To those dark hills far away,  
Where in death we found him lying ;  
On his breast  
A banner pressed,  
And the night wind o'er him sighing.

#### IS THERE SOME SPIRIT SIGHING ?

Is there some spirit sighing  
With sorrow in the air ?  
Can weary hearts be dying,  
Vain love repining there ?  
If not, then how can that wild wail,  
O sad Æolian lyre !  
Be drawn forth by the wandering gale  
From thy deep-thrilling wire ?

<sup>1</sup> See the fairies' chorus in Chaucer's "Flower and the Leaf."



No, no! — thou dost not borrow  
 That sadness from the wind,  
 Nor are those tones of sorrow  
 In thee, O harp! enshrined;  
 But in our own hearts deeply set  
 Lies the true quivering lyre,  
 Whence love, and memory, and regret  
 Wake answers from thy wire.

### THE NAME OF ENGLAND.

The trumpet of the battle  
 Hath a high and thrilling tone;  
 And the first, deep gun of an ocean fight  
 Dread music all its own.

But a mightier power, my England!  
 Is in that name of thine,  
 To strike the fire from every heart  
 Along the bannered line.

Proudly it woke the spirits  
 Of yore, the bravé and true,  
 When the bow was bent on Cressy's field,  
 And the yeoman's arrow flew.

And proudly hath it floated  
 Through the battles of the sea,  
 When the red-cross flag o'er smoke wreaths  
 played  
 Like the lightning in its glee.

On rock, on wave, on bastion  
 Its echoes have been known;  
 By a thousand streams the hearts lie low  
 That have answered to its tone.

A thousand ancient mountains  
 Its pealing note hath stirred:  
 Sound on, and on, forevermore,  
 O thou victorious word!

### OLD NORWAY.

#### A MOUNTAIN WAR SONG.

[“To ■ Norwegian, the words *Gamlé Norgé* (Old Norway) have ■ spell in them immediate and powerful; they cannot be resisted. *Gamlé Norgé* is heard, in an instant, repeated by every voice; the glasses are filled, raised, and

drained — not a drop is left; and then bursts forth the simultaneous chorus ‘*For Norgé!*’ the national song of Norway. Here, (at Christiansand,) and in a hundred other instances in Norway, I have seen the character of ■ company entirely changed by the chance introduction of the expression *Gamlé Norgé*. The gravest discussion is instantly interrupted; and one might suppose for the moment that the party was a party of patriots, assembled to commemorate some national anniversary of freedom.” — DERWENT COWAY'S *Personal Narrative of ■ Journey through Norway and Sweden*.

ARISE! Old Norway sends the word  
 Of battle on the blast;  
 Her voice the forest pines hath stirred,  
 As if a storm went past;  
 Her thousand hills the call have heard,  
 And forth their fire flags cast.

Arm, arm, free hunters! for the chase,  
 The kingly chase of foes!  
 'Tis not the bear or wild wolf's race  
 Whose trampling shakes the snows:  
 Arm, arm! 'tis on a nobler trace  
 The northern spearman goes.

Our hills have dark and strong defiles,  
 With many an icy bed;  
 Heap there the rocks for funeral piles  
 Above the invader's head!  
 Or let the seas, that guard our isles,  
 Give burial to his dead!

### COME TO ME, GENTLE SLEEP!

COME to me, gentle Sleep!  
 I pine, I pine for thee;  
 Come with thy spells, the soft, the deep,  
 And set my spirit free!  
 Each lonely, burning thought  
 In twilight languor steep —  
 Come to the full heart, long o'erwrought,  
 O gentle, gentle Sleep!

Come with thine urn of dew,  
 Sleep, gentle Sleep! yet bring  
 No voice, love's yearning to renew.  
 No vision on thy wing!  
 Come, as to folding flowers,  
 To birds in forests deep —  
 Long, dark, and dreamless be thine hours,  
 O gentle, gentle Sleep!

## SCENES AND HYMNS OF LIFE.

TO

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, ESQ.,

IN TOKEN OF DEEP RESPECT FOR HIS CHARACTER, AND FERVENT GRATITUDE

FOR MORAL AND INTELLECTUAL BENEFIT DERIVED FROM REVERENTIAL COMMUNION WITH THE SPIRIT

OF HIS POETRY, THIS VOLUME IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED, BY

FELICIA HEMANS.

PREFACE. — I trust I shall not be accused of presumption for the endeavor which I have here made to enlarge, in ~~some~~ degree, the sphere of religious poetry, by associating with its themes more of the emotions, the affections, and even the purer imaginative enjoyments of daily life, than may have been hitherto admitted within the hallowed circle.

It has been my wish to portray the religious spirit, not alone in its meditative joys and solitary aspirations, (the poetic embodying of which seems to require from the reader a state of mind already separated and exalted,) but likewise in those active influences upon human life, so often called into victorious energy by trial and conflict, though too often also, like the upward-striving flame of a mountain watchfire, borne down by tempest showers, or swayed by the current of opposing winds.

I have sought to represent that spirit as penetrating the gloom of the prison and the death bed, bearing 'healing on its wings' to the agony of parting love — strengthening the heart of the wayfarer for "perils in the wilderness" — gladdening the domestic walk through field and woodland — and springing to life in the soul of childhood, along with its earliest rejoicing perceptions of natural beauty.

Circumstances not altogether under my own control have, for the present, interfered to prevent the fuller development of a plan which I yet hope more worthily to mature; and I lay this little volume before the public with that deep sense of deficiency which cannot be more impressively taught to human powers than by their reverential application to things divine. — FELICIA HEMANS.

1834

## THE ENGLISH MARTYRS;

## A SCENE OF THE DAYS OF QUEEN MARY.

"Thy face  
Is all at once spread over with a calm  
More beautiful than sleep, or mirth, or joy!  
I am no more disconsolate." — WILSON.

## SCENE I. — A Prison.

EDITH alone.

*Edith.* MORN once again! Morn in the lone,  
dim cell,

The cavern of the prisoner's fever dream;  
And morn on all the green, rejoicing hills,  
And the bright waters round the prisoner's  
home,

Far, far away! Now wakes the early bird,  
That in the lime's transparent foliage sings,  
Close to my cottage lattice — he awakes,  
To stir the young leaves with his gushing soul,  
And to call forth rich answers of delight  
From voices buried in a thousand trees  
Through the dim, starry hours. Now doth the  
lake

Darken and flash in rapid interchange

Unto the matin breeze; and the blue mist  
Rolls, like a furling banner, from the brows  
Of the forth-gleaming hills and woods that rise  
As if new born. Bright world! and I am here  
And thou, O thou! the awakening thought of  
whom

Was more than dayspring, dearer than the sun,  
Herbert! the very glance of whose clear eye  
Made my soul melt away to one pure fount  
Of living, bounding gladness! — where art thou?  
My friend! my only and my blessed love!  
Herbert, my soul's companion!

GOMEZ, a Spanish Priest, enters.

*Gom.* Daughter, hail!  
I bring thee tidings.

*Ed.* Heaven will aid my soul  
Calmly to meet what'er thy lips announce.

*Gom.* Nay, lift a song of thanksgiving to  
Heaven,  
And bow thy knee down for deliverance won!  
Hast thou not prayed for life? and wouldst  
thou not

Once more be free?

*Ed.* Have I not prayed for life?

I, that ■ so beloved ! that love again  
With such ■ heart of tendrils ? Heaven ! *thou*  
knowest

The gushings of my prayer ! And would I not  
Once more be free ? I that have been a child  
Of breezy hills, a playmate of the fawn  
In ancient woodlands from mine infancy !  
A watcher of the clouds and of the stars,  
Beneath the adoring silence of the night ;  
And a glad wanderer with the happy streams,  
Whose laughter fills the mountains ! O, to hear  
Their blessed sounds again !

*Gom.* Rejoice, rejoice !  
Our queen hath pity, maiden ! on thy youth ;  
She wills not thou shouldst perish. I am come  
To loose thy bonds.

*Ed.* And shall I see *his* face,  
And shall I listen to *his* voice again,  
And lay my head upon his faithful breast,  
Weeping there in my gladness ? *Will* this be ?  
Blessings upon thee, father ! my quick heart  
Hath deemed thee stern — say, wilt thou not  
forgive

The wayward child, too long in sunshine reared,  
Too long unused to chastening ? Wilt thou not ?  
But Herbert, Herbert ! O, my soul hath rushed  
On a swift gust of sudden joy away,  
Forgetting all beside ! Speak, father ! speak !  
Herbert — is he, too, free ?

*Gom.* His freedom lies  
In his own choice — a boon like thine.

*Ed.* Thy words  
Fall changed and cold upon my boding heart.  
Leave not this dim suspense o'ershadowing  
me ;  
Let all be told.

*Gom.* The monarchs of the earth  
Shower not their mighty gifts without a claim  
Unto some token of true vassalage,  
Some mark of homage.

*Ed.* O, unlike to *Him*  
Who freely pours the joy of sunshine forth,  
And the bright, quickening rain, on those who  
serve

And those who heed him not !

*Gom.* (*laying a paper before her.*) Is it so much  
That thine own hand should set the crowning  
seal

To thy deliverance ? Look, thy task is here !  
Sign but these words for liberty and life.

*Ed.* (*examining and then throwing it from her.*)  
Sign but these words ! and wherefore saidst  
thou not

— “ Be but a traitor to God's light within ” ?  
Cruel, O, cruel ! thy dark sport hath been

With ■ young bosom's hope ! Farewell, glad  
life !

Bright opening path to love and home, fare-  
well !

And thou — now leave me with my God alone !

*Gom.* Dost thou reject Heaven's mercy ?

*Ed.* Heavens ! doth *Heaven*

Woo the free spirit for dishonored breath  
To sell its birthright ? — doth *Heaven* set a price  
On the clear jewel of unsullied faith,  
And the bright calm of conscience ? Priest,  
away !

God hath been with me 'midst the holiness  
Of England's mountains. Not in sport alone  
I trod their heath flowers ; but high thoughts  
rose up

From the broad shadow of the enduring  
rocks,

And wandered with me into solemn glens,  
Where my soul felt the beauty of his word  
I have heard voices of immortal truth,  
Blent with the everlasting torrent sounds  
That make the deep hills tremble. — Shall I  
quail ?

Shall England's daughter sink ? No ! He who  
there

Spoke to my heart in silence and in storm  
Will not forsake his child !

*Gom.* (*turning from her.*) Then perish ! lost  
In thine own blindness !

*Ed.* (*suddenly throwing herself at his feet.*)  
Father ! hear me yet !

O, if the kindly touch of human love  
Hath ever warmed thy breast —

*Gom.* Away — away !  
I know not love.

*Ed.* Yet hear ! if thou hast known  
The tender sweetness of a mother's voice —

If the true vigil of affection's eye  
Hath watched thy childhood — if fond tears  
have e'er

Been showered upon thy head — if parting  
words

E'er pierced thy spirit with their tenderness —  
Let me but look upon *his* face once more,  
Let me but say — Farewell, my soul's beloved  
And I will bless thee still !

*Gom.* (*aside.*) Her soul may yield,  
Beholding him in fetters ; woman's faith  
Will bend to woman's love.

Thy prayer is heard  
Follow, and I will guide thee to his cell.

*Ed.* O stormy hour of agony and joy !  
But I shall see him — I shall hear his voice !

[*They go out*



SCENE II. — *Another Part of the Prison.*

HERBERT, EDITH.

*Ed.* Herbert! my Herbert! is it thus we meet?

*Her.* The voice of my own Edith! Can such joy

light up this place of death? And do I feel  
Thy breath of love once more upon my cheek,  
And the soft floating of thy gleamy hair,  
My blessed Edith? O, so pale! so changed!  
My flower, my blighted flower? thou that wert  
made

For the kind fostering of sweet, summer airs,  
How hath the storm been with thee? Lay thy  
head

On this true breast again, my gentle one!  
And tell me all.

*Ed.* Yes, take me to thy heart,  
For I am weary, weary! O, that heart!  
The kind, the brave, the tender! — how my soul  
Hath sickened in vain yearnings for the balm  
Of rest on that warm heart! — full, deep repose!  
One draught of dewy stillness after storm!  
And God hath pitied me, and I am here —  
Yet once before I die.

*Her.* They cannot slay  
One young, and meek, and beautiful as thou,  
My broken lily! Surely the long days  
Of the dark cell have been enough for thee!  
O, thou shalt live, and raise thy gracious head  
Yet in calm sunshine.

*Ed.* Herbert! I have cast  
The snare of proffered mercy from my soul,  
This very hour. God to the weak hath given  
Victory o'er life and death. The tempter's price  
Hath been rejected — Herbert, I must die.

*Her.* O Edith! Edith! I, that led thee first  
From the old path wherein thy fathers trod —  
I, that received it as an angel's task,  
To pour the fresh light on thine ardent soul,  
Which drank it as a sunflower — I have been  
Thy guide to death.

*Ed.* To heaven! my guide to heaven,  
My noble and my blessed! O, look up,  
Be strong, rejoice, my Herbert! But for thee,  
How could my spirit have sprung up to God  
Through the dark cloud which o'er its vision  
hung,  
The night of fear and error? — thy dear hand  
First raised that veil, and showed the glorious  
world

My heritage beyond. Friend! love, and friend!  
It was as if thou gavest me mine own soul

In those bright days: Yes! a new earth and  
heaven,

And a new sense for all their splendors born —  
These were thy gifts; and shall I not rejoice  
To die, upholding their immortal worth,  
Even for thy sake? Yes! filled with nobler  
life

By thy pure love, made holy to the truth,  
Lay me upon the altar of thy God,  
The first fruits of thy ministry below —  
Thy work, thine own!

*Her.* My love, my sainted love!  
O, I can almost yield thee unto Heaven;  
Earth would but sully thee! Thou must depart,  
With the rich crown of thy celestial gifts  
Untainted by a breath. And yet, alas!  
Edith! what dreams of holy happiness,  
Even for this world, were ours! — the low sweet  
home,

The pastoral dwelling, with its ivied porch,  
And lattice gleaming through the leaves — and  
thou

My life's companion! Thou, beside my hearth,  
Sitting with thy meek eyes, or greeting me  
Back from brief absence with thy bounding step,  
In the green meadow path, or by my side  
Kneeling — thy calm uplifted face to mine,  
In the sweet hush of prayer! And now — O,  
now! —

How have we loved — how fervently! how long!  
And this to be the close!

*Ed.* O, bear me up  
Against the unutterable tenderness  
Of earthly love, my God! — in the sick hour  
Of dying human hope, forsake me not!  
Herbert, my Herbert! even from that sweet  
home

Where it had been too much of paradise  
To dwell with thee — even thence the oppressor's  
hand

Might soon have torn us; or the touch of death  
Might one day there have left a widowed heart,  
Pining alone. We will go hence, beloved!  
To the bright country where the wicked cease  
From troubling, where the spoiler hath no sway,  
Where no harsh voice of worldliness disturbs  
The Sabbath peace of love. We will go hence,  
Together with our wedded souls, to heaven:  
No solitary lingering, no cold void,  
No dying of the heart! Our lives have been  
Lovely through faithful love, and in our deaths  
We will not be divided.

*Her.* O, the peace  
Of God is lying far within thine eyes,  
Far underneath the mist of human tears

Lighting those blue, still depths, and sinking  
thence

On my worn heart. Now am I girt with  
strength,

Now I can bless thee, my true bride for heaven !

*Ed.* And let me bless *thee*, Herbert ! — in this  
hour

Let my soul bless thee with prevailing might !  
O, thou hast loved me nobly ! thou didst take  
An orphan to thy heart — a thing unprized  
And desolate ; and thou didst guard her there,  
That lone and lowly creature, as a pearl  
Of richest price ; and thou didst fill her soul  
With the high gifts of an immortal wealth.  
I bless, I bless thee ! Never did thine eye  
Look on me but in glistening tenderness,  
My gentle Herbert ! Never did thy voice  
But in affection's deepest music speak  
To thy poor Edith ! Never was thy heart  
Aught but the kindest sheltering home to mine,  
My faithful, generous Herbert ! Woman's peace  
Ne'er on a breast so tender and so true  
Reposed before. Alas ! thy showering tears  
Fall fast upon my cheek — forgive, forgive !  
I should not melt thy noble strength away  
In such an hour.

*Her.* Sweet Edith, no ! my heart  
Will fail no more. God bears me up through  
thee,

And by thy words, and by thy heavenly light  
Shining around thee, through thy very tears,  
Will yet sustain me ! Let us call on Him !  
Let us kneel down, as we have knelt so oft,  
Thy pure cheek touching mine, and call on Him,  
Th' all-pitying One, to aid.

[*They kneel.*]

O, look on us,

Father above ! — in tender mercy look  
On us, thy children ! — through th' o'ershadow-  
ing cloud

Of sorrow and mortality, send aid —  
Save, or we perish ! We would pour our lives  
Forth as a joyous offering to thy truth ;  
But we are weak — we, the bruised reeds of  
earth,

Are swayed by every gust. Forgive, O God !  
The blindness of our passionate desires,  
The fainting of our hearts, the lingering thoughts  
Which cleave to dust ! Forgive the strife ;  
accept

The sacrifice, though dim with mortal tears,  
From mortal pangs wrung forth ! And if our  
souls,

In all the fervent dreams, the fond excess,  
Of their long-clasping love, have wandered not,

Holiest ! from thee — O, take them to thy-  
self,

After the fiery trial — take them home  
To dwell, in that imperishable bond

Before thee linked, forever. Hear ! — through  
Him

Who meekly drank the cup of agony,  
Who passed through death to victory, hear and  
save !

Pity us, Father ! we are girt with snares :

Father in heaven ! we have no help but thee.

[*They rise*]

Is thy soul strengthened, my beloved one ?

O Edith ! couldst thou lift up thy sweet voice,  
And sing me that old solemn-breathing hymn  
We loved in happier days — the strain which  
tells

Of the dread conflict in the olive shade ?

*EDITH sings.*

He knelt, the Savior knelt and prayed,  
When but his Father's eye  
Looked through the lonely garden's shade  
On that dread agony ;  
The Lord of all above, beneath,  
Was bowed with sorrow unto death.

The sun set in a fearful hour,

The stars might well grow dim,  
When this mortality had power  
So to o'ershadow Him !

That He who gave man's breath, might know  
The very depths of human woe.

He proved them all ! — the doubt, the strife,  
The faint perplexing dread,  
The mists that hang o'er parting life,  
All gathered round his head ;  
And the Deliverer knelt to pray —  
Yet passed it not, that cup, away !

It passed not — though the stormy wave  
Had sunk beneath his tread ;

It passed not — though to him the grave  
Had yielded up its dead.

But there was sent him from on high  
A gift of strength for man to die.

And was the Sinless thus beset  
With anguish and dismay ?

How may we meet our conflict yet,  
In the dark, narrow way ?

Through Him — through Him that path was  
trod.

— Save, or we perish, Son of God !

Hark, hark ! the parting signal.

[*Prison attendants enter.*

Fare thee well !

O thou unutterably loved, farewell !

Let our hearts bow to God !

*Her.* One last embrace —

On earth the last ! We have eternity

For love's communion yet ! Farewell ! — fare-  
well ! [She is led out.

Tis o'er ! the bitterness of death is past !

### FLOWERS AND MUSIC IN A ROOM OF SICKNESS.

"Once when I looked along the laughing earth,  
Up the blue heavens and through the middle air,  
Joyfully ringing with the skylark's song,  
I wept ! and thought how sad for one so young  
To bid farewell to so much happiness.  
But Christ hath called me from this lower world,  
Delightful thought it be." — WILSON.

*Apartment in an English country house. — LILIAN  
reclining, as sleeping on a couch. Her mother  
watching beside her. Her sister enters with  
flowers.*

*Mother.* Hush ! lightly tread ! Still tranquilly  
she sleeps,

As when a babe I rocked her on my heart.  
I've watched, suspending e'en my breath, in fear  
To break the heavenly spell. Move silently !  
And O, those flowers ! Dear Jessy ! bear them  
hence —

Dost thou forget the passion of quick tears  
That shook her trembling frame, when last we  
brought

The roses to her couch ? Dost thou not know  
What sudden longings for the woods and hills,  
Where once her free steps moved so buoyantly,  
These leaves and odors with strange influence  
wake

In her fast-kindled soul ?

*Jessy.* O, she would pine,

Were the wild scents and glowing hues with-  
held,

Mother ! far more than now her spirit yearns  
For the blue sky, the singing birds and brooks,  
And swell of breathing turf, whose lightsome  
spring

Their blooms recall.

*Lilian, (raising herself.)* Is that my Jessy's  
voice ?

It woke me not, sweet mother ! I had lain  
Silently, visited by waking dreams,  
Yet conscious of thy brooding watchfulness,

Long ere I heard the sound. Hath she brought  
flowers ?

Nay, fear not now thy fond child's wayward-  
ness,

My thoughtful mother ! — in her chastened soul  
The passion-colored images of life,  
Which, with their sudden, startling flush, awoke  
So oft those burning tears, have died away ;  
And night is there — still, solemn, holy night !  
With all her stars, and with the gentle tune  
Of many fountains, low and musical,  
By day unheard.

*Mother.* And wherefore *night*, my child ?

Thou art a creature all of life and dawn,  
And from thy couch of sickness yet shalt rise,  
And walk forth with the dayspring.

*Lilian.* Hope it not !

Dream it no more, my mother ! — there are things  
Known but to God, and to the parting soul,  
Which feels his thrilling summons.

But my words

Too much o'ershadow those kind, loving eyes.  
Bring me thy flowers, dear Jessy ! Ah ! thy  
step,

Well do I see, hath not alone explored  
The garden bowers, but freely visited  
Our wilder haunts. This foam-like meadow  
sweet

Is from the cool, green, shadowy river nook,  
Where the stream chimes around th' old mossy  
stones

With sounds like childhood's laughter. Is that  
spot

Lovely as when our glad eyes hailed it first ?  
Still doth the golden willow bend, and sweep  
The clear brown wave with every passing wind ;  
And through the shallower waters, where they  
lie

Dimpling in light, do the veined pebbles gleam  
Like bedded gems ? And the white butterflies,  
From shade to sunstreak are they glancing still  
Among the poplar boughs ?

*Jessy.* All, all is there

Which glad midsummer's wealthiest hours can  
bring ;

All, save the *soul* of ah, thy lightning smile !  
Therefore I stood in sadness 'midst the leaves,  
And caught an under-music of lament  
In the stream's voice. But Nature waits thee  
still,

And for thy coming piles a fairy throne  
Of richest moss.

*Lilian.* Alas ! it may not be !

My soul hath sent her farewell voiceless.  
To all these blessed haunts of song and thought



Yet not the less I love to look on these,  
Their dear memorials — strew them o'er my  
couch

Till it grow like a forest bank in spring,  
All flushed with violets and anemones.  
Ah! the pale trier rose! touched so tenderly,  
As a pure ocean shell, with faintest red,  
Melting away to pearliness! I know  
How its long, light festoons o'erarching hung  
From the gray rock that rises altar-like,  
With its high, waving crown of mountain ash,  
Midst the lone grassy dell. And this rich bough  
Of honeyed woodbine tells me of the oak,  
Whose deep, midsummer gloom sleeps heavily,  
Shedding a verdurous twilight o'er the face  
Of the glade's pool. Methinks I see it now;  
I look up through the stirring of its leaves  
Unto the intense blue, crystal firmament.  
The ringdove's wing is flitting o'er my head,  
Casting at times a silvery shadow down  
Midst the large water lilies. Beautiful!  
How beautiful is all this fair, free world  
Under God's open sky!

*Mother.* Thou art o'erwrought  
Once more, my child! The dewy, trembling light  
Presaging tears, again is in thine eye.  
O, hush, dear Lilian! turn thee to repose.

*Lilian.* Mother! I cannot. In my soul the  
thoughts  
Burn with too subtle and too swift a fire;  
Importunately to my lips they throng,  
And with their earthly kindred seek to blend  
Ere the veil drop between. When I am gone —  
(For I *must* go) — then the remembered words,  
Wherein these wild imaginings flow forth,  
Will to thy fond heart be as amulets  
Held there, with life and love. And weep not  
thus,

Mother! dear sister! — kindest, gentlest ones!  
Be comforted that now I weep no more  
For the glad earth and all the golden light  
Whence I depart.

No! God hath purified my spirit's eye,  
And in the folds of this consummate rose  
I read bright prophecies. I see not there,  
Dimly and mournfully, the word "*farewell*"  
On the rich petals traced. No — in soft veins  
And characters of beauty, I can read —  
"*Look up, look heavenward!*"

Blessed God of Love!

I thank thee for these gifts, the precious links  
Whereby my spirit unto thee is drawn!  
I thank thee that the loveliness of earth  
Higher than earth can raise me! Are not these  
But germs of things unperishing, that bloom

Beside th' immortal streams? Shall I not find  
The lily of the field, the Savior's flower,  
In the serene and never-moaning air,  
And the clear starry light of angel eyes,  
A thousand fold more glorious? Richer far  
Will not the violet's dusky purple glow,  
When it hath ne'er been pressed to broken hearts,  
A record of lost love?

*Mother.* My Lilian! thou  
Surely in *thy* bright life hast little known  
Of lost things or of changed!

*Lilian.* O, little yet,  
For *thou* hast been my shield! But had it been  
My lot on this world's billows to be thrown,  
Without thy love, O mother! there are hearts  
So perilously fashioned, that for them  
God's touch alone hath gentleness enough  
To waken, and not break, their thrilling  
strings! —

We will not speak of this!

By what strange spell  
Is it, that ever, when I gaze on flowers,  
I dream of music? Something in their hues,  
All melting into colored harmonies,  
Wafts a swift thought of interwoven chords,  
Of blended singing tones, that swell and die  
In tenderest falls away. O, bring thy harp,  
Sister! A gentle heaviness at last  
Hath touched mine eyelids: sing to me, and sleep  
Will come again.

*Jessy.* What wouldst thou hear? — the Italian  
peasant's lay,  
Which makes the desolate Campagna ring  
With "*Roma! Roma!*" or the madrigal  
Warbled on moonlight seas of Sicily?  
Or the old ditty left by troubadours  
To girls of Languedoc?

*Lilian.* O, no! not these.

*Jessy.* What then? — the Moorish melody still  
known  
Within the Alhambra city? or those notes  
Born of the Alps, which pierce the exile's heart  
even unto death?

*Lilian.* No, sister! nor yet these —  
Too much of dreamy love, of faint regret,  
Of passionately fond remembrance, breathes  
In the caressing sweetness of their tones,  
For one who dies. They would but woo  
back

To glowing life with those Arcadian sounds —  
And vainly, vainly. No! a loftier strain,  
A deeper music! — something that may bear  
The spirit upon slow yet mighty wings,  
Unswayed by gusts of earth; something all filled  
With solemn adoration, tearful prayer.

Sing me that antique strain which once I deemed  
Almost too sternly simple, too austere  
In its grave majesty ! I love it now —  
Now it seems fraught with holiest power to  
hush

All billows of the soul, e'en like His voice  
That said of old — "Be still !" Sing me that  
strain,

"The Savior's dying hour."

*JESSY sings to the Harp.*

O Son of man !

In thy last mortal hour

Shadows of earth closed round thee fearfully !

All that on us is laid,

All the deep gloom,

The desolation and the abandonment,

The dark amaze of death —

All upon *thee* too fell,

Redeemer ! Son of man !

But the keen pang

Wherewith the silver cord

Of earth's affection from the soul is wrung ;

The uptearing of those tendrils which have  
grown

Into the quick, strong heart ;

This, *this* — the passion and the agony

Of battling love and death,

Surely was not for *thee*,

Holy One ! Son of God !

Yes, my Redeemer !

E'en this cup was thine !

Fond, wailing voices called thy spirit back ;

E'en 'midst the mighty thoughts

Of that last crowning hour —

E'en on thine awful way to victory,

Wildly they called thee back !

And weeping eyes of love

Unto thy heart's deep core

Fierced through the folds of death's mysterious  
veil.

Suffer ! thou Son of man !

Mother tears were mingled

With thy costly blooddrops,

In the shadow of the atoning cross ;

And the friend, the faithful,

He that on thy bosom

Thence imbibing heavenly love, had lain —

He, a pale sad watcher,

Met with looks of anguish

All the anguish in *thy* last meek glance —

Dying Son of man !

O, therefore unto thee,

Thou that hast known all woes

Bound in the girdle of mortality !

Thou that wilt lift the reed

Which storms have bruised,

To thee may sorrow through each conflict cry,

And, in that tempest hour, when love and life

Mysteriously must part,

When tearful eyes

Are passionately bent

To drink earth's last fond meaning from our gaze

Then, then forsake us not !

Shed on our spirits then

The faith and deep submissiveness of thine !

Thou that didst love

Thou that didst weep and die —

Thou that didst rise a victor glorified ;

Conqueror ! thou Son of God !

## CATHEDRAL HYMN.

"They dreamt not of a perishable home

Who thus could build. Be mine, in hours of

Or grovelling thought, to seek a refuge here."

WORDSWORTH.

A DIM and mighty minster of old time !

A temple shadowy with remembrances

Of the majestic past ! The very light

Streams with a coloring of heroic days

In every ray, which leads through arch and aisle

A path of dreamy lustre, wandering back

To other years ! — and the rich-fretted roof,

And the wrought coronals of summer leaves,

Ivy and vine, and many a sculptured rose —

The tenderest image of mortality —

Binding the slender columns, whose light shafts

Cluster like stems in corn sheaves ; — all these  
things

Tell of a race that nobly, fearlessly

On their heart's worship poured a wealth of love !

Honor be with the dead ! The people kneel

Under the helms of antique chivalry,

And in the crimson gloom from banners thrown,

And 'midst the forms, in pale, proud slumber  
carved,

Of warriors on their tombs. The people kneel

Where mail-clad chiefs have knelt ; where jew-  
elled crowns

On the flushed brows of conquerors have been  
set ;

Where the high anthems of old victories

Have made the dust give echoes. Hence, vain  
thoughts !



A CATHEDRAL SCENE.

A dim and mighty minster of old time!  
A temple shadowy with remembrances  
Of the unnumbered dead!





Memories of power and pride, which long ago,  
Like dim processions of a dream, have sunk  
In twilight depths away. Return, my soul!  
The Cross recalls thee. Lo! the blessed Cross!  
High o'er the banners and the crests of earth,  
Fixed in its meek and still supremacy!  
And lo! the throng of beating human hearts,  
With all their secret scrolls of buried grief,  
All their full treasures of immortal hope,  
Gathered before their God! Hark! how the  
flood

Of the rich organ harmony bears up  
Their voice on its high waves! — a mighty burst!  
A forest-sounding music! Every tone  
Which the blasts call forth with their harping  
wings

From gulfs of tossing foliage, there is blent:  
And the old minster — forest-like itself —  
With its long avenues of pillared shade,  
Seems quivering all with spirit, as that strain  
O'erflows its dim recesses, leaving not  
One tomb unthrilled by the strong sympathy  
Answering the electric notes. Join, join, my  
soul!

In thine own lowly, trembling consciousness,  
And thine own solitude, the glorious hymn.

Rise like an altar fire!  
In solemn joy aspire,  
Deepening thy passion still, O choral strain!  
On thy strong rushing wind  
Bear up from humankind  
Thanks and implorings — be they not in vain!

Father, which art on high!  
Weak is the melody  
Of harp or song to reach thine awful ear,  
Unless the heart be there,  
Winging the words of prayer  
With its own fervent faith or suppliant fear.

Let, then, thy Spirit brood  
Over the multitude —  
Be 'thou amidst them, through that heavenly  
Guest!  
So shall their cry have power  
To win from thee a shower  
Of healing gifts for every wounded breast.

What griefs that make no sign,  
That ask no aid but thine,  
Father of mercies! here before thee swell!  
As to the open sky,  
All their dark waters lie  
So thee revealed, in each close bosom cell.

The sorrow for the dead,  
Mantling its lonely head  
From the world's glare, is, in thy sight, —  
free;  
And the fond, aching love,  
Thy minister to move  
All the wrung spirit, softening it for thee.

And doth not thy dread eye  
Behold the agony  
In that most hidden chamber of the heart,  
Where darkly sits remorse,  
Beside the secret source  
Of fearful visions, keeping watch apart?

Yes! here before thy throne  
Many — yet each alone —  
To thee that terrible unveiling make:  
And still, small whispers clear  
Are startling many an ear,  
As if a trumpet bade the dead awake.

How dreadful is this place!  
The glory of thy face  
Fills it too searchingly for mortal sight.  
Where shall the guilty flee?  
Over what far-off sea?  
What hills, what woods, may shroud him from  
that light?

Not to the cedar shade  
Let his vain flight be made;  
Nor the old mountains, nor the desert sea;  
What but the Cross can yield  
The hope — the stay — the shield?  
Thence may the Atoner lead him up to thee!

Be thou, be thou his aid!  
O, let thy love pervade  
The haunted caves of self-accusing thought!  
There let the living stone  
Be cleft — the seed be sown —  
The song of fountains from the silence brought

So shall thy breath once more  
Within the soul restore  
Thine own first image — Holiest and Most High!  
As a clear lake is filled  
With hues of heaven, instilled  
Down to the depths of its calm purity.

And if, amidst the throng  
Linked by the ascending song,  
There are whose thoughts in trembling rapture  
soar,

Thanks, Father! that the power  
Of joy, man's early dower,  
Thus, e'en 'midst tears, can fervently adore!

Thanks for each gift divine!  
Eternal praise be thine,  
Blessing and love, O Thou that hearest prayer!  
Let the hymn pierce the sky,  
And let the tombs reply!  
For seed, that waits the harvest time, is there.

### WOOD WALK AND HYMN.

"Move along these shades  
In gentleness of heart: with gentle hand  
Touch — for there is a spirit in the woods."

WORDSWORTH.

#### FATHER — CHILD.

*Child.* THERE are the aspens, with their silvery  
leaves  
Trembling, forever trembling; though the lime  
And chestnut boughs, and those long arching  
sprays

Of eglantine, hang still, as if the wood  
Were all one picture!

*Father.* Hast thou heard, my boy,  
The peasant's legend of that quivering tree?

*Child.* No, father: doth he say the fairies  
dance  
Amidst the branches?

*Father.* O, a cause more deep,  
More solemn far, the rustic doth assign  
To the strange restlessness of those wan leaves!  
The cross he deems, the blessed cross, whereon  
The meek Redeemer bowed his head to death,  
Was framed of aspen wood; and since that hour,  
Through all its race the pale tree hath sent down  
A thrilling consciousness, a secret awe,  
Making them tremulous, when not a breeze  
Disturbs the airy thistle down, or shakes  
The light lines of the shining gossamer.

*Child, (after a pause.)* Dost thou believe it,  
father?

*Father.* Nay, my child,  
We walk in clearer light. But yet, even now,  
With something of a lingering love, I read  
The characters, by that mysterious hour,  
Stamped on the reverential soul of man  
In visionary days, and thence thrown back  
On the fair forms of nature. Many a sign  
Of the great sacrifice which won us heaven,  
The woodman and the mountaineer can trace  
On rock, on herb, and flower. And be it so!  
They do not wisely that, with hurried hand,

Would pluck these salutary fancies forth  
From their strong soil within the peasant's  
breast,

And scatter them — far, far too fast — away  
As worthless weeds. O, little do we know  
When they have soothed, when saved!

But come, dear boy!  
My words grow tinged with thought too deep  
for thee.

Come — let us search for violets.

*Child.* Know you not  
More of the legends which the woodmen tell  
Amidst the trees and flowers?

*Father.* Wilt thou know more?  
Bring then the folding leaf, with dark-brown  
stains,  
There — by the mossy roots of yon old beech,  
'Midst the rich tuft of cowslips — seest thou  
not?

There is a spray of woodbine from the tree  
Just bending o'er it with a wild bee's weight.

*Child.* The arum leaf?

*Father.* Yes. These deep inwrought marks,  
The villager will tell thee, (and with voice  
Lowered in his true heart's reverent earnestness,)  
Are the flower's portion from th' atoning blood  
On Calvary shed. Beneath the cross it grew;  
And, in the vase-like hollow of its leaf,  
Catching from that dread shower of agony  
A few mysterious drops, transmitted thus  
Unto the groves and hills their sealing stains,  
A heritage, for storm or vernal wind  
Never to waft away!

And hast thou seen  
The passion flower? It grows not in the woods,  
But 'midst the bright things brought from other  
climes.

*Child.* What! the pale star-shaped flower,  
with purple streaks,  
And light green tendrils?

*Father.* Thou hast marked it well.  
Yes! a pale, starry, dreamy-looking flower,  
As from a land of spirits! To mine eye  
Those faint, wan petals — colorless, and yet  
Not white, but shadowy — with the mystic lines  
(As letters of some wizard language gone)  
Into their vapor-like transparence wrought,  
Bear something of a strange solemnity,  
Awfully lovely! — and the Christian's thought  
Loves, in their cloudy pencilling, to find  
Dread symbols of his Lord's last mortal pangs  
Set by God's hand — the coronal of thorns —  
The cross, the wounds — with other meanings  
deep,

Which I will teach thee when we meet again



That flower, the chosen for the martyr's wreath,  
The Saviour's holy flower.

But let us pause :  
Now have we reached the very inmost heart  
Of the old wood. How the green shadows  
close

Into a rich, clear, summer darkness round,  
A luxury of gloom ! Scarce doth one ray,  
Even when a soft wind parts the foliage, steal  
O'er the bronzed pillars of these deep arcades ;  
Or if it doth, 'tis with a mellowed hue  
Of glowworm-colored light.

Here, in the days  
Of pagan visions, would have been a place  
For worship of the wood nymphs ! Through  
these oaks

A small, fair-gleaming temple might have thrown  
The quivering image of its Dorian shafts  
On the stream's bosom, or a sculptured form,  
Dryad, or fountain goddess of the gloom,  
Have bowed its head o'er that dark crystal down,  
Drooping with beauty, as a lily droops  
Under bright rain. But *we*, my child, are here  
With God, our God, a Spirit, who requires  
Heart worship, given in spirit and in truth ;  
And this high knowledge -- deep, rich, vast  
enough

To fill and hallow all the solitude -  
Makes consecrated earth where'er we move,  
Without the aid of shrines.

What ! dost thou feel  
The solemn-whispering influence of the scene  
Oppressing thy young heart, that thou dost draw  
More closely to my side, and clasp my hand  
Faster in thine ? Nay, fear not, gentle child !  
'Tis love, not fear, whose vernal breath pervades  
The stillness round. Come, sit beside me  
here,

Where brooding violets mantle this green slope  
With dark exuberance ; and beneath these  
plumes

Of wavy fern, look where the cup moss holds  
In its pure, crimson goblets, fresh and bright.  
The starry dews of morning. Rest a while,  
And let me hear once more the woodland verse  
I taught thee late -- 'twas made for such a scene.

*Child speaks.*

#### WOOD HYMN.

Broods there some spirit here ?  
The summer leaves hang silent as a cloud ;  
And o'er the pools, all still and darkly clear,  
The wildwood hyacinth with awe seems bowed ;  
And something of a tender cloistral gloom  
Deepens the violet's bloom.

The very light that streams  
Through the dim, dewy veil of foliage round  
Comes tremulous with emerald-tinted gleams --  
As if it knew the place were holy ground,  
And would not startle, with too bright a burst,  
Flowers all divinely nursed.

*Wakes* there some spirit here ?  
A swift wind, fraught with change, comes rushing by ;  
And leaves and waters, in its wild career,  
Shed forth sweet voices -- each a mystery !  
Surely some awful influence must pervade  
These depths of trembling shade !

Yes ! lightly, softly move !  
There is a power, a presence in the woods ;  
A viewless being that, with life and love,  
Informs the reverential solitudes :  
The rich air knows it, and the mossy sod -  
Thou -- *thou* art here, my God !

And if with awe we tread  
The minster floor, beneath the storied pane,  
And, 'midst the mouldering banners of the dead,  
Shall the green, voiceful wild seem *less* thy  
fane,  
Where thou alone hast built ? -- where arch and  
roof  
Are of thy living woof ?

The silence and the sound,  
In the lone places, breathe alike of thee ;  
The temple twilight of the gloom profound,  
The dewcup of the frail anemone,  
The reed by every wandering whisper thrilled --  
All, all with thee are filled !

O, purify mine eyes,  
More and yet more, by love and lowly thought,  
Thy presence, holiest One ! to recognize  
In these majestic aisles which thou hast wrought,  
And, 'midst their sea-like murmurs, teach mine  
ear  
Ever thy voice to hear !

And sanctify my heart  
To meet the awful sweetness of that tone  
With no faint thrill or self-accusing start,  
But a deep joy the heavenly guest to own  
Joy, such as dwelt in Eden's glorious bowers  
Ere sin had dimmed the flowers.

Let me not know the change  
O'er nature thrown by guilt ! -- the boding sky

The hollow leaf sounds ominous and strange,  
 The weight wherewith the dark trees shadows lie !  
 Father ! O, keep my footsteps pure and free,  
 To walk the woods with thee !

### PRAYER OF THE LONELY STUDENT.

"Soul of our souls ! and safeguard of the world !  
 Sustain — Thou only canst — the sick at heart ;  
 Restore their languid spirits, and recall  
 Their lost affections unto thee and thine." — WORDSWORTH.

NIGHT — holy night — the time  
 For mind's free breathings in a purer clime !  
 Night ! — when in happier hour the unveiling sky  
 Woke all my kindled soul  
 To meet its revelations, clear and high,  
 With the strong joy of immortality !  
 Now hath strange sadness wrapped me, strange  
 and deep —  
 And my thoughts faint, and shadows o'er them  
 roll,  
 E'en when I deemed them seraph-plumed, to  
 sweep  
 Far beyond earth's control.

Wherefore is this ? I see the stars returning,  
 Fire after fire in heaven's rich temple burning :  
 Fast shine they forth — my spirit friends, my  
 guides,  
 Bright rulers of my being's inmost tides ;  
 They shine — but faintly, through a quivering  
 haze :  
 O, is the dimness mine which clouds those rays ?  
 They from whose glance my childhood drank  
 delight !

A joy unquestioning — a love intense —  
 They that, unfolding to more thoughtful sight  
 The harmony of their magnificence,  
 Drew silently the worship of my youth  
 To the grave sweetness on the brow of truth ;  
 Shall they shower blessing, with their beams  
 divine,

Down to the watcher on the stormy sea,  
 And to the pilgrim toiling for his shrine  
 Through some wild pass of rocky Apennine,  
 And to the wanderer lone  
 On wastes of Afric thrown,  
 And not to me ?  
 Am I a thing forsaken ?  
 And is the gladness taken  
 From the bright-pinioned nature which hath  
 soared  
 Through realms by royal eagle ne'er explored,

And, bathing there in streams of fiery light,  
 Found strength to gaze upon the Infinite ?

And now an alien ! Wherefore must this be ?  
 How shall I rend the chain ?  
 How drink rich life again  
 From those pure urns of radiance, welling  
 free ?  
 — Father of spirits ! let me turn to thee !

O, if too much exulting in her dower,  
 My soul, not yet to lowly thought subdued,  
 Hath stood without thee on her hill of power —  
 A fearful and a dazzling solitude !  
 And therefore from that haughty summit's crown  
 To dim desertion is by thee cast down,  
 Behold ! thy child submissively hath bowed —  
 Shine on him through the cloud !

Let the now darkened earth and curtained heaven  
 Back to his vision with thy face be given !  
 Bear him on high once more,  
 But in thy strength to soar,  
 And rapt and stilled by that o'ershadowing  
 might,  
 Forth on the empyreal blaze to look with chas-  
 tened sight.

Or if it be that, like the ark's lone dove,  
 My thoughts go forth, and find no resting-place,  
 No sheltering home of sympathy and love  
 In the responsive bosoms of my race,  
 And back return, a darkness and a weight,  
 Till my unanswered heart grows desolate —  
 Yet, yet sustain me, Holiest ! — I am vowed  
 To solemn service high ;  
 And shall the spirit, for thy tasks endowed,  
 Sink on the threshold of the sanctuary,  
 Fainting beneath the burden of the day,  
 Because no human tone  
 Unto the altar stone  
 Of that pure spousal fane inviolate,  
 Where it should make eternal truth its mate,  
 May cheer the sacred, solitary way ?

O, be the whisper of thy voice within  
 Enough to strengthen ! Be the hope to win  
 A more deep seeing homage for thy name,  
 Far, far beyond the burning dream of fame !  
 Make me thine only ! — Let me add but one  
 To those refulgent steps all undefiled,  
 Which glorious minds have piled  
 Through bright self-offering, earnest, chidlika,  
 lone,  
 For mounting to thy throne !

And let my soul, upborne  
On wings of inner morn,  
Find, in illumined secrecy, the sense  
Of that blessed work, its own high recompense.

The dimness melts away  
That on your glory lay,  
O ye majestic watchers of the skies!  
Through the dissolving veil,  
Which made each aspect pale,  
Your gladdening fires once more I recognize;  
And once again a shower  
Of hope, and joy, and power  
Streams on my soul from your immortal eyes.  
And if that splendor to my sobered sight  
Come tremulous, with more of pensive light —  
Something, though beautiful, yet deeply fraught  
With more that pierces through each fold of  
thought

Than I was wont to trace  
On heaven's unshadowed face —  
Be it e'en so! — be mine, though set apart  
Unto a radiant ministry, yet still  
A lowly, fearful, self-distrusting heart,  
Bow'd before thee, O Mightiest! whose blessed  
will  
All the pure stars rejoicingly fulfil.<sup>1</sup>

#### THE TRAVELLER'S EVENING SONG.

FATHER! guide me! Day declines,  
Hollow winds are in the pines;  
Darkly waves each giant bough  
O'er the sky's last crimson glow:  
Hushed is now the convent's bell,  
Which ere while with breezy swell  
From the purple mountains bore  
Greeting to the sunset shore.  
Now the sailor's vesper hymn  
Dies away.  
Father! in the forest dim  
Be my stay!

In the low and shivering thrill  
Of the leaves that late hung still;  
In the dull and muffled tone  
Of the sea wave's distant moan;  
In the deep tints of the sky,  
There are signs of tempests high.

<sup>1</sup> Written after hearing the introductory Lecture on Astronomy delivered in Trinity College, Dublin, by Sir William Hamilton, royal astronomer of Ireland, on the 8th November, 1832.

Ominous, with sullen sound,  
Falls the closing dusk around.  
Father! through the storm and shade,  
O'er the wild,  
O, be *thou* the lone one's aid —  
Save thy child!

Many a swift and sounding plume  
Homewards, through the boding gloom,  
O'er my way hath flitted fast  
Since the farewell sunbeam passed  
From the chestnut's ruddy bark,  
And the pools, now lone and dark,  
Where the wakening night winds sigh  
Through the long reeds mournfully.  
Homeward, homeward, all things haste —  
God of might!  
Shield the homeless 'midst the waste!  
Be his light!

In his distant cradle nest,  
Now my babe is laid to rest;  
Beautiful its slumber seems  
With a glow of heavenly dreams —  
Beautiful, o'er that bright sleep,  
Hang soft eyes of fondness deep,  
Where his mother bends to pray  
For the loved and far away.  
Father! guard that household bower,  
Hear that prayer!  
Back, through thine all-guiding power,  
Lead me there!

Darker, wilder grows the night;  
Not a star sends quivering light  
Through the massy arch of shade  
By the stern, old forest made.  
Thou! to whose unslumbering eyes  
All my pathway open lies;  
By thy Son, who knew distress  
In the lonely wilderness,  
Where no roof to that blessed head  
Shelter gave —  
Father! through the time of dread,  
Save — O, save!

#### BURIAL OF AN EMIGRANT'S CHILD IN THE FORESTS.

SCENE. — *The banks of a solitary river in an American forest. A tent under pine trees in the foreground. AGNES sitting before the tent with a child in her arms apparently sleeping.*



*Agnes.* SURELY 'tis all ■ dream—a fever dream!

The desolation and the agony—

The strange, red sunrise, and the gloomy woods,

So terrible with their dark giant boughs,

And the broad, lonely river!—all a dream!

And my boy's voice will wake me, with its clear,

Wild singing tones, as they were wont to come  
Through the wreathed sweetbrier at my lattice panes

In happy, happy England! Speak to me!

Speak to thy mother, bright one! she hath watched

All the dread night beside thee, till her brain

Is darkened by swift waves of fantasies.

And her soul faint with longing for thy voice.

O, I *must* wake him with one gentle kiss

On his fair brow!

(*Shudderingly.*) The strange, damp, thrilling touch!

The marble chill! Now, now it rushes back—  
Now I know all!—dead—*dead*!—a fearful word!

My boy hath left me in the wilderness,

To journey on without the blessed light

In his deep, loving eyes. He's gone!—he's gone!

*Her HUSBAND enters.*

*Husband.* Agnes! my Agnes! hast thou looked thy last

On our sweet slumberer's face? The hour is come—

The couch made ready for his last repose.

*Agnes.* Not yet! thou canst not take him from me yet!

If he but left me for a few short days,

This were too brief ■ gazing time to draw

His angel image into my fond heart,

And fix its beauty there. And now—O, *now*,

Never again the laughter of his eye

Shall send its gladdening summer through my soul—

Never on earth again. Yet, yet delay!

Thou canst not take him from me.

*Husband.* My beloved!

Is it not God hath taken him? the God

That took our first born, o'er whose early grave

Thou didst bow down thy saint-like head, and say,

"His will be done!"

*Agnes.* O, that near household grave,

Under the turf of England, seemed not half—

Not half so much to part me from my child

As these dark woods. It lay beside our home,  
And I could watch the sunshine, through all hours,

Loving and clinging to the grassy spot;

And I could dress its greensward with fresh flowers,

Familiar meadow flowers. O'er *thee*, my babe!

The primrose will not blossom! O, that now,

Together, by thy fair young sister's side,

We lay 'midst England's valleys!

*Husband.* Dost thou grieve,

Agnes! that thou hast followed o'er the deep

An exile's fortunes? If it *thus* can be,

Then, after many a conflict cheerily met,

My spirit sinks at last.

*Agnes.* Forgive! forgive!

My Edmund, pardon me! O, grief is wild—

Forget its words, quick spraydrops from a fount

Of unknown bitterness! Thou art my home!

Mine only and my blessed one! Where'er

Thy warm heart beats in its true nobleness,

There is my country! *there* my head shall rest,

And throb no more. O, still, by thy strong love,

Bear up the feeble reed!

(*Kneeling with the child in her arms.*)

And thou, my God.

Hear my soul's cry from this dread wilderness!

O, hear, and pardon me! If I have made

This treasure, sent from thee, too much the ark

Fraught with mine earthward-clinging happiness,

Forgetting Him who gave, and might resume,

O, pardon me!

If nature hath rebelled,

And from thy light turned wilfully away,

Making a midnight of her agony,

When the despairing passion of her clasp

Was from its idol stricken at one touch

Of thine almighty hand—O, pardon me!

By thy Son's anguish, pardon! In the soul

The tempests and the waves will know thy voice—

Father! say, "Peace, be still"

(*Giving the child to her husband.*)

Farewell, my babe!

Go from my bosom now to other rest!

With this last kiss on thine unsullied brow,

And on thy pale, calm cheek these contrite tears,

I yield thee to thy Maker!

*Husband.* Now, my wife!

Thine own meek holiness beams forth once more

A light upon my path. Now shall I bear,

From thy dear arms, the slumberer to repose—

With a calm, trustful heart

*Agnes.* My Edmund! where —  
Where wilt thou lay him?

*Husband.* Seest thou where the spire  
Of yon dark cypress reddens in the sun  
To burning gold? — there — o'er yon willow  
tuft?

Under that native desert monument  
Lies his lone bed. Our Hubert, since the dawn,  
With the gray mosses of the wilderness  
Hath lined it closely through; and there breathed  
forth,

E'en from the fulness of his own pure heart,  
A wild, sad forest hymn — a song of tears,  
Which thou wilt learn to love. I heard the boy  
Chanting it o'er his solitary task,  
As wails a wood bird to the thrilling leaves,  
Perchance unconsciously.

*Agnes.* My gentle son!  
The affectionate, the gifted! With what joy —  
Edmund, rememberest thou? — with what  
bright joy

His baby brother ever to his arms  
Would spring from rosy sleep, and playfully  
Hide the rich clusters of his gleaming hair  
In that kind, useful breast! O, now no more!  
But strengthen me, my God! and melt my heart,  
Even to a wellspring of adoring tears,  
For many a blessing left.

*(Bending over the child.)* Once more, farewell!  
O, the pale, piercing sweetness of that look!  
How can it be sustained? Away, away!

*(After a short pause.)*

Edmund! my woman's nature still is weak —  
I cannot see thee render dust to dust!  
Go thou, my husband! to thy solemn task;  
I will rest here, and still my soul with prayer  
Till thy return.

*Husband.* Then strength be with thy prayer!  
Peace on thy bosom! Faith and heavenly  
hope

Unto thy spirit! Fare thee well a while!  
We must be pilgrims of the woods again,  
After this mournful hour.

*(He goes out with the child. — AGNES kneels in  
prayer. — After a time, voices without are heard  
singing.)*

#### FUNERAL HYMN.

Where the long reeds quiver,  
Where the pines make moan,  
By the forest river,  
Sleeps our babe alone.  
England's field flowers may not deck his grave,  
Cypress shadows o'er him darkly wave.

Woods unknown receive him,  
'Midst the mighty wild;  
Yet with God we leave him,  
Blesséd, blesséd child!  
And our tears gush o'er his lovely dust,  
Mournfully, yet still from hearts of trust.

Though his eye hath brightened  
Oft our weary way,  
And his clear laugh lightened  
Half our hearts' dismay;  
Still in hope we give back what was given.  
Yielding up the beautiful to Heaven.

And to her who bore him,  
Her who long must weep,  
Yet shall Heaven restore him  
From his pale, sweet sleep!  
Those blue eyes of love and peace again  
Through her soul will shine, undimmed by pain.

Where the long reeds quiver,  
Where the pines make moan,  
Leave we by the river  
Earth to earth alone!  
God and Father! may our journeyings on  
Lead to where the blesséd boy is gone!

From the exile's sorrow,  
From the wanderer's dream  
Of the night and morrow,  
Early, brightly fled,  
Thou hast called him to a sweeter home  
Than our lost one o'er the ocean's foam.

Now let thought behold him,  
With his angel look,  
Where those arms infold him,  
Which benignly took  
Israel's babes to their good Shepherd's breast,  
When his voice their tender meekness blessed.

Turn thee now, fond mother!  
From thy dead, O, turn!  
Linger not, young brother,  
Here to dream and mourn:  
Only kneel once more around the sod,  
Kneel, and bow submitted hearts to God!

#### EASTER DAY IN A MOUNTAIN CHURCHYARD.

THERE is a wakening on the mighty hills,  
A kindling with the spirit of the morn!

Bright gleams are scattered from the thousand  
rills,

And ■ soft visionary hue is born

On the young foliage, worn  
By all the imbosomed woods — a silvery green,  
Made up of spring and dew, harmoniously  
serene

And lo! where, floating through ■ glory, sings  
The lark, alone amidst a crystal sky!

Lo! where the darkness of his buoyant wings,  
Against a soft and rosy cloud on high,  
Trembles with melody!

While the far-echoing solitudes rejoice  
To the rich laugh of music in that voice.

But purer light than of the early sun  
Is on you cast, O mountains of the earth!

And for your dwellers nobler joy is won  
Than the sweet echoes of the skylark's mirth,  
By this glad morning's birth!

And gifts more precious by its breath are  
shed

Than music on the breeze, dew on the violet's  
head.

Gifts for the *soul*, from whose illumined eye  
O'er nature's face the coloring glory flows;  
Gifts from the fount of immortality,  
Which, filled with balm, unknown to human  
woes,

Lay hushed in dark repose,  
Till thou, bright dayspring! mad'st its waves  
our own,

By thine unsealing of the burial stone.

Sing, then, with all your choral strains, ye  
hills!

And let a full victorious tone be given,  
By rock and cavern, to the wind which fills  
Your urn-like depths with sound! The tomb is  
river,

The radiant gate of heaven  
Unfolded — and the stern, dark shadow cast  
By death's o'ersweeping wing, from the earth's  
bosom past.

And you, ye graves! upon whose turf I stand,  
Girt with the slumber of the hamlet's dead,  
Time, with a soft and reconciling hand,  
The covering mantle of bright moss hath spread  
O'er every narrow bed:

But not by time, and not by nature, sown  
Was the celestial seed, whence round you peace  
hath grown.

Christ hath arisen! O, not one cherished head  
Hath, 'midst the flowery sods, been pillowed  
here

Without a hope, (howe'er the heart hath bled  
In its vain yearnings o'er the unconscious bier,)

A hope, upspringing clear  
From those majestic tidings of the morn,  
Which lit the living way to all of woman born

Thou hast wept mournfully, O human love!  
E'en on this greensward: night hath heard thy  
cry.

Heart-stricken one! thy precious dust above —  
Night, and the hills, which sent forth no reply  
Unto thine agony!

But He who wept like thee, thy Lord, thy Guide,  
Christ hath arisen, O love! thy tears shall all be  
dried.

Dark must have been the gushing of those  
tears,

Heavy the unsleeping phantom of the tomb  
On thine impassioned soul, in elder years,  
When, burdened with the mystery of its doom,  
Mortality's thick gloom

Hung o'er the sunny world, and with the breath  
Of the triumphant rose came blending thoughts  
of death.

By thee, sad Love! and by thy sister, Fear,  
Then was the ideal robe of beauty wrought  
To veil that haunting shadow, still too near,  
Still ruling secretly the conqueror's thought,  
And where the board was fraught  
With wine and myrtles in the summer bower,  
Felt, e'en when disavowed, ■ presence and ■  
power.

But that dark night is closed; and o'er the dead,  
*Here*, where the gleamy primrose tufts have  
blown,

And where the mountain heath a couch has  
spread,

And, settling oft on some gray, lettered stone,  
The redbreast warbles lone;  
And the wild bee's deep drowsy murmurs pass,  
Like a low thrill of harpstrings, through the  
grass;

Here, 'midst the chambers of the Christian's  
sleep,

*We* o'er death's gulf may look with trusting eye  
For Hope sits, dove-like, on the gloomy deep,  
And the green hills wherein these valleys lie  
Seem all one sanctuary



Of holiest thought — nor needs their fresh,  
 bright sod,  
 Urn, wreath, or shrine, for tombs all dedicate to  
 God.

Christ hath arisen ! O mountain peaks ! attest —  
 Witness, resounding glen and torrent wave !  
 The immortal courage in the human breast  
 Sprung from that victory — tell how oft the  
 brave

To camp 'midst rock and cave,  
 Nerved by those words, their struggling faith  
 have borne,  
 Planting the cross on high above the clouds of  
 morn !

The Alps have heard sweet hymnings for  
 to-day —

Ay, and wild sounds of sterner, deeper tone  
 Have thrilled their pines, when those that knelt  
 to pray

Rose up to arm ! The pure, high snows have  
 known

A coloring not their own,  
 But from true hearts, which, by that crimson  
 stain,  
 Gave token of a trust that called no suffering  
 vain.

Those days are past — the mountains wear ■■  
 more

The solemn splendor of the martyr's blood ;  
 And may that awful record, as of yore,  
 Never again be known to field or flood !

E'en though the faithful stood,  
 A noble army, in the exulting sight  
 Of earth and heaven, which blessed their battle  
 for the right !

But many a martyrdom by hearts unshaken  
 Is yet borne silently in homes obscure ;  
 And many a bitter cup is meekly taken ;  
 And, for the strength whereby the just and pure  
 Thus steadfastly endure,  
 Glory to Him whose victory won that dower !  
 Him from whose rising streamed that robe of  
 spirit power.

Glory to Him ! Hope to the suffering breast !  
 Light to the nations ! He hath rolled away  
 The mists which, gathering into death-like rest,  
 Between the soul and heaven's calm ether lay —

His love hath made it day  
 With those that sat in darkness. Earth and sea !  
 Lift up glad strains for man by truth divine  
 made free !

## THE CHILD READING THE BIBLE.

"A dancing shape, an image gay,  
 To haunt, to startle, to waylay.

A being breathing thoughtful breath,  
 A traveller between life and death."

WORDSWORTH.

I saw him at his sport ere while,  
 The bright, exulting boy !  
 Like summer's lightning came the smile  
 Of his young spirit's joy —  
 A flash that, wheresoe'er it broke,  
 To life undreamed-of beauty woke.

His fair locks waved in sunny play,  
 By a clear fountain's side,  
 Where jewel-colored pebbles lay  
 Beneath the shallow tide ;  
 And pearly spray at times would meet  
 The glancing of his fairy feet.

He twined him wreaths of all spring flowers,  
 Which drank that streamlet's dew ;  
 He flung them o'er the wave in showers,  
 Till, gazing, scarce I knew  
 Which seemed more pure, or bright, or wild,  
 The singing fount or laughing child.

To look on all that joy and bloom  
 Made earth one festal scene,  
 Where the dull shadow of the tomb  
 Seemed as it ne'er had been.  
 How could one image of decay  
 Steal o'er the dawn of such clear day ?

I saw once more that aspect bright —  
 The boy's meek head was bowed  
 In silence o'er the Book of Light,  
 And, like a golden cloud, —  
 The still cloud of a pictured sky, —  
 His locks drooped round it lovingly.

And if my heart had deemed him fair,  
 When, in the fountain glade,  
 A creature of the sky and air,  
 Almost on wings he played,  
 O, how much holier beauty now  
 Lit the young human being's brow !

The being born to toil, to die,  
 To break forth from the tomb  
 Unto far nobler destiny  
 Than waits the skylark's plume !  
 I saw him, in that thoughtful hour,  
 Win the first knowledge of his dower.

The *soul*, the awakening *soul* I saw —  
 My watching eye could trace  
 The shadows of its new-born awe  
 Sweeping o'er that fair face,  
 As o'er a flower might pass the shade  
 By some dread angel's pinion made !

The *soul*, the mother of deep fears,  
 Of high hopes infinite,  
 Of glorious dreams, mysterious tears,  
 Of sleepless inner sight ;  
 Lovely, but solemn, it arose,  
 Unfolding what no more might close.

The red-leaved tablets,<sup>1</sup> undefiled,  
 As yet, by evil thought —  
 O, little dreamed the brooding child  
 Of what within me wrought,  
 While *his* young heart first burned and stirred,  
 And quivered to the eternal word.

And reverently my spirit caught  
 The reverence of *his* gaze —  
 A sight with dew of blessing fraught  
 To hallow after days ;  
 To make the proud heart meekly wise,  
 By the sweet faith in those calm eyes.

It seemed as if a temple rose  
 Before me brightly there ;  
 And in the depths of its repose  
 My soul o'erflowed with prayer,  
 Feeling a solemn presence nigh —  
 The power of infant sanctity !

O Father ! mould my heart once more  
 By thy prevailing breath !  
 Teach me, O, teach me to adore  
 E'en with that pure one's faith —  
 A faith, all made of love and light,  
 Childlike, and therefore full of might !

#### A POET'S DYING HYMN.

"Be mute who will, who can ;  
 Yet I will praise thee with impassioned voice !  
 Me didst thou constitute a priest of thine  
 In such a temple as we now behold,  
 Reared for thy presence ; therefore am I bound  
 To worship, here and every where." — WORDSWORTH.

THE blue, deep, glorious heavens ! I lift mine eye,  
 And bless thee, O my God ! that I have met

<sup>1</sup> "All this, and more than this, is now engraved upon  
 the red-leaved tablets of my heart." — HAYWOOD.

And owned thine image in the majesty  
 Of their calm temple still ! — that  
 yet  
 There hath thy face been shrouded from my  
 sight  
 By noontide blaze, or sweeping storm of night :  
 I bless thee, O my God !

That now still clearer, from their pure expanse,  
 I see the mercy of thine aspect shine,  
 Touching death's features with a lovely glance  
 Of light, serenely, solemnly divine,  
 And lending to each holy star a ray  
 As of kind eyes, that woo my soul away :  
 I bless thee, O my God !

That I have heard thy voice, nor been afraid,  
 In the earth's garden — 'midst the mountains  
 old,  
 And the low thrillings of the forest shade,  
 And the wild sound of waters uncontrolled —  
 And upon many a desert plain and shore —  
 No solitude — for there I felt *thee* more :  
 I bless thee, O my God !

And if thy spirit on thy child hath shed  
 The gift, the vision of the unsealed eye,  
 To pierce the mist o'er life's deep meanings  
 spread,  
 To reach the hidden fountain urns that lie  
 Far in man's heart — if I have kept it free  
 And pure, a consecration unto thee .  
 I bless thee, O my God !

If my soul's utterance hath by thee been fraught  
 With an awakening power — if thou hast made  
 Like the winged seed the breathings of my  
 thought,  
 And by the swift winds bid them be conveyed  
 To lands of other lays, and there become  
 Native as early melodies of home :  
 I bless thee, O my God !

Not for the brightness of a mortal wreath,  
 Not for a place 'midst kingly minstrels dead,  
 But that, perchance, a faint gale of thy breath,  
 A still small whisper, in my song hath led  
 One struggling spirit upwards to thy throne,  
 Or but one hope, one prayer — for this alone  
 I bless thee, O my God !

That I have loved — that I have known the love  
 Which troubles in the soul the tearful springs,  
 Yet, with a coloring halo from above,  
 Tinges and glorifies all earthly things,

Whate'er its anguish or its woe may be,  
 Still weaving links for intercourse with thee :  
 I bless thee, O my God !

That by the passion of its deep distress,  
 And by the o'erflowing of its mighty prayer,  
 And by the yearning of its tenderness,  
 Too full for words upon their stream to bear,  
 I have been drawn still closer to thy shrine,  
 Wellspring of love, the unfathomed, the divine,  
 I bless thee, O my God !

That hope hath ne'er my heart or song forsaken,  
 High hope, which even from mystery, doubt,  
 or dread,

Calmly, rejoicingly, the things hath taken  
 Whereby its torchlight for the race was fed :  
 That passing storms have only fanned the fire  
 Which pierced them still with its triumphal  
 spire,

I bless thee, O my God !

Now art thou calling me in every gale,  
 Each sound and token of the dying day ;  
 Thou leav'st me not — though early life grows  
 pale,

I am not darkly sinking to decay ;  
 But, hour by hour, my soul's dissolving shroud  
 Melts off to radiance, as a silvery cloud.  
 I bless thee, O my God !

And if this earth, with all its choral streams,  
 And crowning woods, and soft or solemn skies,  
 And mountain sanctuaries for poet's dreams,  
 Be lovely still in my departing eyes —  
 'Tis not that fondly I would linger here,  
 But that thy footprints on its dust appear :  
 I bless thee, O my God !

And that the tender shadowing I behold,  
 The tracery veining every leaf and flower,  
 Of glories cast in more consummate mould,  
 No longer vassals to the changeful hour ;  
 'That life's last roses to my thoughts can bring  
 Rich visions of imperishable spring :  
 I bless thee, O my God !

Yes ! the young, vernal voices in the skies  
 Woo me not back, but, wandering past mine  
 ear,

Seem heralds of th' eternal melodies,  
 The spirit music, imperturbed and clear —  
 He full of soul, yet passionate no more :  
 Let me, too, joining those pure strains, adore !  
 I bless thee, O my God !

Now aid, sustain me still. To thee I come —  
 Make thou my dwelling where thy children  
 are !

And for the hope of that immortal home,  
 And for thy Son, the bright and morning star  
 The sufferer and the victor king of death,  
 I bless thee with my glad song's dying breath !  
 I bless thee, O my God !

### THE FUNERAL DAY OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

"Many an eye  
 May wail the dimming of our shining star." — SHAKESPEARE

A GLORIOUS voice hath ceased !  
 Mournfully, reverently — the funeral chant  
 Breathe reverently ! There is a dreamy sound,  
 A hollow murmur of the dying year,  
 In the deep woods. Let it be wild and sad !  
 A more Æolian, melancholy tone  
 Than ever wailed o'er bright things perishing !  
 For *that* is passing from the darkened land  
 Which the green summer will not bring  
 back,

Though all her songs return. The funeral chant  
 Breathe reverently ! They bear the mighty forth,  
 The kingly ruler in the realms of mind ;  
 They bear him through the household paths,  
 the groves,

Where every tree had music of its own  
 To his quick ear of knowledge taught by love —  
 And he is silent ! Past the living stream  
 They bear him now ; the stream whose kindly  
 voice,

On alien shores, his true heart burned to hear —  
 And he is silent ! O'er the heathery hills,  
 Which his own soul had mantled with a light  
 Richer than autumn's purple, now they move —  
 And he is silent ! — he, whose flexile lips  
 Were but unsealed, and lo ! a thousand forms,  
 From every pastoral glen and fern-clad height,  
 In glowing life upsprang — vassal and chief,  
 Rider and steed, with shout and bugle peal,  
 Fast rushing through the brightly-troubled air,  
 Like the Wild Huntsman's band. And still  
 they live,

To those fair scenes imperishably bound,  
 And, from the mountain mist still flashing by,  
 Startle the wanderer who hath listened there  
 To the seer's voice ; phantoms of colored thought,  
 Surviving him who raised. O eloquence !  
 O power, whose breathings thus could wake the  
 dead !



Who shall wake *thee*? lord of the buried past!  
And art thou *there* — to those dim nations joined,  
Thy subject host so long? The wand is dropped,  
The bright lamp broken, which the gifted hand  
Fouched, and the genii came! Sing reverently  
The funeral chant! The mighty is borne home,  
And who shall be his mourners? Youth and  
age,

For each hath felt his magic — love and grief,  
For he hath communed with the heart of  
each;

Yes — the free spirit of humanity  
May join the august procession, for to him  
Its mysteries have been tributary things,  
And all its accents known. From field or wave,  
Never was conqueror on his battle bier,  
By the veiled banner and the muffled drum,  
And the proud drooping of the crested head,  
More nobly followed home. The last abode,  
The voiceless dwelling of the bard, is reached:  
A still, majestic spot, girt solemnly  
With all th' imploring beauty of decay;  
A stately couch 'midst ruins! meet for him  
With his bright fame to rest in, as a king  
Of other days, laid lonely with his sword  
Beneath his head. Sing reverently the chant  
Over the honored grave! The *grave!* — O,  
say

Rather the shrine! — an altar for the love,  
The light, soft pilgrim steps, the votive wreaths  
Of years unborn — a place where leaf and flower,  
By that which dies not of the sovereign dead,  
Shall be made holy things, where every weed  
Shall have its portion of th' inspiring gift  
From buried glory breathed. And now what  
strain,

Making victorious melody ascend  
High above Sorrow's dirge, befits the tomb  
Where he that swayed the nations thus is laid —  
The crowned of men?

A lowly, lowly song.

Lowly and solemn be  
Thy children's cry to thee,  
Father divine!  
A hymn of suppliant breath,  
Owning that life and death  
Alike are thine!

A spirit on its way,  
Sceptred the earth to sway,  
From thee was sent:  
Now call'st thou back thine own —  
Hence is that radiance flown —  
To earth but lent.

Watching in breathless awe,  
The bright head bowed we saw,  
Beneath thy hand!  
Filled by one hope, one fear,  
Now o'er a brother's bier  
Weeping we stand.

How hath he passed! — the lord  
Of each deep bosom chord,  
To meet thy sight,  
Unmantled and alone,  
On thy blessed mercy thrown,  
O Infinite!

So, from his harvest home,  
Must the tired peasant come;  
So, in one trust,  
Leader and king must yield  
The naked soul revealed  
To thee, All-just!

The sword of many a fight —  
What *then* shall be its might?  
The lofty lay  
That rushed on eagle wing —  
What shall its memory bring?  
What hope, what stay?

O Father! in that hour,  
When earth all succoring power  
Shall disavow;  
When spear, and shield, and ~~arm~~  
In faintness are cast down —  
Sustain us, Thou!

By Him who bowed to take  
The death cup for our sake,  
The thorn, the rod;  
From whom the last dismay  
Was not to pass away —  
Aid us, O God!

Tremblers beside the grave,  
We call on thee to save,  
Father divine!  
Hear, hear our suppliant breath!  
Keep us, in life and death,  
Thine, only thine!

## THE PRAYER IN THE WILDERNESS

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF CORREGGIO'S.

In the deep wilderness unseen she prayed,  
The daughter of Jerusalem; alone

With all the still, small whispers of the night,  
And with the searching glances of the stars,  
And with her God, alone: she lifted up  
Her sweet, sad voice, and, trembling o'er her  
head,

The dark leaves thrilled with prayer — the tear-  
ful prayer

Of woman's quenchless, yet repentant love.

Father of spirits, hear!

Look on the inmost heart to thee revealed,  
Look on the fountain of the burning tear,  
Before thy sight in solitude unsealed!

Hear, Father! hear, and aid!

If I have loved too well, if I have shed,  
In my vain fondness, o'er a mortal head,  
Gifts on thy shrine, my God! more fitly laid;

If I have sought to live  
But in *one* light, and made a human eye  
The lonely star of mine idolatry,  
Thou that art Love! O, pity and forgive!

Chastened and schooled at last,  
No more, no more my struggling spirit burns,  
But, fixed on thee, from that wild worship turns—  
What have I said? — the deep dream is not past!

Yet hear! — if *still* I love,  
O, still too fondly — if, forever seen,  
An earthly image comes my heart between  
And thy calm glory, Father! throned above;

If still a voice is near,  
(E'en while I strive these wanderings to control,)  
An earthly voice disquieting my soul  
With its deep music, too intensely dear;

O Father! draw to thee  
My lost affections back! — the dreaming eyes  
Clear from their mist — sustain the heart that  
dies;  
Give the worn soul once more its pinions free!

I must love on, O God!  
This bosom must love on! — but let thy breath  
Touch and make pure the flame that knows not  
death,  
Bearing it up to heaven — love's own abode!

Ages and ages past, the wilderness,  
With its dark cedars and the thrilling night,  
With her clear stars, and the mysterious winds,  
That waft all sound, were conscious of those  
prayers.

How many such hath woman's bursting heart  
*Since then*, in silence and in darkness breathed,  
Like the dim night flower's odor, up to God!

## PRISONERS' EVENING SERVICE.

### A SCENE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.\*

"From their spheres  
The stars of human glory are cast down,  
Perish the roses and the flowers of kings,  
Princes and emperors, and the crown and palms  
Of all the mighty, withered and consumed!  
Nor is power given to lowliest innocence  
Long to protect her own." — WORDSWORTH.

SCENE—*Prison of the Luxembourg in Paris, during  
the Reign of Terror.*

D'AUBIGNÉ, *an aged Royalist* — BLANCHE, *his  
daughter, a young girl.*

Blanche. WHAT was your doom, my father  
In thine arms

I lay unconsciously through that dread hour.  
Tell me the sentence! Could our judges look,  
Without relenting, on thy silvery hair?  
Was there not mercy, father? Will they not  
Restore us to our home?

D'Aubigné. Yes, my poor child!  
They send us home.

Blanche. O, shall we gaze again  
On the bright Loire? Will the old hamlet spire,  
And the gray turret of our own chateau,  
Look forth to greet us through the dusky elms?  
Will the kind voices of our villagers,  
The loving laughter in their children's eyes,  
Welcome us back at last? But how is this?  
Father! thy glance is clouded — on thy brow  
There sits no joy!

D'Aubigné. Upon my brow, dear girl!  
There sits, I trust, such deep and solemn peace  
As may befit the Christian who receives,  
And recognizes in submissive awe,  
The summons of his God.

Blanche. Thou dost not mean —  
No, no! it cannot be! Didst thou not say  
They sent us home?

D'Aubigné. Where is the spirit's home?  
O, most of all, in these dark, evil days,  
Where should it be — but in that world serene

\* The last days of two prisoners in the Luxembourg, Sil-  
lery and La Source, so affectingly described by Helen Maria  
Williams, in her *Letters from France*, gave rise to this little  
scene. These two victims had composed a simple hymn,  
which they sang together in a low and restrained voice ev-  
ery night.

Beyond the sword's reach and the tempest's  
power, —

Where, but in heaven?

*Blanche.* My father!

*D'Aubigné.* *We must die.*

We must look up to God, and calmly die.

Come to my heart, and weep there! For a  
while

Give nature's passion way; then brightly rise

In the still courage of a woman's heart.

Do I not know thee? Do I ask too much

From mine own noble Blanche?

*Blanche, (falling on his bosom.)* O, clasp me  
fast!

Thy trembling child! Hide, hide me in thine  
arms —

Father!

*D'Aubigné.* Alas! my flower, thou'rt young  
to go —

Young, and so fair! Yet were it worse, me-  
thinks,

To leave thee where the gentle and the brave,  
The loyal hearted and the chivalrous,  
And they that loved their God, have all been  
swept,

Like the sere leaves, away. For them no hearth  
Through the wide land was left inviolate,  
No altar holy; therefore did they fall,  
Rejoicing to depart. The soil is steeped  
In noble blood; the temples are gone down;  
The voice of prayer is hushed, or fearfully  
Muttered, like sounds of guilt. Why, who  
would live?

Who hath not panted, as a dove, to flee,  
To quit forever the dishonored soil,  
The burdened air? Our God upon the cross —  
Our king upon the scaffold! — let us think  
Of these — and fold endurance to our hearts,  
And bravely die!

*Blanche.* A dark and fearful way!

An evil doom for thy dear, honored head!  
O thou, the kind, the gracious! whom all eyes  
Blessed as they looked upon! Speak yet again —  
Say, will they part us?

*D'Aubigné.* No, my Blanche; in death  
We shall not be divided.

*Blanche.* Thanks to God!

He, by thy glance, will aid me — I shall see

■ A French royalist officer, dying upon a field of battle,  
and hearing some one near him uttering the most plaintive  
lamentations, turned towards the sufferer, and thus ad-  
dressed him: "My friend, whoever you may be, remem-  
ber that your God expired upon the cross — your king upon  
the scaffold — and he who now speaks to you has had his  
limbs shot from under him. Meet your fate as becomes a  
man."

His light before me to the last. And when —  
O, pardon these weak shrinkings of thy child! —  
When shall the hour befall?

*D'Aubigné.* O, swiftly now,

And suddenly, with brief, dread interval,  
Comes down the mortal stroke. But of that  
hour

As yet I know not. Each low throbbing  
pulse

Of the quick pendulum may usher in  
Eternity!

*Blanche, (kneeling before him.)* My father! ay  
thy hand

On thy poor Blanche's head, and once again  
Bless her with thy deep voice of tenderness —  
Thus breathing saintly courage through her  
soul,

Ere we are called.

*D'Aubigné.* If I may speak through tears! —

Well may I bless thee, fondly, fervently,  
Child of my heart! — thou who dost look on  
me

With thy lost mother's angel eyes of love!  
Thou that hast been a brightness in my path,  
A guest of heaven unto my lonely soul,  
A stainless lily in my widowed house,  
There springing up, with soft light round thee  
shed,

For immortality! Meek child of God!  
I bless thee — He will bless thee! In his  
love

He calls thee now from this rude stormy world  
To thy Redeemer's breast! And thou wilt die  
As thou hast lived, my duteous, holy Blanche!  
In trusting and serene submissiveness.  
Humble, yet full of heaven.

*Blanche, (rising.)* Now is their strength  
Infused through all my spirit. I can rise  
And say, "Thy will be done!"

*D'Aubigné, (pointing upwards.)* Seest thou,  
my child!

Yon faint light in the west? — the signal star  
Of our due vesper service, gleaming in  
Through the close dungeon grating! Mourn-  
fully

It seems to quiver; yet shall this night pass,  
This night alone, without the lifted voice  
Of adoration in our narrow cell,

As if unworthy fear or wavering faith  
Silenced the strain? No! let it waft to heaven  
The prayer, the hope, of poor mortality,  
In its dark hour once more! And we will  
sleep,

Yes — calmly sleep, when our last rite is closed.

*(They sing together)*



## PRISONER'S EVENING SONG.

We see no more in thy pure skies,  
 How soft, O God ! the sunset dies ;  
 How every colored hill and wood  
 Seems melting in the golden flood :  
 Yet, by the precious memories won  
 From bright hours now forever gone,  
 Father ! o'er all thy works, we know,  
 Thou still art shedding beauty's glow ;  
 Still touching every cloud and tree  
 With glory, eloquent of thee ;  
 Still feeding all thy flowers with light,  
 Though man hath barred it from our sight.  
 We know thou reign'st, the Unchanging One,  
     the All-just !  
 And bless thee still with free and boundless  
     trust !

We read no more, O God ! thy ways  
 On earth, in these wild, evil days.  
 The red sword in the oppressor's hand  
 Is ruler of the weeping land ;  
 Fallen are the faithful and the pure,  
 No shrine is spared, no hearth secure.  
 Yet, by the deep voice from the past,  
 Which tells us these things cannot last —  
 And by the hope which finds no ark  
 Save in thy breast, when storms grow dark —  
 We trust thee ! As the sailor knows  
 That in its place of bright repose  
 His polestar burns, though mist and cloud  
 May veil it with a midnight shroud,  
 We know thou reign'st, All-holy One, All-just !  
 And bless thee still with love's own boundless  
     trust.

We feel no more that aid is nigh,  
 When our faint hearts within us die.  
 We suffer — and we know our doom  
 Must be one suffering till the tomb.  
 Yet, by the anguish of thy Son  
 When his last hour came darkly on ;  
 By his dread cry, the air which rent  
 In terror of abandonment ;  
 And by his parting word, which rose  
 Through faith victorious o'er all woes —  
 We know that thou mayst wound, mayst  
     break  
 The spirit, but wilt ne'er forsake !  
 Sad suppliants whom our brethren spurn,  
 In our deep need to thee we turn !  
 To whom but thee ! All-merciful, All-just !  
 In life, in death we yield thee boundless  
     trust !

HYMN OF THE VAUDOIS MOUNTAIN  
EERS IN TIMES OF PERSECUTION.

"Thanks be to God for the mountains !"  
 Howitt's "Book of the Seasons."

For the strength of the hills we bless thee  
     Our God, our fathers' God !  
 Thou hast made thy children mighty  
     By the touch of the mountain sod.  
 Thou hast fixed our ark of refuge  
     Where the spoiler's foot ne'er trod ;  
 For the strength of the hills we bless thee,  
     Our God, our fathers' God !

We are watchers of a beacon  
     Whose light must never die ;  
 We are guardians of an altar  
     'Midst the silence of the sky :  
 The rocks yield founts of courage,  
     Struck forth as by thy rod ;  
 For the strength of the hills we bless thee,  
     Our God, our fathers' God !

For the dark, resounding caverns,  
     Where thy still, small voice is heard ;  
 For the strong pines of the forests,  
     That by thy breath are stirred ;  
 For the storms, on whose free pinions  
     Thy spirit walks abroad ;  
 For the strength of the hills we bless thee  
     Our God, our fathers' God !

The royal eagle darteth  
     On his quarry from the heights,  
 And the stag that knows no master  
     Seeks there his wild delights ;  
 But we, for thy communion,  
     Have sought the mountain sod ;  
 For the strength of the hills we bless thee,  
     Our God, our fathers' God !

The banner of the chieftain  
     Far, far below us waves ;  
 The war horse of the spearman  
     Cannot reach our lofty caves :  
 Thy dark clouds wrap the threshold  
     Of freedom's last abode ;  
 For the strength of the hills we bless thee  
     Our God, our fathers' God !

For the shadow of thy presence,  
     Round our camp of rock outspread ;  
 For the stern defiles of battle,  
     Bearing record of our dead ;

For the snows and for the torrents,  
 For the free hearts' burial sod ;  
 For the strength of the hills we bless thee,  
 Our God, our fathers' God !

### PRAYER AT SEA AFTER VICTORY.

"The land shall never rue,  
 So England to herself do prove but true." — SHAKESPEARE.

THROUGH evening's bright repose  
 A voice of prayer arose,  
 When the sea fight was done :  
 The sons of England knelt,  
 With hearts that now could melt,  
 For on the wave her battle had been won.

Round their tall ship, the main  
 Heaved with a dark-red stain,  
 Caught not from sunset's cloud ;  
 While with the tide swept past  
 Pennon and shivered mast,  
 Which to the Ocean Queen that day had bowed.

But free and fair on high,  
 A native of the sky,  
 Her streamer met the breeze ;  
 It flowed o'er fearless men,  
 Though, hushed and childlike then,  
 Before their God they gathered on the seas.

O, did not thoughts of home  
 O'er each bold spirit come,  
 As from the land sweet gales ?  
 In every word of prayer  
 Had not some hearth a share,  
 Some bower, inviolate 'midst England's vales ?

Yes ! bright, green spots that lay  
 In beauty far away,  
 Hearing no billow's roar,  
 Safer from touch of spoil,  
 For that day's fiery toil,  
 Rose on high hearts, that now with love gushed  
 o'er.

A solemn scene and dread !  
 The victors and the dead,  
 The breathless burning sky !  
 And, passing with the race  
 Of waves that keep no trace,  
 The wild, brief signs of human victory !

A stern, yet holy scene !  
 Billows, where strife hath been,  
 Sinking to awful sleep ;  
 And words, that breathe the sense  
 Of God's omnipotence,  
 Making a minster of that silent deep.

Borne through such hours afar,  
 Thy flag hath been a star  
 Where eagle's wings near flew :  
 England ! the unprofaned,  
 Thou of the earth unstained,  
 O, to the banner and the shrine be true !

### THE INDIAN'S REVENGE.

#### SCENE IN THE LIFE OF A MORAVIAN MISSIONARY

[Circumstances similar to those on which this scene is founded are recorded in Carne's Narrative of the Moravian Missions in Greenland, and gave rise to the dramatic sketch.]

"But by my wrongs and by my wrath,  
 To-morrow Areouski's breath,  
 That fires yon heaven with storms of death,  
 Shall light me to the foe !"  
 Indian Song in "Gertrude of Wyoming."

SCENE. — *The shore of a Lake surrounded by deep woods. A solitary cabin on its banks, overshadowed by maple and sycamore trees. HERRMANN, the missionary, seated alone before the cabin. The hour is evening twilight.*

Herrmann. WAS that the light from some lone  
 swift canoe  
 Shooting across the waters ? — No, a flash  
 From the night's first, quick firefly, lost again  
 In the deep bay of cedars. Not a bark  
 Is on the wave ; no rustle of a breeze  
 Comes through the forest. In this new, strange  
 world,  
 O, how mysterious, how eternal, seems  
 The mighty melancholy of the woods !  
 The desert's own great spirit, infinite !  
 Little they know, in mine own fatherland,  
 Along the castled Rhine, or e'en amidst  
 The wild Hartz mountains, or the sylvan glades  
 Deep in the Odenwald — they little know  
 Of what is solitude ! In hours like this,  
 There, from a thousand nooks, the cottage  
 hearths  
 Pour forth red light through vine-hung lattices,  
 To guide the peasant, singing cheerily,

On the home path; while round his lowly porch,

With eager eyes awaiting his return,  
The clustered faces of his children shine  
To the clear harvest moon. Be still, fond thoughts!

Melting my spirit's grasp from heavenly hope  
By your vain, earthward yearnings. O my God!  
Draw me still nearer, closer unto thee,  
Till all the hollow of these deep desires  
May with thyself be filled! Be it enough  
At once to gladden and to solemnize  
My lonely life, if for thine altar here  
In this dread temple of the wilderness,  
By prayer, and toil, and watching, I may win  
The offering of one heart, one human heart,  
Bleeding, repenting, loving!

Hark! a step,  
An Indian tread! I know the stealthy sound—  
'Tis on some quest of evil, through the grass  
Gliding so serpent-like.

(*He comes forward, and meets an Indian warrior armed.*)

Enonio, is it thou? I see thy form  
Tower stately through the dusk, yet scarce mine eye  
Discerns thy face.

Enonio. My father speaks my name.

Herrmann. Are not the hunters from the chase  
returned?

The nightfires lit? Why is my son abroad?

Enonio. The warrior's arrow knows of nobler  
prey

Than elk or deer. Now let my father leave  
The lone path free.

Herrmann. The forest way is long  
From the red chieftain's home. Rest thee a  
while

Beneath my sycamore, and we will speak  
Of these things further.

Enonio. Tell me not of rest!

My heart is sleepless, and the dark night swift.  
I must begone.

Herrmann, (*solemnly.*) No, warrior! thou  
must stay!

The mighty One hath given me power to search  
Thy soul with piercing words—and thou must  
stay,

And hear me, and give answer! If thy heart  
Be grown thus restless, is it not because  
Within its dark folds thou hast mantled up  
Some burning thought of ill?

Enonio, (*with sudden impetuosity.*) How should  
I rest?

Last night the spirit of my brother came,

An angry shadow in the moonlight streak,  
And said, "*Avenge me!*" In the clouds this  
morn

I saw the frowning color of his blood—  
And that, too, had a voice. I lay at noon  
Alone beside the sounding waterfall,  
And through its thunder music spake a tone—  
A low tone—piercing all the roll of waves—  
And said, "*Avenge me!*" Therefore have I  
raised

The tomahawk, and strung the bow again,  
That I may send the shadow from my couch,  
And take the strange sound from the cataract,  
And sleep once more.

Herrmann. A better path, my son  
Unto the still and dewy land of sleep,  
My hand in peace can guide thee—e'en the way  
Thy dying brother trod. Say, didst thou love  
That lost one well?

Enonio. Know'st thou not we grew up  
Even as twin roes 'midst the wilderness?  
Unto the chase we journeyed in one path;  
We stemmed the lake in one canoe; we lay  
Beneath one oak to rest. When fever hung  
Upon my burning lips, my brother's hand  
Was still beneath my head; my brother's robe  
Covered my bosom from the chill night air—  
Our lives were girdled by one belt of love  
Until he turned him from his father's gods.  
And then my soul fell from him—then the grass  
Grew in the way between our parted homes;  
And wheresoe'er I wandered, then it seemed  
That all the woods were silent. I went forth—  
I journeyed, with my lonely heart, afar,  
And so returned—and where was he? The earth  
Owned him no more.

Herrmann. But thou thyself, since then,  
Hast turned thee from the idols of thy tribe,  
And, like thy brother, bowed the suppliant  
knee

To the one God.

Enonio. Yes! I have learned to pray  
With my white father's words, yet all the  
My heart, that shut against my brother's love,  
Hath been within me as an arrowy fire.  
Burning my sleep away. In the night hush,  
'Midst the strange whispers and dim shadowy  
things

Of the great forests, I have called aloud,  
"Brother! forgive, forgive!" He answered  
not—

His deep voice, rising from the land of souls,  
Cries but "*Avenge me!*"—and I go forth now  
To slay his murderer, that when next his eyes  
Gleam on me mournfully from that pale shore.



I may look up, and meet their glance, and say,  
 "I have avenged thee!"

*Herrmann.* O that human love  
 Should be the root of this dread bitterness,  
 Till Heaven through all the fevered being pours  
 Transmuting balsam! Stay, Enonio! stay!  
 Thy brother calls thee not! The spirit world  
 Where the departed go sends back to earth  
 No visitants for evil. 'Tis the might  
 Of the strong passion, the remorseful grief  
 At work in thine own breast, which lends the  
 voice

Unto the forest and the cataract,  
 The angry color to the clouds of morn,  
 The shadow to the moonlight. Stay, my son!  
 Thy brother is at peace. Beside his couch,  
 When of the murderer's poisoned shaft he died,  
 I knelt and prayed; he named his Savior's name,  
 Meekly, beseechingly; he spoke of thee  
 In pity and in love.

*Enonio, (hurriedly.)* Did he not say  
 My arrow should avenge him?

*Herrmann.* His last words  
 Were all forgiveness.

*Enonio.* What! and shall the man  
 Who pierced him with the shaft of treachery  
 Walk fearless forth in joy?

*Herrmann.* Was he not once  
 Thy brother's friend? O, trust me, not in joy  
 He walks the frowning forest. Did keen love,  
 Too late repentant of its heart estranged,  
 Wake in thy haunted bosom, with its train  
 Of sounds and shadows — and shall he escape?  
 Enonio, dream it not! Our God, the All-just,  
 Unto himself reserves this royalty —  
 The secret chastening of the guilty heart,  
 The fiery touch, the scourge that purifies,  
 Leave it with him! Yet make it not thy hope;  
 For that strong heart of thine — O, listen yet —  
 Must, in its depths, o'ercome the very wish  
 For death or torture to the guilty one,  
 Ere it can sleep again.

*Enonio.* My father speaks  
 Of change, for man too mighty.

*Herrmann.* I but speak  
 Of that which hath been, and again must be,  
 If thou wouldst join thy brother in the life  
 Of the bright country where, I well believe,  
 His soul rejoices. He had known such change:  
 He died in peace. He, whom his tribe once named  
 The Avenging Eagle, took to his meek heart,  
 In its last pangs, the spirit of those words  
 Which, from the Savior's cross, went up to  
 heaven —

"Forgive them, for they know not what they do!"

*Father, forgive!* — And o'er the eternal bounds  
 Of that celestial kingdom, undefiled,  
 Where evil may not enter, he, I deem,  
 Hath to his Master passed. He waits thee there —  
 For love, we trust, springs heavenward from the  
 grave,

Immortal in its holiness. He calls  
 His brother to the land of golden light  
 And ever-living fountains — couldst thou hear  
 His voice o'er those bright waters, it would say,  
 "My brother! O, be pure, be merciful!  
 That we may meet again."

*Enonio, (hesitating.)* Can I return  
 Unto my tribe, and unavenged?

*Herrmann.* To Him,  
 To Him return, from whom thine erring steps  
 Have wandered far and long! Return, my son,  
 To thy Redeemer! Died he not in love —  
 The sinless, the divine, the Son of God —  
 Breathing forgiveness 'midst all agonies?  
 And we, dare we be ruthless? By his aid  
 Shalt thou be guided to thy brother's place  
 'Midst the pure spirits. O, retrace the way  
 Back to thy Savior! he rejects no heart,  
 E'en with the dark stains on it, if true tears  
 Be o'er them showered. Ay! weep, thou In-  
 dian chief!

For, by the kindling moonlight, I behold  
 Thy proud lips working — weep, relieve thy soul!  
 Tears will not shame thy manhood in the hour  
 Of its great conflict.

*Enonio, (giving up his weapons to HERRMANN.)*  
 Father! take the bow,  
 Keep the sharp arrows till the hunters call  
 Forth to the chase once more. And let me dwell  
 A little while, my father! by thy side,  
 That I may hear the blessed words again —  
 Like water brooks amidst the summer hills —  
 From thy true lips flow forth; for in my heart  
 The music and the memory of their sound  
 Too long have died away.

*Herrmann.* O, welcome back,  
 Friend, rescued one! Yes, thou shalt be my  
 guest,

And we will pray beneath my sycamore  
 Together, morn and eve; and I will spread  
 Thy couch beside my fire, and sleep at last —  
 After the visiting of holy thoughts —  
 With dewy wings shall sink upon thine eyes!  
 Enter my home, and welcome, welcome back  
 To peace, to God, thou lost and found again!  
 (They go into the cabin together. — HERRMANN,  
 lingering for a moment on the threshold, looks  
 up to the starry skies.)  
 Father! that from amidst yon glorious worlds

Now look'st on us, thy children ! make this hour  
 Blessed forever ! May it see the birth  
 Of thine own image in the unfathomed deep  
 Of an immortal soul — a thing to name  
 With reverential thought, a solemn world !  
 To thee more precious than those thousand stars  
 Burning on high in thy majestic heaven !

### EVENING SONG OF THE WEARY.

FATHER of heaven and earth !  
 I bless thee for the night,  
 The soft, still night !  
 The holy pause of care and mirth,  
 Of sound and light !

Now, far in glade and dell,  
 Flower cup, and bud, and bell  
**Have** shut around the sleeping woodlark's nest ;  
 The bee's long-murmuring toils are done,  
 And I, the o'erwearied one,  
 O'erwearied and o'erwrought,  
**Bless** thee, O God ! O Father of the oppressed !  
 With my last waking thought,  
 In the still night !  
 Yes ! e'er I sink to rest,  
 By the fire's dying light,  
 Thou Lord of earth and heaven !  
 I bless thee, who hast given,  
**Unto** life's fainting travellers, the night —  
 The soft, still, holy night.

### THE DAY OF FLOWERS.

#### A MOTHER'S WALK WITH HER CHILD.

"One spirit — His  
 Who wore the platted thorn with bleeding brows —  
 Rules universal nature. Not a flower  
 But shows some touch, in freckle, freak, or stain,  
 Of his unrivalled pencil. He inspires  
 Their balmy odors, and imparts their hues,  
 And bathes their eyes with nectar.  
 Happy who walks with him !" — COWPER.

Come to the woods, my boy !  
 Come to the streams and bowery dingles forth,  
 My happy child ! The spirit of bright hours  
 Wooes us in every wind ; fresh wild leaf scents,  
 From thickets, where the lonely stockdove broods,  
 Enter our lattice ; fitful songs of joy  
 Float in with each soft current of the air ; —  
 And we will hear their summons ; we will give  
 One day to flowers, and sunshine, and glad  
 thoughts,

And thou shalt revel 'midst free nature's wealth,  
 And for thy mother twine wild wreaths ; while  
 she,

From thy delight, wins to her own fond heart  
 The vernal ecstasy of childhood back.

Come to the woods, my boy !

What ! wouldst thou lead already to the path  
 Along the copsewood brook ? Come, then ! in  
 truth,

Meet playmate for a child, a blessed child,  
 Is a glad, singing stream, heard or unheard  
 Singing its melody of happiness  
 Amidst the reeds, and bounding in free grace  
 To that sweet chime. With what a sparkling life  
 It fills the shadowy dingle ! — now the wing  
 Of some low-skimming swallow shakes bright  
 spray

Forth to the sunshine from its dimpled wave ;  
 Now, from some pool of crystal darkness deep,  
 The trout springs upward, with a showery gleam  
 And plashing sound of waters. What swift rings  
 Of mazy insects o'er the shallow tide  
 Seem, as they glance, to scatter sparks of light  
 From burnished films ! And mark yon silvery  
 line

Of gossamer, so tremulously hung  
 Across the narrow current, from the tuft  
 Of hazels to the hoary poplar's bough !  
 See, in the air's transparence, how it waves,  
 Quivering and glistening with each faintest gale.  
 Yet breaking not — a bridge for fairy shapes,  
 How delicate, how wondrous !

Yes, my boy !

Well may we make the stream's bright, windir g  
 vein

Our woodland guide ; for He who made the stream  
 Made it a clew to haunts of loveliness,  
 Forever deepening. O, forget him not,  
 Dear child ! That airy gladness which thou  
 feel'st

Wafting thee after bird and butterfly,  
 As 'twere a breeze within thee, is not less  
 His gift, his blessing on thy spring-time hours,  
 Than this rich, outward sunshine, mantling all  
 The leaves, and grass, and mossy-tinted stones  
 With summer glory. Stay thy bounding step,  
 My merry wanderer ! — let us rest a while  
 By this clear pool, where, in the shadow flung  
 From alder boughs and osiers o'er its breast,  
 The soft red of the flowering willow herb  
 So vividly is pictured. Seems it not  
 E'en melting to a more transparent glow  
 In that pure glass ? O, beautiful are streams !  
 And, through all ages, human hearts have loved

Their music, still accordant with each mood  
Of sadness or of joy. And love hath grown  
Into vain worship, which hath left its trace  
On sculptured urn and altar, gleaming still  
Beneath dim olive boughs, by many a fount  
Of Italy and Greece. But we will take  
Our lesson e'en from erring hearts, which  
blessed

The river deities or fountain nymphs,  
For the cool breeze, and for the freshening shade,  
And the sweet water's tune. The One supreme,  
The all-sustaining, ever-present God,  
Who dowered the soul with immortality,  
Gave also *these* delights, to cheer on earth  
Its fleeting passage; therefore let us greet  
Each wandering flower scent as a boon from  
Him,

Each bird note, quivering 'midst light summer  
leaves,

And every rich celestial tint unnamed,  
Wherewith, transpierced, the clouds of morn  
and eve

Kindle and melt away!

And now, in love,

In grateful thoughts rejoicing, let us bend  
Our footsteps onward to the dell of flowers  
Around the ruined mansion. Thou, my boy!  
Not yet, I deem, hast visited that lorn  
But lovely spot, whose loveliness for *thee*  
Will wear no shadow of subduing thought —  
No coloring from the past. This way our path  
Winds through the hazels. Mark how brightly  
shoots

The dragon fly along the sunbeam's line,  
Crossing the leafy gloom! How full of life,  
The life of song, and breezes, and free wings,  
Is all the murmuring shade! and thine, *O thine!*  
Of all the brightest and the happiest here,  
My blessed child! *my* gift of God! that mak'st  
My heart o'erflow with summer!

Hast thou twined

Thy wreath so soon! yet will we loiter not,  
Though here the bluebell wave, and gorgeously  
Round the brown, twisted roots of yon scathed  
oak

The heath flower spread its purple. We must  
leave

The copse, and through yon broken avenue,  
Shadowed by drooping walnut foliage, reach  
The ruin's glade.

And lo! before us, fair

Yet desolate, amidst the golden day,  
It stands, that house of silence! wedded now  
To verdant Nature by the o'er-mantling growth  
Of leaf and tendril, which fond woman's hands

Once loved to train. How the rich wall flower  
scent

From every niche and mossy cornice floats,  
Embalming its decay! The bee alone  
Is murmuring from its casement, whence no  
more

Shall the sweet eyes of laughing children shine,  
Watching some homeward footstep. See! un-  
bound

From the old fretted stonework, what thick  
wreaths

Of jasmine, borne by waste exuberance down,  
Trail through the grass their gleaming stars, and  
load

The air with mournful fragrance — for it speaks  
Of life gone hence; and the faint, southern  
breath

Of myrtle leaves, from yon forsaken porch,  
Startles the soul with sweetness! Yet rich  
knots

Of garden flowers, far wandering, and self sown  
Through all the sunny hollow, spread around  
A flush of youth and joy, free nature's joy,  
Undimmed by human change. How kindly  
here,

With the low thyme and daisies, they have blent!  
And, under arches of wild eglantine,  
Drooping from this tall elm, how strangely  
seems

The frail gum cistus o'er the turf to snow  
Its pearly flower leaves down! Go, happy boy!  
Rove thou at will amidst these roving sweets;  
Whilst I, beside this fallen dial stone,  
Under the tall moss-rose tree, long unpruned,  
Rest where thick clustering pansies weave  
around

Their many-tinged mosaic, 'midst dark grass  
Bedded like jewels.

He hath bounded on,

Wild with delight! — the crimson on his cheek  
Purer and richer e'en than that which lies  
In this deep-hearted rose cup! Bright moss  
rose!

Though now so lorn, yet surely, gracious tree!  
Once thou wert cherished! and, by human love,  
Through many a summer duly visited  
For thy bloom offerings, which o'er festal board  
And youthful brow, and e'en the shaded couch  
Of long-secluded sickness, may have shed  
A joy, now lost.

Yet shall there still be joy,

Where God hath poured forth beauty, and the  
voice

Of human love shall still be heard in praise  
Over his glorious gifts! O Father! Lord!



The All-beneficent ! I bless thy name,  
That thou hast mantled the green earth with  
flowers,

Linking our hearts to nature ! By the love  
Of their wild blossoms, our young footsteps first  
Into her deep recesses are beguiled —  
Her minster cells — dark glen and forest bower,  
Where, thrilling with its earliest sense of thee,  
Amidst the low, religious whisperings  
And shivery leaf sounds of the solitude,  
The spirit wakes to worship, and is made  
Thy living temple. By the breath of flowers,  
Thou callest us, from city throngs and cares,  
Back to the woods, the birds, the mountain  
streams,

That sing of thee ! back to free childhood's  
heart,

Fresh with the dews of tenderness ! Thou  
bidd'st

The lilies of the field with placid smile  
Reprove man's feverish strivings, and infuse  
Through his worn soul a more unworldly life,  
With their soft, holy breath. Thou hast not left  
His purer nature, with its fine desires,  
Uncared for in this universe of thine !  
The glowing rose attests it, the beloved  
Of poet hearts, touched by their fervent dreams  
With spiritual light, and made a source  
Of heaven-ascending thoughts. E'en to faint  
age

Thou lend'st the vernal bliss : the old man's  
eye

Falls on the kindling blossoms, and his soul  
Remembers youth and love, and hopefully  
Turns unto thee, who call'st earth's buried germs  
From dust to splendor ; as the mortal seed  
Shall, at thy summons, from the grave spring up  
To put on glory, to be girt with power,  
And filled with immortality. Receive  
Thanks, blessings, love, for these, thy lavish  
boons,

And, most of all, their heavenward influences,  
O Thou that gav'st us flowers !

Return, my boy ! —

With all thy chaplets and bright bands, return !  
See, with how deep ■ crimson eve hath touched  
And glorified the ruin ! — glowworm light  
Will twinkle on the dewdrops, ere we reach  
Our home again. Come ! with thy last sweet  
prayer

At thy blessed mother's knee, to-night shall  
thanks

Unto our Father in his heaven arise,  
For all the gladness, all the beauty shed  
O'er one rich day of flowers.

## HYMN OF THE TRAVELLER'S HOUSE HOLD ON HIS RETURN.

IN THE OLDEN TIME.

Joy ! the lost one is restored !  
Sunshine comes to hearth and board.  
From the far-off countries old  
Of the diamond and red gold ;  
From the dusky archer bands,  
Roamers of the fiery sands ;  
From the desert winds, whose breath  
Smites with sudden, silent death ;  
He hath reached his home again,

Where we sing  
In thy praise a fervent strain,  
God, our King !

Mightiest ! unto thee he turned  
When the noonday fiercest burned ;  
When the fountain springs were far  
And the sounds of Arab war  
Swelled upon the sultry blast,  
And the sandy columns past,  
Unto thee he cried ; and thou,  
Merciful ! didst hear his vow !  
Therefore unto thee again

Joy shall sing  
Many ■ sweet and thankful strain,  
God, our King !

Thou wert with him on the main,  
And the snowy mountain chain,  
And the rivers dark and wide,  
Which through Indian forests glide :  
Thou didst guard him from the wrath  
Of the lion in his path,  
And the arrows on the breeze,  
And the dropping poison trees.  
Therefore from our household train

Of shall spring  
Unto thee a blessing strain,  
God, our King !

Thou to his lone, watching wife  
Hast brought back the light of life !  
Thou hast spared his loving child  
Home to greet him from the wild.  
Though the suns of Eastern skies  
On his cheek have set their dyes,  
Though long toils and sleepless ■■■  
On his brow have blanched the hairs,  
Yet the night of fear is flown —  
He is living, and our own !  
Brethren ! spread his festal board,  
Hang his mantle and his sword.

With the armor, on the wall —  
While this long, long silent hall  
Joyfully doth hear again  
    Voice and string  
Swell to thee th' exulting strain,  
    God, our King !

### THE PAINTER'S LAST WORK.

[Suggested by the closing scene in the life of the painter Blake, which is beautifully related by Allan Cunningham.]

"Clasp me a little longer on the brink  
Of fate ! while I can feel thy dear caress ;  
And when this heart hath ceased to beat, O, think —  
And let it mitigate thy woe's excess —  
That thou hast been to me all tenderness,  
And friend to more than human friendship just.  
O, by that retrospect of happiness,  
And by the hope of an immortal trust,  
God shall assuage thy pangs, when I am laid in dust."

CAMPBELL.

*The Scene is an English Cottage. The lattice opens upon a Landscape at sunset.*

EUGENE, TERESA.

*Teresa.* THE fever's hue hath left thy cheek,  
    beloved !  
Thine eyes, that make the dayspring in my heart,  
Are clear and still once more ! Wilt thou look  
    forth ?  
Now, while the sunset with low streaming  
    light —  
The light thou lovest — hath made the elm-wood  
    stems  
All burning bronze, the river molten gold !  
Wilt thou be raised upon thy couch, to meet  
The rich air filled with wandering scents and  
    sounds ?  
Or shall I lay thy dear, dear head once more  
On this true bosom, lulling thee to rest  
With our own evening hymn ?

*Eugene.* Not now, dear love !  
My soul is wakeful — lingering to look forth,  
Not on the sun, but thee ! Doth the light sleep  
On the stream tenderly ? and are the stems  
Of our own elm trees, by its alchemy,  
So richly changed ? and is the sweetbrier scent  
Floating around ? But I have said farewell,  
Farewell to earth, Teresa ! — not to thee ;  
Nor yet to our deep love — nor yet a while  
Unto the spirit of mine art, which flows  
Back on my soul in mastery. One last work !  
And I will shrine my wealth of glowing thoughts,  
Clinging affections, and undying hopes,  
All, all in that memorial !

*Teresa.* O, what dream  
Is this, mine own Eugene ? Waste thou not thus  
Thy scarce-returning strength ; keep thy rich  
    thoughts  
For happier days — they will not melt away  
Like passing music from the lute. Dear friend !  
Dearest of friends ! thou canst win back at will  
The glorious visions.

*Eugene.* Yes ! the unseen land  
Of glorious visions hath sent forth a voice  
To call me hence. O, be thou not deceived !  
Bind to thy heart no earthly hope, Teresa !  
I must, *must* leave thee ! Yet be strong, my  
    love !

As thou hast still been gentle.

*Teresa.* O Eugene !  
What will this dim world be to me, Eugene !  
When wanting thy bright soul, the life of all —  
My only sunshine ? How can I bear on ?  
How can we part ? — we that have loved so well,  
With clasping spirits linked so long by grief,  
By tears, by prayer.

*Eugene.* E'en therefore we can part,  
With an immortal trust, that such high love  
Is not of things to perish.

Let me leave  
One record still of its ethereal flame  
Brightening through death's cold shadow. Once  
    again,  
Stand with thy meek hands folded on thy breast,  
And eyes half veiled, in thine own soul absorbed  
As in thy watchings ere I sink to sleep ;  
And I will give the bending, flower-like grace  
Of that soft form, and the still sweetness throned  
On that pale brow, and in that quivering smile  
Of voiceless love, a life that shall outlast  
Their delicate earthly being. There ! thy head  
Bowed down with beauty, and with tenderness,  
And lowly thought — e'en thus — my own Te-  
    resa !  
O, the quick-glancing radiance and bright bloom,  
That once around thee hung, have melted now  
Into more solemn light — but holier far,  
And dearer, and yet lovelier in mine eyes,  
Than all that summer flush ! For by my couch,  
In patient and serene devotedness,  
Thou hast made those rich hues and sunny smiles  
Thine offering unto me. O, I may give  
Those pensive lips, that clear Madonna brow,  
And the sweet earnestness of that dark eye,  
Unto the canvas ; I may catch the flow  
Of all those drooping locks, and glorify,  
With a soft halo, what is imaged thus —  
But how much rests unbreathed, my faithful  
    one !

What thou hast been to me ! This bitter world !  
 This cold, unanswering world, that hath no voice  
 To greet the gentle spirit, that drives back  
 All birds of Eden, which would sojourn here  
 A little while — how have I turned away  
 From its keen, soulless air, and in thy heart  
 Found ever the sweet fountain of response  
 To quench my thirst for home !

The dear work grows

Beneath my hand — the last !

*Teresa, (falling on his neck in tears.)*

Eugene ! Eugene !

Break not my heart with thine excess of love ! —  
 O, must I lose thee — thou that hast been still  
 The tenderest — best !

*Eugene.* Weep, weep not thus, beloved !  
 Let my true heart o'er thine retain its power  
 Of soothing to the last ! Mine own Teresa !  
 Take strength from strong affection ! Let our  
 souls,

Ere this brief parting, mingle in one strain  
 Of deep, full thanksgiving, for God's rich boon —  
 Our perfect love ! O, blessed have we been  
 In that high gift ! thousands o'er earth may pass,  
 With hearts unfreshened by the heavenly  
 dew,

Which hath kept *ours* from withering. Kneel,  
 true wife !

And lay thy hands in mine.

*(She kneels beside the couch — he prays.)*

O, thus receive

Thy children's thanks, Creator ! for the love  
 Which thou hast granted, through all earthly  
 woes,

To spread heaven's peace around them — which  
 hath bound

Their spirits to each other and to thee,  
 With links whereon unkindness ne'er hath  
 breathed,

N<sup>o</sup> wandering thought. We thank thee, gra-  
 cious God !

For all its treasured memories, tender cares,  
 Fond words, bright, bright sustaining looks,  
 unchanged

Through tears and joy ! O Father ! most of all,  
 We thank, we bless thee, for the priceless trust,  
 Through thy redeeming Son vouchsafed to those  
 That love in thee, of union, in thy sight  
 And in thy heavens, immortal ! Hear our prayer !  
 Take home our fond affections, purified  
 To spirit radiance from all earthly stain :  
 Exalted, solemnized, made fit to dwell,  
 Father ! where all things that are lovely meet,  
 And all things that are pure — forevermore  
 With thee and thine !

## A PRAYER OF AFFECTION.

BLESSINGS, O Father ! shower —  
 Father of mercies ! round his precious head !  
 On his lone walks and on his thoughtful hour,  
 And the pure visions of his midnight bed  
 Blessings be shed !

Father ! I pray thee not  
 For earthly treasure to that most beloved —  
 Fame, fortune, power : O, be his spirit proved  
 By these, or by their absence, at thy will !  
 But let thy peace be wedded to his lot,  
 Guarding his inner life from touch of ill,

With its dove pinion still !

Let such a sense of thee,  
 Thy watching presence, thy sustaining love,  
 His bosom guest inalienably be,  
 That, wheresoe'er he move,  
 A heavenly light serene  
 Upon his heart and mien  
 May sit undimmed ! a gladness rest his own,  
 Unspeakable, and to the world unknown !  
 Such as from childhood's morning land of  
 dreams,

Remembered faintly, gleams —  
 Faintly remembered, and too swiftly flown !

So let him walk with thee,  
 Made by thy Spirit free ;  
 And when thou call'st him from his mortal place,  
 To his last hour be still that sweetness given,  
 That joyful trust ! and brightly let him part,  
 With lamp clear burning, and unlingering heart,  
 Mature to meet in heaven  
 His Savior's face !

## MOTHER'S LITANY BY THE SICK BED OF A CHILD.

SAVIOR, that of woman born,  
 Mother sorrow didst not scorn —  
 Thou, with whose last anguish strove  
 One dear thought of earthly love —  
 Hear and aid !

Low he lies, my precious child,  
 With his spirit wandering wild  
 From its gladsome tasks and play,  
 And its bright thoughts far away —  
 Savior, aid !



Pain sits heavy on his brow,  
 E'en though slumber seal it now;  
 Round his lip is quivering strife,  
 In his hand unquiet life —  
     Aid O, aid!

Savior! loose the burning chain  
 From his fevered heart and brain;  
 Give, O, give his young soul back  
 Into its own cloudless track!  
     Hear and aid!

Thou that saidst, "Awake! arise!"  
 E'en when death had quenched the eyes —  
 In this hour of grief's deep sighing,  
 When o'erwearied hope is dying,  
     Hear and aid!

Yet, O, make him thine, all thine,  
 Savior! whether Death's or mine!  
 Yet, O, pour on human love  
 Strength, trust, patience, from above!  
     Hear and aid!

## NIGHT HYMN AT SEA.

THE WORDS WRITTEN FOR A MELODY BY **FULTON**

NIGHT sinks on the wave,  
 Hollow gusts are sighing,  
 Sea birds to their cave  
 Through the gloom are flying.  
 O, should storms come sweeping,  
 Thou, in heaven unsleeping,  
 O'er thy children vigil keeping,  
     Hear, hear, and save!

Stars look o'er the sea,  
 Few, and sad, and shrouded;  
 Faith our light must be  
 When all else is clouded.  
 Thou, whose voice came thrilling,  
 Wind and billow stilling,  
 Speak once more! our prayer fulfilling —  
     Power dwells with thee!

## SONNETS.

### FEMALE CHARACTERS OF SCRIPTURE.

"Your tents are desolate; your stately steps  
 Of all their choral dances have not left  
 One trace beside the fountains: your full cup  
 Of gladness and of trembling each alike  
 Is broken. Yet, amidst undying things,  
 The mind still keeps your loveliness, and still  
 All the fresh glories of the early world  
 Hang round you in the spirit's pictured halls,  
 Never to change!"

#### INVOCATION.

As the tired voyager on stormy seas  
 Invokes the coming of bright birds from shore,  
 To waft him tidings, with the gentler breeze,  
 Of dim, sweet woods that hear no billows roar;  
 So, from the depth of days, when earth yet  
     wore  
 Her solemn beauty and primeval dew,  
 I call you, gracious forms! O, come! restore  
 A while that holy freshness, and renew  
 Life's morning dreams. Come with the voice,  
     the lyre,

Daughters of Judah! with the timbrel rise!  
 Ye of the dark, prophetic, Eastern eyes,  
 Imperial in their visionary fire;  
 O, steep my soul in that old, glorious time,  
 When God's own whisper shook the cedars of  
     your clime!

#### INVOCATION CONTINUED.

AND come, ye faithful! round Messiah seen,  
 With a soft harmony of tears and light  
 Streaming through all your spiritual mien —  
 As in calm clouds of pearly stillness bright,  
 Showers weave with sunshine, and transpierce  
     their slight  
 Ethereal cradle. From *your* heart subdued  
 All haughty dreams of power had winged their  
     flight,  
 And left high place for martyr fortitude,  
 True faith, long-suffering love. Come to me,  
     come!

And as the seas, beneath your Master's tread,  
Fell into crystal smoothness, round him spread  
Like the clear pavement of his heavenly home;  
So, in your presence, let the soul's great deep  
Sink to the gentleness of infant sleep.

### THE SONG OF MIRIAM.

A SONG for Israel's God! Spear, crest, and helm  
Lay by the billows of the old Red Sea,  
When Miriam's voice o'er that sepulchral realm  
Sent on the blast a hymn of jubilee.  
With her lit eye, and long hair floating free,  
Queen-like she stood, and glorious was the  
strain,

E'en ■ instinct with the tempestuous glee  
Of the dark waters, tossing o'er the slain.  
A song for God's own victory! O, thy lays,  
Bright poesy! were holy in their birth:  
How hath it died, thy seraph note of praise,  
In the bewildering melodies of earth!  
Return from troubling, bitter founts — return  
Back to the lifesprings of thy native urn!

### RUTH.

THE plume-like swaying of the auburn corn,  
By soft winds to a dreamy motion fanned,  
Still brings me back thine image — O forlorn,  
Yet not forsaken Ruth! I see thee stand  
Lone, 'midst the gladness of the harvest  
band —

Lone, as ■ wood bird on the ocean's foam  
Fallen in its weariness. Thy fatherland  
Smiles far away! yet to the sense of home —  
That finest, purest, which can recognize  
Home in affection's glance — forever true  
Beats thy calm heart; and if thy gentle eyes  
Gleam tremulous through tears, 'tis not to rue  
Those words, immortal in their deep love's tone,  
■ *Thy people and thy God shall be mine own!*"

### THE VIGIL OF RIZPAH.

■ And Rizpah, the daughter of Aiah, took sackcloth, and spread  
■ for her upon the rock, from the beginning of harvest until water  
dropped upon them out of heaven; and suffered neither the birds  
of the air to rest on them by day, nor the beasts of the field by  
night." — 2 SAM. xxi. 10.

WHO watches on the mountain with the dead,  
Alone before the awfulness of night? —

A seer awaiting the deep spirit's might?  
A warrior guarding some dark pass of dread?  
No — a lorn woman! On ner drooping head,  
Once proudly graceful, heavy beats the rain;  
She recks not — living for the unburied slain,  
Only to scare the vulture from their bed.  
So, night by night, her vigil hath she kept  
With the pale stars, and with the dews hath  
wept:

O, surely some bright Presence from above  
On those wild rocks the lonely one must aid!  
E'en so; a strengthener through all storm and  
shade,

Th' unconquerable angel, mightiest Love!

### THE REPLY OF THE SHUNAMITE WOMAN.

■ And she answered, I dwell among mine own people."  
2 KINGS iv. 13.

"I DWELL among mine own." O, happy thou!  
Not for the sunny clusters of the vine,  
Not for the olives on the mountain's brow,  
Nor the flocks wandering by the flowery line  
Of streams, that make the green land where  
they shine

Laugh to the light of waters — not for these,  
Nor the soft shadow of ancestral trees,  
Whose kindly whisper floats o'er thee and  
thine —

O, not for *these* I call thee richly blest,  
But for the meekness of thy woman's breast,  
Where that sweet depth of still contentment  
lies;

And for thy holy, household love, which clings  
Unto all ancient and familiar things,  
Weaving from each some link for home's dear  
charities.

### THE ANNUNCIATION.

LOWLIEST of women, and most glorified!  
In thy still beauty sitting calm and lone,  
A brightness round thee grew — and by thy side,  
Kindling the air, a form ethereal shone,  
Solemn, yet breathing gladness. From her  
throne

A queen had risen with more imperial eye,  
A stately prophetess of victory  
From her proud lyre had struck a tempest's  
tone,

For such high tidings as to *thee* were brought,  
 Chosen of Heaven ! that hour : but thou, O  
 thou,  
 E'en as a flower with gracious rains o'erfraught,  
 Thy virgin head beneath its crown didst bow,  
 And take to thy meek breast th' all-holy word,  
 And own thyself *the handmaid of the Lord.*

### THE SONG OF THE VIRGIN.

Yet as ■ sunburst flushing mountain snow,  
 Fell the celestial touch of fire ere long  
 On the pale stillness of thy thoughtful brow,  
 And thy calm spirit lightened into song.  
 Unconsciously, perchance, yet free and strong  
 Flowed the majestic joy of tuneful words,  
 Which living harps the choirs of heaven  
 among  
 Might well have linked with their divinest  
 chords.  
 Full many a strain, borne far on glory's blast,  
 Shall leave, where once its haughty music  
 passed,  
 No more to memory than a reed's faint sigh ;  
 While thine, O childlike Virgin ! through all  
 time  
 Shall send its fervent breath o'er every clime,  
 Being of God, and therefore not to die.

### THE PENITENT ANOINTING CHRIST'S FEET.

THERE WAS ■ mournfulness in angel eyes,  
 That saw thee, woman ! bright in this world's  
 train,  
 Moving to pleasure's airy melodies,  
 Thyself the idol of the enchanted strain.  
 But from thy beauty's garland, brief and vain,  
 When one by one the rose leaves had been torn ;  
 When thy heart's core had quivered to the  
 pain  
 Through every life nerve sent by arrowy scorn ;  
 When thou didst kneel to pour sweet odors  
 forth  
 On the Redeemer's feet, with many a sigh,  
 And showering teardrop, of yet richer worth  
 Than all those costly balms of Araby ;  
 Then was there joy, a song of joy in heaven,  
 For thee, the child won back, the penitent for-  
 given !

### MARY AT THE FEET OF CHRIST.

O, BLESSED beyond all daughters of the earth !  
 What were the Orient's thrones to that low  
 seat  
 Where thy hushed spirit drew celestial birth,  
 Mary ! meek listener at the Savior's feet ?  
 No feverish cares to that divine retreat  
 Thy woman's heart of silent worship brought,  
 But a fresh childhood, heavenly truth to me  
 With love, and wonder, and submissive thought  
 O for the holy quiet of thy breast,  
 'Midst the world's eager tones and footsteps  
 flying,  
 Thou, whose calm soul was like a wellspring,  
 lying  
 So deep and still in its transparent rest,  
 That, e'en when noontide burns upon the hills,  
 Some one bright solemn star all its lone mirror  
 fills.

### THE SISTERS OF BETHANY AFTER THE DEATH OF LAZARUS.

ONE grief, one faith, O sisters of the dead !  
 Was in your bosoms — thou, whose steps,  
 made fleet  
 By keen hope fluttering in the heart which bled,  
 Bore thee, as wings, the Lord of Life to greet ;  
 And thou, that duteous in thy still retreat  
 Didst wait his summons, then with reverent  
 love  
 Fall weeping at the blessed Deliverer's feet,  
 Whom e'en to heavenly tears thy woe could  
 move.  
 And which to *Him*, the All-seeing and All-just,  
 Was loveliest — that quick zeal, or lowly trust ?  
 O, question not, and let no law be given  
 To those unveilings of its deepest shrine,  
 By the wrung spirit made in outward sign :  
 Free service from the heart is all in all to Heaven.

### THE MEMORIAL OF MARY.

" Verily I say unto you, whosoever this gospel shall be preached  
 in the whole world, there shall also this that this woman hath  
 done be told for ■ memorial of her." — MATTHEW xxvi. 13. See  
 also JOHN xii. 3.

Thou hast thy record in the monarch's hall,  
 And on the waters of the far mid sea ;



And where the mighty mountain shadows fall,  
 The Alpine hamlet keeps a thought of thee:  
 Where'er, beneath some Oriental tree,  
 The Christian traveller rests — where'er the  
 child  
 Looks upward from the English mother's  
 knee,  
 With earnest eyes in wondering reverence mild,  
 There art thou known — where'er the book of  
 light  
 Bears hope and healing, there, beyond all blight,  
 Is borne thy memory, and all praise above.  
 O, say what deed so lifted thy sweet name,  
 Mary! to that pure, silent place of fame?  
 One lowly offering of exceeding love.

#### THE WOMEN OF JERUSALEM AT THE CROSS.

Like those pale stars of tempest hours, whose  
 gleam  
 Waves calm and constant on the rocking mast,  
 Such by the cross doth your bright lingering  
 seem,  
 Daughters of Zion! faithful to the last!  
 Ye, through the darkness o'er the wide earth  
 cast  
 By the death cloud within the Savior's eye,  
 E'en till away the heavenly spirit passed,  
 Stood in the shadow of his agony.  
 O blessed faith! a guiding lamp, that hour  
 Was lit for woman's heart! To her, whose  
 dower  
 Is all of love and suffering from her birth,  
 Still hath your act a voice — through fear,  
 through strife,  
 Bidding her bind each tendril of her life  
 To that which her deep soul hath proved of  
 holiest worth.

#### MARY MAGDALENE AT THE SEPULCHRE.

WEEPER! to thee how bright a morn was given  
 After thy long, long vigil of despair,  
 When that high voice which burial rocks had  
 riven  
 Thrilled with immortal tones the silent air!  
 Never did clarion's royal blast declare  
 Such tale of victory to a breathless crowd  
 As the deep sweetness of *one* word could bear

Into thy heart of hearts, O woman! bowed  
 By strong affection's anguish! one low word —  
 "Mary!" and all the triumph wrung from  
 death  
 Was thus revealed; and thou, that so hadst  
 erred,  
 So wept and been forgiven, in trembling faith  
 Didst cast thee down before the all-conquering  
 Son,  
 Awed by the mighty gift thy tears and love had  
 won!

#### MARY MAGDALENE BEARING TIDINGS OF THE RESURRECTION.

Then was a task of glory all thine own,  
 Nobler than e'er the still, small voice assigned  
 To lips in awful music making known  
 The stormy splendors of some prophet's mind.  
 "Christ is arisen!" — by thee, to wake man-  
 kind,  
 First from the sepulchre those words were  
 brought!  
 Thou wert to send the mighty rushing wind  
 First on its way, with those high tidings  
 fraught —  
 "Christ is arisen!" Thou, *thou*, the sin in  
 thrall!  
 Earth's outcast, Heaven's own ransomed one,  
 wert called  
 In human hearts to give that rapture birth:  
 O, raised from shame to brightness! *there* doth lie  
 The tenderest meaning of *His* ministry,  
 Whose undespairing love still owned the  
 spirit's worth.

#### SONNETS, DEVOTIONAL AND MEMORIAL.

##### THE SACRED HARP.

How shall the harp of poesy regain  
 That old victorious tone of prophet years —  
 A spell divine o'er guilt's perturbing fears,  
 And all the hovering shadows of the brain?  
 Dark, evil wings took flight before the strain,  
 And showers of holy quiet, with its fall,  
 Sank on the soul. O, who may now recall  
 The mighty music's consecrated reign?  
 Spirit of God! whose glory once o'erhung

A throne, the ark's dread cherubim between,  
 So let thy presence brood, though now unseen,  
 O'er those two powers by whom the harp is  
     strung,  
 Feeling and Thought! till the rekindled chords  
 Give the long-buried tone back to immortal  
     words.

### TO A FAMILY BIBLE.

WHAT household thoughts around thee, as their  
     shrine,

Cling reverently! Of anxious looks beguiled,  
 My mother's eyes upon thy page divine  
 Each day were bent — her accents, gravely  
     mild,

Breathed out thy lore: whilst I, a dreamy  
     child,

Wandered on breeze-like fancies oft away,  
 To some lone tuft of gleaming spring flowers  
     wild,

Some fresh-discovered nook for woodland play,  
 Some secret nest. Yet would the solemn word,  
 At times, with kindlings of young wonder heard,  
 Fall on thy wakened spirit, there to be

A seed not lost — for which, in darker years,  
 O book of Heaven! I pour, with grateful tears,  
 Heart blessings on the holy dead and thee!

### REPOSE OF A HOLY FAMILY.

FROM AN OLD ITALIAN PICTURE.

UNDER a palm tree, by the green, old Nile,  
 Lulled on his mother's breast, the fair child  
     lies,

With dove-like breathings, and a tender smile  
 Brooding above the slumber of his eyes;

While, through the stillness of the burning skies,  
 Lo! the dread works of Egypt's buried kings,  
 Temple and pyramid, beyond him rise,  
 Regal and still as everlasting things.

Vain pomps! from him, with that pure, flowery  
     cheek,

Soft shadowed by his mother's drooping head,  
 A new-born spirit, mighty, and yet meek,  
 O'er the whole world like vernal air shall  
     spread;

And bid all earthly grandeurs cast the crown,  
 Before the suffering and the lowly, down.

### PICTURE OF THE INFANT CHRIST WITH FLOWERS.

ALL the bright hues from Eastern garlands  
     glowing,

Round the young child luxuriantly are spread;  
 Gifts, fairer far than Magian kings, bestowing  
 In adoration, o'er his cradle shed.

Roses, deep filled with rich midsummer's red,  
 Circle his hands: but, in his grave, sweet eye,  
 Thought seems e'en now to wake, and prophesy  
 Of ruder coronals for that meek head.

And thus it was! a diadem of thorn

Earth gave to Him who mantled her with  
     flowers;

To Him who poured forth blessings in soft  
     showers

O'er all her paths, a cup of bitter scorn!

And *we* repine, for whom that cup he took,

O'er blooms that mocked our hope, o'er idols  
     that forsook!

### ON A REMEMBERED PICTURE OF CHRIST.

AN ECCE HOMO, BY LEONARDO DA VINCI.

I MET that image on a mirthful day

Of youth; and, sinking with a stilled surprise,

The pride of life, before those holy eyes,

In my quick heart died thoughtfully away,

Abashed to mute confession of a sway

Awful, though meek. And now that, from  
     the strings

Of my soul's lyre, the tempest's mighty wings  
 Have struck forth tones which then unawakened  
     lay;

Now that, around the deep life of my mind,  
 Affections, deathless as itself, have twined,

Oft does the pale, bright vision still float by;

But more divinely sweet, and speaking *now*

Of One whose pity, throned on that sad brow,

Sounded all depths of love, grief, death, hu-  
     manity!

### THE CHILDREN WHOM JESUS BLESSED.

HAPPY were they, the mothers, in whose sight

Ye grew, fair children! hallowed from that  
     hour

By your Lord's blessing. Surely thence ■  
     shower

Of heavenly beauty, a transmitted light,  
Hung on your brows and eyelids, meekly bright,  
Through all the after years, which saw ye  
move

Lowly, yet still majestic, in the might,  
The conscious glory, of the Savior's love !  
And honored be all childhood, for the sake  
Of that high love ! Let reverential care  
Watch to behold the immortal spirit wake,  
And shield its first bloom from unholy air ;  
Owning, in each young suppliant glance, the  
sign  
Of claims upon a heritage divine.

### MOUNTAIN SANCTUARIES.

"He went up to a mountain apart to pray."

A CHILD 'midst ancient mountains I have stood,  
Where the wild falcons make their lordly nest  
On high. The spirit of the solitude  
Fell solemnly upon my infant breast,  
Though then I prayed not ; but deep thoughts  
have pressed  
Into my being since it breathed that air,  
Nor could I now one moment live the guest  
Of such dread scenes, without the springs of  
prayer  
O'erflowing all my soul. No minsters rise  
Like them in pure communion with the skies,  
Vast, silent, open unto night and day ;  
So might the o'erburdened Son of man have  
felt,  
When, turning where inviolate stillness dwelt,  
He sought high mountains, there apart to pray.

### THE LILIES OF THE FIELD.

"Consider the lilies of the field."

FLOWERS ! when the Savior's calm, benignant  
eye  
Fell on your gentle beauty — when from you  
That heavenly lesson for all hearts he drew,  
Eternal, universal, as the sky —  
Then, in the bosom of your purity,  
A voice he set, as in a temple shrine,  
That life's quick travellers ne'er might pass you  
by  
Unwarned of that sweet oracle divine.  
And though too oft its low, celestial sound  
By the harsh notes of work-day Care is drowned,

And the loud steps of vain, unlistening Haste,  
Yet, the great ocean hath no tone of power  
Mightier to reach the soul, in thought's hushed  
hour,  
Than yours, ye lilies ! chosen thus and cradled

### THE BIRDS OF THE AIR.

"And behold the birds of the air."

YE too, the free and fearless birds of air,  
Were charged that hour, on missionary wing  
The same bright lesson o'er the seas to bear,  
Heaven-guided wanderers, with the winds of  
spring.  
Sing on, before the storm and after, sing !  
And call us to your echoing woods away  
From worldly cares ; and bid our spirits bring  
Faith to imbibe deep wisdom from your lay.  
So may those blessed vernal strains renew  
Childhood, a childhood yet more pure and true  
E'en than the first, within th' awakened mind  
While sweetly, joyously, they tell of life,  
That knows no doubts, no questionings, no  
strife,  
But hangs upon its God, unconsciously  
signed.

### THE RAISING OF THE WIDOW'S SON.

"And he that was dead sat up and began to speak."

HE that was dead rose up and spoke — He spoke !  
Was it of that majestic world unknown ?  
Those words, which first the bier's dread silence  
broke,  
Came they with revelation in each tone ?  
Were the far cities of the nations gone,  
The solemn halls of consciousness or sleep,  
For man uncurtained by that spirit lone,  
Back from their portal summoned o'er the  
deep ?  
Be hushed, my soul ! the veil of darkness lay  
Still drawn : thy Lord called back the voice de-  
parted  
To spread his truth, to comfort his weak  
hearted,  
Not to reveal the mysteries of its way.  
O, take that lesson home in silent faith,  
Put on submissive strength to meet, not question  
death !



## THE OLIVE TREE.

THE palm — the vine — the cedar — each hath power

To bid fair Oriental shapes glance by !  
And each quick glistening of the laurel bower  
Wafts Grecian images o'er fancy's eye.

But thou, pale olive ! in *thy* branches lie  
Far deeper spells than prophet grove of old  
Might e'er enshrine : I could not hear thee sigh  
To the wind's faintest whisper, nor behold  
One shiver of thy leaves' dim, silvery green,  
Without high thoughts and solemn of that scene

When, in the garden, the Redeemer prayed —  
When pale stars looked upon his fainting head,  
And angels, ministering in silent dread,  
Trembled, perchance, within *thy* trembling shade.

## THE DARKNESS OF THE CRUCIFIXION.

ON Judah's hills ■ weight of darkness hung,  
Felt shudderingly at noon : the land ■ had driven

A Guest divine back to the gates of heaven —  
A life, whence all pure founts of healing sprung,  
All grace, all truth. And when, to anguish wrung,

From the sharp cross th' enlightened spirit fled,

O'er the forsaken earth ■ pall of dread  
By the great shadow of that death was flung.  
O Savior ! O Atoner ! — thou that fain

Wouldst make thy temple in each human heart,

Leave not such darkness in my soul to reign ;

Ne'er may thy presence from its depths depart,  
Chased thence by guilt ! O, turn not *Thou* away,

The bright and Morning Star, my Guide to perfect day !

## PLACES OF WORSHIP.

" God is ■ spirit."

SPIRIT ! whose life-sustaining presence fills  
Air, ocean, central depths by man untried,  
Thou for thy worshippers hast sanctified  
All place, all time ! The silence of the hills  
Breathes veneration — founts and choral rills  
Of thee are murmuring — to its inmost glade

The living forest with thy whisper thrills,  
And there is holiness in every shade.  
Yet must the thoughtful soul of man invest  
With dearer consecration those pure fanes,  
Which, severed from all sound of earth's unrest,  
Hear nought but suppliant or adoring strains  
Rise heavenward. Ne'er may rook or cave possess  
*Their* claim on human hearts to solemn tenderness.

## OLD CHURCH IN AN ENGLISH PARK.

CROWNING a flowery slope, it stood alone  
In gracious sanctity. A bright rill wound,  
Caressingly, about the holy ground,  
And warbled, with a never-dying tone,  
Amidst the tombs. A hue of ages gone  
Seemed, from that ivied porch, that solemn gleam

Of tower and cross, pale quivering on the stream,

O'er all th' ancestral woodlands to be thrown —  
And something yet more deep. The air was fraught

With noble memories, whispering many a thought

Of England's fathers : loftily serene,  
They that had toiled, watched, struggled, to secure,

Within such fabrics, worship free and pure,  
Reigned there, the o'ershadowing spirit of the scene.

## A CHURCH IN NORTH WALES.

BLESSINGS be round it still ! that gleaming fane,  
Low in its mountain glen ! Old, mossy trees  
Mellow the sunshine through the untinted pane ;  
And oft, borne in upon some fitful breeze,  
The deep sound of the ever-pealing seas,  
Filling the hollows with its anthem tone,  
There meets the voice of psalms ! Yet no' alone

For memories lulling to the heart as these,  
I bless thee, 'midst thy rocks, gray house of prayer !

But for *their* sakes who unto thee repair  
From the hill cabins and the ocean shore.

<sup>1</sup> Fawsley Park, near Daventry.

<sup>2</sup> That of Aber, near Bangor

O, may the fisher and the mountaineer  
Words to sustain earth's toiling children hear,  
Within thy lowly walls, forevermore.

### LOUISE SCHEPLER.

[Louise Schepler was the faithful servant and friend of the pastor Oberlin. The last letter addressed by him to his children, for their perusal after his decease, affectingly commemorates her unwearied zeal in visiting and instructing the children of the mountain hamlets, through all seasons, and in all circumstances of difficulty and danger.]

A FEARLESS journeyer o'er the mountain snow  
Wert thou, Louise! The sun's decaying light  
Oft, with its latest, melancholy glow,  
Reddened thy steep, wild way: the starry  
night  
Oft met thee, crossing some lone eagle's height,  
Piercing some dark ravine: and many a dell  
Knew, through its ancient rock recesses, well  
Thy gentle presence, which hath made them  
bright  
Oft in mid storms — O, not with beauty's eye,  
Nor the proud glance of genius keenly burning;

No! pilgrim of unwearying charity!  
Thy spell was *love* — the mountain deserts turn-  
ing  
To blessed realms, where stream and rock rejoice  
When the glad human soul lifts a thanksgiving  
voice!

### TO THE SAME.

For thou, a holy shepherdess and kind,  
Through the pine forests, by the upland rills,  
Didst roam to seek the children of the hills,  
A wild, neglected flock! to seek, and find,  
And meekly win! there feeding each young mind  
With balms of heavenly eloquence: not *thine*,  
Daughter of Christ! but His, whose love di-  
vine  
Its own clear spirit in thy breast had shrined.  
A burning light! O, beautiful, in truth,  
Upon the mountains are the feet of those  
Who bear His tidings! From thy morn of youth,  
For this were all thy journeyings; and the  
close  
Of that long path, Heaven's own bright Sabbath  
rest,  
Must wait thee, wanderer! on thy Savior's breast.

## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

### THE TWO MONUMENTS.<sup>1</sup>

"O, blessed are they who live and die like 'him,'  
Loved with such love, and with such sorrow mourned!"  
WORDSWORTH.

BANNERS hung drooping from on high  
In a dim cathedral's nave,  
Making a gorgeous canopy  
O'er a noble, noble grave!

And a marble warrior's form beneath,  
With helm and crest arrayed,  
As on his battle bed of death,  
Lay in their crimson shade.

Triumph yet lingered in his eye,  
Ere by the dark night sealed;

And his head was pillowed haughtily  
On standard and on shield.

And shadowing that proud trophy pile,  
With the glory of his wing,  
An eagle sat — yet seemed the while  
Panting through heaven to spring.

He sat upon a shivered lance,  
There by the sculptor bound;  
But in the light of his lifted glance  
Was *that* which scorned the ground.

And a burning flood of gem-like hues,  
From a storied window poured,  
There fell, there centred, to suffuse  
The conqueror and his sword.

A flood of hues — but *one* rich dye  
O'er all supremely spread.

<sup>1</sup> Suggested by a passage in Captain Sherer's "Notes and Reflections during a Ramble in Germany"

With ■ purple robe of royalty  
Mantling the mighty dead.

Meet was that robe for *him* whose name  
Was ■ trumpet note in war,  
His pathway still the march of fame,  
His eye the battle star.

But faintly, tenderly was thrown,  
From the colored light, one ray,  
Where ■ low and pale memorial stone  
By the couch of glory lay.

Few were the fond words chiselled *there*,  
Mourning for parted worth;  
But the very heart of love and prayer  
Had given their sweetness forth.

They spoke of one whose life had been  
As a hidden streamlet's course,  
Bearing on health and joy unseen  
From its clear mountain source;

Whose young, pure memory, lying deep  
'Midst rock, and wood, and hill,  
Dwelt in the homes where poor men sleep,<sup>1</sup>  
A soft light, meek and still;

Whose gentle voice, too early called  
Unto Music's land away,  
Had won for God the earth's, intralld  
By words of silvery sway.

These were *his* victories — yet, enrolled  
In no high song of fame,  
The pastor of the mountain fold  
Left but to Heaven his name.

To Heaven, and to the peasant's hearth,  
A blessed household sound;  
And finding lowly love on earth,  
Enough enough he found!

Bright and more bright before me gleamed  
That sainted image still,  
Till one sweet moonlight memory seemed  
The regal fane to fill.

O, how my silent spirit turned  
From those proud trophies nigh!  
How my full heart within me burned  
Like *Him* to live and die!

<sup>1</sup> "Love had he seen in huts where poor men lie."

WORDSWORTH.

### THE COTTAGE GIRL.

A CHILD beside a hamlet's fount at play,  
Her fair face laughing at the sunny day;  
A gush of waters tremulously bright,  
Kindling the air to gladness with their light;  
And a soft gloom beyond of summer trees,  
Darkening the turf; and, shadowed o'er by  
these,  
A low, dim, woodland cottage — this was all!  
What had the scene for memory to recall  
With a fond look of love? What secret spell  
With the heart's pictures made its image dwell?

What but the spirit of the joyous child,  
That freshly forth o'er stream and verdure  
smiled,  
Casting upon the common things of earth  
A brightness, born and gone with infant mirth!

### THE BATTLE FIELD.

I LOOKED on the field where the battle ■  
spread,  
When thousands stood forth in their glancing  
array;  
And the beam from the steel of the valiant ■  
shed  
Through the dun-rolling clouds that o'er-  
shadowed the fray.

I saw the dark forest of lances appear,  
As the ears of the harvest unnumbered they  
stood;  
I heard the stern shout as the foemen drew near,  
Like the storm that lays low the proud pines of  
the wood.

Afar the harsh notes of the war drum were  
rolled,  
Uprousing the welf from the depth of his lair;  
On high to 'he gust stream'd the banner's red  
fold,  
O'er the death-close of hate, and the scowl of  
despair.

I looked on the field of contention again,  
When the sabre was sheathed and the tempest  
had passed;  
The wild weed and thistle grew rank on the  
plain,  
And the fern softly sighed in the low, wailing  
blast.



Unmoved lay the lake in its hour of repose,  
And bright shone the stars through the sky's  
deepened blue;  
And sweetly the song of the night bird arose,  
Where the foxglove lay gemmed with its pearl-  
drops of dew.

But where swept the ranks of that dark, frown-  
ing host,  
As the ocean in might, as the storm cloud in  
speed?

Where now are the thunders of victory's boast —  
The slayer's dread wrath, and the strength of  
the steed?

Not a time-wasted cross, not a mouldering  
stone,

To mark the lone scene of their shame or their  
pride;

One grass-covered mound told the traveller  
alone

Where thousands lay down in their anguish,  
and died!

O Glory! behold thy famed guerdon's extent:  
For this, toil thy slaves through their earth-  
wasting lot —

A name like the mist, when the night beams  
are spent;

A grave with its tenants unwept and forgot!

### A PENITENT'S RETURN.

"Can guilt or misery ever enter here?  
Ah, no! the spirit of domestic peace,  
Though calm and gentle as the brooding dove,  
And ever murmuring forth a quiet song,  
Guards, powerful as the sword of cherubim,  
The hallowed porch. She hath a heavenly smile,  
That sinks into the sullen soul of Vice,  
And wins him o'er to virtue." — WILSON.

My father's house once more,  
In its own moonlight beauty! Yet around,  
Something, amidst the dewy calm profound,  
Broods, never marked before!

Is it the brooding night,  
Is it the shivery creeping on the air,  
That makes the home so tranquil and so fair,  
O'erwhelming to my sight?

All solemnized it seems,  
And stilled, and darkened in each time-worn hue,  
Since the rich, clustering roses met my view,  
As now, by starry gleams.

And this high elm, where last  
I stood and lingered — where my sisters made  
Our mother's bower — I deemed not that it was  
So far and dark a shade!

How spirit-like a tone  
Sighs through yon tree! My father's place was  
there  
At evening hours, while soft winds waved his  
hair!  
Now those gray locks are gone!

My soul grows faint with fear!  
Even as if angel steps had marked the sod.  
I tremble where I move — the voice of God  
Is in the foliage here!

Is it indeed the night  
That makes my home so awful? Faithless  
hearted!  
'Tis that from thine own bosom hath departed  
The inborn, gladdening light!

No outward thing is changed:  
Only the joy of purity is fled,  
And, long from nature's melodies estranged,  
Thou hear'st their tones with dread.

Therefore the calm abode  
By thy dark spirit is o'erhung with shade;  
And therefore, in the leaves, the voice of God  
Makes thy sick heart afraid!

The night flowers round that door  
Still breathe pure fragrance on th' untainted air;  
Thou, thou alone art worthy now no more  
To pass, and rest thee there.

And must I turn away?  
Hark, hark! — it is my mother's voice I hear —  
Sadder than once it seemed — yet soft and clear  
Doth she not seem to pray?

My name! — I caught the sound!  
O, blessed tone of love — the deep, the mild!  
Mother! my mother! now receive thy child:  
Take back the lost and found!

### A THOUGHT OF PARADISE.

"We receive but what we give,  
And in our life alone does nature live;  
Ours is her wedding garment, ours her shroud;  
And, would we aught behold of higher worth

Than that inanimate, cold world allowed  
 To the poor, loveless, ever-anxious crowd,  
 Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth  
 A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud,  
 Enveloping the earth;  
 And from the soul itself must there be sent  
 A sweet and potent voice of its own birth,  
 Of all sweet sounds the life and element." — COLERIDGE.

GREEN spot of holy ground!  
 If thou couldst yet be found,  
 Far in deep woods, with all thy starry flowers;  
 If not one sullying breath  
 Of time, or change, or death,  
 Had touched the vernal glory of thy bowers;

Might our tired pilgrim feet,  
 Worn by the desert's heat,  
 On the bright freshness of thy turf repose?  
 Might our eyes wander there  
 Through heaven's transparent air,  
 And rest on colors of the immortal rose?

Say, would thy balmy skies  
 And fountain melodies  
 Our heritage of lost delight restore?  
 Could thy soft honey dews  
 Through all our veins diffuse  
 The early, childlike, trustful sleep once more?

And might we, in the shade  
 By thy tall cedars made,  
 With angel voices high communion hold,  
 Would their sweet, solemn tone  
 Give back the music gone,  
 Our being's harmony, so jarred of old?  
 O, no! — thy sunny hours  
 Might come with blossom showers,  
 All thy young leaves to spirit lyres might  
 Thrill;  
 But *we* — should we not bring  
 Into thy realms of spring  
 The shadows of our souls to haunt us still?

What could *thy* flowers and airs  
 Do for *our* earth-born cares?  
 Would the world's chain melt off and leave *me*  
 Free?  
 No! — past each living stream,  
 Still would some fever dream  
 Track the lorn wanderers, meet no more for  
 Thee!

Should we not shrink with fear  
 If angel steps were near,  
 Feeling our burdened souls within us die?

How might our passions brook  
 The still and searching look,  
 The star-like glance of seraph purity?

Thy golden-fruited grove  
 Was not for pining love;  
 Vain sadness would but dim thy crystal skies!  
 O, *thou* wert but a part  
 Of what man's exiled heart  
 Hath lost — the dower of *inborn* paradise!

### LET US DEPART!

[It is mentioned by Josephus, that, a short time previous to the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans, the priests going by night into the inner court of the temple to perform their sacred ministrations at the feast of Pentecost, felt a quaking, and heard a rushing noise, and, after that, a sound as of a great multitude saying, "Let us depart hence!"]

NIGHT hung on Salem's towers,  
 And a brooding hush profound  
 Lay where the Roman eagle shone  
 High o'er the tents around —

The tents that rose by thousands,  
 In the moonlight glimmering pale;  
 Like white waves of a frozen sea  
 Filling an Alpine vale.

And the temple's massy shadow  
 Fell broad, and dark, and still,  
 In peace — as if the Holy One  
 Yet watched his chosen hill.

But a fearful sound was heard  
 In that old fane's deepest heart,  
 As if mighty wings rushed by,  
 And a dread voice raised the cry,  
 "Let us depart!"

Within the fated city  
 E'en then fierce discord raved,  
 Though o'er night's heaven the comet  
 Its vengeful token waved.

There were shouts of kindred warfare  
 Through the dark streets ringing high,  
 Though every sign was full which told  
 Of the bloody vintage night;

Though the wild red spears and arrows  
 Of many a meteor host

Went flashing o'er the holy stars,  
In the sky now seen, now lost.

And that fearful sound was heard  
In the temple's dearest heart,  
As if mighty wings rushed by,  
And a voice cried mournfully,  
"Let us depart!"

But within the fated city  
There was revelry that night —  
The wine cup and the timbrel note,  
And the blaze of banquet light.

The footsteps of the dancer  
Went bounding through the hall,  
And the music of the dulcimer  
Summoned to festival;

While the clash of brother weapons  
Made lightning in the air,  
And the dying at the palace gates  
Lay down in their despair;

And that fearful sound was heard  
At the temple's thrilling heart,  
As if mighty wings rushed by,  
And a dread voice raised the cry,  
"Let us depart!"

#### ON A PICTURE OF CHRIST BEARING THE CROSS.

PAINTED BY VELASQUEZ.<sup>1</sup>

By the dark stillness brooding in the sky,  
Holiest of sufferers! round thy path of woe,  
And by the weight of mortal agony  
Laid on thy drooping form and pale meek  
brow,

My heart was awed: the burden of thy pain  
Sank on me with a mystery and a chain.

I looked once more — and, as the virtue shed  
Forth from thy robe of old, so fell a ray  
Of victory from thy mien; and round thy head,  
The halo, melting spirit-like away,  
Seemed of the very soul's bright rising born,  
To glorify all sorrow, shame, and scorn.

<sup>1</sup> This picture is in the possession of the Viscount Harberton, Merrion Square, Dublin.

And upwards, through transparent darkness  
gleaming,

Gazed in mute reverence woman's earnest eye,  
Lit, as a vase whence inward light is streaming.  
With quenchless faith, and deep love's fer-  
vency,

Gathering, like incense round some dim-veiled  
shrine,

About the form, so mournfully divine!

O, let thine image, as e'en then it rose,  
Live in my soul forever, calm and clear,  
Making itself a temple of repose,  
Beyond the breath of human hope or fear!  
A holy place, where through all storms may  
lie  
One living beam of dayspring from on high

#### COMMUNINGS WITH THOUGHT.

"Could we but keep our spirits to that height,  
We might be happy; but this clay will sink  
Its spark immortal." — BYRON.

RETURN, my thoughts — come home!  
Ye wild and winged! what do ye o'er the  
deep?  
And wherefore thus the abyss of time o'ersweep,  
As birds the ocean foam?

Swifter than shooting star,  
Swifter than lances of the northern light,  
Upspringing through the purple heaven of night,  
Hath been your course afar!

Through the bright battle clime,  
Where laurel boughs make dim the Grecian  
streams,  
And reeds are whispering of heroic themes,  
By temples of old time;

Through the north's ancient halls,  
Where banners thrilled of yore — where harp-  
strings rung;  
But grass waves now o'er those that fought and  
sung —  
Hearth light hath left their walls!

Through forests old and dim,  
Where o'er the leaves dread magic seems to  
brood;  
And sometimes on the haunted solitude  
Rises the pilgrim's hymn;



Or where some fountain lies,  
 With lotus cups through Orient spice woods  
 gleaming !  
 There have ye been, ye wanderers ! idly dream-  
 ing  
 Of man's lost paradise !

Return, my thoughts — return !  
 Cares wait your presence in life's daily track,  
 And voices, not of music, call you back —  
 Harsh voices, cold and stern !

O, no ! return ye not !  
 Still farther, loftier, let your soarings be !  
 Go, bring me strength from journeyings bright  
 and free,  
 O'er many a haunted spot.

Go ! seek the martyr's grave,  
 'Midst the old mountains, and the deserts  
 vast ;  
 Or, through the ruined cities of the past,  
 Follow the wise and brave !

Go ! visit cell and shrine,  
 Where woman hath endured ! — through wrong,  
 through scorn,  
 Uncheered by fame, yet silently upborne  
 By promptings more divine !

Go, shoot the gulf of death !  
 Track the pure spirit where no chain can bind,  
 Where the heart's boundless love its rest may  
 find,  
 Where the storm sends no breath !

Higher, and yet more high !  
 Shake off the cumbering chain which earth  
 would lay  
 On your victorious wings — mount, mount !  
 Your way  
 Is through eternity !

### THE WATER LILY.

"The water lilies, that are serene in the calm, clear water, but  
 ■■■■ among the black and scowling waves." — *Lights and  
 Shadows of Scottish Life.*

O, BEAUTIFUL thou art,  
 Thou sculpture-like and stately river queen !  
 Crowning the depths, as with the light serene  
 Of ■ pure heart.

Bright lily of the wave !  
 Rising in fearless grace with every swell,  
 Thou seem'st as if a spirit meekly brave  
 Dwelt in thy cell ;

Lifting alike thy head  
 Of placid beauty, feminine yet free,  
 Whether with foam or pictured azure spread  
 The waters be.

What is like thee, fair flower,  
 The gentle and the firm ! thus bearing up  
 To the blue sky that alabaster cup,  
 As to the shower ?

O, love is most like thee,  
 The love of woman ! quivering to the blast  
 Through every nerve, yet rooted deep and fast,  
 'Midst life's dark sea.

And faith — O, is not faith  
 Like thee, too, lily ! springing into light,  
 Still buoyantly, above the billows' might,  
 Through the storm's breath ?

Yes ! linked with such high thought,  
 Flower ! let thine image in my bosom lie !  
 Till something there of its own purity  
 And peace be wrought —

Something yet more divine  
 Than the clear, pearly, virgin lustre shed  
 Forth from thy breast upon the river's bed,  
 As from ■ shrine.

### THE SONG OF PENITENCE.<sup>1</sup>

UNFINISHED.

[We learn from the Rev. R. P. Graves, that "The Song  
 of Penitence," if it had been finished in time, ■■■■ intended  
 for insertion among the "Scenes and Hymns of Life."]

He passed from earth  
 Without his fame — the calm, pure, starry fame  
 He might have won, to guide on radiantly  
 Full many a noble soul — he sought it not ;  
 And e'en like brief and barren lightning passed  
 The wayward child of genius. And the songs  
 Which his wild spirit, in the pride of life,  
 Had showered forth recklessly, as ocean waves

<sup>1</sup> Suggested by the late Mrs. Fletcher's story of *The Low  
 Life*, published in the *Amulet* for 1830.

Fling up their treasures mingled with dark  
weed,  
They died before him; they were winged seed  
Scattered afar, and, falling on the rock  
Of the world's heart, had perished. One alone,  
One fervent, mournful, supplicating strain,  
The deep beseeching of a stricken breast,  
Survived the vainly gifted. In the souls  
Of the kind few that loved him, with a love  
Faithful to even its disappointed hope,  
That song of tears found root, and by their  
hearths

Full oft, in low and reverential tones,  
Filled with the piety of tenderness,  
Is murmured to their children, when his name  
On some faint harpstring of remembrance  
falls,  
Far from the world's rude voices, far away.  
O, hear, and judge him gently; 'twas his last.

I come alone, and faint I come —  
To Nature's arms I flee;  
The green woods take their wanderer home,  
But thou, O Father! may I turn to thee?

The earliest odor of the flower,  
The bird's first song, is thine;  
Father in heaven! my dayspring's hour  
Poured its vain incense on another shrine.

Therefore my childhood's once-loved scene  
Around me faded lies;  
Therefore, remembering what hath been,  
I ask, Is this mine early paradise?

It is, it is — but thou art gone;  
Or if the trembling shade  
Breathe yet of thee, with altered tone  
Thy solemn whisper shakes a heart dismayed.

### TROUBADOUR SONG.

THEY reared no trophy o'er his grave,  
They bade no requiem flow;  
What left they there to tell the brave  
That a warrior sleeps below?

A snivered spear, a cloven shield,  
A helm with its white plume torn,  
And a blood-stained turf on the fatal field,  
Where a chief to his rest was borne.

He lies not where his fathers sleep;  
But who hath a tomb more proud?  
For the Syrian wilds his record keep,  
And a banner is his shroud.

### THE ENGLISH BOY.

"Go, call thy sons; instruct them what a debt  
They owe their ancestors; and make them  
To pay it, by transmitting down entire  
Those sacred rights to which themselves were born."

AKENSIDE.

Look from the ancient mountains down,  
My noble English boy!  
Thy country's fields around thee gleam  
In sunlight and in joy.

Ages have rolled since foeman's march  
Passed o'er that old, firm sod;  
For well the land hath fealty held  
To freedom and to God!

Gaze proudly on, my English boy!  
And let thy kindling mind  
Drink in the spirit of high thought  
From every chainless wind!

There, in the shadow of old Time,  
The halls beneath thee lie  
Which poured forth to the fields of yore  
Our England's chivalry.

How bravely and how solemnly  
They stand, 'midst oak and yew!  
Whence Cressy's yeoman haply framed  
The bow, in battle true.

And round their walls the good swords hang  
Whose faith knew no alloy,  
And shields of knighthood, pure from stain:  
Gaze on, my English boy!

Gaze where the hamlet's ivied church  
Gleams by the antique elm,  
Or where the minster lifts the cross  
High through the air's blue realm.

Martyrs have showered their free heart's blood  
That England's prayer might rise,  
From those gray fanes of thoughtful years  
Unfettered, to the skies.

Along their aisles, beneath their trees,  
This earth's most glorious dust,

Once fired with valor, wisdom, song,  
Is laid in holy trust.

Gaze on — gaze farther, farther yet —  
My gallant English boy!  
Yon blue sea bears thy country's flag,  
The billows' pride and joy!

Those waves in many a fight have closed  
Above her faithful dead;  
That red-cross flag victoriously  
Hath floated o'er their bed.

They perished — this green turf to keep  
By hostile tread unstained,  
These knightly halls inviolate,  
Those churches unprofaned.

And high and clear their memory's light  
Along our shore is set,  
And many an answering beacon fire  
Shall there be kindled yet!

Lift up thy heart, my English boy,  
And pray, like *them* to stand,  
Should God so summon *thee*, to guard  
The altars of the land.

#### TO THE BLUE ANEMONE.

FLOWER of starry clearness bright!  
Quivering urn of colored light!  
Hast thou drawn thy cup's rich dye  
From the intenseness of the sky?  
From a long, long fervent gaze  
Through the year's first golden days,  
Up that blue and silent deep,  
Where, like things of sculptured sleep,  
Alabaster clouds repose,  
With the sunshine on their snows?  
Thither was thy heart's love turning,  
Like a censer ever burning,  
Till the purple heavens in thee  
Set their smile, Anemone?

Or can those warm tints be caught  
Each from some quick glow of thought?  
So much of bright *soul* there seems  
In thy bendings and thy gleams,  
So much thy sweet life resembles  
That which feels, and weeps, and trembles,  
I could deem thee spirit-filled,  
As a reed by music thrilled,

When thy being I behold  
To each loving breath unfold,  
Or, like woman's willowy form,  
Shrink from the gathering storm!  
I could ask a *voice* from thee,  
Delicate Anemone!

Flower! thou seem'st not born to die  
With thy radiant purity,  
But to melt in air away,  
Mingling with the soft spring day,  
When the crystal heavens are still,  
And faint azure veils each hill,  
And the lime leaf doth not move,  
Save to songs that stir the grove,  
And earth all glorified is seen,  
As imaged in some lake serene;  
— Then thy vanishing should be.  
Pure and meek Anemone!

Flower! the laurel still may shed  
Brightness round the victor's head;  
And the rose in beauty's hair  
Still its festal glory wear;  
And the willow leaves drop o'er  
Brows which love sustains no more:  
But by living rays refined,  
Thou, the trembler of the wind,  
Thou the spiritual flower,  
Sentient of each breeze and shower,  
Thou, rejoicing in the skies,  
And transpierced with all their dyes;  
Breathing vase, with light o'erflowing,  
Gem-like to thy centre glowing,  
Thou the poet's type shalt be,  
Flower of soul, Anemone!

#### SCENES AND PASSAGES FROM GOETHE.

##### SCENES FROM "TASSO."

THE dramatic poem of "Tasso," though presenting no changeful pageants of many-colored life, — no combination of stirring incidents, nor conflict of tempestuous passions, — is yet rich in interest for those who find

"The still, sad music of humanity  
... of ample power  
To chasten and subdue."

It is a picture of the struggle between elements which never can assimilate — powers



whose dominion is over spheres essentially adverse; between the spirit of poetry and the spirit of the world. Why is it that this collision is almost invariably fatal to the gentler and the holier nature? Some master minds have, indeed, winged their way through the tumults of crowded life, like the sea bird cleaving the storm from which its pinions come forth unstained; but there needs a celestial panoply, with which few indeed are gifted, to bear the heirs of genius not only unwounded, but unsoiled, through the battle; and too frequently the result of the poet's lingering afar from his better home has been mental degradation and untimely death. Let us not be understood as requiring for his well being an absolute seclusion from the world and its interests. *His* nature, if the abiding-place of the true light be indeed within him, is endowed above all others with the tenderest and most widely-embracing sympathies. Not alone from "the things of the everlasting hills," from the storms or the silence of midnight skies, will he seek the grandeur and the beauty which have their central residence in a far more majestic temple. Mountains, and rivers, and mighty woods, the cathedrals of nature — these will have their part in his pictures; but their coloring and shadows will not be wholly the gift of rising or departed suns, nor of the night with all her stars; it will be a varying suffusion from the life within, from the glowing clouds of thought and feeling, which mantle with their changeful drapery all external creation.

— "We receive but what we give,  
And in *our* life alone does nature live."

Let the poet bear into the recesses of woods and shadowy hills a heart full fraught with the sympathies which will have been fostered by intercourse with his kind — a memory covered with the secret inscriptions which joy and sorrow fail not indelibly to write: then will the voice of every stream respond to him in tones of gladness or melancholy, accordant with those of his own soul; and he himself, by the might of feelings intensely human, may breathe the living spirit of the oracle into the resounding cavern or the whispering oak. We thus admit it essential to his high office, that the chambers of imagery in the heart of the poet must be filled with materials moulded from the sorrows, the affections, the fiery trials, and immortal longings of the human soul. Where love, and faith, and anguish meet and contend, — where

the tones of prayer are wrung from the suffering spirit, — *there* lie his veins of treasure; there are the sweet waters ready to flow from the stricken rock. But he will not seek them through the gaudy and hurrying mask of artificial life; he will not be the fettered Samson to make sport for the sons and daughters of fashion. Whilst he shuns no brotherly communion with his kind, he will ever reserve to his nature the power of *self*-communion — silent hours for

"The harvest of the quiet eye  
That broods and sleeps on his own heart,

and inviolate retreats in the depths of his being — fountains lone and still, upon which only the eye of Heaven shines down in its hallowed serenity. So have those who make us "heirs of truth and freedom by immortal lays" ever reserved the calm, intellectual ether in which they live and move from the taint of worldly infection; and it appears the object of Goethe, in the work before us, to make the gifted spirit sadder and wiser by the contemplation of one, which, having sold its birthright, and stooped from its "privacy of glorious light," is forced into perpetual contact with things essentially of the earth, earthy. Dante has spoken of what the Italian poets must have learned but too feelingly under their protecting princes — the bitter taste of another's bread, the weary steps by which the stairs of another's house are ascended; but it is suffering of a more spiritual nature which is here portrayed. Would that the courtly patronage, at the shrine of which the Italian muse has so often waved her censer, had imposed no severer tasks upon its votaries than the fashioning of the snow statue which it required from the genius of Michael Angelo! The story of Tasso is fraught with yet deeper meaning, though it is not from the period of his most agonizing trials that the materials of Goethe's work are drawn. The poet is here introduced to us as a youth at the court of Ferrara; visionary, enthusiastic, keenly alive to the splendor of the gorgeous world around him, throwing himself passionately upon the current of every newly-excited feeling; a creature of sudden lights and shadows, of restless strivings after ideal perfection, of exultations and of agonies. Why is it that the being thus exhibited as endowed with all these trembling capacities for joy and pain, with noble aspirations and fervid eloquence, fails to excite a more reverential interest, a more tender admiration? He is wanting in dignity, in the sustaining con-

sciousness of his own high mission ; he has no city of refuge within himself, and thus

" Every little living nerve,  
That from bitter words doth swerve,"

has the power to shake his whole soul from its pride of place. He is thus borne down by the cold, triumphant worldliness of the courtier Antonio, from the collision with whom, and the mistaken endeavor of Tasso's friends to reconcile natures dissimilar as the sylph and gnome of fanciful creations, the conflicting elements of the piece are chiefly derived. There are impressive lessons to be drawn from the contemplation of these scenes, though, perhaps, it is not quite thus that we could have wished him delineated who "poured his spirit over Palestine ;" and it is occasionally almost too painful to behold the high-minded Tasso, recognized by his country as *superior with the sword and the pen to all men*, struggling in so ignoble an arena, and finally overpowered by so unworthy an antagonist. This world is indeed "too much with us," and but too powerful is often its withering breath upon the ethereal natures of love, devotion, and enthusiasm, which, in other regions,

" May bear bright, golden flowers, but not in this soil."

Yet who has not known victorious moments, in which the lightly-armed genii of ridicule have quailed—the conventional forms of life have shrunk as a shrivelled scroll before the Ithuriel touch of some generous feeling, some high and overshadowing passion suddenly aroused from the inmost recesses of the folded soul, and striking the electric chain which mysteriously connects all humanity? We could have wished that some such thrilling moment had been here introduced by the mighty master of Germany—something to relieve the too continuous impression of inherent weakness in the cause of the vanquished—something of a transmuting power in the soul of Tasso, to glorify the clouds which accumulate around it—to turn them into "contingencies of pomp" by the interpenetration of its own celestial light. Yet we approach with reverence the work of a noble hand ; and, whilst entering upon our task of translation, we acknowledge, in humility, the feebleness of all endeavor to pour into the vase of another language the exquisitely subtle spirit of Goethe's poetry—to transplant and naturalize the delicate felicities of thought and expression by which this piece is so eminently distinguished.

The visionary rapture which takes possession

of Tasso upon being crowned with laurel by the Princess Leonora d'Este, the object of an affection which the youthful poet has scarcely yet acknowledged to himself, is thus portrayed in one of the earlier scenes :—

" Let me then bear the burden of my bliss  
To some deep grove that oft hath veiled my  
grief ;

There let me roam in solitude : no eye  
Shall then recall the triumph undeserved.  
And if some shining fountain suddenly  
On its clear mirror to my sight should give  
The form of one who, strangely, brightly  
crowned,

Seems musing in the blue reflected heaven,  
As it streams down through rocks and parted  
trees,

Then will I dream that on the enchanted wave  
I see Elysium pictured ! I will ask  
Who is the blessed departed one—the youth  
From long past ages with his glorious wreath ?  
Who shall reveal his name ?—who speak his  
worth ?

O that another and another there  
Might press, with him to hold bright com-  
muning !

Might I but see the minstrels and the chiefs  
Of the old time on that pure fountain side,  
Forevermore inseparably linked  
As they were linked in life ! Not steel to steel  
Is bound more closely by the magnet's power  
Than the same striving after lofty things  
Doth bind the bard and warrior. Homer's life  
Was self-forgetfulness—he poured it forth,  
One rich libation to another's fame ;  
And Alexander through th' Elysian grove  
To seek Achilles and his poet flies.  
Might I behold their meeting !"

But he is a reed shaken with the wind. Antonio reaches the court of Ferrara at this crisis, in all the importance of a successful negotiation with the Vatican. He strikes down the wing of the poet's delicate imagination with the arrows of a careless irony, and Tasso is for a time completely dazzled and overpowered by the worldly science of the skilful diplomatist. The deeper wisdom of his own simplicity is yet veiled from his eyes. Life seems to pass before him, as portrayed by the discourse of Antonio, like a mighty triumphal procession, in the exulting movements and clarion sounds of which he alone has no share ; and at last the forms of beauty, peopling his own spiritual world, seem

to dissolve into clouds, even into faint shadows of clouds, before the strong glare of the external world, leaving his imagination as a desolate house, whence light and music have departed. He thus pours forth, when alone with the Princess Leonora, the impressions produced upon him by Antonio's descriptions:—

They still disturb my heart —  
Still do they crowd my soul tumultuously —  
The troubling images of that vast world,  
Which — living, restless, fearful as it is —  
Yet, at the bidding of one master mind,  
E'en as commanded by a demigod,  
Seems to fulfil its course. With eagerness,  
Yea, with a strange delight, my soul drank in  
The strong words of the experienced; but alas!  
The more I listened, still the more I sank  
In mine own eyes; I seemed to die away  
As into some faint echo of the rocks —  
A shadowy sound — a nothing!

There is something of a very touching beauty in the character of the Princess Leonora d'Este. She does not, indeed, resemble some of the lovely beings delineated by Shakspeare — the females, "graceful without design, and unforeseeing," in whom, even under the pressure of heaviest calamity, it is easy to discern the existence of the sunny and gladsome nature which would spring up with fawn-like buoyancy were but the crushing weight withdrawn. The spirit of Leonora has been at once elevated and subdued by early trial: high thoughts, like messengers from Heaven, have been its visitants in the solitude of the sick chamber; and looking upon life and creation, as it were, through the softening veil of remembered suffering, it has settled into such majestic loveliness as the Italian painters delight to shadow forth on the calm brow of their Madonna. Its very tenderness is self-resignation; its inner existence serene, yet sad — "a being breathing thoughtful breath." She is worshipped by the poet as his tutelary angel, and her secret affection for him might almost become that character. It has all the deep devotedness of a woman's heart, with the still purity of a seraphic guardian, taking no part in the passionate dreams of earthly happiness. She feels his genius with a reverential appreciation; she watches over it with a religious tenderness, forever interposing to screen its unfolding powers from every ruder breath. She rejoices in his presence as a flower filling its cup with gladness from the morning light; yet,

preferring *his* well being to all earthly things, she would meekly offer up, for the knowledge of his distant happiness, even the fulness of that only and unutterable joy. A deep feeling of woman's lot on earth — the lot of endurance and of sacrifice — seems ever present to her soul, and speaks characteristically in these lines, with which she replies to a wish of Tasso's for the return of the golden age:—

When earth has men to reverence female *hearts*,  
To know the treasure of rich truth and love,  
Set deep within a high-souled woman's breast;  
When the remembrance of our summer prime  
Keeps brightly in man's heart a holy place;  
When the keen glance that pierces through so  
much

Looks also tenderly through that dim veil  
By time or sickness hung round drooping forms;  
When the possession, stilling every wish,  
Draws not desire away to other wealth —  
A brighter dayspring then for *us* may dawn,  
Then may *we* solemnize our golden age.

A character thus meditative, affectionate, and self-secluding, would naturally be peculiarly sensitive to the secret intimations of coming sorrow. Forebodings of evil arise in her mind from the antipathy so apparent between Tasso and Antonio; and, after learning that the cold, keen irony of the latter has irritated the poet almost to frenzy, she thus, to her friend Leonora de Sanvitale, reproaches herself for not having listened to the monitory whispers of her soul:—

Alas! that we so slowly learn to heed  
The secret signs and omens of the breast!  
An oracle speaks low within our hearts —  
Low, still, yet clear, its prophet voice forewarns  
What to pursue, what shun.

Yes! my whole soul misgave me silently  
When he and Tasso met.

She admits to her friend the necessity for his departure from Ferrara; but thus reverts, with fondly-clinging remembrance, to the time when he first became known to her:—

O, marked and singled was the hour when first  
He met mine eye! Sickness and grief just then  
Had passed away: from long, long suffering freed.  
I lifted up my brow, and silently  
Gazed upon life again. The sunny day,  
The sweet looks of my kindred, made a light



Of gladness round me, and my freshened heart  
Drank the rich, healing balm of hope once more.  
Then onward, through the glowing world, I dared  
To send my glance, and many a kind, bright  
shape

There beckoned from afar. Then first the youth,  
Led by a sister's hand, before me stood,  
And my soul clung to him e'en then, O friend !  
To cling forevermore.

*Leo.* Lament it not,  
My princess ! — to have known Heaven's gifted  
ones

Is to have gathered into the full soul  
Inalienable wealth !

*Prin.* O precious things !  
The richly graced, the exquisite, are things  
To fear, to love with trembling ! Beautiful  
Is the pure flame when on thy hearth it shines,  
When in the friendly torch it gives thee light,  
How gracious and how calm ! — but, once un-  
chained,  
Lo ! ruin sweeps along its fatal path !

She then announces her determination to make  
the sacrifice of his society, in which alone her  
being seems to find its full completion.

Alas, dear friend ! my soul indeed is fixed —  
Let him depart ! Yet cannot I but feel  
Even now the sadness of long days to come —  
The cold void left me by a lost delight !  
No more shall sunrise from my opening eye  
Chase his bright image glorified in dreams ;  
Glad hope to see him shall no longer stir  
With joyous flutterings my scarce-wakened  
soul ;

And vainly, vainly, through yon garden bowers,  
Amidst the dewy shadows, my first look  
Shall seek his form ! How blissful was the  
thought

With him to share each golden evening's peace !  
How grew the longing, hour by hour, to read  
His spirit yet more deeply ! Day by day  
How my own being, tuned to happiness,  
Gave forth a voice of finer harmony ! —  
Now is the twilight gloom around me fallen :  
The festal day, the sun's magnificence,  
All riches of this many-colored world,  
What are they now ? — dim, soulless, desolate !  
Veiled in the cloud that sinks upon my heart.  
Once was each day a life ! — each care was mute,  
Even the low boding hushed within the soul ;  
And the smooth waters of a gliding stream,  
Without the rudder's aid, bore lightly on  
Our fairy bark of joy !

Her companion endeavors, but in vain, to con-  
sole her.

*Leon.* If the kind words of friendship cannot  
soothe,

The still, sweet influences of this fair world  
Shall win thee back unconsciously to peace.

*Prin.* Yes ! beautiful it is, the glowing world !  
So many a joy keeps flitting to and fro  
In all its paths, and ever, ever seems  
One step, *but* one, removed ; till our fond thirst  
For the still fading fountain, step by step,  
Lures to the grave ! So seldom do we find  
What seemed by nature moulded for our love,  
And for our bliss endowed — or, *if* we find,  
So seldom to our yearning hearts can hold !  
That which once freely made itself our own  
Bursts from us ! — that which eagerly we pressed  
We coldly loose ! A treasure may be ours,  
Only we know it not, or know, perchance,  
Unconscious of its worth !

But the dark clouds are gathering within the  
spirit of Tasso itself, and the devotedness of af-  
fection would in vain avert their lightnings by  
the sacrifice of all its own pure enjoyments. In  
the solitary confinement to which the duke has  
sentenced him, as a punishment for his duel  
with Antonio, his jealous imagination, like that  
of the self-torturing Rousseau, pictures the  
whole world as arrayed in one conspiracy against  
him, and he doubts even of *her* truth and gen-  
tleness whose watching thoughts are all for  
his welfare. The following passages affectingly  
mark the progress of the dark despondency  
which finally overwhelms him, though the con-  
cluding lines of the last are brightened by a ray  
of those immortal hopes, the light of which we  
could have desired to recognize more frequently  
in this deeply-thoughtful work.

#### PRESENTIMENT OF HIS RUIN.

Alas ! too well I feel, too true a voice  
Within me whispers, that the mighty Power  
Which, on sustaining wings of strength and joy,  
Bears up the healthful spirit, will but cast  
Mine to the earth — will rend me utterly ! —  
I must away !

#### ON A FRIEND'S DECLARING HERSELF UNABLE TO RECOGNIZE HIM.

Rightly thou speak'st — I am myself no more ;  
And yet in worth not less than I have been.  
Seems this a dark, strange riddle ? Yet, 'tis none !  
The gentle moon that gladdens thee by night —

Thine eye, thy spirit irresistibly  
 Winning with beams of love! — mark! how it  
 floats  
 Through the day's glare, a pale and powerless  
 cloud!  
 I am o'ercome by the full blaze of noon;  
 Ye know me, and I know myself no more!

ON BEING ADVISED TO REFRAIN FROM COM-  
 POSITION.

Vainly, too vainly, 'gainst the power I strive,  
 Which, night and day, comes rushing through  
 my soul!  
 Without that pouring forth of thought and song  
 My life is life no more!  
 Wilt thou forbid the silkworm to spin on,  
 When hourly, with the labored line, he draws  
 Nearer to death? In vain! — the costly web  
 Must from his inmost being still be wrought,  
 Till he lies wrapped in his consummate shroud.  
 O that ■ gracious God to us may give  
 The lot of that blessed worm! — to spread free  
 wings,  
 And burst exultingly on brighter life,  
 In ■ new realm of sunshine!

He is at last released, and admitted into the  
 presence of the Princess Leonora, to take his  
 leave of her before commencing a distant journey.  
 Notwithstanding his previous doubts of her in-  
 terest in him, he is overcome by the pitying ten-  
 derness of her manner, and breaks into a strain  
 of passionate gratitude and enthusiasm:—

Thou art the same pure angel as when first  
 Thy radiance crossed my path! Forgive, forgive,  
 If for a moment, in his blind despair,  
 The mortal's troubled glance hath read thee  
 wrong!  
 Once more he knows thee! His expanding soul  
 Flows forth to worship thee forevermore,  
 And his full heart dissolves in tenderness.

Is it false light which draws me on to thee?  
 Is it delirium? Is it thought inspired,  
 And grasping first high truth divinely clear?  
 Yes! 'tis even so — the feeling which alone  
 Can make me blessed on earth!

The wildness of his ecstasy at last terrifies his  
 gentle protectress from him; he is forsaken by  
 all as a being lost in hopeless delusion, and, being  
 left alone to the insulting pity of Antonio, his  
 strength of heart is utterly subdued: he passion-  
 ately bewails his weakness, and even casts down

his spirit almost in wondering admiration before  
 the calm self-collectedness of his enemy, who  
 himself seems at last almost melted by the ex-  
 tremity of the poet's desolation, as thus poured  
 forth:—

Can I then image no high-hearted man  
 Whose pangs and conflicts have surpassed mine  
 own,

That my vexed soul might win sustaining power  
 From thought of him? I cannot! — all is lost!  
 One thing alone remains, one mournful boon —  
 Nature on us, her suffering children, showers  
 The gift of tears — the impassioned cry of grief,  
 When man can bear no more; — and with my  
 woe,

With mine above all others, hath been linked  
 Sad music, piercing eloquence, to pour  
 All, all its fulness forth! To me ■ God  
 Hath given strong utterance for mine agony,  
 When others, in their deep despair, are mute!

Thou standest calm and still, thou noble man!  
 I seem before thee as the troubled wave:  
 But O, be thoughtful! — in thy lofty strength  
 Exult thou not! By nature's might alike  
 That rock was fixed, that quivering wave was  
 made

The sensitive of storm! She sends her blasts —  
 The living water flies — it quakes and swells,  
 And bows down tremblingly with breaking  
 foam;

Yet once that mirror gave the bright sun back  
 In calm transparence — once the gentle stars  
 Lay still upon its undulating breast!  
 Now the sweet peace is gone — the glory now  
 Departed from the wave! I know myself  
 No more in these dark perils, and no more  
 I blush to lose that knowledge. From the bark  
 Is wrenched the rudder, and through all its  
 frame

The quivering vessel groans. Beneath my feet  
 The rocking earth gives way — to thee I cling —  
 I grasp thee with mine arms. In wild despair  
 So doth the struggling sailor clasp the rock  
 Whereon he perishes!

And thus painfully ends this celebrated drama,  
 the catastrophe being that of the spiritual wreck  
 within, unmingled with the terrors drawn from  
 outward circumstances and change. The ma-  
 jestic lines in which Byron has embodied the  
 thoughts of the captive Tasso will form a fine  
 contrast and relief to the music of despair with  
 which Goethe's work is closed:—

"All this hath somewhat worn me, and may wear,  
But must be borne. I stoop not to despair;  
For I have baffled with mine agony,  
And made me wings wherewith to overfly  
The narrow circus of my dungeon wall  
And freed the Holy Sepulchre from thrall;  
And revelled among men and things divine,  
And poured my spirit over Palestine,  
In honor of the sacred war for Him,  
The God who was on earth and is in heaven;  
For he hath strengthened me in heart and limb.  
That through this sufferance I might be forgiven,  
I have employed my penance to record  
How Salem's shrine was won, and how adored."

### SCENES FROM "IPHIGENIA."

#### A FRAGMENT.

THERE is a charm of antique grace, of the majestic repose resulting from a faultless symmetry, about the whole of this composition, which inclines us to rank it as among the most consummate works of art ever achieved by the master mind of its author. The perfection of its design and finish is analogous to that of a Grecian temple, seen as the crown of some old classic height, with all its pure outlines—all the delicate proportions of its airy pillars—brought into bold relief by the golden sunshine, and against the unclouded blue of its native heavens. Complete within itself, the harmonious edifice is thus also to the mind and eye of the beholder; they are filled, and desire no more—they even feel that more would be but encumbrance upon the fine adjustment of the well-ordered parts constituting the graceful whole. It sends no vague dreams to wander through infinity, such as are excited by a Gothic minster, where the slight pinnacles striving upward, like the free but still baffled thought of the architect—the clustering pillars and high arches imitating the bold combinations of mysterious forests—the many-branching cells, and long visionary aisles, of which waving torch-light or uncertain glimpses of the moon seem the fittest illumination—ever suggest ideas of some conception in the originally moulding mind, far more vast than the means allotted to human accomplishment—of struggling endeavor, and painfully submitted will. Akin to the spirit of such creations is that of the awful but irregular Faust, and other works of Goethe, in which the restless questionings, the lofty aspirations, and

dark misgivings of the human soul are perpetually called up to "come like shadows, so depart," across the stormy splendors of the scene; and the mind is engaged in ceaseless conflict with the interminable mysteries of life. It is otherwise with the work before us: overshadowed, as it were, by the dark wings of the inflexible Destiny which hovers above the children of Tantalus, the spirit of the imaginary personages, as well as of the reader, here moves acquiescently within the prescribed circle of events, and is seldom tempted beyond, to plunge into the abyss of general speculations upon the lot of humanity.

#### I.

##### JOY OF PYLADES ON HEARING HIS NATIVE LANGUAGE.

O sweetest voice! O blessed familiar sound  
Of mother words heard in the stranger's land!  
I see the blue hills of my native shore,  
The far blue hills again! those cordial tones  
Before the captive bid them freshly rise  
Forever welcome! O, by this deep joy.  
Know the true son of Greece!

#### II.

##### EXCLAMATIONS OF IPHIGENIA ON SEEING HER BROTHER.

O, hear me! look upon me! How my heart,  
After long desolation, now unfolds  
Unto this new delight, to kiss thy head,  
Thou dearest, dearest one of all on earth!  
To clasp thee with my arms, which were but  
thrown  
On the void winds before! O, give me way!  
Give my soul's rapture way! The eternal fount  
Leaps not more brightly forth from cliff to cliff  
Of high Parnassus, down the golden vale,  
Than the strong joy bursts gushing from my  
heart,  
And swells around me to a flood of bliss—  
Orestes!—O my brother!

#### III.

##### LOT OF MAN AND WOMAN COMPARED BY IPHIGENIA.

Man by the battle's hour immortalized  
May fall, yet leave his name to living song;  
But of forsaken woman's countless tears,  
What reck's the after world? The poet's voice  
Tells nought of all the slow, sad, weary days,  
And long, long nights, through which the lonely  
soul  
Poured itself forth, consumed itself away,  
In passionate adjurings, vain desires.



And ceaseless weepings for the early lost,  
The loved and vanished !

## IV.

## LONGING OF ORESTES FOR REPOSE.

One draught from Lethe's flood ! — reach me  
one draught,  
One last cool goblet filled with dewy peace !  
Soon will the spasm of life departing leave  
My bosom free ! Soon shall my spirit flow  
Along the deep waves of forgetfulness,  
Calmly and silently, away to you,  
Ye dead ! Ye dwellers of the eternal cloud,  
Take home the son of earth, and let him steep  
His o'erworn senses in your dim repose  
Forevermore.

## V.

## CONTINUATION OF ORESTES' SOLILOQUY.

Hark ! in the trembling leaves  
Mysterious whispers : hark ! a rushing sound  
Sweeps through yon twilight depth ! — e'en now  
they come,  
They throng to greet their guest ! And who are  
they  
Rejoicing each with each in stately joy,  
As a king's children gathered for the hour  
Of some high festival ? Exultingly,  
And kindred-like, and godlike, on they pass —  
The glorious, wandering shapes ! aged and young,  
Proud men and royal women ! Lo ! my race —  
My sire's ancestral race !

RECORDS OF THE SPRING OF  
1834.

[These sonnets, written in the months of April, May, and June, were intended, together with the Records of the Autumn of 1834, to form a continuation of the series entitled "Sonnets, Devotional and Memorial."]

## A VERNAL THOUGHT.

O FESTAL Spring ! 'midst thy victorious glow,  
Far spreading o'er the kindled woods and plains,  
And streams, that bound to meet thee from  
their chains,  
Well might there lurk the shadow of a woe  
For human hearts, and in the exulting flow  
Of thy rich songs a melancholy tone,  
Were we of mould all earthly — we alone,  
Severed from thy great spell, and doomed to go

Farther, still farther, from our sunny time,  
Never to feel the breathings of our prime,  
Never to flower again ! But we, O Spring !  
Cheered by deep spirit whispers not of earth,  
Press to the regions of thy heavenly birth,  
As here thy flowers and birds press on to bloom  
and sing.

## TO THE SKY.

FAR from the rustlings of the poplar bough,  
Which o'er my opening life wild music made,  
Far from the green hills with their heathery  
glow  
And flashing streams whereby my childhood  
played,  
In the dim city, 'midst the sounding flow  
Of restless life, to thee in love I turn,  
O thou rich Sky ! and from thy splendors learn  
How song birds come and part, flowers wane  
and blow.  
With thee all shapes of glory find their home  
And thou hast taught me well, majestic dome  
By stars, by sunsets, by soft clouds which rove  
Thy blue expanse, or sleep in silvery rest,  
That Nature's God hath left no spot unblessed  
With founts of beauty for the eye of love

ON RECORDS OF IMMATURE GENIUS.<sup>1</sup>

O, JUDGE in thoughtful tenderness of those  
Who, richly dowered for life, are called to die  
Ere the soul's flame, through storms, hath won  
repose  
In truth's divinest ether, still and high !  
Let their minds' riches claim a trustful sigh !  
Deem them but sad, sweet fragments of a strain,  
First notes of some yet struggling harmony,  
By the strong rush, the crowding joy and pain  
Of many inspirations met, and held  
From its true sphere — O, soon it might have  
swelled  
Majestically forth ! Nor doubt that He,  
Whose touch mysterious may on earth dissolve  
Those links of music, elsewhere will evolve  
Their grand consummate hymn, from passion  
gusts made free !

<sup>1</sup> Written after reading some of the earlier poems of the late Mrs. Tighe, which had been lent her in manuscript

### ON WATCHING THE FLIGHT OF A SKYLARK.

UPWARD and upward still! — in pearly light  
 The clouds are steeped! the vernal spirit sighs  
 With bliss in every wind, and crystal skies  
 Woo thee, O bird, to thy celestial height.  
 And, piercing heaven with music! thy free  
     flight  
 Hath meaning for all bosoms; most of all  
 For those wherein the rapture and the might  
 Of poesy lie deep, and strive, and burn  
 For their high place. O heirs of genius! learn  
 From the sky's bird your way! No joy may fill  
*Your* hearts, no gift of holy strength be won  
 To bless *your* songs, ye children of the sun!  
 Save by the unswerving flight, upward and  
     upward still!

### A THOUGHT OF THE SEA.

My earliest memories to thy shores are bound,  
 Thy solemn shores, thou ever-chanting main!  
 The first rich sunsets, kindling thought profound  
 In my lone being, made thy restless plain  
 As the vast, shining floor of some dread fane,  
 All paved with glass and fire. Yet, O blue deep!  
 Thou that no trace of human hearts dost keep,  
 Never to thee did love with silvery chain  
 Draw my soul's dream, which through all  
     nature sought  
 What waves deny — some bower of *steadfast*  
     bliss,  
 A *home* to twine with fancy, feeling, thought,  
 As with sweet flowers. But chastened hope for  
     this  
 Now turns from earth's green valleys, as from  
     thee,  
 To that sole changeless world, where "there is  
     no more sea."

### DISTANT SOUND OF THE SEA AT EVENING.

Yet, rolling far up some green mountain dale,  
 Oft let me hear, as oft times I have heard,  
 Thy swell, thou deep! when evening calls the  
     bird  
 And bee to rest; when summer tints grow pale,  
 Seen through the gathering of a dewy veil;

And peasant steps are hastening to repose,  
 And gleaming flocks lie down, and flower cups  
     close

To the last whisper of the falling gale.  
 Then 'midst the dying of all other sound,  
 When the soul hears thy distant voice profound,  
 Lone worshipping, and knows that through the  
     night  
 'Twill worship still, then most its anthem tone  
 Speaks to our being of the eternal One,  
 Who girds tired nature with unslumbering  
     might.

### THE RIVER CLWYD, IN NORTH WALES

O CAMBRIAN river! with slow music gliding  
 By pastoral hills, old woods, and ruined towers;  
 Now 'midst thy reeds and golden willows hiding;  
 Now gleaming forth by some rich bank of  
     flowers;  
 Long flowed the current of my life's clear hours  
 Onward with thine, whose voice yet haunts my  
     dream,  
 Though time, and change, and other mightier  
     powers  
 Far from thy side have borne me. Thou, smooth  
     stream!  
 Art winding still thy sunny meads along  
 Murmuring to cottage and gray hall thy song,  
 Low, sweet, unchanged. *My* being's tide hath  
     passed  
 Through rocks and storms; yet will I not com-  
     plain,  
 If, thus wrought free and pure from earthly stain,  
 Brightly its waves may reach their parent deep  
     at last.

### ORCHARD BLOSSOMS.

Doth thy heart stir within thee at the sight  
 Of orchard blooms upon the mossy bough?  
 Doth their sweet household smile waft back the  
     glow  
 Of childhood's morn — the wondering, fresh de-  
     light  
 In earth's new coloring, then all strangely bright,  
 A joy of fairyland? Doth some old nook,  
 Haunted by visions of thy first-loved book,  
 Rise on thy soul, with faint-streaked blossoms  
     white  
 Showered o'er the turf, and the lone primrose  
     knot,  
 And robin's nest, still faithful to the spot,

And the bee's dreary chime? O gentle friend!  
The world's cold breath, not *time's*, this life  
bereaves

Of vernal gifts: Time hallows what he leaves,  
And will for us endear spring memories to the  
end. 8th May.

### TO A DISTANT SCENE.

Still are the cowslips from thy bosom springing,  
O far-off, grassy dell? — and dost thou see,  
When southern winds first wake their vernal  
singing,

The star gleam of the wood anemone?  
Doth the shy ringdove haunt thee yet? the bee  
Hang on thy flowers as when I breathed farewell  
To their wild blooms? and, round my beechen  
tree,

Still, in green softness, doth the moss bank swell?  
O strange illusion! by the fond heart wrought,  
Whose own warm life suffuses nature's face!

My being's tide of many-colored thought  
Hath passed from thee; and now, rich, leafy  
place!

I paint thee oft, scarce consciously, ■ scene,  
Silent, forsaken, dim, shadowed by what hath  
been.

### A REMEMBRANCE OF GRASMERE.

O VALE and lake, within your mountain urn  
Smiling so tranquilly, and set so deep!  
Oft doth your dreamy loveliness return,  
Coloring the tender shadows of my sleep  
With light Elysian; for the hues that steep  
Your shores in melting lustre seem to float  
On golden clouds from spirit lands remote,  
Isles of the blest, and in our memory keep  
Their place with holiest harmonies. Fair scene,  
Most loved by evening and her dewy star!  
O, ne'er may man, with touch unhallowed, jar  
The perfect music of thy charm serene!  
Still, still unchanged, may *one* sweet region wear  
Smiles that subdue the soul to love, and tears,  
and prayer.

### THOUGHTS CONNECTED WITH TREES.

TREES, gracious trees! — how rich a gift ye are,  
Crown of the earth! to human hearts and eyes!

How doth the thought of home, in lands afar,  
Linked with your forms and kindly whispering  
rise!

How the whole picture of ■ childhood lies  
Oft 'midst your boughs forgotten, buried deep!  
Till, gazing through them up the summer skies,  
As hushed we stand, a breeze perchance may  
creep,

And old, sweet leaf sounds reach the inner world,  
Where memory coils — and lo! at once unfurled,  
The past, ■ glowing scroll, before our sight  
Spreads clear; while, gushing from their long-  
sealed urn,

Young thoughts, pure dreams, undoubting pray-  
ers return,

And ■ lost mother's eye gives back its holy light.

### THE SAME.

AND ye are strong to shelter! — all meek things,  
All that need home and covert, love your shade!  
Birds of shy song, and low-voiced quiet springs,  
And nun-like violets, by the wind betrayed.  
Childhood beneath your fresh green tints hath  
played

With his first primrose wreath; there love hath  
sought

A veiling gloom for his unuttered thought,  
And silent grief, of day's keen glare afraid,  
A refuge for her tears; and oftentimes there  
Hath lone devotion found a place of prayer,  
A native temple, solemn, hushed, and dim;  
For wheresoe'er your murmuring tremors thrill  
The woody twilight, there man's heart hath still  
Confessed a spirit's breath, and heard ■ ceaseless  
hymn.

### ON READING PAUL AND VIRGINIA IN CHILDHOOD.

O GENTLE story of the Indian isle!  
I loved thee in my lonely childhood well  
On the sea shore, when day's last, purple smile  
Slept on the waters, and their hollow swell  
And dying cadence lent a deeper spell  
Unto thine ocean pictures. 'Midst thy palms  
And strange bright birds my fancy joyed to  
dwell,

And watch the southern cross through midnight  
calms,

And track the spicy woods. Yet more I blessed  
Thy vision of sweet love — kind, trustful, true,



Lighting the citron groves, ■ heavenly guest,  
 With such pure smiles as paradise once knew.  
 Even then my young heart wept o'er this world's  
     power  
 To reach with blight that holiest Eden flower.

### A THOUGHT AT SUNSET.

STILL that last look is solemn ! though thy  
     rays,  
 O sun ! to-morrow will give back, we know,  
 The joy to nature's heart. Yet through the glow  
 Of clouds that mantle thy decline, our gaze  
 Tracks thee with love half fearful ; and in days  
 When earth too much adored thee, what a swell  
 Of mournful passion, deepening mighty lays,  
 Told how the dying bade thy light farewell,  
 O sun of Greece ! O glorious, festal sun !  
 Lost, lost ! — for them thy golden hours were  
     done,  
 And darkness lay before them ! Happier far  
 Are we, not thus to thy bright wheels enchained,  
 Not thus for thy last parting unsustained —  
 Heirs of a purer day, with its unsetting star.

### IMAGES OF PATRIARCHAL LIFE.

CALM scenes of patriarch life ! how long a power  
 Your unworn pastoral images retain  
 O'er the true heart, which in its childhood's hour  
 Drank their pure freshness deep ! The camels'  
     train  
 Winding in patience o'er the desert plain —  
 The tent, the palm tree, the reposing flock,  
 The gleaming fount, the shadow of the rock —  
 O, by how subtle, yet how strong a chain,  
 And in the influence of its touch how blessed,  
 Are these things linked, in many ■ thoughtful  
     breast,  
 To household memories, for all change endeared !  
 — The matin bird, the ripple of ■ stream  
 Beside our native porch, the hearthlight's gleam,  
 The voices, earliest by the soul revered !

### ATTRACTION OF THE EAST.

WHAT secret current of man's nature turns  
 'Tinto the golden East with ceaseless flow ?

Still, where the sunbeam at its fountain burns,  
 The pilgrim spirit would adore and glow ;  
 Rapt in high thoughts, though weary, faint, and  
     slow,  
 Still doth the traveller through the deserts wind,  
 Led by those old Chaldean stars, which know  
 Where passed the shepherd fathers of mankind.  
 Is it some quenchless instinct, which from far  
 Still points to where our alienated home  
 Lay in bright peace ? O thou true Eastern star !  
 Savior ! atoning Lord ! where'er we roam,  
 Draw still our hearts to thee, else, else how vain  
 Their hope the fair lost birthright to regain !

### TO AN AGED FRIEND.<sup>1</sup>

Nor long thy voice amongst us may be heard,  
 Servant of God ! — thy day is almost done ;  
 The charm now lingering in thy look and word  
 Is that which hangs about thy setting sun —  
 That which the spirit of decay hath won  
 Still from revering love. Yet doth the sense  
 Of life immortal — progress but begun —  
 Pervade thy mien with such clear eloquence,  
 That hope, not sadness, breathes from thy de-  
     cline ;  
 And the loved flowers which round thee smile  
     farewell  
 Of more than vernal glory seem to tell,  
 By thy pure spirit touched with light divine :  
 While we, to whom its parting gleams are given,  
 Forget the grave in trustful thoughts of heaven

### A HAPPY HOUR.

O, WHAT a joy to feel that, in my breast,  
 The founts of childhood's vernal fancies lay  
 Still pure, though heavily and long repressed  
 By early-blighted leaves, which o'er their way  
 Dark summer storms had heaped. But free,  
     glad play  
 Once more was given them : to the sunshine's  
     glow,

<sup>1</sup> The sonnet "To an aged Friend," first published in Mrs. Hemans's *Poetical Remains*, was addressed to Dr. Perceval of Dublin. The sonnet "To the Datura Arborea," in the same volume, was written after seeing a superb specimen of that striking plant in Dr. Perceval's beautiful greenhouse at Annefield.

Dr. Perceval died 3d March, 1809, equally respected for his talents and virtues.

And the sweet wood song's penetrating flow,  
And to the wandering primrose breath of May,  
And the rich hawthorn odors, forth they sprung.  
O, not less freshly bright, that now a thought  
Of spiritual presence o'er them hung,  
And of immortal life ! a germ, unwrought  
In childhood's soul to power — now strong,  
serene,  
And full of love and light, coloring the whole  
blessed scene.

### FOLIAGE.

COME forth, and let us through our hearts receive  
The joy of verdure ! See ! the honeyed lime  
Showers cool green light o'er banks where wild  
flowers weave  
Thick tapestry, and woodbine tendrils climb  
Up the brown oak from buds of moss and thyme.  
The rich deep masses of the sycamore  
Hang heavy with the fulness of their prime ;  
And the white poplar, from its foliage hoar,  
Scatters forth gleams like moonlight, with each  
gale  
That sweeps the boughs : the chestnut flowers  
■ ■ past,  
The crowning glories of the hawthorn fail,  
But arches of sweet eglantine are cast  
From every hedge. O, never may we lose,  
Dear friend ! our fresh delight in simplest na-  
ture's hues !

2d June.

### A PRAYER.

FATHER in heaven ! from whom the simplest  
flower,  
On the high Alps or fiery desert thrown,  
Draws not sweet odor or young life alone,  
But the deep virtue of an inborn power,  
To cheer the wanderer in his fainting hour  
With thoughts of thee — to strengthen, to infuse  
Faith, love, and courage, by the tender hues  
That speak thy presence ! O, with such a dower  
Grace thou my song ! — the precious gift bestow  
From thy pure Spirit's treasury divine,  
To wake one tear of purifying flow,  
To soften one wrung heart for thee and thine ;  
So shall the life breathed through the lowly  
strain  
■ ■ the meek wild flowers — if transient, yet  
not vain.

### PRAYER CONTINUED.

"What in me is dark,  
Illumine ; what is low, raise and support." — MILTON.

FAR are the wings of intellect astray  
That strive not, Father ! to thy heavenly seat ;  
They rove, but mount not, and the tempests beat  
Still on their plumes. O Source of mental day  
Chase from before my spirit's track the array  
Of mists and shadows, raised by earthly care.  
In troubled hosts that cross the purer air,  
And veil the opening of the starry way  
Which brightens on to thee ! O, guide thou  
right  
My thought's weak pinion ; clear my inward  
sight,  
The eternal springs of beauty to discern,  
Welling beside thy throne ; unseal mine ear,  
Nature's true oracles in joy to hear ;  
Keep my soul wakeful still to listen and to learn

### MEMORIAL OF A CONVERSATION.

Yes ! all things tell us of a birthright lost —  
A brightness from our nature passed away !  
Wanderers we seem that from an alien coast  
Would turn to where their Father's mansion  
lay ;  
And but by some lone flower, that 'midst decay  
Smiles mournfully, or by some sculptured stone,  
Revealing dimly, with gray moss o'ergrown,  
The faint, worn impress of its glory's day,  
Can trace their once-free heritage, though  
dreams,  
Fraught with its picture, oft in startling gleams  
Flash o'er their souls. But One, O, One alone,  
For us the ruined fabric may rebuild,  
And bid the wilderness again be filled  
With Eden flowers — One mighty to atone !

27th June

### RECORDS OF THE AUTUMN OF 1834.

#### THE RETURN TO POETRY.

ONCE more the eternal melodies from far  
Woo me like songs of home ; once ■■■ dis-  
cerning,

1 For this corrected chronology of these sonnets, ■■■ ■  
indebted to the Rev. R. P. Graves, Bowness ; as also for  
■■■■ improved readings, and the ■■■ of "A Happy Hour"

Through fitful clouds, the pure majestic star  
Above the poet's world serenely burning,  
Thither my soul, fresh winged by love, is  
turning,

As o'er the waves the wood bird seeks her nest,  
For those green heights of dewy stillness  
yearning,

Whence glorious minds o'erlook this earth's  
unrest.

Now be the Spirit of Heaven's truth my guide  
Through the bright land! — that no brief glad-  
ness, found

In passing bloom, rich odor, or sweet sound,  
May lure my footsteps from their aim aside:  
Their true, high quest — to seek, if ne'er to gain,  
The inmost, purest shrine of that august domain.

9th September.

### TO SILVIO PELLICO, ON READING HIS "PRIGIONE."

THERE ~~was~~ who climb the mountain's heathery  
side,

Or, in life's vernal strength triumphant, urge  
The bark's fleet rushing through the crested  
surge,

Or spur the courser's fiery race of pride  
Over the green savannas, gleaming wide  
By some vast lake; yet thus, on foaming sea,  
Or chainless wild, reign far less nobly free  
Than *thou*, in that lone dungeon, glorified  
By thy brave suffering. Thou from its dark  
cell

Fierce thought and baleful passion didst exclude,  
Filling the dedicated solitude  
With God; and where *his* Spirit deigns to dwell,

1 In reference to these two sonnets, Mrs. Hemans thus remarks in a letter to a friend: "I wrote them only a few days ago, (almost the first awakening of my spirit, indeed, after a long silence and darkness,) upon reading that delightful book of Pellico's,\* which I borrowed in consequence of what you had told me of it. I know not when I have read any thing which has so deeply impressed me: the gradual brightening of heart and soul into 'the perfect day' of Christian excellence through all those fiery trials, presents, I think, ~~one~~ of the most touching, as well as instructing, pictures ever contemplated. How beautiful is the scene between him and Oroboli, in which they mutually engage to shrink not from the avowal of their faith, should they ever return into the world! But I could say so much on this subject, which has quite taken hold of my thoughts, that it would lead me to fill up my whole letter."

In another letter she spoke further of this book, as a work with which I have been both impressed and de-

\* "Le mie Prigioni."

Though the worn frame in fetters withering lie  
There throned in *peace* divine is liberty!

### TO THE SAME, RELEASED.<sup>1</sup>

How flows thy being now? — like ~~some~~ glad  
hymn,

One strain of solemn rapture? — doth thine eye  
Wander through tears of voiceless feeling dim  
O'er the crowned Alps, that, 'midst the upper  
sky,

Sleep in the sunlight of thine Italy?  
Or is thy gaze of reverent love profound  
Unto these dear, parental faces bound,  
Which, with their silvery hair, so oft glanced by,  
Haunting thy prison dreams? Where'er thou  
art,

Blessings be shed upon thine inmost heart!  
Joy, from kind looks, blue skies, and flowery sod,  
For that pure voice of thoughtful wisdom sent  
Forth from thy cell, in sweetness eloquent,  
Of love to man, and quenchless trust in God!

### ON A SCENE IN THE DARGLE.<sup>2</sup>

'Twas a bright moment of my life when first,  
O thou pure stream through rocky portals flow-  
ing!

That temple chamber of thy glory burst  
On my glad sight! Thy pebbly couch lay  
glowing

With deep mosaic hues; and, richly throwing  
O'er thy cliff walls a tinge of autumn's vest,

lighted, and one which I strongly recommend you to procure. It is the *Prigioni* of Silvio Pellico, a distinguished young Italian poet, who incurred the suspicions of the Austrian government, and was condemned to the penalty of the *carcere duro* during ten years, of which this most interesting work contains the narrative. It is deeply affecting, from the heart-springing eloquence with which he details his varied sufferings. What forms, however, the great charm of the work, is the gradual and almost unconsciously revealed exaltation of the sufferer's character, spiritualized through suffering, into the purest Christian excellence. It is beautiful to ~~see~~ the lessons of trust in God, and love to mankind brought out more and more into shining light from the depth of the dungeon gloom; and all this crowned at last by the release of the noble, all-forgiving captive, and his restoration to his aged father and mother, whose venerable faces seem perpetually to have haunted the solitude of ~~his~~ cell. The book is written in the most classic Italian, and will, I am sure, be ~~able~~ to afford you lasting delight."

<sup>2</sup> A beautiful valley in the county of Wicklow.



High bloomed the heath flowers, and the wild  
wood's crest

Was touched with gold. Flow ever thus,  
bestowing

Gifts of delight, sweet stream ! on all who move  
Gently along thy shores ; and O, if love —  
True love, in secret nursed, with sorrow fraught—  
Should sometimes bear his treasured griefs to  
thee,

Then full of kindness let thy music be,  
Singing repose to every troubled thought !

### ON THE DATURA ARBOREA.

MAJESTIC plant ! such fairy dreams as lie,  
Nursed, where the bee sucks in the cowslip's  
bell,

Are not *thy* train. Those flowers of vase-like  
swell,

Clear, large, with dewy moonlight filled from  
high,

And in their monumental purity  
Serenely drooping, round thee seem to draw  
Visions linked strangely with that silent awe  
Which broods o'er sculpture's works. A meet  
ally

For those heroic forms, the simply grand  
Art thou : and worthy, carved by plastic hand,  
Above some kingly poet's tomb to shine  
In spotless marble ; honoring one whose strain  
Soared, upon wings of thought that knew no  
stain,

Free through the starry heavens of truth divine.

Could still all fevers of the heart, restoring  
A while that freshness left in paradise ;  
Say, of those glorious wanderings what the goal ?  
What the rich fruitage to man's kindred soul  
From wealth of thine bequeathed ? O strong,  
and high,  
And sceptred intellect ! thy goal confessed  
Was the Redeemer's cross — thy last bequest  
One lesson breathing thence profound humility !

### DESIGN AND PERFORMANCE.

THAT float before my soul, the fair designs  
Which I would body forth to life and power,  
Like clouds, that with their waving hues and  
lines

Portray majestic buildings — dome and tower,  
Bright spire, that through the rainbow and the  
shower

Points to th' unchanging stars ; and high arcade  
Far sweeping to some glorious altar, made  
For holiest rites. Meanwhile the waning hour  
Melts from me, and by fervent dreams o'er-  
wrought,

I sink. O friend ! O linked with each high  
thought !

Aid me, of those rich visions to detain  
All I may grasp ; until thou seest fulfilled,  
While time and strength allow, my hope to  
build,

For lowly hearts devout, but *one* enduring fane !

18th October.

### HOPE OF FUTURE COMMUNION WITH NATURE.

If e'er again my spirit be allowed  
Converse with Nature in her chambers deep,  
Where lone, and mantled with the rolling cloud,  
She broods o'er new-born waters, as they leap  
In sword-like flashes down the heathery steep  
From caves of mystery ; if I roam once more  
Where dark pines quiver to the torrent's roar,  
And voiceful oaks respond ; may I not reap  
A more ennobling joy, a loftier power,  
Than e'er was shed on life's more vernal hour  
From such communion ? Yes ! I then shall  
know

That not in vain have sorrow, love, and thought  
Their long, still work of preparation wrought  
For that more perfect sense of God revealed  
below.

### ON READING COLERIDGE'S EPITAPH,

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

"Stop, Christian passer-by ! stop, child of God !  
And read with gentle breast : Beneath this sod  
A poet lies, or that which once seemed he.  
O, lift one thought in prayer for S T. C. !  
That he, who once in vain, with toil of breath,  
Found death in life, may here find life in death ;  
Mercy, for praise ; to be forgiven, for fame ;  
He asked and hoped through Christ. Do thou the same."

SPIRIT ! so oft in radiant freedom soaring  
High through seraphic mysteries unconfined,  
And oft, a diver through the deep of mind,  
Its caverns, far below its waves, exploring ;  
And oft such strains of breezy music pouring,  
As, with the floating sweetness of their sighs,

## DREAMS OF THE DEAD.

Off in still night dreams a departed face  
 Bends o'er me with sweet earnestness of eye,  
 Wearing no more of earthly pains a trace,  
 But all the tender pity that may lie  
 On the clear brow of immortality,  
 Calm, yet profound. Soft rays illume that mien;  
 Th' unshadowed moonlight of some far-off sky  
 Around it floats transparently serene  
 As a pure veil of waters. O rich Sleep!  
 The spells are mighty in thy regions deep,  
 Which glorify with reconciling breath,  
 Effacing, brightening, giving forth to shine  
 Beauty's high truth; and how much more  
 divine  
 Thy power when linked, in this, with thy stern  
 brother, Death!

## THE POETRY OF THE PSALMS.

NOBLY thy song, O minstrel! rushed to meet  
 Th' Eternal on the pathway of the blast,  
 With darkness round him as a mantle cast,  
 And cherubim to waft his flying seat.  
 Amidst the hills that smoked beneath his feet,  
 With trumpet voice thy spirit called aloud,  
 And bade the trembling rocks his name repeat,  
 And the bent cedars, and the bursting cloud.  
 But far more gloriously to earth made known  
 By that high strain than by the thunder's tone,  
 The flashing torrents, or the ocean's roll,  
 Jehovah spake, through thee imbreathing fire,  
 Natures vast realms forever to inspire  
 With the deep worship of a living soul.

## DESPONDENCY AND ASPIRATION.

"Par correr miglior acqua alza le vele,  
 Omai la navicella del mio Intelletto." — DANTE.

My soul was mantled with dark shadows, born  
 Of lonely Fear, disquieted in vain;  
 Its phantoms hung around the star of morn,  
 A cloud-like, weeping train:  
 Through the long day they dimmed the autumn  
 gold  
 On all the glistening leaves, and wildly rolled,

When the last farewell flush of light was  
 glowing  
 Across the sunset sky,  
 O'er its rich isles of vaporous glory throwing  
 One melancholy dye.

And when the solemn night  
 Came rushing with her might  
 Of stormy oracles from caves unknown,  
 Then with each fitful blast  
 Prophetic murmurs passed,  
 Wakening or answering some deep sibyl tone  
 Far buried in my breast, yet prompt to rise  
 With every gusty wail that o'er the wind harp  
 flies.

"Fold, fold thy wings," they cried, "and strive  
 no more —  
 Faint spirit! strive no more: for thee too strong  
 Are outward ill and wrong,  
 And inward wasting fires! Thou canst not soar  
 Free on a starry way,  
 Beyond their blighting sway,  
 At heaven's high gate serenely to adore!  
 How shouldst thou hope earth's fetters to un-  
 bind?  
 O passionate, yet weak! O trembler to the wind!

"Never shall aught but broken music flow  
 From joy of thine, deep love, or tearful woe —  
 Such homeless notes as through the forest sigh,  
 From the reeds hollow shaken,  
 When sudden breezes waken  
 Their vague, wild symphony.  
 No power is theirs, and no abiding-place  
 In human hearts; their sweetness leaves  
 trace —  
 Born only so to die!

"Never shall aught but perfume, faint and  
 vain,  
 On the fleet pinion of the changeful hour,  
 From thy bruised life again  
 A moment's essence breathe;  
 Thy life, whose trampled flower  
 Into the blessed wreath  
 Of household charities no longer bound,  
 Lies pale and withering on the barren ground.

"So fade, fade on! Thy gift of love shall cling  
 A coiling sadness round thy heart and brain —  
 A silent, fruitless, yet undying thing,  
 All sensitive to pain!  
 And still the shadow of vain dreams shall fall  
 O'er thy mind's world, a daily darkening pall.

Fold, then, thy wounded wing, and sink subdued  
In cold and unrepining quietude ! ”

Then my soul yielded : spells of numbing breath  
Crept o'er it heavy with a dew of death —  
Its powers, like leaves before the night rain,  
closing ;

And, as by conflict of wild sea waves tossed  
On the chill bosom of some desert coast,  
Mutely and hopelessly I lay reposing.

When silently it seemed  
As if a soft mist gleamed  
Before my passive sight, and, slowly curling,  
To many a shape and a :  
Of visioned beauty grew,  
Like a wrought banner, fold by fold unfurling.  
O, the rich scenes that o'er mine inward eye  
Unrolling then swept by  
With dreamy motion ! Silvery seas were there,  
Lit by large dazzling stars, and arched by skies  
Of southern midnight's most transparent  
dyes ;

And gemmed with many an island, wildly fair,  
Which floated past me into orient day,  
Still gathering lustre on th' illumined way,  
Till its high groves of wondrous flowering trees  
Colored the silvery seas.

And then a glorious mountain chain uprose,  
Height above spiry height !  
A soaring solitude of woods and snows,  
All steeped in golden light !  
While as it passed, those regal peaks unveiling,  
I heard, methought, a waving of dread wings,  
And mighty sounds, as if the vision hailing,  
From lyres that quivered through ten thou-  
sand strings —

Or as if waters, forth to music leaping  
From many a cave, the Alpine Echo's hall,  
On their bold way victoriously were sweeping,  
Linked in majestic anthems ! — while through  
all

That billowy swell and fall,  
Voices, like ringing crystal, filled the air  
With inarticulate melody, that stirred  
My being's core ; then, moulding into word  
Their piercing sweetness, bade me rise, and bear  
In that great choral strain my trembling part,  
Of tones by love and faith struck from a human  
heart.

Return no more, vain bodings of the night !

A happier oracle within my soul  
Hath swelled to power ; a clear, unwavering light

Mounts through the battling clouds that round  
me roll ;

And to a new control  
Nature's full harp gives forth rejoicing tones,  
Wherein my glad sense owns  
The accordant rush of elemental sound  
To one consummate harmony profound —  
One grand Creation Hymn,  
Whose notes the seraphim  
Lift to the glorious height of music winged and  
crowned.

Shall not those notes find echoes in my lyre,  
Faithful though fain ? Shall not my spirit's fire,  
If slowly, yet unswervingly, ascend  
Now to its fount and end ?

Shall not my earthly love, all purified,  
Shine forth a heavenward guide,  
An angel of bright power — and strongly bear  
My being upward into holier air,  
Where fiery passion clouds have no abode,  
And the sky's temple arch o'erflows with God's

The radiant hope new born  
Expands like rising morn  
In my life's life : and as a ripening rose  
The crimson shadow of its glory throws  
More vivid, hour by hour, on some pure stream :  
So from that hope are spreading  
Rich hues, o'er nature shedding  
Each day a clearer, spiritual gleam.

Let not those rays fade from me ! — once enjoyed,  
Father of spirits ! let them not depart —  
Leaving the chilled earth, without form and void,  
Darkened by mine own heart !

Lift, aid, sustain me ! Thou, by whom alone  
All lovely gifts and pure  
In the soul's grasp endure ;

Thou, to the steps of whose eternal throne  
All knowledge flows — a sea forevermore  
Breaking its crested waves on that sole shore —  
O, consecrate my life ! that I may sing  
Of thee with joy that hath a living spring,  
In a full heart of music ! Let my lays  
Through the resounding mountains waft thy  
praise,

And with that theme the wood's green cloisters  
fill,

And make their quivering, leafy dimness thrill  
To the rich breeze of song ! O, let me wake  
The deep religion, which hath dwelt from  
yore

Silently brooding by lone cliff and lake,  
And wildest river shore !



And let me summon all the voices dwelling  
Where eagles build, and caverned rills are well-  
ing,

And where the cataract's organ peal is swelling,  
In that one spirit gathered to adore!

Forgive, O Father! if presumptuous thought  
Too daringly in aspiration rise!

Let not thy child all vainly have been taught  
By weakness, and by wanderings, and by sighs  
Of sad confession! Lowly be my heart,  
And on its penitential altar spread

The offerings worthless, till thy grace impart  
The fire from heaven, whose touch alone can  
shed

Life, radiance, virtue! — let that vital spark  
Fierce my whole being, 'wilder'd else and dark!

Thine are all holy things — O, make *me* thine!  
So shall I, too, be pure — a living shrine  
Unto that Spirit which goes forth from thee,  
Strong and divinely free,

Bearing thy gifts of wisdom on its flight,  
And brooding o'er them with a dove-like wing,  
Till thought, word, song, to thee in worship  
spring,

Immortally endowed for liberty and light.

### THE HUGUENOT'S FAREWELL.

I STAND upon the threshold stone  
Of mine ancestral hall;  
I hear my native river moan;  
I see the night o'er my old forests fall.

I look round on the darkening vale  
That saw my childhood's plays;  
The low wind in its rising wail  
Hath a strange tone, a sound of other days.

But I must rule my swelling breast:  
A sign is in the sky!  
Bright o'er yon gray rock's eagle nest  
Shines forth a warning star — it bids me fly.

My father's sword is in my hand,  
His deep voice haunts mine ear;  
He tells me of the noble band  
Whose lives have left a brooding glory here.

He bids their offspring guard from stain  
Their pure and lofty faith;

And yield up all things, to maintain  
The cause for which they girt themselves in  
death.

And I obey. I leave their towers  
Unto the stranger's tread,  
Unto the creeping glass and flowers,  
Unto the fading pictures of the dead.

I leave their shields to slow decay,  
Their banners to the dust:  
I go, and only bear away  
Their old majestic name — a solemn trust!

I go up to the ancient hills,  
Where chains may never be,  
Where leap in joy the torrent rills,  
Where man may worship God, alone and free.

There shall an altar and a camp  
Impreguably arise;  
There shall be lit a quenchless lamp,  
To shine, unwavering, through the open skies.

And song shall 'midst the rocks be heard,  
And fearless prayer ascend;  
While, thrilling to God's holy word,  
The mountain pines in adoration bend.

And there the burning heart no more  
Its deep thought shall suppress,  
But the long-buried truth shall pour  
Free currents thence, amidst the wilderness.

Then fare thee well, my mother's bower!  
Farewell, my father's hearth! —  
Perish my home! where lawless power  
Hath rent the tie of love to native earth.

Perish! let deathlike silence fall  
Upon the lone abode;  
Spread fast, dark ivy! spread thy pall;  
I go up to the mountains with my God.

### ANTIQUÉ GREEK LAMENT.<sup>1</sup>

By the blue waters — the restless ocean waters,  
Restless as they with their many-flashing surges,  
Lonely I wander, weeping for my lost one!

<sup>1</sup> The original title given to this poem was *The Lament of Alcione*, which was altered to its present one, on the suggestion of a friend. It was written in November, 1834.

I pine for thee through all the joyless day —  
Through the long night I pine : the golden sun  
Looks dim since thou hast left me, and the spring  
Seems but to weep. Where art thou, my beloved?  
Night after night, in fond hope vigilant,  
By the old temple on the breezy cliff,  
These hands have heaped the watchfire, till it  
streamed

Red o'er the shining columns — darkly red  
Along the crested billows ! — but in vain ;  
Thy white sail comes not from the distant isles —  
Yet thou wert faithful ever. O, the deep  
Hath shut above thy head — that graceful head ;  
The seaweed mingles with thy clustering locks ;  
The white sail never will bring back the loved !

By the blue waters — the restless ocean waters,  
Restless as they with their many-flashing surges,  
Lonely I wander, weeping for my lost one !

Where art thou ? where ? Had I but lingering  
pressed

On thy cold lips the last long kiss, but smoothed  
The parting ringlets of thy shining hair  
With love's fond touch, my heart's cry had been  
stilled

Into ■ voiceless grief : I would have strewed  
With all the pale flowers of the vernal woods —  
White violets, and the mournful hyacinth,  
And frail anemone — thy marble brow,  
In slumber beautiful ! I would have heaped  
Sweet boughs and precious odors on thy pyre,  
And with mine own shorn tresses hung thine urn,  
And many ■ garland of the pallid rose :  
But thou liest far away ! No funeral chant,  
Save the wild moaning of the wave, is thine :  
No pyre — save, haply, some long-buried wreck ;  
Thou that wert fairest — thou that wert most  
loved !

By the blue waters — the restless ocean waters,  
Restless as they with their many-flashing surges,  
Lonely I wander, weeping for my lost one !

Come, in the dreamy shadow of the night,  
And speak to me ! E'en though thy voice be  
changed,

My heart would know it still. O, speak to me !  
And say if yet, in some dark, far-off world,  
Which knows not how the festal sunshine burns,  
O yet, in some pale mead of asphodel,  
We two shall meet again ! O, I would quit  
The day rejoicingly — the rosy light —  
All the rich flowers and fountains musical,  
And sweet, familiar melodies of earth,

To dwell with thee below ! Thou answerest not !  
The powers whom I have called upon are mute .  
The voices buried in old whispery caves,  
And by lone river sources, and amidst  
The gloom and mystery of dark prophet oaks,  
The wood gods' haunt — they give me no reply !  
All silent — heaven and earth ! Forevermore  
From the deserted mountains thou art gone —  
Forever from the melancholy groves,  
Whose laurels wail thee with a shivering sound !  
And I — I pine through all the joyous day,  
Through the long night I pine — as fondly pines.  
The night's own bird, dissolving her lorn life  
To song in moonlight woods. Thou hear'st ■  
not !

The heavens are pitiless of human tears :  
The deep-sea darkness is about thy head ;  
The white sail never will bring back the loved !

By the blue waters — the restless ocean waters,  
Restless ■ they with their many-flashing surges,  
Lonely I wander, weeping for my lost one !

## THOUGHTS DURING SICKNESS.

## INTELLECTUAL POWERS.

O THOUGHT ! O Memory ! gems forever heaping  
High in the illumined chambers of the mind —  
And thou, divine Imagination ! keeping  
Thy lamp's lone star 'mid shadowy hosts ■  
shrined ;

How in one moment rent and disintwined,  
At Fever's fiery touch, apart they fall,  
Your glorious combinations ! broken all,  
As the sand pillars by the desert's wind  
Scattered to whirling dust ! O, soon uncrowned  
Well may your parting swift, your strange return,  
Subdue the soul to lowliness profound,  
Guiding its chastened vision to discern  
How by meek Faith heaven's portals must be  
passed,  
Ere it can hold your gifts inalienably fast.

## SICKNESS LIKE NIGHT.

THOU art like Night, O Sickness ! deeply stilling  
Within my heart the world's disturbing sound,  
And the dim quiet of my chamber filling  
With low, sweet voices by Life's tumult drowned.

Thou art like awful Night! thou gatherest  
round

The things that are unseen — though close they  
lie :

And with a truth, clear, startling, and profound,  
Giv'st their dread presence to our mental eye.

Thou art like starry, spiritual Night!

High and immortal thoughts attend thy way,

And revelations, which the common light

Brings not, though wakening with its rosy ray

All outward life. Be welcome, then, thy rod,

Before whose touch my soul unfolds itself to  
God.

### ON RETZSCH'S DESIGN OF THE ANGEL OF DEATH.<sup>1</sup>

WELL might thine awful image thus arise  
With that high calm upon thy regal brow,  
And the deep, solemn sweetness in those eyes,  
Unto the glorious artist! Who but thou  
The fleeting forms of beauty can endow  
For him with permanency? who make those  
gleams

Of brighter life, that color his lone dreams,  
Immortal things! Let others *trembling* bow,  
Angel of Death! before thee; not to those  
Whose spirits with Eternal Truth repose  
Art thou a fearful shape! And O, for me,  
How full of welcome would thine aspect shine,  
Did not the cords of strong affection twine  
So fast around my soul, it *cannot* spring to thee!

### REMEMBRANCE OF NATURE.

O NATURE! thou didst rear me for thine own,  
With thy free singing birds and mountain brooks,  
Feeding my thoughts in primrose-haunted  
nooks

With fairy fantasies and wood dreams lone;  
And thou didst teach me every wandering tone  
Drawn from thy many-whispering trees and  
waves,

And guide my steps to founts and sparry caves,

And where bright mosses wove thee a rich  
throne

'Midst the green hills: and now that, far  
estranged

From all sweet sounds and odors of thy breath,  
Fading I lie, within my heart unchanged

So glows the love of thee, that not for death

Seems that pure passion's fervor — but ordained

To meet on brighter shores thy majesty un-  
stained.

### FLIGHT OF THE SPIRIT.

WHITHER, O, whither wilt thou wing thy way!

What solemn region first upon thy sight  
Shall break, unveiled for terror or delight?

What hosts, magnificent in dread array,

My spirit! when thy prison house of clay,

After long strife, is rent? Fond, fruitless quest!

The unfledged bird, within his narrow nest,

Sees but a few green branches o'er him play,

And through their parting leaves, by fits re-  
vealed,

A glimpse of summer sky; nor knows the field  
Wherein his dormant powers must yet be tried.

Thou art that bird! — of what beyond thee lies

Far in the untracked, immeasurable skies,

Knowing but this — that thou shalt find thy  
Guide!

### FLOWERS.

WELCOME, O pure and lovely forms! again  
Unto the shadowy stillness of my room!

For not alone ye bring a joyous train

Of summer thoughts attendant on your bloom —

Visions of freshness, of rich bowery gloom,

Of the low murmurs filling mossy dells,

Of stars that look down on your folded bells

Through dewy leaves, of many a wild perfume

Greeting the wanderer of the hill and grove

Like sudden music: more than this ye bring —

Far more: ye whisper of the all-fostering love

Which thus hath clothed you, and whose dove-  
like wing

<sup>1</sup> This sonnet was suggested by the following passage out of Mrs. Jameson's *Visits and Sketches at Home and Abroad*, in a description she gives of a visit paid to the artist Retzsch, Dresden: "Afterwards he placed upon his easel a wondrous face, which made me shrink back — not with terror, for it was perfectly beautiful — but with awe, for it was unspeakably fearful: the hair streamed back from the pale

brow — the orbs of sight appeared at first two dark, hollow unfathomable spaces, like those in a skull; but when I drew nearer, and looked attentively, two lovely living eyes looked at me again out of the depth of the shadow, as if from the bottom of an abyss. The mouth was divinely sweet, but sad, and the softest repose rested on every feature. This, he told me, was the ANGEL OF DEATH."



Broods o'er the sufferer drawing fevered breath,  
Whether the couch be that of life or death.

### RECOVERY.

BACK, then, once more to breast the waves of life,  
To battle on against the unceasing spray,  
To sink o'erwearied in the stormy strife,  
And rise to strife again ; yet on my way,  
O, linger still, thou light of better day !  
Born in the hours of loneliness ; and you,  
Ye childlike thoughts ! the holy and the true —  
Ye that came bearing, while subdued I lay,  
The faith, the insight of life's vernal morn  
Back on my soul, a clear, bright sense, new born,  
Now leave me not ! but as, profoundly pure,  
A blue stream rushes through ■ darker lake  
Unchanged, e'en thus with me your journey  
take,  
afting sweet airs of heaven through this low  
world obscure.

### SABBATH SONNET.

COMPOSED BY MRS. HEMANS A FEW DAYS BEFORE HER DEATH,  
AND DEDICATED TO HER BROTHER.

How many blessed groups this hour are bending,  
Through England's primrose meadow paths,  
their way  
Towards spire and tower, 'midst shadowy elms  
ascending,  
Whence the sweet chimes proclaim the hallowed  
day !  
The halls from old heroic ages gray  
Pour their fair children forth ; and hamlets low,  
With whose thick orchard blooms the soft winds  
play,  
Send out their inmates in ■ happy flow,  
Like ■ freed vernal stream. I may not tread  
With them those pathways — to the feverish bed  
Of sickness bound ; yet, O my God ! I bless  
Thy mercy, that with Sabbath peace hath filled  
My chastened heart, and all its throbbings stilled  
To one deer calm of lowliest thankfulness !

26th April 1835

APPENDIX

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST

BY

JOHN BURNET

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

IN TWO VOLUMES

THE SECOND VOLUME

CONTAINING

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST

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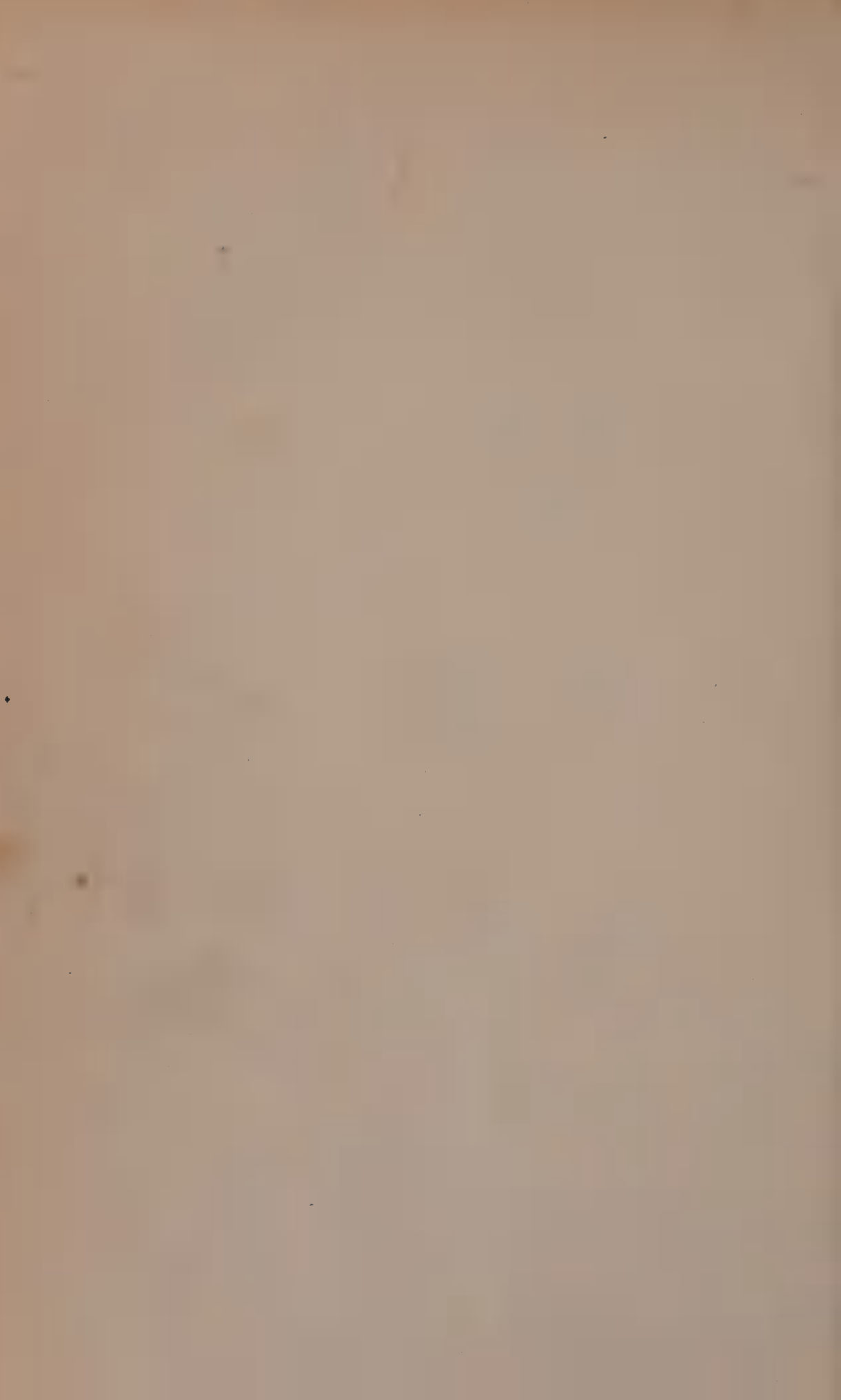
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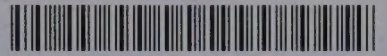








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